Nobis

by Ilitia

Summary

There was no room for selfishness in their relationship, neither for individuality, the thin line between the 'you' and 'us' couldn't quite be erased, none of this changes when genetic peculiarities of an alien species were able to pass through the human body logic of Eddie. - Yaoi fanfic- mpreg- crazy things- a bit of humor- not much depth but plenty of love.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
We are complicated, we are simple

NOBIS

Chapter 1

We are complicated, we are simple.

He did not remember how they ended up here, on the roof of an old building, sitting on the dirty, stone cold floor. He was sure he had laid down in bed. Yes, he did remember that. Also, he had argued with his “partner” about not eating all the food he had bought for the whole month, then brushed his teeth, drank a cup of water, and went straight to bed, but… Now he was here, surrounded by small grey feathers. They looked like pigeon feathers.

“V… Please tell me we didn’t do what we did.” He looked around, noting that in front of them was some sort of dovecote completely empty and with the door half attached to the original bases.

“…” Silence was the only answer he got from said partner.

“Shit.” With effort, he got up from the floor. He was shoeless and dressed in some light sweatpants, cold-induced shivers covering his entire worn out body. "Disgusting…"

The idea that they had come all the way up to this rooftop to assault the dovecote and devour those poor birds really pissed him off, not to mention the horrible taste in his mouth. The full sensation of his belly now replaced with strong nausea that forced Eddie to run to the rooftop border and empty his stomach contents there.

“Eddie… we need food.”

Eddie continued his task while lifting his trembling right hand and his middle finger to the symbiote. After a few more gags, he managed to get a hold of himself to clean his mouth with his forearm, feeling less sick but still guilty.

“Damn it, V. I don’t want to do this,” he whimpered while his hands made their way to his face, rubbing intensely while waddling over to where he woke up from his strange dullness. “You can’t decide what we eat while I’m sleeping!”

“Eddie, us, the three of us… food… we need food.”

“Eat… Eat, just hearing that word makes me feel like a freaking vessel where you decided to…” He took a very, very deep breath. He was just about to say something out of sheer indignation that wasn't even true. “Love, I know you are doing this for us… but, this is disgusting.”

He took yet another deep breath, unconsciously leading his right hand to his lower belly. He still didn’t believe there was something there, aside of guts and Venom, something that grew and demanded his attention in a brutal manner, making his body surpass any sorts of human limits, including the number of calories. It could be even worse than Venom in a bad mood without chocolates and french fries.

“Eddie, this is normal. They need to grow.”
“We are barely two months in and I already feel like I’ve eaten a whole year's worth of food,” he whimpered in frustration while pacing in circles in the rooftop. He was gonna go crazy if he didn’t get the emotional frustration out of his system. All this stressed him out: the situation, Venom, and the baby. Everything made him want to quit.

“I told you this wasn’t going to be easy.” With great care, he slid a few black tentacles over the journalist's arms, a weird comforting touch, or so Eddie thought it was. “But it won’t be long, Eddie. They will grow fast.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure. You told me that it depends on the biological species of your host. Human babies take nine months to “come out of the oven”.”

“Nine months is a lot. Humans are slow for everything,” he teased from the back of Eddie’s mind, voice full of bitterness.

“It's pretty obvious. We are not some sort of amorphous mass. Maybe you can divide into simple cells when you need, but this body is…”

“Sweet, soft, rich in nerves, organs, chemicals…” Venom began to slide over his partner's body, going out a bit to prove his initial point about the human body. “And now you are a very tasty cocktail of chemicals and hormones, Eddie.”

“No, V.” There was a weird sting in the base of his spine. He knew what that meant. Yes, he definitely knew. “Not here, and not now.”

“No one's here, Love… We are alone and we want it.”

“What I want is to get down from this stupid rooftop and take a bath. We stink of dead animals.”

“Mmm… If we go back home, can we?” With great subtlety, he slid his long tongue over Eddie's cheek, tempting him about the possible answer.

“I'm starting to believe you are get addicted to this.” He shivered at the wet feeling over his jugular, making its way over to his clavicle, and stayed there for a second, analyzing said words.

"I didn't know anything about human reproduction, but it is fun nonetheless to pick on you. We feel good when that happens. We like it.”

"I can't deal with you, V," he complained, moving his hands to shake off the symbiote's tongue off of his neck. "You want anything from me? Behave and take us home."

"Okay, let's go home,” he rumbled while extending over Eddie's skin, covering him completely, adopting his alien form, "but we need to eat something else. You puked almost everything out before we were able to absorb any nutrients." 

"We'll see what’s back home. We are tired, darling. Let's not complicate things any further,” he whispered in a pleading voice.

They had to cope with many different and unknown things for both. While they descended the roof to head back home, neither of them said a thing. Eddie didn't even complain about the pigeon incident nor that Venom had controlled his body without previous consent, and Venom said nothing about the lack of food. They both understood that this surpassed their expectations, and Venom hadn’t wanted to tell Eddie that he didn’t have to force his body to go out and look for food. It had been a chemical order from the baby, an order that they, as a symbiote, understood and couldn't
discard. Their child asked for the essentials to grow in this new habitat. Explaining that to Eddie, that they had a chemical communication with their child, was going to be a bit complicated in that moment. His partner felt reduced to a mere vessel; he had made it clear in the rooftop. He would keep it a secret until the baby grew more, and Eddie was back to his old self and was the one who felt those subtle and basic changes.

They got to the apartment by climbing the emergency ladder, finally deciding to get in through the half-open window of the bedroom they had also used to get out. Eddie was not about to get in through the front door dressed in just some sweatpants and barefoot. Venom slid back inside Eddie's body, allowing the poor man to take a shower and brush his teeth with great care to the unnecessary details before going to take a look inside the refrigerator.

“Chocolate ice cream.” The idea of eating it hit him fast and strong, causing a pleasurable sensation on his taste buds, salivating to a point where he had to wipe off his lip corners with his fingers.

He grabbed said three-gallon ice cream with little chocolate pieces and left it on the kitchen counter, searching with his eyes for an empty cup to serve himself. That idea went out the window the moment Venom picked up the whole gallon with one of his tentacles.

“All, Eddie, let’s eat it all.” He nimbly opened the container and left it in his host's hands.

“This is way better than eating pigeons.”

Without any more complains, he proceeded to lay down on his couch and, with the ice cream gallon in his legs, turned on the TV just to have noise and light around, different from the usual uncomfortable silence of it only being him and the symbiote in his head. In less than half an hour, the gallon was completely empty in the hands of a now completely awake Eddie due to the sugar overdose. It wasn’t a good idea to eat it at three in the morning.

“Eddie is happy. We are also happy.” Slowly, he went out of his host's body, materializing his toothy grin over his shoulder.

“It was a lot of ice cream. I’ve never eaten this much,” he said while looking down at the empty container, guilt filling his eyes. “We won’t be able to sleep.”

“Yes, we can. Let me help.”

Eddie gave him a free pass, knowing perfectly well Venom's idea. They didn’t share thoughts, yet they knew how to read emotions and sensations that represented them, especially since they became pregnant. He could better feel Venom’s emotions, his sensations of almost everything. He was able to classify what he felt in different parts down his spine. There was a certain exact place for each necessity: hunger, rage, joy, and now, this sensation that overflew his nervous system, sexual desire.

It was strange, to say the least, the sudden addition of Venom to play a sexual part in Eddie's life. After all, he didn't even have a sexual preference. The symbiote once told him that his kind reproduced in an asexual way. No pleasure, no big deal, lonely and quick. But exceptions were made in certain cases. If the host permitted it physically and evolutionarily, symbiotes were able to acquire a sexuality by learning from the species that they were inhabiting, adopting part of their DNA and one of their "receptors". That way they could together create new symbiotes adapted to their surroundings, as was their case.

Eddie's mind clouded at the feeling of Venom moving his thin, slimy limbs all over his thighs, sliding smoothly into the boxers he wore, rising slowly by squeezing the warm skin, touching each muscle, massaging every place he touched. He reached where he knew Eddie was sensitive, first tenderly
holding his testicles, moving between them to trap the base of the already well-awakened member. In response to all that, Eddie only moaned, swallowing most of the sounds to avoid disturbing the neighbors. They had already received a couple of very embarrassing complaints about loud noises; but could you blame him? Doing it with Venom was the same as having a door completely open to pleasure. There was no limit, there was no room for “you can’t”, you could always reach more, there was always a new scale of pleasure, or feeling not known before. The symbiote knew him inside out. It was impossible not to take advantage of it.

“Today we will be soft, honey.” He felt like the limbs that were touching him, tightening his thighs harder, stripped him of the boxer while lifting him a little from the sofa.

“We are always soft.”

“You’re such a liar.”

“We like it when you are on the verge of pain and pleasure. It is the best.” He wrapped Eddie’s member a little more between his tentacles, vigorously massaging the area, giving him an example of his comment. “Like this.”

“Nh... no,” he panted, throwing his head back, feeling like that touch was perfectly adjusted to his taste. Damn, Venom was right. He liked that spicy sensation of pleasure and pain, not to the point of suffering but bordering on a desire to stop or continue, a bit of masochism coming from him.

Blood pumping faster, heart beating harder, skin sweat-laden with mineral salts and pheromones, all things the symbiote loved, adoring the process that was unchained by touching it, caressing it on all sides, going through his body and spreading through every part that he could. He’d learned how to make Eddie scream like an animal, or what he liked best, beg. He had never experienced such an addictive taste for a host. They were so perfect for each other, a pair of losers who vibrated in the same tune, resonated so that their minds and their systems were linked in a frenzy of guilt and pleasure, of revenge and fear, there was everything there. And it was only a matter of time before Venom decided to adjust to Eddie, to give him what his body wanted, to please him to get everything from him.

“Eddie, we are one,” he whispered in his ear, moving his long tongue at the corner of his lips, savoring the remains of the chocolate ice cream that were left there.

“Yes, love, we are one.” Eddie was panting at the new intrusion. Venom had accompanied his phrase by sliding another of its tentacles through the perineum, dangerously approaching to its goal, moving towards the way he had impregnated him. By the moisture the other gave off, he could tell his excitement.

He could feel it all over his spine, especially in the lowest and deepest part of his insides, as he turned, as it beat for him, one part outside, another part still inside, intertwined to who knows how many nerves. Little mattered at that point in time. He was speechless, panting noisily for the symbiote’s caresses, feeling as it finally entered him, piercing the tight ring of flesh, thickening as it advanced, acquiring the perfect shape as it didn’t stop at its goal: touching every internal fiber of Eddie.

By that time, his body was being held by Venom. His back was still resting on the sofa, but his hips remained in the air, firmly held between the extremities of his partner. Venom decided to complete part of his physical form. He liked to look at Eddie while he penetrated him. Or it was that Eddie liked to see him do it? It didn’t matter right now. The feeling was there, being capriciously pleasing between them. As he slid his tongue, moving it across the neck of his host, moistening every inch of
exposed skin, touching to pleasure, feeling as the other shuffled under him, panting and squeezing his arms, a strong grip, without limitation; Eddie knew that no matter how hard he gripped, it would not hurt Venom. Instead, Venom knew that Eddie was fragile. His body could be broken if he wanted to if he did not control himself.

The onslaught increased in intensity, accompanied by more tentacles surrounding his chest, wrapping around his waist and thighs, pumping sensations to his brain. Venom enlarged the member he used to penetrate him, touching his pleasure points, rubbing vigorously against them. Eddie let out a strangled moan, squeezing his jaw, hands, and thighs, feeling as if he would come between the caresses of his member, perfectly tuned so that the sensation of both would turn him into a bundle of pleasure. His hips moved involuntarily a couple of times as he reached orgasm. He moaned again, but this time the symbiote's tongue caught him, entering his mouth, moving lasciviously, drowning his sounds, kissing him wildly. He kept penetrating despite that Eddie was not in any sort of shape to do so anyway. In the end he also released the accumulated pleasure, leaving inside his partner a substance very similar to that of sperm, only that his color was greener and brighter.

“Dear Lord... we will be getting a lot of complaining about the noises.” Eddie smiled, exhausted, still trying to recover from the event, overwhelmed with so much pleasure he had received.

“You know… if they bother a lot, we can always eat them.” Venom slowly returned to disappear under Eddie’s skin, leaving only his head in sight on the shoulder.

“Don't talk about food for today. Let's go to bed, honey,” he said while kissing Venom's forehead tenderly.
And four is the number of surprises

Chapter 2

And four is the number of surprises

The itching on his lower belly roused him, a recent discomfort that was not pleasant to experience. The previous night, he had noticed, with horror, that his skin was beginning to stretch, leaving small reddish lines like tiny serpents that were born over his thighs, under his belly, and around hips, very subtle to the naked eye but there.

With annoyance, Eddie sat up on the bed, groping in the dark to find his cell phone on the bedside table to check the time. It was not even four in the morning. The itching had completely woken him up, forcing him to go to the bathroom in search of some solution.

“Eddie, uncomfortable?” Venom spoke with a clear and alert tone. They could not sleep like Eddie, but they knew when not to disturb him, and this sudden nocturnal activity alerted them.

“V, is there no way you can help me with this?” He pulled up his light gray tank top to show Venom the new marks that were born from the obvious expansion of the skin on his belly.

“Human skin is not very resistant,” they whispered in a serious tone.

“My skin will hold until the baby is born, but I want the marks to heal now.”

“Why?”

“Because they’re bothering me and they’re unpleasant.”

“We like the marks on Eddie.” Several tentacles protruded over the belly of the named man, caressing the reddish lines, copying their shapes all over their partner's skin. “See...”

“You're cute in a very weird way.” He sighed heavily, taking in how his new little four-month-old belly looked like with Venom’s black lines trailing over his stretch marks.

“Eddie, we are perfect with or without marks.” With extreme softness, they moved their tentacles to cover the belly completely.

“I understand.” He moved his hands over the black cover that Venom created. “I think we can handle it.”

“If we can.”

And there died Eddie's complaints about stretch marks. His itching did not go away, but at least Venom already knew when to slide over his belly to calm down the itching a bit.

The arrival of the fourth month gave the duo new tests to overcome. The anxiety that his situation would be noticed had put to the test many things that were commonplace in Eddie's life. He didn’t have a permanent job in an office or a company, but he did find opportunities for investigations and
publishing at different magazines and newspapers. It was convenient and perfect. Everything was solved by sitting at the dining table, opening his laptop, and writing. Nobody saw him or his strange monologues, nobody would ask him why he ate as much as ten people in the best of cases, and no one would notice now how his body was changing at a very rapid pace.

“Finished.” Eddie smiled, pleased, while hitting the send button on his email, a simple report for a mediocre magazine would help with this month’s bills.

He stretched his body on the chair, feeling his lower back crack, relieving the pressure of sitting there for several hours. Venom was stirring in the depths of his mind as if waiting for the right moment to speak up about eating or resting. The symbiote was equally affected by the current situation. It was funny to think that both were not only going through with their pregnancy but that they also shared the good and the bad, the pains, the overflowing emotions, the unexpected changes.

“Eddie.”

“I know. Don’t tell me...” He crossed his arms, closing his eyes to concentrate on a particular sensation, taking in new things. “We want to eat... fat? I don’t understand what you want, V.”

“Fried food, lots of fried food. You were close, Eddie. You’re understanding the baby.”

“I don’t know how they do it. Is the baby connected to my mind too? Do they have tentacles?” A fleeting image of him carrying an amorphous mass that called him “mom” shook him a little. “It does not look like me... yet.” Little by little, they became visible to Eddie on his shoulder, looking at him with some annoyance. They had not exactly seen what their partner imagined, but the sensation of intrigue and doubt flooded him completely, understanding the words of their host. “They’re human at the base. He's adapted to you.”

“That means that when they’re born, they will be like a human baby.” He rested his hands on his small belly, looking at it with a furrowed brow. “I do not mind if it's like you, but that would bring us some bigger challenges than I could imagine.”

“It will be mostly human, though...” Venom made a long pause, very dramatic in a way. “How are human babies?”

“That’s right, we’ve never seen one since you came here.” Eddie smiled sideways, knowing the perfect solution to Venom's question. “Look.”

Eddie opened a browser window on his laptop and proceeded to use an online search engine to show the symbiote some examples of how human babies were you. That search was also something interesting for himself, as his first foray into the matter.

When he was with Anne, they never seriously considered having children. Both worked and were very involved in their professions to think about it, and their commitment lasted as long as a sigh and did not progress enough to create fantasies about being parents. Now here he was, caressing his belly and sitting in front of his laptop looking for information about babies. Life had twisted in surprising ways.

“These are human babies.” Onscreen appeared a very wide range of photographs of babies of various ages, all small, laughing, fat, and smiling.

Venom just stretched out on Eddie’s shoulder, approaching the screen. They raised one of their thin tentacles on the glass, touching the surface, silent. At the same time, Eddie was trying to grasp the
range of emotions that ran through the symbiote. He could feel a vague sense of doubt, curiosity, but also joy? Venom was absorbed with these images.

“They look delicious, Eddie.”

“WE ARE HAVING A BABY! WE DO NOT EAT BABIES!” he raised his voice nervously. That was not exactly the answer he wanted to get from Venom.

“I know, Eddie. We will not eat our baby.”

“Neither ours nor anyone else’s. As tender as they look, you can’t eat them.” Eddie sighed as he opened another window in the browser and entered YouTube. “I think it will be good to see some videos.”

Watching videos started with simple little babies, most of them home videos where they laughed, played, or did some fun. Again, the couple was watching everything with great interest until the jump from video to video took them to one where a couple had recorded their home birth. Curiosity sprang Eddie’s mind, not to mention Venom's. They had never seen anything even remotely similar. Their species simply divided, nothing very striking, except that they had to hide during the process to avoid being attacked in the case of not having a host. When they did have a host and decided to come together, they adapted to the species, following their biological canons of reproduction and birth, obtaining the necessary information to proceed through DNA. That’s why Venom had never seen anything like it, never had the chance of a host like Eddie. If he had taken his DNA and read the “manual” that the chain of deoxyribonucleic acid held, in addition to the evolutionary memory of the species they had taken so they could adapt much of its host to host new life, this could be a convenient mutation for their situation.

“Eddie,” Venom whispered near the ear of their partner, taking him out of a rare state of silence since he played the video. Eddie was stiff in the chair, arms crossed and rhythmically tapping one foot against the ground. “We're not at a high place.”

“Huh?” He paused the video when Venom blocked his view of the screen. “What about a high place?”

“Fear. We are feeling scared, like when we are at a high place.”

“It's not fear.” He coughed as he adjusted his position in the chair, feeling that it was not really worth lying to the symbiote. He just knew perfectly what was happening in his head, and if, it was a sudden fear of what was going to happen in a few months, seeing that video was bringing out too many details. “Love, are you getting?”

“The video that we’re seeing?” They turned his toothy face towards the screen one more time, detailing how the named recording was paused at a somewhat strong moment to watch. “That human’s guts are coming off.”

“They're not guts! It's a baby! Like the one in here.” He pointed his hands towards the belly, his face somewhat pale.

“It does not look like one... Are you sure that's not part of some organ that came off?”

Eddie stood up and closed the laptop in one fell swoop, not even thinking that he could break it. He was beginning to breathe quickly, choked by a cluster of things he could not shout at Venom. They knew nothing, obviously, but what was unreasonable was that they had united and yet discussing how they would get that baby out of them was terrifying.
“V, you understand that this kid is going to have to come out of us sometime in about five months.”

“That is easy.”

“Oh, crap.” A vague memory of an old movie about aliens came to his head. “It won’t rip a hole in my stomach? Tell me you won’t do that.”

“It will not.”

“Ok... that's a good thing.”

“There is already another hole for that.”

And at that moment, everything turned black. His legs felt weak and his chest felt more than tight. It seemed as if they had filled him with cement and now he was solid, pulling him horribly towards the ground. He was hyperventilating, listening from the depths of his head as his heart pumped blood at a thousand kilometers per hour. He listened to Venom's now hazy and distant voice, calling him loudly, but it was in vain for the symbiote to prevent their poor host from fainting at their comment.

He woke up really disoriented, with a throbbing pain in his temples, feeling overwhelmingly tired, his head was heavy, his throat dry. And all the memories returned to his head: the YouTube video, the words of Venom, the terror seizing his entire body. With great difficulty, he opened his eyes, noticing that he was lying on his bed, covered with a blanket and the blinds of the room lowered. Surely Venom took care of him while he remained unconscious.

“V...” Eddie mumbled with weakness, turning his face to the right side. Venom tended to materialize on that side.

“You finally woke up.” The voice of someone who was not exactly Venom rumbled in the room.

“D... Dan?” His eyesight must be failing him. Yes, it must be that because at the entrance of his room he was seeing the now husband of his ex-girlfriend, leaning against the door frame, looking at it seriously.

“Don’t get up.” He entered the room, stopping a few steps from the bed where Eddie was lying. “How do you feel?”

“Eh...” He raised his look full of doubt, wondering how he had ended up with that man inside his apartment and how Venom did not stop it somehow. “How did you get in here?”

“Eddie, we had to do it.” Venom's voice finally resounded in the back of his mind, a little subdued and shy. It seemed... fearful. “For all three.”

“How the hell did you make him come here?” Finally, Eddie sat up on the bed, outraged by the actions of the symbiote.

“Your device to make calls.”

“Anne.” The journalist turned to Dan, opening his eyes a little more, remembering that the only number that could connect Dan with him was Anne's. He still had it stored on his cell phone. They spoke from time to time. “Does Anne know you’re here?”

“Hi, Eddie.”

The woman appeared as if by magic, entering the room with a tray in her hands, flooding the whole
place with an exquisite aroma. His sense of smell that had sharpened with pregnancy was filled with that smell. It was like a mixture of vegetables, meat, and spices, an appetizing soup.

Anne smiled at him as she left the tray on the small bedside table next to the bed, observing with scrutiny. Her gaze lowered gradually to look at the small bulge beneath his clothes. Eddie pulled the blankets up to try to cover himself. It was easy to see what was the focus of her curiosity. Even Dan was looking at him the same way.

“They know, Eddie. We had to tell them.”

“What!” He winced in his place, feeling again that he would have another panic attack.

“Eddie, calm down. I need you to lie down. You're hyperventilating again, and please, stop having these monologues. It feels like we're missing important information.” Dan took him by the shoulder to guide him back to bed.

“Ha! Important information. What more things do you want to know about me? My "parasite" already told you everything.” He raised his hands in a sign of defeat. “I'm fun for the whole family!”

“Eddie, the baby is distressed. That is not good for us.”

