Of Stories and Storms

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Of Stories and Storms

by Subspace_Adventurer

Summary

Morrotober week 1: Happily Ever After || Quiet Comfort

Thunderstorms and cranky toddlers don't mix.

Happens between Small Comforts chapters 1 and 2

"…and they all lived happily ever after. The end."

Morro closed the book and looked over at his younger cousin, who was just beginning to doze off until another clap of thunder sounded and he bolted awake again. The storm had been going all day, and unfortunately the little three year old was long overdue for a nap at this point. When Lloyd began crying for the dozenth time that afternoon, Morro tiredly thumped the book down on the nearby bed table and let the boy crawl onto his lap, not knowing what else to do.

It was times like these when he wished Aunt Koko or even his dad were here to take care of this. It was only within the past few months that Lloyd had started being afraid of thunder, but they hadn't had enough storms since then for Koko to be able to teach him how to comfort a scared toddler. And currently both of the adults were away; Koko wouldn't get off work for another two or three hours, and Garmadon had decided to attack under cover of the storm so Wu was out defending the city.

"Mo-Momo, is too lo-ou-oud!" Lloyd's little hands grabbed tightly onto Morro's shirt and his face nuzzled into his chest as beads of tears rolled down his face, staining the gray fabric with wet spots.

Internally groaning, he picked up the boy and awkwardly carried him off the bed to walk around the Bounty, trying to find a room that the storm wasn't so audible in. He probably could have taken Lloyd to the small cargo hold at the bottom of the ship, but Morro did *not* want to be that close to the ocean, no matter how many layers of wood were between them.

After running around and trying every other room possible, there was just one area left: Wu's bedroom and study, which were directly under the above deck training room. He wasn't banned from the rooms, per se, but his dad had made it clear that nothing important was to be touched. And since Morro didn't know what was considered important and what wasn't, he just left it alone altogether.

Until today.

With a howling storm and an even louder child on his hands, he was desperate for some peace and quiet. The study was his last hope.

Carefully, he pushed the door open and flipped on the light, and relief almost immediately started flooding over him. Already, the pitter-patter sound of the rain was much fainter, and even if it didn't actually do much, the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves lining the walls made the room feel a little more padded and secure. Spying a corner of the floor with a pillow nest, Morro quickly hurried over to plop down on the largest cushion. As he untangled the tiny fingers from his shirt and peeled the little body off of himself, Lloyd seemed to have noticed the reduction of storm ambiance and was beginning to quiet down on his own, though little sniffles and hiccuping sobs still escaped from time to time. His cousin's face was a mess of tears and snot, some of which had been shared with the fabric of his own t-shirt.

Morro stood Lloyd up next to the nest and got himself up to search the room. "Stay put, you little booger face. There's gotta be something in here I can use to clean you up."

The little boy did not, in fact, stay put, and started chasing after him with tears threatening to spill out again. "Don' leave, Momo! Is scary," he whined in his little baby lisp, and no matter how hard Morro tried to make him, Lloyd would not stay in one place. Ultimately he ended up holding Morro's hand and the two looked around for a handkerchief or a small washrag. They found what they needed in the small bathroom attached to Wu's bedroom, and Morro wetted the rag with warm water before scrubbing down his cousin's face as gently as an annoyed eleven year old could.

Now that there was no threat of ruining any of his dad's pillows, Morro gratefully dropped into the comfortable plushness of them as his little blond shadow clambered in after him. There had been several muffled thunderclaps in the time they spent searching the rooms and Lloyd hadn't spontaneously burst into tears again, so the older boy hoped that finally meant a solid nap time would happen.

"Books! I wanna story!"

Lloyd pointed to the short bookshelves bordering the walls around the nest and Morro was surprised to find that these books were not ancient texts with super long names that made no sense, but storybooks and encyclopedias, the kinds with pictures of different animals, places, and people. Things that the boys would be able to read.

His dad…set this up for them? He actually wanted them to come in here?

As he went through and chose a picture book, he couldn't help the warmth that bloomed in his chest at that thought. That even in his most personal rooms, there was still a place for the ones he cared about.

Lloyd nestled into his lap with a rabbit plush he had found mixed in with the pillows, and Morro began to read the book aloud; some story about saying good night to the moon and other random things. To his relief, the younger boy was fast asleep within a few minutes. He quietly finished the book on his own and replaced it in the bookshelf, careful to not jostle the toddler awake. He found another book that was more his reading level and settled into a story about kings and talking animals and places that sounded so real, he could almost picture them.

And when Wu came home to find him still reading with a sleeping Lloyd against his chest, he *definitely* didn't pay attention to the smile the old man gave toward them both.

Maybe…he would come in and read more often.

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