“TO HELL WITH “US”! V, YOU TOOK CONTROL AGAIN WITHOUT MY OPI…”

Eddie could not finish, screaming when a lacerating sting of pain pierced his belly. It was as if thousands of needles had pierced from within. It made him lose his breath for a second, just writhing on the bed and holding the belly in a fetal position, scaring Anne and Dan in the process.

“Eddie!”

Anne tried to get close to the bed but Venom presented themselves in the most violent way possible, pushing out hundreds of limbs to cover the body of Eddie almost completely, like a protective cocoon. At the same time, their head emerged among the mass, blackish and deformed, with its sharp teeth and long tongue dripping some sluggish liquid like saliva.

“Do not touch us.” The warning they gave was like a deep growl, more than a threatening and powerful voice.

Dan moved his right hand in the air, trying to stop his wife's but still looking at the symbiote that had tripled their size in a few seconds. It did not look at all like the thin and meandering mass that received them in the apartment a couple of hours ago.

“Anne, back off.” Finally, Dan managed to take her by the wrist, pulling her back with him.

“I'm not afraid...” Anne recoiled reluctantly, trying to observe what little was left of Eddie's sight among the viscous black cocoon. “Venom, you know we don’t want to hurt you. You yourself asked for my help.”

“Silence,” Venom hissed, turning to Eddie, feeling that the worst was over. “We are fine.”

They kept their position without letting go of Eddie, moving their limbs in a gentle way, as if caressing their companion’s body.

The silence stretched out before Dan cleared his throat to break it. He did not know what the hell had happened or if Eddie was well under that layer of a black thing that was Venom. “Venom, we just want to check Eddie. We don’t mean to hurt any of you, not you, not him, not... the baby.”
“Do not lie.” Venom stretched their head to the doctor. They took their time before they released Eddie, leaving Dan to check that his partner and their child were safe from the explosive situation.

“Eddie fell asleep again.”

“Did you put him to sleep?” Dan looked amazed as the journalist's body was relaxed in bed, still in a fetal position.

“No, it was the baby.” Venom returned inside Eddie, staying only with his head in sight over his right shoulder.

“The baby can control Eddie too?” His fear gave way to interest in the fascinating complexity that hid that being within the journalist.

“Sometimes, when they feel threatened or need something. The baby made him stop. We do not like screaming.”

“Let's wait for him to wake up again.” Anne finally came close to Eddie, noticing that he was really only asleep, his face calm as if nothing had happened.

Eddie woke up an hour later, more lethargic and tired than the first time, and he was still angry with the symbiote for calling Anne and Dan.

Venom explained to their angry partner that the baby had felt the rage and screams as a threat to their life, triggering a chemical explosion that caused the painful muscle spasms. They also explained that he managed to calm the situation by putting his body to sleep, so the baby could feel safe again by producing calming chemicals.

“The two of them control me. I am a minority in my own body,” he moaned weakly, trying to keep his eyes open. He still felt so tired. Whatever his baby did left him lethargic.

“We do not control. We take care of you.” The symbiote was still stuck to Eddie’s neck as if seeking his forgiveness for what happened.

“It's incredibly fascinating!” Dan had listened to the explanation of the symbiote in total silence, writing frantically in a small notebook that he brought with him. “They have a very basic but efficient protection mechanism.”

“Dan, can you stop treating me like a lab rat?” Eddie looked at him with a frown.

“Sorry.” He stopped his writing and left the notebook next to the plate of cold soup that Anne had brought.

“Eddie, we're hungry. We must eat.” Venom curled around his human neck as if trying not to make him angry. They knew that Eddie was extremely upset. They felt it.

“Speaking about eating, have you been feeding yourself properly?” Dan pointed out the dark circles under Eddie's eyes. “You seem somewhat anemic.”

“We eat okay,” he muttered, caressing his stomach. He was beginning to feel that prevailing need that almost burned inside. The baby was again launching alerts of their needs. “Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to get up and fill my belly.”

“You still look tired. You better stay in bed and we'll get you something.” Dan took out his cell phone from the back pocket of his jeans. “What do you want?”
“Meat! If it is raw, better.” Venom spoke excitedly, snaking over Eddie's shoulder at the thought of eating a big, huge piece of juicy meat.

“I... I can’t ask for a raw meat delivery.”

“Don’t listen to them. Whatever you get is fine.” Eddie swallowed the desire to repeat the words of Venom. Yes, he also needed to sink his teeth into something with a lot of animal protein.

Dan nodded and left the room to order food. Inside, Eddie was trying to process everything that had happened since they saw the video. It felt as if there were gaps to fill with answers, many answers that Venom should give him.

“V, why did you call them?” He looked at the symbiote that was still half curled next to his neck.

“Eddie was very scared. It was too much for us to handle.”

“I'm tired, overwhelmed, and yes, scared. I admit it.” One of his hands began to caress the symbiote’s cheek, at the same time that his other hand came down to his small belly. “Accepting this was crazy, but it is our baby and we have to keep going, even when I freak out when I find out about the things that you have "adjusted" so that we can have them.”

“Apologize for calling us parasite, Eddie.”

“No, you're a bad boy, love.” He smiled cheekily, feeling like Venom was about to start a somewhat silly and whiny fight about the word parasite.

“Wow... I never imagined you two got along so well. Makes sense that there’s a baby on the way.”

Anne's voice interrupted the tender moment between Eddie and the symbiote. Venom just fell back into their partner's shoulder, feeling how Eddie's body tensed as if he wanted to run away, his emotions again bubbling between shame, panic, and pride, as if waiting for a single word to ruin everything.

“I had no idea Venom knew how to use a cell phone.” Anne took a seat on the edge of the bed, keeping a respectful distance. In those hours there, they had discovered that Venom was really overprotective and jealous of Eddie.

“I had no idea either.” He scratched the back of his neck. This whole situation felt strange, not knowing for sure what things Venom said to them while he was unconscious.

“Eddie, I only told the truth.”

“V, can you stop stopping my thoughts for a moment?”

“You've always been one of those who wants to know everything, Eddie. Absolutely everything.” Anne smiled at him with some sadness, crossing her arms. “Venom just told us the basics. You were scared, you fainted, and they didn’t know how to help you with the situation. Oh! He also said they were expecting a baby.”

“Yes, a baby.” Swallowing thickly and playing with his fingers on the blankets, he looked for a way to continue his explanation without crazier. “The symbiotes adapt to their host, and sometimes, very rarely, if they get along well...”

“More than get along well,” Anne pointed out. “You behave like a pair of sweethearts in love.”
“Do not make it harder to explain, Anne.”

“You are fun, Anne.”

“Venom...” Eddie rubbed his frustrated face. This was the worst he could imagine, his ex and Venom playing the same game against him.

“Eddie and I together. We. My DNA and his DNA. We adapted to each other. Four months ago, we mated.”

“Mated.” Anne stood with her mouth open and her gaze fixed firmly on the black mass with teeth and large white eyes that was Venom, moving smoothly over Eddie’s shoulder.

“You humans call it in many ways: copulate, have sex, reproduce, fuck...”

“ENOUGH SYNONYMS!” Eddie had his hands on his face, covering the huge blush that gripped him. Venom could be so sincere at times, it was scary.

At that moment, Dan appeared in the room, remaining somewhat dismayed to see how Anne was stiff in bed. Eddie looked sunburned by the redness of his face. The symbiote watched them both.

“Eddie, do you feel bad again?” He approached, worried about how red his face and neck were.

“Dan, don’t say anything.” Anne her husband an innocent look.

To be continued…
Our fears

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was an almost extraneous task to get Eddie’s body out of the apartment. First, having Eddie to hide his current state and secondly, being able to no longer use his motorcycle to transport around the city. And finally, trying to convince Venom that they should go to the doctor that Dr. Dan Lewis referred them to. Of the three situations that made this exit a Greek odyssey, the worst of all was Venom himself. Just as he panicked with heights, the symbiote hated hospitals after his unwanted encounter with a resonance machine.

“Let us go back home, Eddie,” Venom complained for the tenth time, stirring inside his host, anxious for the site they would go to. He hated that place.

“I'm sorry, honey, we can't refuse. We’ve reached an agreement with Dan and Anne,” Eddie whispered as he exited the public transport that they had to take to get to the hospital where Dan worked.

“We do not need a checkup, we are fine.” Venom snarled as he made Eddie swerve off the sidewalk and disappearing into the first alley he found, so they could be out of sight from bystanders.

“What the hell, V!” Eddie exclaimed as he stood behind a large dumpster in the alley. “Don't act like a kid. Dan just wants to help us.”

“You do not like the idea either, Eddie. I am sorry.”

“V.” Eddie took a deep breath. “I'm not comfortable about this either, you're right, but believe me, it's better to get this out of the way now rather than later.”

“We can take care of ourselves. The baby is fine, we can feel it, Eddie.”

“I know, honey,” Eddie murmured, resting his hands under his little bump. Of course, he knew they were all right. There was an inexplicable communication between the three and it worked perfectly.

“Eddie, behind us,” Venom suddenly uttered.

Eddie didn’t have time to react before he was suddenly cornered by two men with terrible appearances; those that reeked of booze and figures of junkies. They were among those that lingered like rodents through alleys and assaulted the most unfortunate that dared to trespass. These men were the perfect meal; just the right ones that from time to time, Eddie and Venom feasted on to stay healthy. It was a necessity that the journalist tried to put aside, but it was always inevitable. His diet had to consist of nutrient-rich gray matter for a symbiote.

“Oye... Give us everything you have!” demanded one of junkies, this one being the tallest and lankiest.

Eddie wasn’t intimidated at all; just kept observing in detail, noticing how the man threatened him with an old razor in held between trembling fingers. From what Eddie gathered, this man seemed to suffer from the likes of sudden withdrawal. He was desperate for his next fix which surely influenced the junkie to threaten and rob.
“Excellent,” Venom hissed in delight. “Breakfast.” He unleashed a wave of endorphins, signaling his ultimate pleasure at the thought of consuming the men that cornered them. The endorphins flowing through Eddie’s body were so strong, even the journalist’s mouth was watering.

“I don’t think we should. We’ve already had breakfast, love.” Eddie didn’t want to start the day that way.

“We're hungry!”

A moment ago, Eddie was afraid, not hungry.

“Look chubby, we are not playing games, give us everything you have!” Another junkie snapped.

“Fatty?” Eddie’s voiced in unison with that of Venom’s.

The smallest of the men glared at Eddie menacingly, brandishing a rusty knife in his dirty hands and aimed it dangerously close to Eddie's face. That was all she wrote. Eddie let Venom take over, covering his body completely in symbiote. Venom first consumed the man that had called Eddie "chubby", in a single bite, tearing the man in half at the torso, leaving only his legs lying motionless on the ground.

The junkie holding the razor panicked, the metal blade clattering to ground as he tried to escape. Venom was one step ahead of him, advancing toward the man who barely made it two feet before Venom’s snake-like limbs slithered out and wrapped around the man’s feet, yanking him upside down and consumed him, too. Venom purred with satisfaction now that he had consumed what he most desired. Not only did it quench his hunger, but also his mood. He returned inside Eddie, feeling full. Despite the choice of meal, Venom knew Eddie enjoyed it too, the journalist just refused to admit it.

“Damn, why did he have to call us fat?” Eddie groaned as he arranged his clothes, trying not to look back at the mess they left in the alley.

“It was necessary. They were bad men. They were also rude. We are not fat.”

The altercation in the alley distracted Venom from his initial refusal of going to the hospital. They walked a couple of blocks until they reached the entrance to the hospital, stopping on the ground floor to grab the crumpled paper with Dan’s information out of the pocket of his black jacket.

Eddie closed his jacket, ensuring that his belly wasn’t noticeable as he was more paranoid that his newfound curves would make people assume that there was a baby on the way. Venom remained silent as they traveled up the elevator to Dan’s office, seemingly lethargic after consuming their unexpected meal.

By the time the elevator doors open, Dan is already in the hallway donning a couple of coffees in his hands with an affable smile that hid the obvious as to why Eddie was there. The man could not deny that he was intrigued and fascinated with Eddie’s situation.

“Good morning, Eddie!” Dan exclaimed as he approached the journalist and handed him the drink. “You’re just in time for coffee.”

“Thank you...” Eddie said as he took the mug from Dan and sighed in happiness as the aroma of freshly brewed coffee beans penetrated his senses. Eddie assumed that his current state was the reasoning behind coffee smelling so heavenly.

“I scheduled you for an early appointment so no one would disturb us. Follow me, my office is this
Eddie followed after the doctor, nearly downing his coffee in one gulp. Eddie was unsure if it was the nerves or if he was just simply happy that the black liquid didn’t taste bitter. The next time Eddie glanced up, he was already in Dan’s office, the doctor taking a seat behind his oak desk and finished the remnants of his own coffee. Dan offered a seat to Eddie in one of the two chairs meant for patients.

Dan grabbed his notebook and crossed one leg over the other as he glanced up at the journalist. “How are we today, Eddie?” Dan asked with a genuine smile.

“Well, we're fine.” Was Eddie’s response. He folded his arms, uncomfortable with all this. Venom was right. Sitting here in a sterile office with Dan asking him routine questions reminded him that he was not comfortable with coming here either.

“And your…partner?” He asked curiously, noticing the way Eddie's shoulders tensed as if he was looking for a response from his symbiote.

“Venom? He’s all right, I think. We had breakfast and I believe he’s taking a nap.” Eddie could feel that the symbiote was very withdrawn, perhaps nervous about the place they were in and what was happening.

Dan nodded, acknowledging Eddie’s answer. “I just want to clarify that this visit is between us, okay? Nothing we talk about or the tests that I administer will be released to anyone else. This is strictly confidential. I want you to have the absolute confidence in me, Eddie. I give you my word that I only want to help you. Besides that, Anne is also concerned about your health.”

“Tests? Eddie, we do not want that. The tests hurt.” Venom responded, finally becoming present in his mind. He snarled at the possibility of being hurt, remembering his arrival on Earth and all the experiments that were done in the labs at Life Foundation. It was a brief but horrible memory for the symbiote.

“No one will do anything to hurt us, honey,” Eddie responded in a consoling tone. He didn't need much explanation to understand Venom’s emotions; fear and uncertainty.

“Are you talking to Venom?” Dan asked intriguingly.

“We're a little nervous,” Eddie admitted. “We don't want anything invasive.”

“Of course not. There won’t be any invasive procedure, I assure you. They’ll just the general blood tests and an ultrasound. I give you my word.” Dan stood up and walked toward another door, adjoining his office and exam room Eddie had not seen before.

Inside, there was an exam table, some shelves containing medical equipment among other supplies that were usually in a doctor’s office.

Dan opened one of the cabinet doors and handed Eddie a hospital gown. “I need you to get naked and put on this robe with it opening in the front. When you're ready, I'll come back in.”

Eddie reluctantly took the gown, saying nothing as he held the cloth in his hands. He watched as Dan left the room, closing the door after him. Eddie wasn’t sure if he wanted to be naked in front of his ex’s husband. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable situation. Eddie’s turmoil caused Venom to stir and rise out of his shoulder, examining the gown in Eddie’s hands.

“Eddie, why do you want us naked? Are we going to do it here with him seeing us?”
Eddie’s eyes widened. “V! Stop with that bizarre idea! People sometimes have to get naked for exams, not just to have sex.”

“We do not like to be seen naked, Eddie. Only us.” Venom spread some of his tentacles over Eddie’s body, stroking his neck, chest, and belly, as if surrounding little by little so that he couldn’t take off his clothes.

“Darling, it’s just medical procedure. I do not intend to show Dan anything that is not medically necessary.” He felt that Venom gave way to the argument, removing his black limbs so Eddie could undress.

“Eddie, you are mine.” Venom hissed, moving his tentacles outside his clothes and eventually beneath them feeling the warm skin of his host, limbs slowly rising to reach his nipples. There, Venom stopped infringing pressure that elicited a choked groan from his partner.

“Don’t do that here!” Eddie scolded albeit too loudly. He was unprepared for the unexpected attack from his symbiote.

“Eddie, is everything all right in there?” came Dan's voice from behind the door, sounding startled.

“Yes, Dan, yes!” Eddie responded a bit panicked. “Everything is…in order.” Eddie frantically tried to get his robe on, freeing the strings to try and close the robe. Eddie tried to remove the black tentacles from his chest, but Venom was still playing with the situation, being malicious with his volitions.

“We undress together.” Venom followed Eddie’s movements with his own caresses, lovingly ridding his lover’s body of his clothes. Venom used one of his tentacles to prevent Eddie from moving his hands, unable to help himself.

By the time Eddie was stripped of his clothes, he had an obvious erection. He put on his gown quickly, trying to think of the most horrible and disgusting thing he could so his erection would flag. The hardness between his legs was distracting and it would cause embarrassment and of course, an uncomfortable situation if Dan saw. He needed this…intrusion between his legs caused by his symbiote to come down or disappear before Dan came in and discovered his shameful situation.

“You'll be punished for a whole month for this, V!” Eddie exclaimed, pointing to his erection while taking a seat on the exam table, attempting to cross his legs to conceal it.

“You cannot, Eddie. You love us too much.” Venom snickered before he vanished back into Eddie.

“Oh, yes I can! I simply won't give you chocolate or tater tots. You can also forget about watching your favorite TV series.”

“Our baby needs chocolate and French fries.”

“Maybe, but not the series.” Eddie responded with a triumphant smirk, having won the argument.

“Don't you dare, Eddie.”

“Eddie, can I come in now?” Dan asked, worried about the amount of time it took for the journalist to change among the fact that he was talking to himself.

“Yes, all set.” Eddie answered quickly. He sat upright, the throbbing between his legs, an
embarrassing reminder. It wasn’t as noticeable, but it was still there. “We'll continue to discuss your punishment when we get out of here, V.”

Dan entered upon permission, eying Eddie and noticing his body language and the obvious way he appeared tense and uncomfortable. It was something Dan wasn’t unfamiliar with as he had many patients who appeared panicked whenever they visited him.

“Well, first, let’s hear the heartbeat.” Dan spoke as he took the stethoscope from around his neck and placed the binaurals in his ears.

“He treats us like we are idiots.” Eddie hears Venom say from the depths of his mind.

Eddie pursed his lips and clenched his jaw trying to avoid responding to Venom while allowing Dan to examine it. It was uncomfortable having to listen to the symbiote complain about everything that happened. Venom was behaving in a way manifested by the punishment that Eddie threatened to give. However, his attitude changed when Venom listened to Dan after he listened to the heartbeat and grabbed the little tray with items to draw blood.

“The blood tests will tell how you are hormonally.” Dan answered Eddie and Venom’s unspoken questions as he pierced Eddie’s arm with the needle and filled three different colored tubes of his blood. He set the samples on the tray and smiled warmly at the journalist. “And now it’s time for the ultrasound.” Dan grabbed a rolling cart containing a wand and large computer screen.

“Eddie, what is that? What else will he do to us?”

The anguish in the symbiote’s voice was so evident that even Eddie couldn’t avoid ignoring him. Venom’s own nerves infiltrated Eddie’s own emotions as the two were so deeply rooted, that sometimes Eddie did not know if the feelings that emerged were his or the symbiote’s. Like now, where too much empathy overwhelmed situations like this.

“Dan, before you do anything else...” Eddie paused, giving a long sigh as he rubbed his belly. He could feel that the stiff and tense muscles were no longer just Venom, but the baby as well. “I've got two about to collapse inside me.”

Dan paused his movements of setting up the machine to look at Eddie. “Do you want to stop? Venom won’t get, you know... aggressive?” Dan looks nervously toward Eddie’s shoulder. He had seen how the symbiotic could be intimidating with its large stature and the row of sharp teeth that made the scariest of sharks appear harmless.

“V, can you get out a moment? I want you to see what's going to happen. Nothing’s going to hurt us, I promise.” Eddie tried to calm the situation, feeling uncomfortable mentally and physically. “I don't want the baby to take over and make me pass out again.”

The symbiote did not take before he presented himself on the shoulder of his companion, looking intensely at Dan.

“Hello, Venom.” Dan stammered, somewhat intimidated. The symbiote kept his eyes on the doctor as if calculating his every movement, ready to jump at the first chance something went wrong. “I assure you, Venom, this is nothing bad. It’s actually an amazing thing.”

With more anxiety than a doctor should have, Dan tapped random keys, taking measurements of Eddie’s belly and the baby within. He stared astonishingly at the screen when he ran the transducer over the journalist’s belly. “There's an actual human baby in there.”
“We already knew that.” Venom remarked, looking at the screen carefully, his head tilted with intrigue as if trying to figure out the weird shapes on the screen.

“Did you already know?” Dan asked as he turned to Venom, rather curious about the statement to a non-human being.

“We adapt genetically. The packaging is human, the rest of what it inherits, I do not assure.” He grinned wider, revealing full rows of teeth, seeming somewhat proud of his work in Eddie's body.

“With the knowledge that this is a human baby alleviates my fears a little. It’ll be easier to handle and monitor a human fetus rather than a symbiote.”

“No one is going to handle anything inside us.” Venom rose more out of Eddie’s shoulder increasing his size as he approached the doctor.

“V, it's just a saying, nobody's going to put a finger on the baby.” Eddie assured, trying to get Venom back into his place. Eddie noticed the way the symbiote felt threatened about their privacy which made Eddie suddenly realize why and how Venom took to his instinct to protect them when he was unconscious.

“We will not do anything outside of what you accept.” Dan stated. Venom seemed content with the response and returned his gaze back to the screen. Dan’s next question distracted the symbiote from his almost meltdown regarding the safety of their child. “From what I'm seeing is that the baby is inside something very similar to a… uterus?”

“It was what was needed according to the genetic code of its species. Symbiotes only divide cellurally. Humans have a complex system to reproduce. There are many details but the copulation was satisfactory.”

“V!” Eddie scolded, covering his face with his right hand. He was going to have to talk to Venom again about not voicing things like that, no matter how much happiness it brought him.

“Okay! That’s a lot more information than I needed to know.” Dan stared up at the office ceiling for a second, trying not to think about how this baby was conceived. Better to leave that part blank inside his mind.

Dan moved the transducer along Eddie's belly, looking for more details of a fetus; a complete body, bones, organs, a placenta and the pseudo uterus that kept him protected inside Eddie's body.

“He's a very active baby.” Dan remarked with a chuckle. He turned the screen to show the happy couple. Eddie saw the way their child moved in the small weightless space.

Eddie was fascinated by the images, absorbed in the movements of his unborn child, as he moved his hands and feet, opening his tiny mouth as if yawning or trying to swallow something. The baby even seemed to push against some part of his body from within to mobilize.

“I told him the baby was perfect.” Venom whispered, reacting beneath Eddie's neck, relaxing at the sensations from his host. It was the first time Venom felt that range of emotions that roamed Eddie's mind. They were rare but nice and warm, almost to the point of crying; overwhelming.

“Eddie, we are happy.”

“Yes, darling, we're very happy.” Eddie said through a thick gulp, trying to pull the knot out of his throat. Eddie never had any intention or desire to cry with joy. He wasn’t even sure what he was
going to think of the child growing inside him.

“I think we’re done here.” Dan smiled as he took a few paper towels and gave them to Eddie to clean up the gel. “I'll print you a picture of the baby.”

After finishing the exam, Eddie was able to dress again, ending back in Dan's office as he played with the little picture of his child he had clutched in his hands. He stared at the grainy photo with adoration. Would it be a girl or boy?

“I don't have much to say except that the baby is very healthy. It is growing in regards to the proper time of gestation. As I said earlier, as far as I could tell, the fetus is human, though I wonder how its genetic adaption pairs with symbiosis. I am also curious how it adjusted to your internal physical structure.”

“We are great.” Venom was back inside Eddie, feeling proud at the fact that he was doing things right for the three; they had done everything very well.

“Uh…yeah.” Eddie said, starting to suddenly adjust to this situation. The instinctive need in Venom had begun without much notice when there were telltale signs of a fetus growing within.

“We need to make another appointment for next month. The baby will need a checkup so we can get an approximate due date. We'll also start preparing everything; an operating room, anesthesiologist, and I'll have to find a way to deliver this child with as much privacy as possible.” Dan jotted down his thoughts in his notebook again, organizing aloud the preparations for the upcoming birth.

Eddie elusively dodged the conversation about the appointment, being apologetic and making up an excuse that he had a report to work on that was on a deadline. He said goodbye to Dan thanking him for all he did and that he’d call him later to schedule the appointment. He rushed out of the office so quickly, as if the place he was just in was dangerous for the sake of three; a survival instinct. He felt like he should somewhere; somewhere where no one could find them.

“Everything is fine. Everything is fine...” Eddie spoke to himself, as if trying to understand what was going on in his head, feeling that something wasn’t right during those last minutes inside the office and the preparations that Dan was making. Something about them made Eddie uncomfortable and unnerving. Running away was the best option at this point. “V, are you the one causing this?”

“No More visits here.” Venom stated adamantly. “We are fine, the baby is fine.”

“Yes, all right. You were right. But what I’m feeling is different, V. I feel like I want to go the farthest place on Earth, maybe to the end of it...” Eddie stared at the street in front of them, not realizing they had walked several blocks so hastily. He doesn’t even remember leaving the hospital.

“I don't know, Eddie.” The symbiote spoke suspiciously.

“Are you hiding something important about what's coming?”

“No.”

Eddie sighed heavily, reaching into his pocket of his jacket and retrieving the photo that Dan had printed. He stared at their baby for a long minute, feeling that strange knot in his throat again before a strange and warm feeling washed over himself. It was in that moment that Eddie understood that it was not only he who experienced that, but Venom as well. Venom was releasing deep emotions; emotions too intense to understand with use of words. No one said anything; as if talking would disrupt the moment Eddie and Venom were having. There was no need to talk when the couple were
mentally and physically connected. Eddie’s emotions were also those of his symbiote’s and vice versa. It was an emotional chemical of marriage in their body.

“Honey, V, are you crying?”

“Mmm... No.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Beautiful people! I remembered that Venom if he can cry, he does it in one of the comics when he meets one of his former hosts. Well, today has been very tender and funny the whole thing, in the next chapter I will give Salseo the good, we'll see how it was conceived to the blessing. And they are asking me to be a girl, I think the Albireo when yesterday I went up a fan art to my social networks of Eddie and Venom carrying the baby and only saw their hands between the Black Mass with which they covered Venom. I will leave them here also to see it, I intend to make it in color, let my time help me. Greetings and kisses, thanks for reading my madness
And we were one, we're one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 4

And we were one, we're one.

It was hot; so hot in fact that Eddie sprawled across the bed void of sheets and blankets, clad in nothing but a pair of old boxer shorts that were on its last threads. Eddie only wore these on days where it they felt necessary to wear. Days like today when it was so bloody hot. The horrific temperatures of the that baked the city where the beginnings of summer. It had only been a couple of weeks since they visited Dan and reaching the five-month mark in his pregnancy was proving to be more difficult than one should be able to handle.

“It’s like a fucking sauna in here,” Eddie moaned miserably, wiping the sweat off his forehead. It was impossible to sleep in this agonizing heat.

Venom was confined to moving under the skin of his host, trying to cool him off. Venom lacked a body temperature of his own so he was able to adjust a few degrees above or below Eddie’s. On days like today, Venom served as a giant cool compress. Venom worked over Eddie’s body little by little, sheathing his lover’s body in black. He started at his chest before he reached his belly; Venom’s new favorite part. Venom felt his companion’s muscles loosen and Eddie sighing in contentment as he felt the symbiote work to ease the tenseness in his muscles.

“Thank you, V.” Eddie finally closed his eyes, letting himself be pampered by the symbiote. His lover was so useful in so many ways. “I wouldn’t know what to do without you.”

“Always together, love.” Venom responded as he began to move gently through the expanse of skin he covered, it was his particular way of showing Eddie affection.

Venom didn’t express love often. He only did it when he was truly relaxed, comfortable and satisfied. From the depths of Eddie’s minds, expressing this emotion proved to be addictive. The constant hum Venom exuded beneath his companion portrayed how much he loved his host. Since they mated and their mating created something more, Venom had become a little softer in character. Both symbiote and human were trying to control the new emotions bubbling within. Venom thought back to when Dan had contacted Eddie a week after the appointment to discuss the results from the blood tests. Venom seemed almost ecstatic to learn about the hormonal levels and what percentages destabilized certain hormones and emotions and others that heightened. Eddie’s body was saturated with so many emotions and hormones courtesy of the growing fetus that it was somewhat overwhelming to he and Venom. Not only was Eddie obviously affected by this pregnancy but Venom also suffered from the cocktail of hormones.

Venom remembered them acting like a couple of crying queers two nights ago when they watched a documentary about Emperor penguins. The documentary explained how penguins found their mates for life and if one died, the other would soon perish shortly after. Venom had to deter his mind away from the memory of the documentary as he didn’t want to return to the corollary of crying.
The cooling temperate that Venom provided had allowed Eddie to retain a dream about the penguins, giving a wide yawn while he clung to the black and cold layer that was Venom. He stroked the slimy skin a few times until he felt the symbiote squeeze tight against his skin. It was as if Eddie suffered a sudden spasm throughout his entire body.

“V, what happened?” Eddie asked, trying to sit up but Venom kept his contained, leaving him confined to the mattress. “V, what are you doing?”

“Lay down, Eddie.” Came Venom’s anxious whisper as his black limbs moved across the expanse of Eddie’s pregnant belly.

“What do you mean lay... whoaaa,” Eddie gasped, paralyzed from the feeling of his child moving within. Eddie’s hands shot out to his belly, resting along the sides where he felt the baby moving. It was the first time they felt their child move. “He’s moving!”

“Yes, Eddie. The baby is moving.”

“Great, so now I’ll have two who won’t let me sleep at night,” Eddie commented with a wry laugh, finally stroking the place where he could feel the movement of his son.

The feeling was strangely pleasing. He tried to classify it has something he had experience before but the feeling was so odd and extraordinary, that it was unlike anything he had felt before. Even having his symbiote move throughout his body didn’t compare to the feeling of his son moving. This was a life created between two; one by a single individual who was the result of a compendium of mathematical equations and variables and one by a simple human being. It almost seemed impossible, almost one in a million that a symbiote and human were compatible enough to create something so wonderful. Eddie’s journey of thoughts caused his eyes to mist over as each memory, one after the other, brought the same emotions to Venom. It was rare that the two didn’t share the same emotions or weren’t on the same wavelength. Both symbiote and the journalist reminisced about how they ended up in this current situation.

**************************

It was too early to walk in the alleys and too late to get "bad guys" as the pressing hunger consumed Venom during that chilly morning. He and Eddie spent an entire week scouring the middle of the night as the anxiously waited to consume any being that both symbiote and human deemed acceptable to be eaten. It had been a whole week and now this was day eight. Venom was usually satisfied with a meal that consisted of a human or two once a week, could even handle Eddie substituting his meals for hearts or fresh livers from the nearest butcher shop, but lately, the situation had been out of control. Venom's hunger became contagious even for Eddie. The journalist couldn’t help but feel that the symbiote not only sought to alleviate hunger, but that there was a kind of mental thorn, a hunch, even a low sensation guarded in the darkest confines of his mind that led Eddie to believe there was something Venom wasn’t letting on.

“V, we need to talk.” Eddie stated as they stopped at a construction site and sat on a piece of brick, staying prudently away from the edge. Eddie had yet to accept his fear of heights.

“After we eat, Eddie.” Venom spoke anxiously, carrying the reins of the situation in his alien form, so Eddie's voice resonated uncomfortably within him.
“That’s just the thing, V; the food. These continuous cravings seem like they don’t satisfy us; don’t satisfy you... both of you.”

“We need to eat.”

“It's not just eating, V, it's like we're a bear about to hibernate. We’re consuming calories outrageously. I’ve gained so much weight!” Eddie grumbled, remembering that his favorite jeans barely closed when he tried to put them on that morning.

“Hibernate?” Venom questioned, tilting his in thought. “What exactly is that?”

“Hibernate is something that some animals do once a year. They eat as much as they can before winter arrives sleep throughout the entire season. The animals’ body absorbs all the calories while they are asleep and so when they wake up in the spring time, they are ready to go.”

“We do not hibernate, Eddie.”

“If not hibernating, maybe you’re experiencing something that’s forcing us to eat like this?” Eddie remarked.

Venom refused to respond anymore. He rose again, leaving Eddie on his own in the construction site as he retracted back into the journalist’s body leaving nothing with the words in his mouth. That was the first of several situations in which the symbiote retracted and refused to respond to Eddie’s queries. The second alarming situation was one night when Eddie woke up sore. The squirming inside was so unpleasant and painful, it didn’t feel remotely like a stomach ache or an intestinal problem. This was as if someone had grabbed his intestines and was shaking them from the inside, putting Eddie in waves that caused a cold sweat as well as a heated sweat. The pain trekked through his body; his kidneys, hips, and thighs. The pain came in spasms throughout the next half hour. The pain was so unbearable, Eddie was unable to speak, just clung miserably to his pillow waiting for Venom to react to the excruciating pain, but no, the symbiote remained unannounced.

“V...What’s wrong with me?” Eddie asked mid-whimper, breathing too fast to try to calm the new wave of pain he was experiencing. “Oh, God I’m going to die...”

“We will not die.” The voice of Venom rumbled, finally responding. “It will stop soon.”

“You’re not a doctor! Something’s wrong. This pain is horrible!” Eddie writhed in bed, trying to find a more comfortable position, but nothing seemed to work.

“Eddie.” Venom finally decided to leave Eddie’s body, showing himself on the shoulder of his host, glancing at him with a pang of grief. “I am sorry, Eddie, I cannot stop it, it has started.”

“Stop what?” Between a couple of repressed groans, Eddie tried to catch the words of his symbiote. “If you know what’s happening, than do something about it!”

“We are adjusting, Eddie. We also feel pain. We are exhausted.” Venom moves further out of Eddie’s shoulder, almost an entire mass over Eddie’s neck, moving slowly across his collarbone, settling just where he could feel the throbbing heartbeat of his host’s heart, hoping that the situation would improve for both.

“Adjust to what?!?” Eddie exclaimed in anger, furious with Venom's half-explanations.

“We, our union.”
“We’re already united. We feel together, we think together, we act together, we do everything together, Venom. You’re inside me. What else is there to unionize?”

“Mating.”

Eddie paused mid-rant from Venom’s words; the pain temporarily forgotten as he tried to analyze the simple but devastating words from Venom. Eddie wracked his brain regarding the intimate moments between them; groping and often times, the symbiote’s extremities stroking him. Eddie refused to let his mind wander as he hadn’t properly accepted the whole “alien sex” aspect. Surely the two were not up to code in their sexual relationship if Venom had to explain to Eddie that he would not die by ways of orgasming. Due to obvious human needs, Eddie had every right to vent his lividness. It was simply the ignorance of two different physical beings trying to mate.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“My species does not need a partner. We are asexual. When we get an adequate host that will provide a safe and perfect environment for our evolution, we start to change genetically. We adapt and at the same time, we adjust our host to be a suitable recipient for their reproductive genes. the Two of us are changing, Eddie.”

Eddie shook his head frantically as he sat down suddenly, feeling as he felt his head spin. “A recipient of what?”

“My genetic discharge to adapt to your species. Hmm... I think you humans call it sperm.”

“What the fuck!” Eddie exclaimed, not knowing suddenly pacing the area as his mind felt fuzzy. He felt dizzy. He felt like a caged animal. “You’ve lost your mind!”

“Eddie, let's go back to bed. We are weak.”

Venom tried to direct Eddie but it was very difficult, most of Venom’s energy and his body was working chemically, molecularly and structurally within his host. The process within Eddie was inevitable; something Venom could not control. The internal change was a genetic mark of the symbiote; just as birds know how to fly and fish know how to swim. It was in their DNA; in their genetic past. It just came naturally.

“I need a doctor...” Eddie groaned, trembling even more, taking awkward steps toward the nearest table. His bowels burned, the pain so excruciating it was too hard to focus on something other than the pain.

“Eddie, we are bleeding.” The symbiote responded in distress, noticing the small pool of blood beneath Eddie’s feet.

“Bl-Blood.” Eddie’s head was swimming; trying to process everything happening so quickly. He glanced down and felt the trickle of liquid between his thighs and then the small puddle on the ground. Oh god, he was dying, surely, he was. The simple sight of blood on the ground was enough to terrify Eddie before his vision started swimming and he collapsed to the floor as darkness consumed him.

The next time Eddie woke up, he was back in his bed. The sun had made its way across the sky signaling the late afternoon, early evening. He felt sick, as if he had gotten drunk the entire weekend and he was being punished by a slow-going hangover. His entire body ached though not as extreme has last night. The ache was more so annoying than intense.
“You are awake,” The symbiote’s voice resonated from within. It sounded like an echo; as if someone was speaking into an empty cave.

“I'm alive.” Eddie whispered, his mouth tacky and dry. “You didn't kill us.”

“I said that you would not die. You are stubborn.” Venom replied, materializing out of Eddie’s shoulder. “We are still weak. We need to rest.”

“I was bleeding,” Eddie said in alarm. “There was blood on the ground... I thought I died.” Eddie’s slowly ran along his body, searching for injuries or open wounds. “You made me bleed; you hurt me. You said you'd never do that.”

“We would never hurt you intentionally. We love you, Eddie.” Venom confessed adamantly in his thick, thundering voice.

“L-Love me?” Eddie stuttered, astonished at the symbiote’s confession. This was the first time Venom voiced his affection toward the journalist and though Eddie treated him with affection, camaraderie, and a deep sense of warmth that grew day by day being coexistent with the alien, the words uttered by Venom didn’t sound so rare. The situation no longer seemed strange. However, it still provided fear and confusion on Eddie’s part.

“You hemorrhaged when you got up when we were not supposed to. It has gone away now.”

“There’s too much to think about, V.” Eddie sighed. He rolled onto his side and finally noticed he was naked in bed. “Jesus, you got me naked, too?”

“We sweat a lot and we just wanted to help.” Venom responded, nestling himself beneath Eddie’s chin like a little kitten. “Sleep. Tomorrow will be better.”

“Nothing seems right, V.” Eddie sighed. Nonetheless, he closed his eyes, body lethargic from last night’s events. Exhaustion overcame him and he couldn’t fight the sleep threatening to consume him. His mind still plagued him with questions; questions he needed to discuss with his symbiote.

Just as Venom assured, the next morning was significantly better. His body was no longer sore. The chills and sweats he went through two days ago were gone. It was as if the previous days were nothing but a mere nightmare; that whatever he experienced only existed in his mind. Eddie woke up, his bladder screaming in protest as he hopped out of bed and rushed to the bathroom to relieve himself. He rinsed his hands and brushed his teeth before washing his face somewhat haggardly. He was working on autopilot, as he did every morning through routine. Memories of the previous nights hit Eddie like a ton of bricks, the symbiote’s words repeating in his head and he gasped.

“Shit!” Eddie dropped the toothbrush in the sink, mouth still foamy as he stared at the mirror in horror.

Eddie left the bathroom in a hurry, scouring the apartment with the only light shining through one of the windows of his apartment. Eddie stood under the warm rays of the morning sun, feeling the heat against his naked body. Eddie examined each part of his body with a compelling obsession. He was searching for something; something he couldn’t exactly pinpoint but he needed to check. He ran his hands along his chest and then down to his toned stomach, and finally to his hips and thighs. He even examined his innermost parts to see if he’d discover anything out of the ordinary. For the most part everything was normal.

“Thank God,” Eddie sighed in relief, using the back of his hand to wipe the foam from his mouth. “It was only a nightmare.”
“It was not, Eddie.”

“Don’t say that,” Eddie snapped, fists clenched in stubbornness. “There’s nothing different about me.”

“What you are looking for is not on the outside, it is on the inside.”

Eddie shook his head, outright refusing to believe what happened last night was real and not a nightmare. “Don’t tell me anything. I don’t want to hear your explanations about changes, sex, or about your DNA and sperm alternative.”

“All right, we will talk about it when you are ready, Eddie.”

“Believe me, I’ll never be ready for that.”

Eddie ended the conversation there for the time being. The symbiote did not want to push it anymore, either, having felt the anguish and confusion in the mind of his host. Eddie had already dealt with a lot in the last two days and the symbiote didn’t want to torment his host any further. In Venom’s own way he discovered that there were feelings that humans often refused to accept. Humans had a specific chemical charge; something relating to endorphins or dopamine. When Venom told Eddie that he loved him, Eddie’s chemical response was an emphatic acceptance. Those dopamine levels exceeded its usual amount. But, of course, humans were stubborn and Eddie was probably more stubborn than the average being. While Eddie’s body was screaming ‘yes’, Eddie’s stubborn mouth was saying ‘no’. Venom desperately tried to understand the species’ contradictions and the ways of the human brain, but it seemed as if the brain had evolved to be more idiotic and insensitive.

Eddie blatantly refused to bring up the conversation about Venom’s reproductive ways for all of two weeks. For those fifteen days, Eddie tried to block any thought, idea, or curiosity about the matter. As long as his body functioned habitually there was nothing to talk about. Venom entertained Eddie’s little game for the time being. What needed to be done had already been completed. Venom was patient. It was only a matter of time before the event would no longer be isolated. After all, all action has a reaction.

On one particular, hectic day after returning from an interview for a job that would more than pay for his living expenses, he stopped into the local grocery store and greeted Mrs. Chen. He grabbed a basket by the door and started his trek around the store. He barely made it three steps when he saw a couple toward the end of one of the isles conversing with one another, though they seemed too close to just be friends. It appeared to be more so canoodling than a simple conversation.

The couple was young, maybe in their late teens, early twenties as the young man caressed his girlfriend’s lower back, hands dangerously close to her bum. His hand found its mark as he shamelessly groped her ass while she laughed it off playfully. She answered his advances with tender kisses and licks to his cheek and neck, the two so distracted in their rather intimate embrace that they didn’t notice Eddie spying on them like a pervert. Eddie swallowed audibly, suddenly feeling hot. Did the temperature in the store just rise?

“Eddie?” The symbiote spoke from within, alerted by the strange and sudden emotions inside his host.

Eddie quickly exited the isle, no longer able to see the couple as he charged down another isle and grabbing the first thing he saw; anything to distract his mind from the sudden wave of heat that was flowing toward his groin. The heat and sexual desire he was currently experiencing was overwhelming. He had never felt something this strong. His jeans were becoming too tight, more and
more as his erection grew. His erection had become so noticeable that Eddie had to put the basket in front of him to prevent someone from noticing. His throbbing erection was beginning to hurt with each step that he took resulting in an awkward walk.

“*You need to solve that, Eddie.*” Venom resounded in a tone, almost mockingly. He was very familiar with the physiology of Eddie’s particular…extension.

“V... Don't fuck with me, this is no time to be sarcastic.”

“*The one who needs to fuck, is you.*”

The symbiote emphasized his words by sneaking a thin tentacle beneath his clothes and subtly stroked Eddie’s belly.

“Don't do that!” Eddie exclaimed, alerting Mrs. Chen who stood at the cash register.

“Is something wrong, Eddie?” The woman asked, analyzing Eddie with a quirked brow.

“Uh… No, nothing, Mrs. Chen, all is good. I-I’ll just take this.”

Eddie hastily sent the contents from the basket onto the counter and drummed his fingers against the counter anxiously. His erection was borderline painful and was in desperate need of release. Eddie handed Mrs. Chen a few bills, telling her to keep the change before he gathered up his bags and barreled to his apartment.

Eddie thrust the door open and dropped the shopping bags onto the floor before yanking off his shoes and jacket and tossed them nonsensically across the room. Eddie had practically rid himself of all his clothes save for the confining jeans. Before he could remove the last bit of clothing, Venom dragged him to the sofa and practically tossed him onto the couch.

“What's the matter with you?!” Eddie exclaimed, trying to get up but Venom kept them restrained against the sofa.

“*Eddie, we are too hot.*” Venom responded, intrigued by the situation of his host. “*I don't know exactly what is going on, but we want to help you.*”

“Oh No, don’t even think about it!” Eddie countered. “I've always taken care of myself…alone. Nothing will make me change... *Ohhh.*” His lips parted in a small ‘O’ when he felt the limbs of the symbiote slip into his jeans and stroke his inner thighs, eliciting pleasurable chills.

Eddie’s breathing became heavy and erratic, closing his eyes at the sudden contact that was unusually pleasant. The pleasure alone was cutting off all thoughts. Feeling Venom touch his warm skin almost delicately as the tentacles caressed his inner thighs set his libido on fire. The pleasure was becoming too much.

“N-No... Don't do that.” Eddie panted, trying to raise his head, struggling with the desire to let the daring symbiote continue to play at his leisure.

“*Oh Eddie. There is no use in resisting*.” Venom said as he materialized out of his shoulder. He materialized farther so he was face to face with his human, toothy grin on display. “*We are feeling things that we fail to give logic to, but that doesn’t matter. Remember that I am inside you. I know your every thought, Eddie. Right now your mind is desperately screaming for me. You want to feel me. You want to know what will happen next. You’re throbbing. We are both throbbing. We want it, Eddie.*
Venom punctuated his words by sliding his tongue along Eddie’s neck, delicately feeling every inch of warm skin. The tension of being touched, the desire to taste gave off a strange and compelling scent; pheromones, many of which burst along his taste buds that sent jolts of pleasure through Eddie’s body. Venom knew that humans were still very instinctive; very basic in fact that Eddie displayed a hormonal urgency that if it was personified, it would read in neon letters: *fuck me.*

“Y-You don’t know anything about this,” Eddie panted, his response coming out choked and breathy as Venom’s warm, wet tongue slithered along his neck. Each lick and movement sent more jolts to his groin and if the symbiote didn’t stop, he feared he would come.

“We have gone through every memory you have stored in your head, Eddie. The best memories are your most intimate ones. For example, your first sexual experience with a girl, the treasure chest containing dirty images of naked women. There are memories of you having sex with Anne. Even memories of your curious self-explorations.” Venom’s tongue moved further down, licking in circular motions along the pectorals of his host earning a hitched breath and a shudder from Eddie. **“You are very sensitive, Eddie. You like to be touched and pampered. We want to give you all that…and much more.”**

“Oh, *God,*” Eddie moaned, clenching his jaw as he felt Venom’s tongue leave his chest and pair of slimy limbs reach out and tease his nipples. They pinched and pulled, rolling the buds beneath the tentacles, perfecting a rhythm that had Eddie writhing in pleasure as his nipples hardened and became more sensitive.

“**Humans are fascinating,**” Venom remarked, continuing with his onslaught. **“You are fascinating, Eddie. I think I like this way of mating. It is so exciting and there are so many things to feel in unison.”**

There was no way for Eddie to coordinate his thoughts. His mind was clouded in such a visceral bubble that he was overwhelmed with this unrelenting pleasure. Every sensation he was feeling had multiplied by two since he was connected with the symbiote. His pleasure was Venom’s and vice versa. The pleasure resonating within him was inexplicable.

As his symbiote continued to caress him, moving along his skin, leaving an exhilarating and pleasurable touch in his wake, Eddie’s own thoughts went awry with unspoken words; sex, love, passion, affection, devotion, unity and finally; one. **One,** came the thoughts of Venom, the word so loud that it resonated so strongly in his mind. The sound and emotion exuded from Venom was so intense that Eddie wanted to cry. He had never felt that warm and enveloping feeling of being loved; to be valued and loved. It was as if Eddie just discovered that he had a purpose. He wasn’t a loser; not even to Venom. They could be together at a new level.

“We are one.” Eddie croaked, trying to fix his watery gaze on the iridescent eyes of Venom, seeking to make himself understood, an expression that one would be able to comprehend.

**“One, Eddie.”** Venom responded softly, materializing out of Eddie so that he had a torso and arms. His black limbs wrapped around Eddie, holding him close while Venom sheathed his razor-like teeth so he could kiss human without harm, just as he did in the forest when he kissed Anne.

Eddie would later remember this as the best kiss he’s ever fucking had. The feeling of Venom’s cool and slick skin along his, the embrace that covered him completely, the meandering tongue of his symbiote devouring his mouth as the slimy limb explored the wet cavern caused Eddie to shiver. He
felt Venom’s tongue enter deeper, playing at his tonsils, practically deep throating him with such a tender, velvet touch that it was everything but an assault. Venom was tongue fucking him and it was only making him harder. Eddie felt almost choked by the lack of air, panting heavily as his lungs filled with oxygen again. His lips were swollen and red, more than they were by nature as a pleasant tingle lingered on his mouth.

Venom’s human-like fingers ran across Eddie’s lips, stroking sweetly. The human body was wonderful and the symbiote needed more—much more. Even in his acquired form, Venom extended his arms further, running his tendrils down Eddie’s torso little by little. Venom used his claws to rub subtly along Eddie’s sides, leaving weak red marks in their wake. Venom became more aggressive when he reached Eddie’s jeans, shredding the fabric off his host and leaving Eddie in his boxers where his erection was more than obvious.

“My favorite jeans,” Eddie whined, seeing the fabric completely obliterated.

“Clothes are annoying.” Venom responded before he leaned in with that raspy, thick voice and whispered, “We want to learn all about sex with Eddie.”

“Oh Shit, I can’t believe I’m going to say this.” Eddie said in disbelief putting a hand to his face in an attempt to conceal the vulnerability and ashamedness. He was far too aroused by the words of his symbiote, and even more so at his next words. “You're not doing anything wrong, honey, you’re doing everything right.”

“Honey?”

“Do you not like it? How about ‘love’?” Eddie asked through blushing cheeks, feeling foolish and corny all of a sudden, though it was also fun to see Venom’s expression when he gave him those nicknames.

“We can discuss that later. I want to have you, Eddie; to make you mine and only mine.”

Another unbridled kissing didn’t give Eddie a chance to respond as more black limbs covered him and stripped him any fabric that would hinder anymore of Venom’s touch. Venom caressed and stroked every inch of his host’s body, paying full attention to Eddie’s every action. Each touch elicited something different from Eddie; choked off moans, strangled screams and it annoyed the symbiote so much that Venom changed strategy, suddenly disappearing beneath his host’s skin.

“Oh... V?” Eddie asked confusedly, feeling Venom’s restraints release him.

“Eddie is not honest with his actions.” Venom snarled, using his inner control to spring Eddie off the couch into a standing position.

“Venom, what are you plotting?” Eddie asked, frightened at Venom’s unvoiced plan as he felt Venom force him to walk to the bedroom. He gasped when Venom forced him on the bed face down and used his black tendrils within to hold him down. “V, this isn’t funny, let me go.”

“No.”

Eddie’s fear suddenly disappeared when he felt Venom release him and give Eddie free reign of motion. Eddie didn’t have the chance to react again before he felt his symbiote’s slimy limbs run down his hips and thighs as they thickened, the sense of pleasure instantly returning. A gentle tug from the tendrils encouraged Eddie to widen his stance and he gasped when he felt the tentacles slither farther between his legs and wrap around his erection, mimicking the natural throb of his cock. Venom covered Eddie’s cock completely, leaving the tip unsheathed and leaking pre-come. Eddie
was overwhelmed with pleasure and he felt almost frustrated with the way Venom was stroking everywhere but the one place he desperately wanted to be touched.

“Oh, God!” Eddie cried out, the first sincere cry of pleasure without limitations. What he was experiencing was too good those caresses seemed perfectly executed that it pushed Eddie to the precipice of his orgasm. Each time, Eddie felt like he was going to come, Venom would ease up on the stroking and squeezing, earning strangled whines from Eddie. Oh, God, the pleasure was too much.

“Good boy.”

Eddie swore, amidst the pleasure he was feeling, that Venom was laughing at him internally. Nothing cruel, more so teasingly. The mocking touch, the constant on and off pleasure had Eddie trying to grind against the sheets, anything to gain friction against his swollen cock but Venom denied Eddie those actions, strategically restraining Eddie from those advances.

“V, please,” Eddie moaned, his eyes prickling with frustrated tears. He just wanted to come. “I want to… I need to… I’m already so close.” Eddie was desperate to be touched more but Venom seemed to only respond by keeping his legs spread wide and hips away from the mattress as he continued to stroke Eddie.

“We like the way you are now.” Venom answered, a black claw materializing against his belly, stroking over his groin and playing with the coarse hair near his cock. His claw moved further down his thighs between his legs, teasing his balls before slimy fingers brushed against his perineum. “Eddie is so wet here.”

“Fuck, where did you learn to talk so dirty?” Eddie’s face reddened further when he felt thick fingers tease his testicles and press against his perineum, causing stars to shoot behind Eddie’s eyes. “What...”

“We will be soft, love.”

“N-No... Not there.” Eddie whimpered, trying to close his legs, but Venom’s strength made it impossible. He had control of Eddie from the waist down. “Not that place.”

“Eddie, we will have to refresh your memory again to see if you know things about "that place,"” Venom stated, materializing again so he was visible on his chest, looking straight into Eddie’s eyes.

“Things I don't want to remember.” Eddie answered, swallowing thickly, trying not to recollect past experiences. It already seemed that the symbiote knew Eddie’s dirtiest memories, surely trying to understand how sex worked in humans.

Venom wouldn’t accept no for an answer, so he decided to use a less verbal way to make Eddie understand that it would feel good. He silenced Eddie’s warrying thoughts with more pleasure, loosening his grip around his cock a bit so Eddie could feel the full force of his orgasm, pumping Eddie harder and stroking faster as he redirected a lot of the sensations to infiltrate the depths of Eddie’s mind. Eddie’s body tightened like a wire, groaning loudly as he arched off the bed, thighs squeezing together, feet and hands curling from the oversensitivity of the pleasure coursing through his body. His hands shot out to grip the sheets as he felt everything inside him burn with desire. The surmountable pleasure ran down his belly, down to his testicles and then returning up his body in a wave of overwhelming spasms, one after another until Eddie couldn’t hold on any longer, ejaculating all over his belly and chest, staining the black tentacles that stroked him through his orgasm, milking
him to the last drop.

With Venom’s mind connected to Eddie’s, he felt the sensations of Eddie’s orgasm. Venom took humanoid form again, this time materializing hips and an evident organ that of which mimicked Eddie’s own cock as well, Venom’s member thicker and desperate for release. Human excitement was a toxic, new and lustful sensation for the symbiote’s system. All the painful changes the two had experienced two weeks ago also included Venom being able to take a tangible form to maintain and use it in an efficient way to reproduce.

Eddie was still lying in bed feeling like a puddle of goo from his orgasm. It was by far, the best orgasm of his life. His heart was still beating fast, limbs weak, and his breathing rapid. He hadn’t had the chance to open his eyes before he felt a hard mass at his hole.

“V...” Eddie finally spoke, gaze finally focusing on the newly acquired anatomy of the symbiote. Venom’s pseudo-dick was that of an enormous man’s—definitely more than two meters thick. If Eddie had to compare it was the size of someone’s arm! “Holy Mother of... what is that?!”

“A penis.”

“Th-that's not a penis, that's... It's...” Eddie stuttered, eyes wide as he saw the black thing grow even thicker—definitely too big to be able to fit in any human cavity.

“We need it to mate properly as your species does, Eddie.”

“Fuck no! I'm not going to let you fuck me with that! It's monstrous!” Eddie exclaimed, trying to force his legs closed, but it was too late. Venom had placed himself between Eddie, using his new materialized hips and torso as a makeshift crowbar.

“Too big?” Venom asked curiously, staring at Eddie’s wilted cock. “Too big compared to that.”

Eddie gave him a murderous look, wondering how the symbiote was able to frighten him and then insult him in a matter of minutes. He tried to come up with his own insult but nothing came to mind. Eddie’s jaw clenched when he felt something slipping subtly between his legs. He felt Venom’s tendrils tease at his hole, playing with the tight ring of muscle before he pushed them inside.

“What...” Eddie gasped at the sensation. It was weird, it didn't hurt, it was just strange to feel the symbiote’s tendrils moving inside him.

“I am just curious, Eddie,” Venom answered with a wry smile, moving closer to Eddie’s face to kiss him, a pleasant distraction to his sudden intrusion.

The kiss was possessive, full of lust; almost toxic. The effect was a like a drug, the kiss so passionate, it pulled suppressed groans from Eddie. The kiss distracted the many limbs that penetrated his body, even when said limbs thickened inside him. They pulsed, contracted, and spun inside him, massaging Eddie from the inside out. The newfound pleasure was both exciting and unusual. Amongst the kiss, Eddie subconsciously wished his symbiote would find his prostate.

It was then that Venom pushed in deeper, the tendrils pressing against the sensitive bundle of nerves, pulling a shocked yelp from his human. The sudden wave of pleasure had Eddie hot all over, the limbs pulsating and thrusting in and out of his hole. Venom swallowed Eddie’s pleasured screams, the human clinging to the symbiote’s large, muscular black arms. Eddie squeezed tight, the pleasure overwhelming that his toes curled. This pleasure had no name; no logic. It was too much; unlike anything he had felt whenever he dared to touch the area his symbiote was currently assaulting.
Everything Eddie felt before this experience compared to misery. This new pleasure was intense; hot, heavy, and exciting. It was squalid and colorless before this. Eddie could feel his internal muscles tightening against the tentacles of the symbiote as if silently begging to feel more. He came to the brink of his orgasm—nearly there as he was beginning to see stars. All that stopped abruptly when he no longer felt Venom inside him. He felt an odd sense of loss.

"Ugh, what the fuck, V, why’d you stop?" Eddie asked through desperate gasps, hole clenching and unclenching against air.

"You liked it." Venom rasped, licking the top lip of his host, clearly satisfied with the pleasure he provided. "We want to go back inside. It was a different heat; wet and tight. We liked it too."

Eddie trembled with excitement mixed with a bit of fear. What just occurred was very strange and Eddie shouldn’t have enjoyed it as much as he did. Having an alien parasite brazenly explore his insides in that manner shouldn’t have felt that good. And just like that, Venom was back in his mind as if distracting his wavering thoughts and replacing them with pleasurable ones—reliving ones that happened only moments ago. Venom mixed those memories with emotions of affection, love and warmth. The symbiote certainly loved his host irrevocably, possibly even from the first day they met.

"I... You can..." Eddie faltered for a response but Venom had already stopped his thinking, pausing Eddie’s thoughts to fulfill them with more emotion.

"Yes, Eddie, as you wish. I will enter you so gently that you won't feel it, and then you can tell me how big you like it." Venom bowed his face to nuzzle against the journalist’s shoulder. "You will be completely mine."

"Oh, God." Eddie moaned. Those words shouldn’t have sent a volt of pleasure through him the way it did.

It was too late to say no know. He accepted this challenge of pleasure and affection. Both trapped under the efflux of coming together; of becoming one in a carnal way. Venom used his instinct and newly acquired human knowledge to possess Eddie’s body. Both symbiote and human were unaware that they were working against the clock; Eddie’s body only having a small window of fertility, ready to fulfill the role for which it had adjusted to.

Venom kept his word, altering the size of his member, decreasing it in size enough to penetrate his lover without harm. Venom settled between Eddie’s trembling thighs, feeling the amount of emotions they shared. They had made a bond so strong that the feeling of penetration was both of pain and pleasure; Eddie’s hole already wet and self-lubricating. It seemed that Eddie’s body was working on its own volition, producing its own slick as it was begging to be filled; a very dirty and deep desire of thought that Eddie tried to hurry and will away before Venom realized. Being a man meant a fight for a dominance, and while Eddie didn’t like being dominated, that feeling and thought process dwindled with Venom. His dominant ego had become somewhat submissive, altering to equality.

"Eddie, we love you." Venom growled into his lover’s ear, vibrating at the notion of finally being inside Eddie in a different way than he was used to.

"You love Me..." Eddie murmured, almost in a cherished, disbelief whisper, a small smile gracing his lips. Eddie was overwhelmed and at the same time happy, feeling his symbiote’s words course through him like blood rushed through his veins. Images of when they first crossed paths flitted through Eddie’s mind. Everything from the eyes of Venom—everything from Venom’s point of view to his own were swarmed with intimate and powerful notions of passion. “I love you, too.”
The spellbound love for the symbiote only grew with the first thrust from Venom. Eddie gasped as he felt the thick member push in deeper, back arching off the bed as he tried to adjust to his girth. The sensation was new and addicting. Despite the temporary discomfort, it was amazing. Especially with the way Venom controlled Eddie’s body, thrusting in and out in way to add to the unrelenting pleasure. Unimpeded, Venom began to growl and purr like a cat who had just taken down his prey in victory. Eddie was finally his. The symbiote was excited at the situation that more limbs sprouted from his hips and winded along Eddie’s body; his hips, chest, and legs.

Both panted without fail, Eddie moaning louder each time Venom pushed back in, his member thickening with each in her thrust, Venom fulfilling his own desires of wanting to hear his lover scream and beg for more; to fill him up thick and long. The black tentacles viciously played with all they could; Eddie’s nipples, his navel, winding around Eddie’s cock, sheathing the human’s member in black and stroking in tandem with his thrusts. Being dominated and experiencing pleasure from both sources had Eddie crying out and begging Venom for more.

“V! Oh, god, yes, that’s it, love!” Eddie cried out, body trembling with delicious intent. He felt like he could die happy if Venom kept fucking him like this. Every sense was infiltrated; unable to simply focus solely one pleasure point.

Eddie was suddenly risen from the bed, completely restrained and held up by his symbiote. Venom’s thrusts increased more in speed, something vibrating violently inside him like that of a sexual toy. Eddie couldn’t do anything but hold on, letting Venom fuck him senseless as the alien pounded into him with abandon. Eddie couldn’t think; to consumed with pleasure and on the precipice of his orgasm. All it took was a violent thrust against his prostate before he came hard all over Venom’s chest in a silent scream, body seizing up like a vice.

This was all new for Venom, so when his lover came and his bowels squeezed his throbbing cock, Venom’s own body tensed and mimicked Eddie’s spasms as he released a thunderous grunt and spilled inside his lover. So much so, that his spunk leaked from Eddie’s hole and dripped onto the sheets. The entire moment felt so good; so overwhelmingly good that Venom’s materialized form crumbled into a huge black mass and rested on Eddie’s stomach as both tried to come down from their sex high.

Eddie took his trembling hands to the mass and stroked him gently, realizing that Venom had used most of his energy to have sex with him. It was an award-winning performance, that was certain. Eddie never thought Venom could do such things and when his symbiote orgasm, he saw clearly a beautiful starry sky so surreal in his mind.

“What was that…that I saw a few moments ago?” Eddie asked curiously.

“It was the night sky of Keytar. It is where I come from.” Venom responded, tone equally soft, though more raspy. There would always be tenderness for his lover.

“Oh,” Eddie said with a smile. “You let that slip when you came…”

“It was not an escape. I wanted to show you as thanks…”

“That was sweet, honey.” Eddie smiled, continuing with the caresses to Venom. “What we just did was…pleasurable and crazy. And very strange. Emphasis on the strange.”

“We mated the way humans do, Eddie.”

“Sex, V, we had sex. Mating sounds like an Animal Planet documentary.”
The pleasant memory of their first time made the sweltering heat of the night more bearable. The couple had shared the thought so intensely that Eddie was suddenly standing in front of the shower, turning on the faucet for a cold bath.

“And that's how you got here.” Eddie hummed, putting his hand on his belly, feeling the baby moving again, active by all the sensations that his parents had brought forth between them.

“He knows we love each other.”

“And we love them.” He smiled happily before stepping into the shower.

To be continued…

Phew! I finally finished it. Just when one thinks that it will only be a few pages, I got a bit carried away with the fluff and smut. Thank you so much for reading my work and supporting me! I have been receiving so much love from you all and so many great ideas that make me very happy! I hope to see you all again soon as I shall begin to write the next chapter. This is like a powerful drug. I live for Symbrock sex!

Chapter End Notes

Uf! At last I finished, when you think it will only be a few pages and I got a barbarity of lemon, crazy, sexy, dirty and tender at the same time, me and my ways of writing. Well, here we come for today, thank you very much for reading and support. I've been getting so much love from you, so many good opinions that I'm very happy, I hope to see you soon, I will begin to write the next chapter, really this has been made me as a powerful drug.
Preparing?

Chapter 5

Preparing?

Eddie was preoccupied with his latest work; a story for one of the popular magazine agencies. In the midst of working on the article his cell buzzed from its spot on the bed. Eddie had spent the majority of his days working from his bed, propped up on pillows to support the constant ache in his back, having to adapt to the needs of his baby. Now being six months pregnant, sitting at the dining room table was absolute torture. While Venom did what he could to alleviate his host’s aching body, working upright at a kitchen table just wasn’t cutting it.

For both symbiote and human, being pregnant was becoming an uphill battle. Along with the extra weight Eddie had put on, the constant trips to the bathroom courtesy of the baby who loved to lay on his bladder, and the hunger that never seemed to cease, the incessant nagging of phone calls from Anne and Dan that Eddie tried to ignore were becoming more arduous by the day. Not to mention the sharp low pains in his hips and certain parts of his body that began to change and feel more sensitive than before were the icing on the cake. Pregnancy was not an easy feat.

“Fuck.” Eddie grumbled as he saved the article he just typed and finally grabbed the phone to see how many time Dan and Anne called during this moment.

“They want to see us, Eddie.” Venom spoke from the depths of Eddie’s mind. He had let his partner work but remained in the shadows due to the calls the couple were constantly dodging.

“See, look, V,” Eddie sighed, reading each text one by one. The first few started out pleasant with greeting from Dan and Anne and checking on the baby’s and Eddie’s health. The further Eddie read the messages only intensified in emotion. By the latest message, Anne was borderline threatening Eddie with angry emoticons and warnings that she would stop by on her own recognizance. “We can't avoid this anymore.”

“We are not going to the hospital.”

“I trust everything you have said about our health as well as the baby’s, but they'll never understand, honey.” Eddie set his laptop on the bedside table and tried to get up. With a couple failed attempts, he huffed and plopped back down. “V... Help.” The symbiote extended several limbs from Eddie’s body, wrapping them around his back and waist and hoisted Eddie out of the bed. Eddie smiled and stroked the tendrils in thanks. “We'll figure out something to dodge this new bullet.”

Eddie had barely walked three steps before his phone rang this time. Now they were calling instead of texting? Why won’t they give up? Eddie retreated back to the bed to grab the phone off the comforter and sighed when his suspicions were confirmed.

“It's Dan.” Eddie sighed, swiping at the screen of his phone to answer the call but Venom was a step ahead, causing Eddie to end the call. “Hey! V!”

“We do not want to go.”

“V, honey, I think we should at least answer the call. I promise I'll just be nice and politely decline. Believe me, you don’t Anne to come here and drag us to the hospital.”
“It is too late, Eddie.”

“What do you mean it’s too late?” Eddie asked, barely having a chance to allow Venom to answer when a knock sounded at the door. “Oh, no...”

“Yes, it is them.”

Eddie felt as if he were an eight-year-old boy caught in the middle of mischief, about to be punished by his parents without the right to escape. He glanced around his apartment almost frantically, looking at how much the place was presentable. There were some dirty dishes in the sink, clothes from earlier in the week were piled on one of the chairs in the dining room. Not to mention the obscene number of bags of French fries and chocolate bars resting on the kitchen counter. While Eddie tried think of a reasonable excuse for the amount of unhealthy food he had scattered throughout his kitchen, he felt like the baby stir inside him, affected by all the stress and trying to remind Eddie that they were still there.

“God, they’ll see us like this!” Eddie exclaimed, his hands rubbing his six-month bump.

“Calm down, Eddie, we will be fine.” Venom chided, presenting himself on his partner’s shoulder, hoping his words would give his host some type of reassurance. Venom was certain that if Eddie didn’t lower his stress levels, their child would intervene and it wouldn’t be subtle.

“You're right, there's nothing to be afraid of.” Eddie responded sardonically. “They'll only see us fatter and trying to run away from them.” Eddie pulled out the old shirt he was wearing as if attempting to hide the roundness in his belly and hips and failing miserably.

With a resigned sigh and a deep breath, Eddie padded to the door, trying to imagine every possible thing that Anne and Dan might say. He imagined being scolded like a child under their disapproving looks among other unpleasantries until he opened the door.

Eddie was taken aback by the smiling faces of Anne and Dan. It was a bit disconcerting the way they avoided every other part of Eddie but his face. They stared at him like as if he was cornered animal and didn’t want to frighten him.

“Eddie, we thought you weren't home.” Anne commented, glancing past Eddie’s shoulder into the apartment.

“Won't you invite us in?” Dan added, gesturing into the apartment.

“Oh, yeah. Come in.” Eddie stammered, stepping aside to let the couple in before shutting the door.

Anne carried the bag of groceries she had in her hands into the kitchen, eying all the junk food littered on the counter with a disapproving look. Eddie’s chewed on his bottom lip, trying to disguise his anger at the impending scolding to come. Dan, on the other hand, fought with himself not to go into medical mode and overwhelm Eddie with questions about his dieting and status of the fetus. The uncomfortable silence among the three was finally broken by Anne.

“We only stopped by because you weren’t answering our calls or messages, Eddie,” Anne spoke, picking up a half-eaten bar of chocolate. “Are you surviving off this crap?”

“They are ours.” Venom finally answered, materializing on Eddie’s shoulder, his tone curt and abrupt.
“Oh... Hello, Venom.” Anne said, dropping the candy at once. She didn’t want to alter the mood anymore than it already was.

“Eddie, we didn’t come to bother you, we just wanted to know how you were,” Dan spoke up, eying the man in questions. “You’ve been refusing hospital visits and we were worried about you and the baby’s health.” Dan’s eyes dropped to Eddie’s stomach and gasped at how big he had gotten. “Whoa, you’ve gotten big!” Dan’s hands shot out to touch Eddie’s belly but the journalist was one step ahead, taking two steps back before the doctor could touch him. Apparently, Eddie was the Holy Grail of genetics.

“Don’t touch me.”

“Dan.” Anne warned, throwing her husband a murderous gaze.

“I’m sorry.” Dan quickly said, shoving his hands into his pants pockets, thinking it was best to keep them there so he wouldn’t provoke Eddie or his symbiote. “We were just really worried.”

“We are fine, we do not need human medicine.” Venom spoke again, rising a little more and winding over Eddie as his black limbs stretched further to cover Eddie’s belly. “We do not like that you meddle.”

“Hey, V, calm down, they’re not looking to hurt us,” Eddie said, rubbing the tentacles covering his bump. He turned back to the couple and tried to be genuine with his smile and words. “I understand your concern, but we're fine.”

“I don’t know how you can be so calm all this, Eddie, I’d be scared to death if I was in your position.” Anne said exasperatedly. “I don’t want to add insult to injury but the other “father” isn’t exactly human. Not to mention he eats and people and you don’t exactly lead a life meant for a baby. I mean, come on, Eddie! Look at what you’re eating. That isn’t healthy for anyone.”

Eddie was silent for a minute, processing everything that Anne had just said with deep regret and anguish. Eddie had already overcome his stage of terror when he first found out he was carrying his symbiote’s child; that was part of his past now. Everything had worked so well—everything was relatively normal. The baby itself was a huge change in Eddie’s life, and not to terrify himself any further, but Venom isn’t the ideal image of a father either. Eddie never thought he’d have a child with a different species. Hell, Eddie never thought about having children, period.

And so, it was with each word from Anne that everything felt like a domino effect. After losing Anne, his life had seemed to fall apart. That was, until Venom arrived, and it was in that moment that everything began to fall back into place. Life seemed less gloomy and more hopeful. Eddie believes it was because he didn’t feel alone anymore—wasn’t so useless and empty. Venom was his other half; someone to complement his being and reason for existence.

“Anne, I appreciate your concern, but you will never understand how my life is changed,” Eddie spoke again. “You don’t understand how happy I am with Venom and despite how crazy and farfetched this may appear, it all works out.” Eddie smiled to himself, feeling warmth spread through his body at how loved he felt by Venom. “I know V will never be an average parent; will never be a husband who goes to work and sustains a home, but he will always be my partner—my other half. He’s irrevocably in love with me and this baby and I often surprise myself just how much the feeling is mutual...” Eddie felt black tendrils interlace with his own hands, a strong grip of reassurance that signified they would always be together.

“Eddie, we are one.” The symbiote uttered, nuzzling his face against Eddie’s, reveling in their love and sharing the pleasant sensation that flowed through their bodies.
“They are so sweet with each other,” Dan remarked in an admired whisper. Anne shot Dan a glare. They were here on a serious note. They needed to help Eddie.

“Let’s stop arguing. If you want to sit and talk for awhile, fine, but we’re not going to the hospital or any other doctor appointments. If you want to ask us anything, it can be done here,” Eddie said adamantly. “I appreciate your concern for us, but you both need to understand me and the baby are healthy.” He smiled softly at Anne and placed a gently hand to her arm. “You are an amazing person and despite everything that happened between us, I’m glad you’re concerned and want to help us. I appreciate you, too, Dan,” Eddie commented as an afterthought. Dan beamed at the sincerity in Eddie and hugged both Eddie and Anne.

“Humans are strange.” Venom hissed in annoyance, tolerating the little moment from Eddie’s shoulder.

After Eddie and Venom clarified everything, the situation seemed less intense and confusing. The journalist offered his guests something to drink and with a bit of difficulty, he waddled around the kitchen for glasses and something to drink out of the fridge. Anne couldn’t help but notice the way Eddie walked a bit awkwardly, the journalist’s belly hanging low. The extra weight around his middle had created an embarrassing waddle that Eddie wasn’t too fond of. Anne would have thought that she would have been the one announcing to Eddie that she and Dan were expecting a baby, not the other way around. Regardless, it made Anne happy to know that Eddie would be well taken care of if the incident two months ago where Venom called Anne when Eddie passed out was anything to go by.

“I know you’ve got questions, so fire away.” Eddie said as he set two cups of freshly brewed coffee in front of the couple.

“We have a lot of questions,” Anne clarified, thanking Eddie as she took the mug and sipped at the hot beverage. “This place is nowhere near ready for a baby.”

“Well. I can’t disagree with you there, Anne,” Eddie said with a shrug, leaning against the countertop has sipped his own drink. Coffee was bad to consume while pregnant so he had settle for chocolate milk. “We’ve got three months before they’re born. We’ll make sure it’s baby-proofed before they arrive.”

Anne let out an exasperated sigh and did her best not to get angry. “You’re not taking this seriously, Eddie!” Anne exclaimed. “Babies need clothes, a crib, diapers…food! There’s a lot more to a baby than three months will allow.”

“Anne’s right,” Dan chimed in. “You should have been thinking about this already. Plus, you don’t get out much and the less you walk and exercise, the harder your labor will be.”

Eddie shook his head and put his hand up. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, time out. Are you trying to tell me that I need to go out now and buy things for my baby?”

“Eddie, we do not understand what you all are arguing about,” Venom piped in, listening to the three gripe about the child’s well-being and necessities. “Buy what things? Explain.”

“We’re talking about what the baby needs when he’s born, V. He’s going to need clothes and a place to sleep.”

“ We have a bed.”

“Not that kind of bed, bud. The baby will need something smaller and with bars,” Eddie tried to
explain. He tried to think of an analogy or example that the symbiote would understand. “It’s almost like a wooden cage so that the baby cannot escape. I think it’ll just be easier if I show you, babe.”

“I’m sorry to interrupt your inner monologue, but I don’t think Venom is understanding and I sense that you need help in the ‘crib’ department, too,” Anne answered with a giggle.

Eddie’s cheeks reddened. “Uh, yeah, maybe a little.”

“So, what do you want to do?” Dan stood up, pulling out a set of keys from his pants pocket. “We brought the car. We can take you anywhere.”

“Look, guys, I appreciate you wanting to help me with that, but right now I don’t have the funds to purchase a crib.”

“Who said you were going to buy it? It’s a gift for the baby,” Anne chirped, rising from the stool. “And we’re not taking no for an answer. So go get ready, Eddie.”

“They seem excited about our baby.” The symbiote spoke from within, though his tone appeared more annoyed and over protective than amused. “They should have their own.”

Eddie had to swallow a laugh at Venom’s comment. The Symbiote was obviously jealous of the attention given to Eddie and their baby. Venom didn’t realize just how gratuitous gifting someone a crib was. Eddie didn’t have the extra funds to afford a decent crib. His budget was a month to month basis and consisted of getting the necessary items to survive. With only three months left, Eddie wasn’t sure they’d be able to attain everything they needed for their baby.

This seemed to be a reoccurring incident; Dan and Anne to the rescue. It seemed that the two played an important role in Eddie’s life and despite his disproval to their meddling, he’d have to accept the fact that they were the closest thing to a supportive family.

“Alright, alright, you win.” Eddie said in defeat, holding his hands up in surrender. “Just give us a moment to get ready.”

Eddie headed to his room, listening to the idle chatter of the couple arguing about where they should go first. Regardless, Dan and Anne seemed elated with the idea that they were taking Eddie shopping. As Eddie stood in front of his closet deciding what would make him look less “pregnant,” Venom materialized on his host’s shoulder, trying to decipher Eddie’s thoughts and discombobulation. Eddie’s thoughts appeared wary, insecure, and slightly uncomfortable. He had not felt this uncomfortable since they first found out they were expecting a baby.

“Shall we not go out with them?”

“No, we’re still going out, V,” Eddie sighed. “The baby needs things.” He sat on the edge of the bed, a rare oppression settling in his chest. Eddie felt unnerved when a certain realization dawned on him. “I don’t think... we can do this alone like I thought, V.”

“Eddie, yes we can.” Thick limbs cupped Eddie’s cheeks. “We can do anything together. As long as we have each other.”

“I know, love. This isn’t about the baby’s health or how they will grow. When babies are born they need other things like diapers, a place to sleep, food, clothes, etcetera. I never thought I’d be in a situation where I was expecting a child but here we are...” Eddie said as his hands cupped the undersides of his belly, smiling to himself. He hoped that the fears her voiced would help Venom somewhat understand there was more to it than the well-being of a child.
“We will Learn, Eddie.” Venom stated, moving his head in front of Eddie. He bore into Eddie’s eyes with his own iridescent ones. “We did not know anything about humans. You have taught us everything. You are a good teacher. If you could teach us that we are not from this world, then we can learn how to take care of a baby.”

“V...” Eddie smiled at the simple logic of the symbiote. Everything could be taught. After all, Eddie had adapted his life to the continual teaching of all things human to the symbiote. He’s learned about living in unity with Venom and learning to love someone else other than himself. And now, the symbiote was willing to learn how to raise a baby and Eddie found comfort in that. “Thank you.”

His hands stretched at the same time that Venom expanded his form to a more humanoid one; neck, shoulders, chest and arms, finally finding himself with Eddie’s hands and letting him snuggle his head against the black chest of the symbiote. Venom had begun to understand that Eddie was more sensitive than the alien realized. The constant need to be touched or intimate was always a tangible feeling to Eddie; it was what kept him content. Both human and symbiote felt the anxiety dissipate—the sudden fear of new responsibility was somewhat palpable. It was the reality that they would not only be responsible of taking care of themselves but of another being that couldn’t fend for itself that was still difficult to digest.

After all Eddie’s inner turmoil, the journalist managed to get ready to leave. The summer heat was bothersome what with Eddie wearing clothes that best disguised his current predicament. His current wardrobe consisted of over-sized sweaters and flannels not to mention stretch pants to accommodate his growing belly. When Eddie first started showing, he had to kiss his jeans goodbye. They were uncomfortable to say the least and he didn’t want to do wear anything too tight or unsettling that could harm his unborn child. The journalist definitely had to get used to his new sense of fashion. It was unlike his usual sporty style but Eddie figured he could handle a few more months of his new style if it meant bringing their child into the world happy and healthy.

Dan sat in the driver’s seat, Anne in the passenger seat and Eddie in the back, feeling slightly uncomfortable as the couple’s eyes bore into him through the rearview mirror. It was uncomfortable as it is to have Dan and Anne accompany him in public. It definitely took Eddie out of his comfort zone. Eddie figured if he let Anne and Dan be a part of the shopping experience of his and Venom’s baby, it would keep the two from meddling further into his life. Anne decided to put herself in charge of the day’s itinerary; choosing which stores to go and what they should buy. Dan, of course, had his own interrogation for Eddie. Eddie was starting to regret going out with the two.

“How have you felt in the last few months, Eddie?”

“How about the pain in the hips, Eddie?” Venom chimed into Eddie’s mind. “We always complain about that pain. We always have to massage your hips nearly every night...” Venom voice resonated loud in Eddie's head before the lie he had said. “Tell them of the countless times that we must get up to urinate, or that your breasts are larger, tender and more sensitive; that new part we like...”

“V, that’s not necessary,” Eddie whined in embarrassment, cheeks flushed as he tried to curl into himself. Hearing those complaints from his partner made Eddie feel ashamed about himself and his body. “We’re fine.”

“It looks like someone’s telling you the opposite, huh?” Dan interrupted the symbiote and human
“Eddie, if something is different or out of the ordinary apart from the situation at hand, you need to tell us. That is what Dan is here for.” Anne piped in, turning in her seat to stare at a blushing Eddie in the back seat.

“Just forget about it, okay? I assure you that we are fine and nothing drastically has happened,” Eddie responded with a dejected sigh as he contemplated opening the door and escaping this uncomfortable moment. He hoped Venom would feel the same as he wanted to participate no more in this interrogation.

Anne put her hands up in surrender. “Alright, alright, we’ll drop it. Boy or girl?”

“Huh?” Eddie quipped, halting his thoughts of escape.

“Do you think you’re having a boy or girl?” Anne repeated, smiling warmly. She figured asking questions about the baby’s gender and what items to get would be better than the previous set of questions.

“I say it’s a girl!” Dan chirped.

“Is that what you saw in the ultrasound?” Eddie asked with wide eyes. Oh my, God, was he having a girl?

“Nope, I just think it might be a girl.”

“**We know what it is.**”

“And how do you know that, V?” Eddie said with indignation.

“Venom knows?” Dan and Anne asked in unison.

“Tell us how you know the sex of the baby, V” Eddie huffed as he crossed his arms impatiently. He was bitten by the curious bug, too.

Venom took his time to appear out of Eddie’s clothes and through the neck of his sweatshirt, just under his chin, like a little black ball with white eyes. Venom had learned to stay under the radar when they were in public.

“The baby is connected to us both, Eddie. You should also know what the sex is, we do not need to see it to know. And we won’t say it. You must find out.”

“What do you mean, ‘find out’!?”

Dan laughed at Venom’s explanation and took advantage of the red light to turn around and stare at the couple. “Oh, I see what’s happening here. Venom doesn’t know what the baby is either, he just has a hunch. Most future moms know what they’re having.”

“Just great,” Eddie sighed. “I’m not maternal enough to know what I’m having but Venom does.”

Anne and Dan left Eddie and Venom playfully argue about the sex of the baby. It was rather entertaining to hear them interact with each other. They sounded like a couple who had been married for years, each chiming in reasons on whether the baby was a girl or boy until Eddie suddenly stopped talking, hunching over himself and gripping the back of the front seat as his face screwed up in pain.
“Eddie?” Anne questioned, giving him a concerned look. Eddie’s face and gone pale in seconds, even his lips had lost color.

“What happened?” Dan asked, slamming on the breaks and causing those behind him to fall in tandem, horns and expletives being thrown their way.

Eddie tried to answer but his voice was lost to him, as if the oxygen was knocked out of him completely. Venom had spread several of his tentacles over Eddie’s belly, moving further out of Eddie’s clothes until he was eye level with his stomach. Venom purred quietly, inaudible to everyone except Eddie.

“The baby... it kicked too hard.” Eddie finally answered, tossing his head back as he felt his child calm down from Venom’s purring. “They like to kick hard when they feel like it.”

“He does not like loud noises or fights, Eddie. We forgot.” Venom returned to his place beneath his lover’s clothing, having soothed the baby with low, calm sounds.

“Hold on a moment...” Eddie’s eyes lit up as he shook his hands in excitement. “Oh Darling... you called the baby HIM! We’re having a boy!”

“Shit.”
Chapter 6

Sounds

For now, he was a child; an entity—no longer a bundle of cells in utero. If they were guided by the intuition of the symbiote and their logic, they would have a little boy. And the being that was within them without an actual gender, which they had always called ‘baby’ should now have purpose. This was now a complete being to whom he would have the opportunity to be assigned one of the most important aspects of life; a name. A name to ground him to the earth—to possess him as an entity and not just a growing ball of cells. The name for which he will be called will tether him to heaven and hell, through light and darkness. From the moment he takes his first breath, to the moment he closes his eyes for a final time. He will be complete. With a name. He is theirs.

“If you truly believe it’s a boy, you have to start thinking of names, Eddie.” Anne smiled staring back at Eddie with a hand to her chin and look too happy at the fact that Eddie was going to have a boy.

“Well, then girl names are out of the question,” Dan intervened. “Let’s start thinking about boy names.”

“A boy... we’re having a boy.” Eddie remained somewhat absorbed, whispering the gender of his future son, letting his mind flutter with images of their son in various stages of life. “V, honey?”

The Symbiote said nothing, just remained inside his partner’s body, seemingly annoyed at the fact that he revealed what Eddie was expecting unintentionally. Perhaps, Venom wanted to surprise Eddie with the news they were having a baby boy. Perhaps he wanted them to find out in the privacy of their home or in a way that was more intimate than sitting in backseat of a car with his lover’s ex and husband sitting up front. Venom felt somewhat inferior to the situation; uncomfortable by so many things he didn’t know or could control. Venom felt that what the two were doing in regards preparing for this baby was no longer enough. It seemed that the symbiote’s ego had been bruised—so bruised in fact that the alien refrained from making any further comments. It wasn’t until they arrived at the department store that Venom finally spoke again.

“Alright, where do we start?” Anne asked, bubbling with excitement as she held her husband’s hand.

“I just need a minute,” Eddie said abashedly. “You go ahead and I’ll catch up.” Eddie swallowed the lump in his throat, feeling overwhelmed and a bit upset though he couldn’t figure out why. He was sure the inner upset had something to do with Venom’s reaction to the baby’s gender reveal.

“It’s Okay, Eddie. Take your time, we’ll go look around.” Dan stated with a pat to Eddie’s shoulder and took Anne’s hand as they walked in the opposite direction.

“But...” Anne tried to say while her husband led her down one of the isles. “Do you think it’s a good idea to leave him alone?”
“He’s not alone, Anne, he’s with…can we even call them a couple? Yes, let’s put it that way.” He looked over his shoulder to see the journalist walk down another isle of the department store. “Imagine how overwhelmed he is about all this, babe. He doesn’t know how to handle all this. If we want to help him, we have to respect his personal space.”

“I’m beginning to think you’re a fan of them.” Anne stated, staring at her husband with mischief.

“I’m just a very lucky doctor. Imagine how many miraculous things are going on in that body! They’re having a baby.”

“He’s going to need our help, Dan. The baby is due in less than three months and knowing Eddie. It’s not going to be easy for him to accept our help.”

“We’ll have to find a way to get Eddie to come back in for a checkup. I’ll need to get an exact birthdate so I can schedule the O.R. and find a good anesthesiologist who will keep their secret. I think I can operate without nurses, but it will be a challenge.” Dan worked mechanically through his own mind on Eddie’s delivery and how he could help prepare for the birth, not knowing that the symbiote had other plans very different from his.

“Honey... V, I know you didn’t mean to say anything about the gender and I’m sorry if you really wanted to surprise me, but we could all be wrong.” Eddie gave a slight sigh as he looked at the stuffed animals on display. His eyes widened when he spotted a plush Emperor penguin and snatched it off the display case without thinking. It remarkably imitated a real one with its soft light gray hair, plump and round middle and sparkly black eyes. “Hell, I’m trying to get a grasp on all this.”

Eddie tried to return the stuffed animal to the shelf but black limbs slithered out of Eddie’s clothes and held the aforementioned item to Eddie’s chest preventing him from returning it to the shelf.

“Oh, do you like this one?” Eddie asked, looking down at the penguin and the tendrils keeping it secure to them. Eddie tried to see the nostalgia behind it. “We were a bit sensitive. Stupid hormones. Stupid documentary...”

“That was the first time we both felt the same thing.”

“True.” Under the scrutiny, that was certainly the first time they had both reached tears and were not afraid to face the other. “I understand why you’re upset, V. You feel like I’m leaving you out of everything.”

“Eddie took advantage of us.” His thick raspy voice felt so distraught inside his host.

“Oh love, that’s not true. You just let your guard down to help me with the baby when he was trying to use some of my organs as a punching bag.” He looked again at the penguin with less discomfort. “He’s a good boy, V. He ignored me but listened to you and stopped kicking me. I think you know him better than me, and sometimes I think you’re more in this than me.”

“We are one, Eddie. We are both in this.”

“I think we should stop complaining if you know more than the other, whether it’s the baby’s sex, or what to buy, V,” Eddie said with a long sigh. “Let alone whether or not you understand everything there is to preparing for a baby.” Eddie felt the discomfort from the symbiote ease albeit still uncertain. The journalist just wanted everything to work out in the end and for things to flow smoothly. “I just want us to be fine, V. I cannot do this alone, and you said it yourself; we are one. So as one, we will take advantage of what we know and choose together the necessities for our little
organ puncher.”

“That is fair. But we will take that.” Venom stated, pushing the plush toy into Eddie’s hands.

A huge smile donned Eddie’s face as pet the little toy. “We’ll buy this ourselves. It’ll be the first thing we ever bought the baby.” Eddie felt the symbiote’s tendrils move over his own hands and weaving between his fingers as they held the toy together. It was little moments like this, sweet and tender that put Eddie at ease. Signs of affection that proved he was not alone.

After their little “marital” spat, Eddie set out to peruse the isles, explaining everything they saw to the symbiote. Some things intrigued the alien, other items obvious to him, but most were a mystery to the couple. Amidst their walk, they came across a shelf full of colored containers, bottles, and other plastic items. Venom liked flashy things, almost as if he was like a child who was excited by colored candies.

“And what is this?” Venom took his partner's hand to a small, bright pink plastic container.

“They are bottles. They are used to feed babies.”

“Do human babies not know how to eat alone?”

“Uh… babies are born helpless and without teeth. They do not know how to do anything except cry, eat and use the bathroom.”

“Just cry, eat and make a mess,” Venom repeated. “The baby will be like you, Eddie.”

“Ha ha. Very funny, V. You will also have to listen to him cry and you’ll get to help me feed and clean him up. The baby will be like me until they grow and become more independent.”

“How long does it take to be independent?”

“In the best case, eighteen years.”

“Humans are definitely slow for everything.”

“Well, you decided to stay with me, honey.” He returned the bottle to the shelf while winking coquettishly.

“And this, Eddie?” Venom direct Eddie’s hand to take something else off the shelf, a device much larger than a bottle. “What do you use this for?”

Eddie looked at him with as much curiosity as Venom himself did. He did not really know what the flared and large bottle was for, let alone the cords and buttons that accompanied the contraption. The device had a rubber funnel attached to it with a some kind of lever.

“I’m not sure what this is, V,” Eddie answered honestly.

“It’s a breast pump,” came Dan’s answer from behind them causing Eddie to jump and quickly return the item to the shelf.

“Uh… we’re not gonna need that,” Eddie quickly said, coughing awkwardly in attempt to shield his embarrassment.

“Eddie, you told us once that the milk we drink comes from an animal called a cow. Do they use that device to get milk from the cows?” Venom asked curiously. Of course, he wanted to
know more about breast feeding and all things that accompanied it.

“No, it’s not used for cows. It’s meant for humans.” Eddie responded curtly, trying to cut the conversation short and move onto a different topic. Dan stared at Eddie with a mischievous smirk, knowing full well that Eddie didn’t want to explain to Venom how the device really worked. “Why don’t we go look at some other stuff, V?”

“Eddie, let me answer Venom’s question.” Dan spoke up, taking the device off the shelf.

The symbiote materialized further out of Eddie’s clothes and rested on his shoulder, listening to what Dan had to say. His curiosity was insatiable and even more so, he shared emotions with his host so he could sense a bit of shame and doubt from Eddie. It would humor the symbiote to listen to an explanation that was making his partner feel so uncomfortable.

“Cows, humans and many other species on this planet are mammals,” Dan begun. “Among the various things that identify us as such, the nutrients that babies need from birth is called milk. What cows produce, although some humans can’t always tolerate it, humans can do so also. Humans produce the basic needs for the baby at birth. This device is used to extract that in case you need to feed the baby and you cannot do so naturally. It is a simple transition from mother to child.”

“Will we need one of those?”

“WILL NOT,” Eddie intervened quickly. They most definitely did not need a breast pump.

“I would say so.” Dan remarked, putting the pumping device into a basket that was already full of miscellaneous items for the baby. “Anne is waiting for us in the crib section.”

The doctor left as if his explanation wasn’t utterly humiliating to Eddie. The journalist was a definite shade of pink. For the most part, the symbiote half-understood the explanation, though the matter was not very clear. Venom would have time research more about the process of food for the baby.

“Eddie ...”

“Not now, V.” Eddie scolded lightly as he started to walk at a safe distance away from Dan, he knew he was embarrassed and needed to calm his nerves so he could resist the rest of that afternoon being awkward around Anne and Dan.

By the end of the day, Venom and Eddie ended up with an apartment full of new things for the baby. Anne and Dan had been more than generous with the little shopping spree. They acquired a small crib, a bassinet, clothes for the first three months, bottles, blankets, towels, personal hygiene items, diapers, and the temporary bane of Eddie’s existence; the breast pump. Eddie lost count of everything else Dan and Anne had purchased as that on the sofa and stared at the plethora of bags and boxes. Walking around the department store at six months pregnant had exhausted the journalist. He just wanted to take off his clothes and go to sleep. But of course, not without stuffing his face with food first.

“What do you want to eat, honey?” Eddie spoke through exhaustion, his hands resting on his belly, feeling as the baby moved slightly, seemingly as exhausted as them.

“Nuggets and French fries!” The symbiote exclaimed as he came out of Eddie’s shoulder, feeling free to do as he wanted now that they were in the privacy of their own home.

“All right... time to make dinner for my lover and son.” He tried to get up from the couch but soon felt he had no control over his limbs as Venom had taken command. “V ...”
“We will do it.”

“It’s nice to have personal service. Thanks, sweetie.” Eddie let the symbiote move to the kitchen and mill about.

After such a busy day Eddie enjoyed the pleasure of doing nothing. Whenever he was tired, Venom usually took control of his body. Sometimes it was dinner, other times to pick up an order. The symbiote was always willing to be useful to his other half. Venom did not feel that same degree of physical exhaustion when he took control. The alien would do his best to keep the areas of pain miniscule, but he could not always disengage completely. With pregnancy, it was impossible to alleviate all the aches and pain. The aches and pains were somewhat of an alert to Eddie; a connection to he and the baby. Eddie's human body did its fair share of taking care of everything; the baby's growth and nutritional need. Between the two, the pregnancy was stable and that's how the symbiote knew perfectly how big, healthy and in good condition they found all three.

Another month went by quicker than Eddie could process and with him growing even larger, it left their nightly patrols close to home. They didn’t stray too far from home and made sure to avoid being by the bad men they fed on. Venom took form, sheathing Eddie’s body completely, though they did not have that athletic or colossal figure per usual. The symbiote sacrificed size for protection, appearing smaller but thicker as it used most of its mass to protect Eddie’s belly. Since they continued feeding and Eddie being seven months along, they were less daring in their choices, choosing to remain hidden on roofs of low buildings and whipping bad men out of sight with his long tentacles. That night, they had taken longer than usual to find the right criminal to consume. It was nearly three in the morning by the time they arrived back to their apartment. The cold autumn air sent chills through Eddie and it was the last bit comfortable.

Eddie felt his muscles achy and lethargic after Venom returned inside him before the need to urinate had him rushing to the bathroom. “This becomes more difficult as the days go by.”

He stared intently at all the movements that Eddie was doing, as he undressed in the bathroom, taking off the sweatshirt that barely covered the expanse of his belly since he had grown significantly more within the last month. He rid himself of his stretch pants and boxer shorts with some less-than-graceful movements since he didn’t want to ask Venom for help. Once naked, waddled over to the bathtub and turned on the faucet.

“Hot water?” Venom asked, the rumbling voice sounding uncertain.

“He asked honey. It won’t be too hot; I don’t want to burn ourselves.” He popped the cork into the tub and allowed the water to fill. While they waited, Eddie’s attention was focused on his new figure courtesy of their growing son. His hands ran over his thicker thighs and touched the taught skin of his belly. His hands continued to trail up to his chest, emitting a small sigh of defeat, wishing for everything to hurry up and end so he could lose all the weight he’s gained. He couldn’t wait to exercise again so he could get back his flat abs and toned pectorals.

Once the tub filled, Eddie carefully lowered himself in, giving a pleasant moan of satisfaction. With the fatigue in his limbs and his achy muscles, the hot water seemed to immediately alleviate some of the pain. He could finally relax. Eddie closed his eyes letting his head rest against the cold neck of the tub as the water covered them just beneath his chest. While Eddie let the warm water relax, the symbiote did his portion of letting his tendrils move along his host’s body, massaging the tense muscles. Whenever Eddie took a bath or shower Venom would bath Eddie for him, enjoying the slipperiness of the soap along his lover’s skin. Often times, Eddie’s baths and showers were interrupted with some less than innocent moments. A handful of times, Eddie’s baths and showers were erotic.
“Love, we want to play ...” Venom surrendered his toothy face against the neck of his host, sliding gently while sticking out his tongue, cutting off some of the drops of water that were about to fall from Eddie's chin.

“V... honey, I’m too tired to play. A lot happened today.” Eddie responded with a caress to Venom’s face, sliding wet fingers along the cool and soft, slimy skin.

“Eddie does not have to do anything but just close his eyes and feel.” Venom whispered, slithering his limbs beneath the water and winding around Eddie’s flaccid cock. He started out slowly, stroking softly, almost delicate with no intentions of being quick or daring.

Venom understood that Eddie was tired and his desires were to relax. After all, they shared their emotions. Eddie didn’t want wild, hard sex in complicated poses; just simple pampering.

“Mm...” Eddie moaned softly, adjusting his position a bit, so his legs fell open to the width of the tub. Whilst continuing the massage, Venom took more shape, creating a human figure from the waist up and placing himself atop Eddie. Half a figure was more than enough for what Venom had in mind. Venom kissed Eddie’s neck, tongue sliding little by little over his scruffy chin, Eddie’s jugular throbbing as he anticipated Venom’s next moves. Venom’s claw-like hands trailed down his host’s chest, groping the tender skin.

Eddie give a little gasp, that area becoming more and more sensitive with each caress from his lover. Eddie bit his lip when he felt his alien’s meandering tongue curl over one his nipples causing his body to arch in pleasure. Venom did the same to the other nub until both nipples were swollen and hard. The sweet smell of colostrum invaded Venom’s senses that it only urged him to continue to play with them.

“I... hey... what are you doing?” Eddie panted, feeling the symbiote’s insistent hands and tongue press against his chest as he thumbed and licked at Eddie’s nipples a little harder. It was the first time Venom paid attention this particular part of Eddie and the journalist was mindless in pleasure from the oversensitivity.

“They smell really sweet.” Venom purred, moving his tongue to both nipples, trying to locate that sweet, faint aroma.

“Stop... d-don’t, V... it feels strange.” Eddie whimpered, trying to move the symbiote’s hands but the alien responded by pumping Eddie’s cock more, cutting all rational thought from Eddie.

“Agghhh... you play... dirty.”

“We know Eddie likes it. We can feel the desire flow through here. It makes us want to play even more. We are imagining very interesting things, Eddie. We are sorry.” In a second, Venom extended more viscous tentacles against his partner’s chest, substituting the grip that his hands had made, leaving the claw-like hands free to put them under the water and take hold of Eddie’s hips. “We want everything, we want this”

“Damn... just do it. If you know what I’m thinking, then do it.” Eddie moaned, clearly defeated as his mind, body, and soul were consumed with pleasure. Eddie was sure he would come with the way Venom was assaulting his nipples with his tongue and tendrils and the other tendrils pumping him rapidly. It was all too much.

“Eddie is very horny.”

The aforementioned wanted to complain but could not, his head clouded in pleasure as he felt the
caresses return to his nipples and member, tightening more and more, the heat in his lower belly swimming with an impending orgasm. It felt so fucking good. Venom knew how to play it so that each of Eddie’s orgasms would be unforgettable. Eddie feel it now, getting hotter with each stroke, each touch, each caress. Venom squeezed the base of Eddie’s dick while filling Eddie’s mind with insurmountable pleasure. Stars sprung behind Eddie’s eyes at the overwhelming pleasure and each time he felt like he was going to come, Venom would ease off, teasing Eddie with light strokes and tender kisses. His tongue returned to Eddie’s chest, licking against his tender nipples, earning breathless moans and pleas from his lover. When Venom’s mouth found Eddie’s again in a daring kiss, it stole all of Eddie’s strength. He was lost to his lover, having surrendered himself to the symbiote.

Venom played Eddie’s body like a violin both inside and out, pleasuring his lover in the most tender and intense way. Touching him, kissing him, and squeezing his nipples in tandem to all the other tender assaults. It was too much for the poor pregnant man, his orgasm at its precipice.

And just then, right as Eddie was about to come, Venom took hold of hips and penetrated him. Forcing him against the tub. Eddie tossed his head back with a loud cry of pleasure, hands shooting out to grip the sides of the tubs, feeling himself get filled with his lover’s thick, long mass. “Oh, fuck!”

Eddie was properly losing it as his symbiote fucked deep into him, pulling moan after moan from him. There was no other way to explain the engulfing pleasure. He felt like he was being submerged in desire as his alien continued to thrust in and out of him, the largest tendril seemingly widened with each inward thrust. Amidst the caresses and fucking, Eddie didn’t notice that Venom was almost in complete humanoid form. Eddie had to break the kiss for lack of oxygen, panting against Venom as the alien grabbed his hips for leverage and counting dicking deep into him, changing the angle to find his prostate.

“Oh God!” Eddie cried out, the symbiote hitting his prostate again and again with the new angle. His inner muscles squeezed Venom with each outward thrust as if trying to get the alien to come, too. He just ached to be filled more and more, never wanting this intense pleasure to let up.

“We love Eddie!” Venom grunted, leaning his head against the neck of his partner’s as he rammed a few more times until he, too was coming in tandem with Eddie, both males’ orgasms coming in a rush. Venom released the endorphins. letting Eddie feel everything he felt, not only filling him with strong emotions but also with his sperm.

Coming down from their coital high, the two stared at each other intensely. It was always like that, always when they finished that the remnants of what they had just did flowed through their bodies like a slow river. Eddie smiled a little, trying to catch his breath and calm his racing heart, it had been short but intense, always perfect and fun. Eddie loved listening to Venom grunt with such passion; showing how much the alien loved him, especially in the middle of an orgasm; a human trait Venom had acquired. The symbiote mimicked Eddie’s smile, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

“I don’t think I was the only horny one, honey,” Eddie chuckled light as he ran his hands along the formed arms of the symbiote, looking at him with tenderness. “Let’s get out of here before we become a huge blob.”

“Eddie is dripping.”

“Like dripping?”

“Here.” Venom moved his hand towards one of the nipples of his host, cutting off a small pearly droplet that hung from his nipple.
Eddie didn’t say anything, just stood up in the tub, ignoring what the symbiote had discovered. Venom immediately fell back into his shoulder, trying to capture the emotions in his partner. The journalist had lost his state of complete relaxation by a rare feeling of discomfort and embarrassment. That aroused even more curiosity from the symbiote, subtly gliding over Eddie’s shoulders, leaving him room for his host to dry his body with the towel. Venom sat perched on Eddie’s shoulder as he flitted through his mind and found that his host was reminiscing about the store incident and Dan’s explanation about the breast pump. The shameful feeling resonating through Eddie was the same one he experienced back in the bottle isle.

“Eddie does not want to talk about the subject, but we think he knows what it is ...” Venom unexpectedly squeezed Eddie’s chest, not enough to hurt him, but enough to peak his curiosity.

“DO NOT DO THAT!” Eddie shouted, unbeknownst to what Venom was going to do. He tried to bat the limbs away with little success. The only result was his fingers getting wet from the sudden and delicate jet that shot out of one of his nipples. “Uh...”

“This ...” His long tongue sauntered brazenly through Eddie's fingers, picking up every last drop of the colostrum. “It tastes sweet.”

“No, no ... Don’t ever do that again!” Eddie scolded, doing his best to place the towel over his chest. “That is not to be eaten!”

“But it is our baby's food. You would like it, we liked it.” Venom purrs, not understanding why Eddie was so defensive.

“I can’t...understand this. At least not yet. Men don’t do this!” Eddie huffs, pointing to his chest with an accusatory gesture.

“They do not do it?”

“No, men do not produce milk. Men do not have babies...” Eddie circled the small bathroom in frustration and anxiety, uncomfortable with the entire situation.

“But it is happening and we're expecting a baby. We have to give him food in the end. Is that not the goal we want to achieve, Eddie? That our baby is well?” The symbiote cocked his head to stare at his host seriously, feeling Eddie’s emotions alter and calm the whirlwind in his mind.

“Well, now I feel stupid.” Eddie sighed deeply, dropping his shoulders in a clear sign of surrender. “I freaked out, all right? The due date is approaching more and more and I feel anxious in some strange way. It’s not easy, V.”

“Humans are too controlled by roles. They are too concerned with what women want and what men want. Can’t everyone just do what they like best without thinking about what he or she is?”

“Is that another one of your words of wisdom from 6000 years of alien knowledge?” Eddie asked, smiling wryly at the symbiote’s simple logic.

Venom moved again, expanding his limbs all over Eddie's torso, covering him like a warm coat, extending over his belly. He knew that that pleased his other companion.

“We love Eddie for all the effort he makes.”

“I love you too, V, so much that I feel I’ll go crazy with so many things happening in my body.”
“Our body.”

“Ok... our body.”

“Eddie.” Venom suddenly spoke, voice changing to one of protection and alert.

“What’s wrong?”

“Something’s happening.”

“What are you talking about?” Eddie was sheathed by Venom without response, the black mass covering him whole and taking control of the situation. “What's going on?”

The symbiote could not say anything, a deafening sound began to pierce his ears, causing Venom to completely destabilize, grunting and moaning in pain, tumbling through the small bathroom, hitting the tile walls in a vain attempt to get out of the place. The earth-shattering noise came from the street, the sound seemingly too close.

Sirens from several fire trucks blared down the street and Eddie did not know how to calm him—didn’t have control of the situation. What was worse was that he was beginning to suffer from Venom’s panic attack. With the connection with Venom being stronger than ever, the sound seem intensified, as if someone put a megaphone in his head and let the sirens ring through their mind. The sound reverberated through every fiber of their united bodies. The pain migrated and down through his insides, finally reaching the baby. Oh God, his baby was being affected by this. In a monumental effort to escape the sound, Venom managed to leave the room, feeling a foul aroma envelop them, as well as a thin film of whitish smoke. The entire time they were inside the bathroom distracted in their own reality, when they walked out of the bathroom, there were fireman standing in the cloud of smoke. All they wanted to do was escape. They needed to get out of there before the intensity of the sound made Venom separate from Eddie’s body. If Venom left Eddie’s body, fatality would be the only one knocking on their doors.

To be continued...
Escape, escape, escape. An exit, they just needed a damn exit. The main door was not the best option, as there came the increasingly grayish smoke. The more they crept closer, they could sense the heat. A window! Yes, it was the second option less drastic but also dangerous. Venom tried to establish his escape even though the sound of the sirens coming from outside. The sounds were agonizing and it wouldn’t let Venom think clearly. It hurt, God it hurt. It was too much for them, but jumping out the window was the better feat. If they could just escape this building and the sirens and find safety into a nearby building, everything would be okay. Yes, it was the best option that Eddie and Venom’s muffled mind could render. It was either jump or stay here and die writhing in pain. Every second that passed, Eddie felt himself engulfed little by little in the black mass despite the hollow terror resonating deep within. It wasn’t from him but from his partner. The level of fear was enough to make him urinate.

There was no time to continue to process the situation. Grunting, Venom tumbled out of the window that overlooked the fire escape, holding precariously to the metal railing. The sound intensified when they got outside, the red and yellow lights flickering frantically and blinding them momentarily. The early morning breeze was charged with thick, almost black smoke that it was smothering and overwhelming. The particles of debris that flew from their building landed on Venom’s skin, burning him. Venom felt he need to flee, the pain caused by the sounds was affecting his union with Eddie and the baby and there was no time to lose; it was now or never. In spite of being intrigued by the lights and stunned by the sounds, they took a leap of faith, Venom stretching several of his limbs toward one of the closest buildings, catapulting over the heads of the firemen and more people who fled the building in terror. People crowded in the street watching the smoke and fire claim one of the apartments in Eddie’s building.

There was no time to think, definitely no time to think. Venom was acting on primal instinct. His mind, body, and soul was focused primarily one thing; survival. When they reached the other building, Venom clawed his way up the walls and up to the roof. It was a relief to feel the fresh air again, the breeze was going the opposite direction of the fire, moving them away from the heat and the burning particles. Venom growled, annoyed as he snorted at the effort of escaping. The sudden feeling of weakness had him crouching down, the lethargy of his host taking over. Venom was relieved that the pain had subsided from the sirens now that they were far enough from it. But now, they were exhausted. The adrenaline had worn off leaving them both cold and in fear. Venom tried to communicate with Eddie but his host didn’t respond. What Venom got in return was silence and it terrified him. He couldn’t feel Eddie or the baby.

“Eddie?” Venom spoke, trying to get his lover to respond. “Eddie, wake up.”

Silence; not even a miserable response. Perhaps the baby was so affected by the stress that he resorted to knocking Eddie out just as it happened months ago. Venom could not stay here cornered as he was worried for Eddie and their unborn son. What startled Venom more was the fact that the connection to the baby seemed off and strange. It felt as if something interrupted Venom suddenly; something physical that made him feel scared and wanting to flee further. Venom tried to move to the other side of the roof to see the landscape of the city and find a less flashy route but the alien felt off,
his vision almost tunneling. A strange and deep pain suddenly pierced through Venom and Eddie causing the symbiote to collapse to the ground as he clawed at the roof’s bottom waiting for the pain to subside. Venom tried to think of where the pain could be coming from. The pain was unlike the sirens that hurt him; more of a body ache that came from Eddie and Venom was experiencing it thanks to their connection.

“Eddie, something’s hurting us.” Venom grunts, the pain letting up enough for him to finally think.

Things were not right with Eddie and the baby and they needed help. The symbiote could only think of one place to go for help. It was four in the morning and still dark out. The weather was biting and if it weren’t for the black mass sheathed over Eddie, Venom was certain Eddie would catch hypothermia.

Dan and Anne slept soundly in their bed unbeknownst that they’d soon be disturbed from their peaceful slumber. The sound of broken glass startled Anne out of her sleep, the woman bolting upright.

“Dan!” Anne gasped, shoving at her husband who seemed less affected by the noise. He was still half awake and rubbing his face. “What was that? It sounded like it came from the roof.”

Dan stumbled out of bed, Anne on his heels as the mucked up the courage to leave their room. The couple moved carefully through their home and onto the roof, trying to weed through the thin film of smoke from that had lingered from Eddie’s burning building. Anne stuck close to her husband, phone in hand and ready to dial 911 at a moment’s notice. From their spot near the entrance to the roof, the couple watched in total terror as something tried to enter through the shattered window of the spare room; a huge black mass that suddenly diminished in size until something smaller collapsed on the floor inside the apartment.

“It’s… what is that?” Anne was the first one to creep toward the dark figure, hand clutching her cellphone in an almost death grip.

Dan followed after his wife, keeping a firm hand on her shoulder. Whatever it was that broke into their apartment was curled up behind their sofa. A deep visceral growl made the two jump. Dan squeezed Anne’s shoulder, silently telling her not to take another step. It wasn’t until the figure growled again that Dan instantly recognized the noise, his eyes wide at the figure lying lifeless on the ground amidst broken debris.

“IT’S EDDIE!”

“Oh, my God,” Anne gasped, not wasting time as Dan pushed the sofa aside to make room while Anne surveyed the damage of the window to see just how far they had fallen.

The scene before them was terrifying. Eddie was unconscious and naked, covered half in black limbs as if he had gotten entangled in a big spool of black yarn. His body trembled a bit while Venom jutted out over one shoulder, snarling in an evident discomfort that something was wrong and that he was in pain.

“Eddie! What the hell...” Anne tried to touch him but Venom rose up farther with force extending his black cloak more, trying to cover Eddie’s body completely, but he could not, the pain resonating
through them causing the symbiote to be unstable. “Venom.”

“Venom, what happened?” Dan finally asked, kneeling next to Eddie’s still frame, hands reaching out cautiously.

“There was a fire and many sounds that hurt us. We managed to escape, but… something is wrong.” The symbiote let his guard down a bit as he felt another pang of pain. “Eddie is not responding and there is a lot of pain. We feel pain.”

“There was a fire?” Anne gasped, dropping to her knees next to Dan to assess Eddie as well.

“Venom, we need to get Eddie off the floor and take him to the bed.” Dan informed, pressing two fingers to Eddie’s jugular and feeling for a pulse. “I’m going to carry him, Venom. I know you came here for help and I’m going to help him. Are we in agreement?”

“Yes.” Venom said before retreating into Eddie, letting the doctor finally help them.

“Dan, he looks very pale…” Anne commented, staring ruefully down at her ex.

“His breathing is a bit erratic. Let’s get him to the room.”

Dan and Anne managed to gently pick up Eddie and move him to the bedroom before gently laying him on the bed. Anne placed a blanket over his naked body hoping it would warm him. Dan ran in search of his medical bag, finding it tucked by the front door and taking out everything necessary for a quick checkup. Dan checked Eddie’s vital signs as well as the baby’s making sure their lungs and hearts were still strong. He was certainly confused by the symptoms of the journalist, randomly plunged into a deep unconscious state, something like an induced coma. The rest of Eddie seemed normal though albeit a little cold and heavy breathing.

“What’s wrong?” Anne stood by the bed, arms crossed as she watched her husband finish listening to Eddie’s chest.

“Physically he is well, just in a deep sleep. It’s like he was drugged or heavily sedated. Something similar to a coma.”

“In a coma?” Anne asked concerned.

“It was the baby.” Venom finally spoke, materializing out of Eddie’s shoulder having been alerted to the couple’s conversation. “We already understand what happened, the baby is filling the bloodstream of Eddie with calming hormones, but it still hurts. There is a lot of pain every certain moment. And we do not know why.”

“Pain?” Dan questioned. “In spite of that degree of unconsciousness, you still feel pain?” Dan put his hand to his chin, trying to figure out what could be the result of Eddie’s dilemma. He searched for some logic until a hunch made him move his hands to the blankets, uncovering Eddie’s body up to his belly. “Venom, let me know when that pain returns. It is very important that you do, okay? And then let me know when the pain stops.”

“Here it comes again.” The symbiote growled the moment he felt everything tense and tighten again.

The doctor adjusted his hands, placing one where he felt the wave culminate and the other just above the pubic bone where the baby rested inside. Dan remained quiet, staring at the alarm clock they had on the bedside table and timing the waves of pain. His gaze turned grave the more he felt what was
happening as he counted the seconds, listening to the raspy voice of the symbiote whenever he indicated the waves of pain Eddie emitted and when they subsided.

“Damn...” Dan stood up, rubbing his hands through his hair in a frustrating manner.

“What is it?” Anne asked, seeing the uncertainty and worry on her husband’s face.

“He’s having contractions.”

Anne’s eyes widened, feeling her throat constrict with terror. “Oh God, no. It’s too soon. He’s only seven months along.”

“Contractions?” Venom looked at the couple. He did not understand what was happening. The uncertainty filled him with anguish. “What's wrong with us?!”

Dan let out a slow sigh and pursed his lips before looking at Venom. “All the trauma and stress from escaping the fire from your building has put Eddie in preterm labor which is why he is having contractions. It means that it is very likely the baby is born prematurely.”

“I do not want to be born yet. He still needs to grow. He's scared and keeps Eddie asleep with the chemicals he produces...”

“The chemicals, right.” Dan stepped aside to rummage through his medical bag again, pulling out a pair of latex gloves. “If so, I think the baby is preserving his own life by delaying a possible delivery. There is a chance that we can stop the premature labor. We can help Eddie with medication but it’ll only work if there’s no ruptured uterus or placenta. I have to make sure there’s no sign of dilation.”

Venom said nothing, just watched Dan in interest as he grabbed one of the gloves and slipped it over his right hand. “Anne, I need you here,” Dan said, pointing to the opposite side of the bed from where he was sitting. Anne nodded, moving without understanding, not sure what her husband was intending to do. “Venom, I know you protect Eddie and the baby, but I need you to let me examine him. I need to make sure I have time to go get the treatment that will stop the contractions. I’ll try and be quick with the examination.”

“Um, I'm no doctor by any means, but how do you intend to examine him, Dan?” Anne asked, glancing at her ex’s unconscious body. She didn’t want to sound silly pointing out the truism that Eddie was a male.

“When I did the ultrasound a few months ago, I understood the way Eddie’s body adjusted to conceive a child,” Dan explained with a wry laugh. “Just promise me you won’t tell Eddie about this when he wakes.” He glanced at Eddie and then quickly away. “This is more than enough to add shame to the issue at hand.”

“Here comes another one. Do it.” The symbiote collapsed under the collar of his partner, enduring the new wave of pain. Whatever the human had planned to do to get Eddie back to normal, he needed it done. Venom just wanted his lover and unborn son to be okay.

The doctor tried to be as respectful as possible, keeping the blankets over Eddie and placed them just above his knees. He asked his wife to hold one of Eddie’s legs as Dan needed Eddie’s hips to be as open as possible. Anne gently held one of Eddie’s legs and looked away. This was something she didn’t want to leave engraved in her memory or have some type of collection of the craziest, twisted, deranged or perverted fantasies. Despite Dan’s profession and respectability that came with said profession, it was still awkward for Anne at the fact that her husband’s fingers were going inside her ex and inside a place not so appropriate nonetheless. On top of having said ex being examined
internally by her husband, Eddie’s alien boyfriend was staring at them in a fit of contained jealousy. Venom did not like that Dan was touching an intimate part of Eddie that belonged to them.

Setting aside the initial terror and embarrassment, both Anne and Dan looked away as the gloved hand reached its destination, slipping two fingers inside with difficulty, touching very carefully until they sought out what they needed. It took no more than a few seconds to confirm Dan’s doubts, quickly removing his fingers and tossing the glove in the bin.

“I need to go to the hospital and grab the medication he’ll need.” He gave a deep sigh at the confirmation of his suspicions.

“Will they stop the pain?” The symbiote asked hopefully, following Dan’s movements around the room.

“Yes, but we’re racing against the clock. The baby helped a lot by putting Eddie to sleep. It was enough to prevent him from triggering true labor. I do not, however, know how much more his body can resist it. I’ll go get the medication and if it works, the baby can stop producing the chemicals and let Eddie wake. The medication should stop the premature contractions.”

“Hurry, Dan, I’ll stay and take care of them.” Anne urged, hugging her husband tenderly and giving him a peck on the lips as a reward for his work. “You are such a good and intelligent man.”

Dan shrugged, cheeks pink. “It all made sense after viewing the ultrasounds.” Dan kissed Anne’s forehead. “Remember, this never happened.”

Anne smirked. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“That’s my girl.” Dan changed out of his pajamas quickly and headed for the hospital. His next dilemma was figuring out how to get the medication without drawing attention from the medical staff.

In the apartment Anne and Venom were left to take care of Eddie. Dan left instructions to lay Eddie on his left side to help alleviate some of the pain give him a better blood flow and oxygen supply to the baby. Alongside that, they needed to continue timing the contractions and monitor his breathing just in case the contractions intensified and the baby decided to move through the birth canal.

Anne tried to comply with everything, taking a seat in a small armchair in front of the bed, watching inevitably as the symbiote remained as a small black mass under Eddie’s neck, just huddled there. Seeing Venom react this way reminded Anne of dogs that were separated from their owners who would lay by the front door with despairing eyes waiting for their owners to return. The only thing that made Venom react were the contractions, moving his limbs along Eddie’s torso as if looking for a way to press against him and try to console the pain he was experiencing. This was all new to the symbiote. He had never experienced these pains and events. The high ringing and blaring sounds from the sirens were a different kind of pain. This pain felt like Eddie was being torn apart from the inside out, like a constant tense and tightening of serrated knives. Despite the pain, Venom endured it with Eddie. They were one and against all odds; for better or worse, they would always be connected.

“Does it hurt a lot?” Anne asked, trying to converse with the symbiote. She noticed how relaxed Venom seemed when the pain would subside.

“Quite a bit,” Venom answered. “Your species is masochistic. Why do they need so much pain to get a baby out?” He mumbled in annoyance, growling softly.
“That’s a good question, I’m not sure.” Anne giggled with a shrug. She felt sorry for the poor symbiote who had to endure Eddie’s pain. “Eddie told me you like chocolate. Dou want a cup of hot chocolate?”

“Yes!” Venom exclaimed as iridescent eyes opened expectantly. That would be perfect to replenish energy.

It was a bit strange to serve a cup of hot chocolate to a black mass with teeth and eyes that were stuck to her pregnant and unconscious ex. Apart from it all, Venom was inside Anne for a brief time before Venom transferred back to Eddie so she knew what it felt like to have a foreign substance attached to her and swimming through her veins. It didn’t take long for Anne to realize how much Venom loved Eddie. More than a friend, more than a family; true love. It was like an epiphany when Anne finally realized. She had Dan and Eddie had Venom and that’s just how it was meant to be.

Venom sipped at his hot chocolate, giving Eddie more attention that the chocolatey beverage. The cup was always on the nightstand while Venom nuzzled up against Eddie. He’d constantly caress his host’s face as if silently making sure he was alright and trying to keep him calm even during his slumber. Anne had observed quietly from her spot in the chair, watching how loving Venom was toward Eddie and it made her smile.

“You're like a dedicated boyfriend... but in your way.” Anne said, letting the words accidentally slip. She couldn’t think of any other way to describe Venom’s attitude and consoling toward Eddie.

“We love Eddie.”

“I guess where you come from, these types of relationships do not exist. I'm surprised you can be so empathetic; more than average, really.”

“We learned. We like this place despite everything. Humans have great things. Eddie is great.”

“You’ve learned to love,” Anne declared. “And I think you’ve taught Eddie to love too, you know, without being so selfish.”

“It's not just one thing, it's a we.”

“Nobis.” Anne remembered that word; it was perfect to describe them.

“Nobis? I do not recognize that word.”

“Nobis means ‘us’ in Latin. It’s derived from the word ‘born’. You represent that word very well.”

“Nobis...” The symbiote whispered with a hint of sadness, remembering that his other half was still in danger with his son.

“Eddie will pull through, Venom, he always gets his way. Eddie always finds a way out of the messes he gets himself into,” Anne said in encouragement with a tender smile. She stood up as soon as she heard the sound of keys, going to greet Dan at the door.

“I’ve got it!” Dan quickly said, opening his jacket to reveal small bottles of medications and other items. “Did anything happen while I was gone?”

Anne shook her head. “Nothing has changed since you left.”

“That’s good.” Dan looked at the symbiote who hadn’t uttered a word from his place on Eddie’s shoulder. “Venom, I'll give Eddie the treatment. Let’s just hope he reacts well and everything goes
back to normal.”

The doctor moved quickly to prepare everything. Dan managed to retrieve two bags of antibiotics to help fight infection, medication to stop the pre-term contractions and another bag of fluid to keep Eddie hydrated. Dan set Eddie up with the necessary medications and ivies, reassuring Venom each time he placed a needle or tube into Eddie’s arm. Now, all they could do was wait.

Everything progressed slowly. After two bags of fluid and a dose to rid the contractions, they finally gave way. Venom was the first to notice it as there was no more pain. His son had also calmed down enough to allow the symbiote to better perceive his and Eddie’s connection. Eddie’s body returned to its normal homeostasis, vitals clear and concise, the baby’s heart rate where it needed to be and Eddie sleeping soundly. The only issue, to Venom, was that Eddie had not yet awakened. Dan explained to the symbiote that the human body would take time to get rid of the remnant of the relaxers and it would be awhile before the medication wore off.

The hours continued to pass as Venom remained huddled under the collar of his partner, watching Dan enter the room a couple of times to check Eddie's condition, offering him something to eat, which the symbiotic rejected. All Venom’s energy was focused on his partner, searching the unconscious mind of the journalist as he relived memories and sensations; anything to give him solace to the frightening situation. He continued to flit through their mind until Eddie stirred awake, head lolling side to side.

“Eddie?”

“Mmm...” Eddie groaned softly, almost inaudible by his extremely dry and tacky mouth. His head felt like it was spinning.

“My Eddie...”

With an overwhelming desire, the symbiote rose almost completely out of Eddie, forming a complete upper body as he wrapped his large muscular arms around his lover. Venom did not know how to demonstrate with words how concerned and nervous let alone relieved he was from the events that transpired. It was a blow of emotions so intense that Eddie, even in his confusion and lethargy, began to shed tears that slipped unwittingly. Both were filled with emotions from their partner and Eddie melted into the arms of his symbiote. Venom cupped a big black hand behind Eddie’s head while the other sat in the divot of Eddie’s back, holding him carefully so Eddie didn’t have to make an effort.

The symbiote flashed Eddie memories of everything that had happened since they escaped from the fire; images clogging Eddie’s mind like an old movie. The images flooding Eddie’s mind were like a gloomy recount of photos in sepia tone until he came to the last. This one was of color; the symbiote watching Eddie slowly stir from his slumber before he had finally woken up. It was then that Eddie understood everything Venom wanted to tell him...

“Oh honey...” Eddie murmured, slowly moving his hands to cradle the toothy face of his partner. “I will never leave you. I’m right here.”

“Eddie.”

To be continued…
Eddie was still trying to understand all the things that Venom showed him that had pained him through the images. The scenes of Eddie unconscious on the floor, Dan and Anne lifting him up to take him somewhere else, along with other images of them coming and going from the room where he had woken up; were feelings of fear and anguish. Now, he was being embraced with this incredible strength and tenderness with a touch of relief and tranquility from his symbiote. Right now, Venom was letting everything free; exuding all fear and rationale of what the alien had experienced. Venom wanted Eddie to empathize with him; express his uncertainty and trepidation of the past events. With Eddie awake and relaxed again, it allowed their connection to flow clearly between them.

“V, it's fine. I’m fine. Everything's fine,” Eddie consoled with a heavy sigh. His head was spinning horribly and he desperately needed to lie down again. “Honey, I'm dizzy.”

“Eddie is weak. We need to rest.” Venom said, urging Eddie to lie back down.

What came next took Eddie by surprise. Keeping his imposing figure that he mostly used whenever they had sex, Venom curled up beside him on the bed, a huge black hand resting protectively on his belly as if protecting his unborn son.

“The baby was afraid, Eddie, I'm sorry…”

“The baby was afraid,” Eddie murmured to himself, figuring out why his symbiote remained in his current form and why he was so protective. “You were afraid…”

“And in a lot of pain, Eddie.”

“You brought us to Anne and Dan's house,” Eddie concluded, scanning his surroundings. It felt strange to be there.

“We searched your memories on how to get here.”

“You did very well, my love. Now you can relax,” Eddie hummed, caressing Venom’s hand that was resting on his belly. “The baby’s fine and so am I.”

“We must better protect Eddie and our baby or we could die.” Venom’s iridescent eyes remained fixed on Eddie’s belly. “We do not want to worry Eddie but something happened. We were scared. We almost separated when we heard the sirens.”

Eddie furrowed his brows and peaked over his should to stare at his lover. “I’m not understanding, V. What do you mean?” The journalist still felt weak and not all the way there to process what his symbiote was trying to portray in his mind. “Separating us for a moment isn’t going to kill us…”

“That was before we conceived the baby, Eddie. We are all three. We both feed him and help him grow to be healthy. If we separate before he is born, he would not be ready for this
world. You would die, too, Eddie. Without our help, it would be impossible to carry the baby.”

“That won’t happen.”

“But it almost happened, Eddie.”

“We’ll be more careful,” Eddie assured, trying to console his symbiote. He let the hand that was over Venom’s caress the side of his face and gently forced him to look at Eddie. “We didn’t separate and we’re not going to ever separate, okay? I don’t want to think about me dying or the fact that our son could have died, not when we’re at the homestretch. We’ve got two months to go. I can do this. We can do this. Our baby will be born healthy.”

“The end is near. We can feel it. Our baby will be ready soon,” Venom purred, feeling the emotions of his partner. Despite everything, Eddie’s words had soothed him and he felt safe again.

“Exactly. This will all be over soon and we will have a cute baby that’s half you and half me. We will take life as it comes.”

“And we will protect him.” Venom added, leaning his head against his host’s scruffy cheek. A strong wave of warmth washed over them and Venom felt content. “We love Eddie and our baby.”

“I love you too, darling.” Eddie kissed the would-be nose of the symbiote, smiling warmly.

“Eddie!” Anne’s voice boomed from the doorway, startling the couple’s little moment. “You’re awake!”

The journalist didn’t even have the chance to answer before Anne disappeared out of the room and returned momentarily with Dan. Both looked remarkably tired, seemingly been up half the night taking care of Eddie and making sure he didn’t deliver early. While Eddie analyzed the situation, Venom returned mostly inside him, remaining a small black mass curled up under his chin.

“It’s good to see you awake and alert, Eddie.” Dan smiled at him as he sat on the edge of the bed next to him. “How do you feel?”

“Dizzy and exhausted,” Eddie replied, caressing his belly and felt the baby stir inside him. “Hungry, too.”

“That’s to be expected. You were unconscious for many hours and your body went through a lot of stress. You’ll feel better as the days go by. And I think we can help with the hunger part.”

“V showed me some things that you did while I was out cold and I just wanted to say thank you,” Eddie said humbly. “I know all of this is uncomfortable in so many ways.” Eddie rubbed his face with his hand, noticing for the first time that his hand had a tube and IV attached, leading to the bags of fluid hanging from the IV pole.

“Don’t worry about that. You’re our friend, Eddie. We did what needed to be done,” Dan explained, waving off Eddie’s embarrassment. He had already been intrigued with the journalist’s condition so assessing him when Venom came crashing into their apartment was no skin off his nose. “And on that note, you went into preterm labor.”

“It hurt a lot, Eddie. Those contractions hurt,” Venom suddenly commented. He reminded Eddie of the unpleasant episode in his mind, showing the journalist in Venom’s own peculiar way what
those strange and new pains were for the symbiote.

“\textit{I don’t remember anything},” Eddie whispered, feeling a slight chill that ran down his spine. The way Venom portrayed the memories of the contractions appeared painful, almost borderline torture.

“You were on a lot of medication, Eddie,” Dan continued, idly checking Eddie’s vital signs while he spoke. “The baby did part of the work in preventing you from getting even more stressed. I am still fascinated with the behaviors of that child. It seems like he’s able to control you chemically depending on your needs.”

\textbf{“Our baby is part symbiote. Each symbiote is born with a unique ability that differentiates it from the rest. Our son seems to be able to control the chemicals of the human body.”} Venom spoke excitedly, proud of his small offspring that was already proving his skills. Venom was also proud that his son had such desire to live even before birth.

“The most important thing is that everything is fine and you and the baby are okay,” Anne said as she approached the bed and sat next to Dan. Both appeared as if they were itching to reveal some life-changing news and it made Eddie a bit uneasy. “Eddie, we wanted to propose something to you.”

“Propose what?” He did not like the faces that both of them acquired at all.

Anne pursed her lips to contain her smile before she spoke. “Earlier today, Dan and I went to your apartment. We wanted to know exactly what had happened and to see if we could bring you some clothes and some your personal belongings. When we arrived there, we were told that the building suffered serious damage to the electrical units due to the fire. It seems as though everything originated from one of the apartments and as a precaution, they evacuated everyone in that building while repairs are made. Your landlord said it’s going to take a few weeks before anyone will be allowed back.”

“I can’t go back to my apartment?”

“No, for now it wouldn’t be good for you.” Anne said sympathetically.

“You wouldn’t be able to go back even if the building didn’t catch fire, Eddie. You were in preterm labor. You almost delivered your son prematurely. I can’t guarantee you won’t have premature contractions again,” Dan advised. “You need to rest properly; a week at least. After that, we can determine if you’ll be able to return to your usual routine.” All signs of joking and sympathy went out the window as Dan went into professional mode and spoke from his place as a physician.

“We want you to stay here while you recover.” Anne blurted out. Eddie looked properly terrified from their proposition.

“No. I’m not going to stay here,” Eddie declined, shaking his head in adamance. “I have my apartment, my life, my work. Plus, I don’t want nor need to be a burden. We can take care of ourselves.”

\textbf{“We will stay.”} Venom interrupted Eddie's words

“What the fuck, V. You do not get to make these decisions alone.”

\textbf{“Do you hate them?”} The symbiote asked as he left his place under Eddie's chin and stared into Eddie’s face.
“That’s not the point here, V. We have an apartment and we need to go back to it.”

“We do not want to go back to that place, Eddie. It is not safe.” Venom clung to the instinct to avoid more trouble for them. It was his duty to take care of them. Venom did everything in his power; words, memories, and emotions to make Eddie understand.

“Oh, V, you’re serious…” Eddie felt a blow of intense emotions deep in his head, as Venom was very restless, the feelings they shared was of total anguish to the point of making his exhausted body tremble. “Nothing bad will happen if we go home, darling.”

“I think it’s better if you stay here, Eddie,” Anne chimed in. “You have to stay in bed until Dan is certain you won’t go into labor again. On top of that, you can’t go back until the repairs are done anyway. There are no exits, Eddie. Venom’s being more logical than you.” Anne spoke to Eddie as if he was a cornered animal, trying and hoping he’d understand that he didn’t have a choice in the matter. He couldn’t deny the reality.

In the end Eddie realized his defeat. Anne and Dan were right, and even though his apartment was fine he could not move from the bed. His temporary residence lasted for two weeks and Eddie had to admit that it was nice having to rely on the extra help of his ex and her husband. Despite how attentive they were, Eddie was still counting down the days like a prisoner who longed for freedom. That, coupled with the emotions of Venom’s anguish from everything didn’t really help matters. In the first three days of ”forced confinement” Eddie discovered some things that made him feel uneasy and a bit unsettling.

First, Anne had brought some of the baby’s things from Eddie’s apartment; a bassinet, changing table, and a little dresser full of clothes and other necessities. Anne’s excuse was that she was preparing for the inevitable when Eddie’s son was truly ready to be born. Those words alone made Eddie feel like a ticking time bomb.

Second, Dan began to do more physical exams coupled with multiple blood tests until one day he brought in a portable ultrasound machine to listen to the heartbeat of the baby. Hearing the baby’s heartbeat was the only pleasant thing about Dan’s evasive exams.

And finally, the third, which was the most unsettling was Venom himself. He had remained alert and suspicious of everything that would enter their room, whether it be noises, different machines, or Anne and Dan. Another issue, to Eddie, was Venom’s newfound hobby of inquiring about everything human. The issue was that the symbiote would ask or inquire about irrelevant topics that were enough to annoy or embarrass Eddie. Whenever he and Venom would talk about returning to the apartment, the symbiote would always shutter or exude fear and concern. The poor alien had now associated their home as a place unsafe to deliver or raise their child. Venom’s concerns about returning had reached their unborn son that each time the apartment was mentioned, emotions and chemicals would be released to avoid the conversation at hand. Sometimes the conversation would be accompanied by little kicks and painful entanglements from his son.

After a week of doing nothing but resting, in which Eddie could only get up to use the bathroom or take a shower, it was a relief to know he was allowed to be a little more active. The regimen and medication Dan had concocted to keep Eddie out of harm’s way had worked so well that the baby was no longer in danger and showed no signs of coming early. Now, the situation was different, they desperately needed to feed. And it wasn’t their typical tater tots and chocolate they were craving either. The three had gone an entire week without getting the proper nutrients for Venom and the baby. The fact that he was off bed rest and can go “hunt” was a relief in itself. Eddie didn’t even want to think of Anne and Dan’s reactions if he told them what really needed to happen.

And now Eddie was on his ninth day of “forced confinement,” currently standing in the middle of
the kitchen with the refrigerator door open as they discussed their desperate need to hunt.

“We can’t, V” Eddie whispered, looking inside the refrigerator stocked full of food to eat. Each time Eddie offered something out of the fridge, Venom would decline them with orneriness and annoyance.

“We need to eat, Eddie. The baby is consuming even more of us. He is preparing for birth and there is less room.”

“I know, honey, I’m sorry, but we can’t go out and get that kind of food. It’s complicated,” Eddie sighed heavily, giving another quick glance into the fridge. “I know you’re not happy, nor is the baby, but we should look for substitutes until we can leave again.”

“Substitutes,” The symbiote repeated, deciding to take reins of the situation and leaving Eddie’s shoulder enough to look inside the icebox. Venom stretched his limbs over different items in the fridge, touching one carton after another; the alien’s own way of testing the flavors to see what his son would eat.

“V, we still have chocolates in the room, we can eat that.” Eddie gave a half yawn, just wanting to go back to sleep. The baby has made him more tired than usual lately.

“It is not sufficient.” Venom moved more things around, setting bottles and other containers aside until he found a carton of interest. “This.”

“You want me to cook eggs at one o’clock in the—” Eddie didn’t get to finish his sentence because Venom opened the container and ate three raw eggs with the shell and all. “Um, okay. Wasn’t expecting that.”

“Eddie, we’ve never eaten them that way. They are very good.”

“Because people don’t eat raw eggs!” Eddie exclaimed in disbelief. “We do not eat eggs with the shell. Most of us eat them cooked either fried or scrambled, sometimes poached.”

“Cooked or dead foods lose nutrients. Everything is better raw and alive!” Venom exclaimed in his own excitement as he devoured the entire dozen.

“Raw and alive…” Eddie mumbled, having second thoughts as he watched his lover eat the shelled eggs. “I hope the baby doesn’t have the same preference.”

“I do not know, Eddie. In the beginning he’ll just need this.” A pair of his extremities began to caress and squeeze Eddie’s inflamed pectoral, the tendrils eventually teasing his nipple.

“Hey! Don’t touch them like that,” Eddie scolded. “You know what happens when you do that.” Eddie tried to bat Venom’s limbs away as he covered his chest.

Everything in his body had bothered him lately. Eddie was just about to step on his eight month mark and the changes were happening quite rapidly. His chest was swollen to the point of painful, his hips ached all the time, and to top it all off, he wasn’t sleeping well since his son deemed it okay to be a night owl. Since they’ve been at Dan and Anne’s home, their son has kept him up most nights with kicking fits or bouts of energetic movements. What’s worse is that Venom stimulated those actions by "playing" with those movements; stretching his limbs under the skin where his son pushed and moved. It scared Eddie several times the way his symbiote could nonchalantly move under his skin, stretching him even further.
Another new thing that was a bit startling was that the baby had started preparing for its birth, taking position low in Eddie’s belly head first. To Eddie, it felt like a low hanging bowling ball between his legs and it was an unpleasant weight to endure. The baby’s new position had Eddie constantly thinking about the day his child would actually be born and how he would be born. In one of his conversations with Dan while he had checked Eddie’s vitals, he had the audacity to mention said topic in regards to the events that would transpire on the day of delivery and how said delivery should happen. On the other hand, Venom didn’t want Eddie to think about the delivery or anything remotely related to it. They needed to wait and let Eddie’s body do what it was prepared to do. Venom didn’t want anyone being in their business; jealousy and overprotection becoming a vital role with Eddie and their son.

After looting the couple's refrigerator and taking a large bowl of cereal and milk to bed, they watched some of the series that the symbiote liked; the laptop being the only means of distraction for his confinement. Eddie finished the bowl of cereal, slowly dozing off, exhausted from the few hours of sleep he rarely got due to his son. All the energy and events over the last week had only accelerated said exhaustion and it was consuming the baby, too.

Eddie’s exhaustion could only lead to the source of the laptop always being on since the symbiote had no use to sleep and it was the only thing that kept him occupied whenever Eddie slept. If Venom wasn’t watching shows, he was exploring the “human wonder” of the Internet. Eddie had taught the alien how to use it and it helped educate Venom to learn the ways of the human species and answer queries Eddie could not. The symbiotic had become very curious for a lack of a better term.

The last morning of Eddie’s confinement was an odd one. It was Sunday and Dan decided to make breakfast. The sweet aroma of pancakes and bacon was driving the symbiote crazy. He loved the taste of fried bacon and barely gave Dan the chance to set the food on plates before Venom was scooping it up and putting it on their own plate. Anne was sitting on the other side of Eddie, casually scrolling through her phone and glanced up at Eddie and Venom arguing over food. Since Eddie had been staying with them, she had grown accustom to them fighting and arguing over the littlest and idiotic things. Their arguing usually consisted of Eddie scolding the symbiote for its voracity, and at other times, it was Venom who wanted to stuff the journalist with food, giving rapid excuses that the baby needed to be well-fed.

It was bittersweet to have to see them leave. Anne and Dan’s new guests had filled their house with an uproar of an exotic atmosphere. Anne had a small idea in her head and she felt inclined to ask them while they had breakfast.

“Have you thought about moving, Eddie? You, know, to a better area?” Anne noticed how the symbiote, despite his face full of pancakes and bacon stared earnestly at the woman, giving her his full and undivided attention. He was paying more attention than her ex was.

“I can’t afford to live in a better area, Anne. Plus, we’re not ready for that,” Eddie answered, a hand going to his lower back and trying to massage the ache away. He had woken up with back pain but it was nothing unusual since he started showing.

“There’s a studio apartment a few blocks from here that is leasing and it’s not too expensive. Dan and I can research more about it,” Anne responded with a genuine smile, averting her gaze back to her phone. “I’m sure the subdivision has a website or some information.”

“If you want to call, go ahead, but I think it will be much more expensive than where we are now.” Sighing while stroking his back, the pain stinging like nothing’s he experienced before, Eddie glanced up at Anne. “We’ll go home tomorrow and make sure our apartment is still in one piece. We’ll make sure everything is okay and then we’ll come back and visit.” Eddie expected some
complaint from his partner, but it seemed that Venom was more aware of the food.

“You’ve already reached eight months and overcome obstacles from the last few weeks, Eddie,” Anne continued. “Remember that you need to take care of yourself. Just because you’re returning to your apartment does not void my offer.” Dan had tidied up the kitchen a bit after cooking before joining the group at the table.

“We know,” Eddie grumbled, caressing his sides incessantly. Man, sitting such a nightmare.

“We will be fine. We know how to take care of ourselves.” Venom interjected, finally inputting his opinion as he cleared the plate of pancakes.

“You two should have a birth plan. There’s only a few weeks left until your son is born and while the baby doesn’t pose any detrimental risks, anything can happen.” Dan chimed in, trying to get the journalist and symbiote to understand the severity of leaving them to have the baby on their own. Eddie writhing uncomfortably in the chair as he rubbed his back frantically didn’t go unnoticed from the doctor.

“We will discuss it soon, okay?” Eddie responded with a dejected sigh. “Right now, I just want to go back to my apartment and get my life back on track. I want to get the apartment ready for the baby and I don’t know how much damage was caused from the fire.” Eddie huffed as he tried to stand to put the plates in the sink, but Dan insisted he stay seated, taking the plates and setting them in the sink. Eddie used that small distraction to hurriedly exit the kitchen to their temporary room.

“Don’t avoid the subject, Eddie!” Anne called after him as she stood, leaving her phone on the table.

“I think it’s best that we don’t make plans this week,” Dan spoke, watching the pregnant man retreat from the kitchen.

Anne crossed her arms and gave a weak sigh. “And the most annoying thing about this is that they’ll come crashing through the window again asking for help.” Dan nodded with a wry laugh and Anne giggled in disbelief. “We’re not going to have any peace until the baby’s born.”

“So true…” Dan stroked his wife’s back with resignation.

While Dan and Anne, Eddie’s current rescuers, tried to ponder why Eddie wouldn’t accept the help in delivering his child, the aforementioned was picking up his belongings in the room, anxious to go back to familiarity; something deep inside asked him to run to a safe place. He didn’t want any more prying eyes on them—being treated like some experiment the way Venom was treated back at Life Foundation.

What he was feeling was that of Venom’s emotions. The symbiote had been off all day, Eddie noticed. He was the least bit talkative at breakfast and didn’t fight Eddie on returning to the apartment nor did he get upset when Dan offered to assist them in the delivery of their son.

“V, Honey, is something wrong?” Eddie asked, trying to sharpen their thoughts and feelings. He tried to classify what was up with the symbiote, but the only thing he could perceive was the condemned pain he had woken up with. The pain had focused primarily in his back but was slowly migrating to his kidneys.

“We will go back to the apartment tomorrow.” Came Venom’s voice from the back of Eddie’s mind.

“Are you upset?” Eddie asked as he paced the bedroom, hands resting on his lower back. The
walking seemed to ease the ache a bit.

“No"

“You're very weird today.” Eddie glanced down at his big belly for a second, strangely appearing shorter. “I promise that nothing will happen in our home. It's very unlikely that another fire will happen. There won’t be any more loud sounds from ambulances or firetrucks outside our window, okay?”

“Does Eddie trust us?” Venom threw the question in a low tone, a hint of fear.

“Of course, I trust you, honey. If I didn’t trust you, I wouldn’t be pregnant right now,” Eddie said, trying to reason. “It’s not exactly easy to get screwed by an alien who’s over two meters tall and has a row of sharp teeth. I'm a fucking madman who blindly trusts you.” He smiled with amusement, feeling Venom stir until he was visible on his shoulder. “Do you understand?”

“We understand.” The symbiote moved his head until he was face to face with his host.

“Whatever happens, we will always trust Eddie. So Eddie will always trust us.”

“You're really weird today,” Eddie remarked with a quirked eyebrow. He stretched his hands to cup his partner's face. “We must finish packing. I want to get home and start putting together stuff for the baby. I also need to square away a few jobs I’ll be doing this month.”

That's where the conversation about trust came from. That last night at Dan and Anne's house, Eddie finally managed to sleep better than he did in the previous two weeks. He felt strangely relaxed and without the baby kicking him, the only thing that didn’t leave him was the constant ache in his back.

Eddie woke up the next morning, face screwed up in confusion at the sounds of birds chirping. It was odd on account that each time he woke up before, there were never sounds like that, let alone birds chirping in San Francisco. Maybe Venom turned on his laptop and was watching a documentary about birds. The symbiote had been curious about other inhabitants on the planet. Still sleepy, Eddie stretched out as best he could, eyes still closed as he scratched at the swollen and stiff skin.

“V, what the hell...” Eddie bolted up as fast as his belly allowed, watching in astonishment and trepidation that he was somewhere unfamiliar.

His breathing accelerated as he finally got out of bed, noticing that the floor was made of rustic wood. In fact, everything was made of wood with a country-styled theme. Eddie traipsed over to the floor length window, watching the landscape and trying to figure out where the hell he was.


Eddie began to scream in despair, watching the landscape in front of him which consisted of coniferous trees and every other bush you could find surround the home he was unsuspectedly in. In the distance, a lake could be spotted, but the rest of the landscape were huge fucking trees. Clearly, they had to be in the middle of nowhere. They were definitely not in San Francisco anymore.

Finally, the symbiote decided to leave Eddie’s body, materializing from his chest and rose out enough to be face to face. Venom stared at Eddie with an iridescent, intense gaze. “We are in a safe place.”

“Shit, shit, shit...” Eddie repeated like a mantra as he grabbed the roots of his hair and paced the room. “You took control of my body to come here!”
“Our body, Eddie.”

“NO! NOT OUR BODY! THIS IS MY BODY!” Eddie screeched. “YOU DISRESPECTED ME! YOU DISRESPECTED MY BODY! HOW DARE YOU CREATE THIS MADNESS AND BRING US HERE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING—WITHOUT MY PERMI…Aah!” Eddie gasped when he felt pain shoot through his belly. It felt like someone was squeezing him from the inside out; enough to steal his breath in a choked gasp. “Oh, God…”

“Try to breathe, Eddie. It’s happening.” The symbiote extended several of his black limbs through Eddie's belly, massaging it with much love and precision until the pain subsided.

“That pain… it w-was…” He looked stared at the symbiote terrified.

“Yes. They were contractions.”

“And you brought me here now?!” Eddie gestured to the window.

“We needed a protected and safe place. Until the baby is born. It's coming, Eddie.”

“Oh God…” Eddie held his belly in terror. “The baby’s going to be born.”

“It’s not quite yet. It’s going take time for our body to be ready.” Venom returned his limbs back to Eddie’s belly in attempt to calm him down. Eddie was noticeably scared and disoriented by everything that was happening.

“How could you do this to us? We are alone and God knows where! I know nothing about childbirth!” Eddie exclaimed with another moan when he felt another contraction. He finally made his way to the bed and sat on the edge of it, massaging the sides of his tensing abdomen.

“We know what is necessary. We'll take care of Eddie. You said you trust us.”

“Yes, I trusted you, and look where you brought us. So many things can happen during a birth, V! What if they baby can’t be born? What if I stop breathing? What if I’m not able to push him out? So many things can go wrong.”

“Our body conforms perfectly to this situation, Eddie. The baby will come out and breathe because he has matured and is ready to meet us,” Venom explained. “Don’t be afraid, Eddie. We are in this together. We feel what you feel. We will suffer together, don’t forget that.”

Gently, Venom formed his limbs into human-like fingers, intertwining them with Eddie’s own and giving a comforting squeeze. Venom let feelings of security and reassurance flow through Eddie, making him remember that the two would be together in this one hundred percent.

“You really managed to get away with this,” Eddie grumbled, deciding to stop complaining. It wouldn’t do either of them good to scold Venom for something he did out of primal instinct. “I just need to know how you managed to get us here.”

“About that…”

Dan was going to be late if he did not hurry and finish his breakfast. He scarfed down what he had served Eddie earlier and then grabbed his coat and brief case. He hastily kissed his wife goodbye who had dozed off on the couch and headed downstairs to the parking lot. He fumbled around in his pockets and through his briefcase on the way down the stairs for his car keys and swore he misplaced them somewhere. By the time he reached the parking lot and found an empty car spot
where he knew he had left his car, he panicked.

“Where is my car?!”

To be continued...

Good morning my lovelies! Finally, the baby’s coming! He’s coming! Let us prepare to give strength and encouragement to our future parents. The next chapter will explain how Venom got there with Eddie by the way. As always, thank you so much for reading and all of your support! 😊
Chapter 9

Eddie couldn’t help but stare at Dan’s car in disbelief. It was parked oddly, diagonal across the yard where it appeared some poor bushes suffered from Venom’s attempt at driving and parking. Eddie was quite surprised they made it here in one piece if he’s honest. Aside from that, Eddie really needed to comprehend why they’re here to begin with; lost in the state of California and probably near some national park if the scenery is anything to go by. Eddie stared at the car again and realized how destroyed it was; yellow marking streaked across the left side, branches and other shrubbery stuck in the grill. Not to mention mud covering almost the entirety of the vehicle accompanied with a cracked windshield. Eddie’s only thought process was that they were alive and untouched, without so much as a scratch in this cabin-like home thanks to Venom.

“V ... you could have killed us,” Eddie breathed through the pain as he caressed his belly a couple of times. The contractions were about ten minutes between each other so talking was still a thing he could do. It was the only thing to distract Eddie’s mind from the gruesome pain. Plus, there was more to the story about Venom’s impromptu escape and he needed to know how they got here.

“We used a seatbelt.” The symbiotic stated as if the state of the car was perfectly fine, looking over the shoulder of his host at said vehicle. “We used your memories on how to drive a car. Just like we did when we escaped on the motorcycle. Driving is easy.”

“Easy? Dan’s car is destroyed, V! It looks like you stayed against a yellow wall the entire time and then threw the car into the forest, letting it hit everything possible in its wake.”

“Hmm... It was more or less like that.”

“Oh God, how are we even alive?” Eddie gave a big sigh, looking around the room again. This also posed interesting questions. “And this house?”

“We saw it on a rentals page. We liked it.”

“Ok,” Eddie laughed in disbelief, pursing his lips as he tried to grasp the entirety of the situation. “I’m going to ask you a good question. And I pray that the answer is not the one I’m thinking. Honey, do you know what a rental is?”

“We do not.”

“Shit,” Eddie mumbled, swallowing thickly. This could not be happening; not like this. “First, you kidnapped us, then you stole a car and now we’re on private property.”

“We did not kidnap Eddie. We are only hiding. We will return the car and we are only using the house for today.”

“V... We have to figure all this out. First of all, this house may have some security system, and
maybe, just maybe, we could have activated the alarms when you brought us here. If that’s the case, the police get an alert that something is wrong and they’ll come here.” Eddie started pacing the house, hoping and praying that there was no security system. For one, they were not in any position to drive back, let alone the car. And two, Eddie didn’t know where the hell he was.

“Eddie, we are upset. We must calm down.”

“Calm down?” Eddie huffed. “Calm down? How do you expect me to calm down?” Eddie’s pacing had led him toward the front door, stopping short in the doorway leading outside. The journalist was annoyed by the entire situation that was only caused by the ignorance naivete of the symbiote. “I will calm down when I’m sure there won’t be police coming. I will calm down when I know that we won’t end up in jail and I won’t give birth in a cell!”

Eddie’s rant was interrupted, pulling a shocked gasp from him when he felt another contraction. Eddie breathed heavily, gripping the doorframe with a deadly grasp as he trembled. He had never experienced this type of pain in his life. Not even when he nearly broke all the bones in his body when he and Venom separated. This pain didn’t even compare to that—this was far worse. Eddie felt the symbiotic press against his belly, his limbs surrounding him as a way to help him through the pain. When the contraction subsided and Eddie was able to move again, he made a move to check the house completely but the after effects of the contraction made it difficult for him to walk.

“We'll be fine, Eddie. Let's not think about bad things, this location is safe for us.”

“Do not tell me anything about security until I check the alarms.”

Eddie did not speak to the symbiote until he finished checking the entire house. It took more than half an hour and four contractions to achieve it. On his inspection he discovered that the property was large; a country-style two-story house that was well camouflaged with its surroundings and fully equipped for a family to move in at any time. Luckily, there wasn’t a panel or security system and that gave Eddie a huge respite of relief. With the underlying fear that there was a security system and the cops could show at any moment had Eddie feeling like he a rope around his neck, tightening inch by inch by the second. But now, he could relax and let everything happen. He could deliver his son in peace.

“There are no alarms.” Eddie sighed in relief, plopping down into the comfortable couch.

“We told you.” Venom said as he stirred on his host’s shoulder, finally leaving his body. He had given space to his partner to do what he needed, he did not know about alarms or that they were on private property. Venom’s only thought process was to find a safe place away from civilization to have the baby.

“And now we get to sit here and suffer until he's born.” Eddie said apathetically as he glanced around the living room, finally noticing the box of diapers and bassinet nearby. “Did you bring that stuff for the baby?”

“Anne said they were necessary for when he was born, that's why we brought them.”

“Anne and Dan.” Eddie looked at the symbiote worried. “They don’t know we left, much less that you took Dan’s car.”

“If they know, we'll take care of that...”

And Dan was trying to make sense of where his car could be after discovering that it was not where he had parked it the night before. Dan returned to the apartment and hurried inside, finding Anne in
her pajamas looking just as alarmed.

“THE CAR WAS STOLEN!”

“VENOM LEFT WITH EDDIE!”

“WHAT!”? The couple exclaimed in unison upon hearing each other’s news.

“Wait, wait, wait. How did Venom take Eddie?” The doctor decided to ask first, immediately suspecting that that was a better explanation for his missing car than a robbery.

“Look for yourself.” Anne handed him a small sheet of paper that she discovered on the dining room table.

“ Venom did this?” Dan looked at the note pursing his lips, trying to give off the impression that he wasn’t worried about the situation. It was inevitable not to make faces.

Anne swatted at Dan’s arm. “Don’t laugh! This is serious. Venom took the car along with Eddie. God knows where they went.” Anne crossed her arms worriedly.

“I’m sorry, but it’s too funny.”

Dan examined the note that Venom had left, penned in a childlike way with a drawing of a car, or what appeared to be one, next to this was another attempt to draw Eddie with belly, and under it was clumsy writing that said: "We took the car. We will be fine" followed by a huge V as if Venom was attempting to sign the scribble.

“What are we going to do?” Anne asked, staring at her husband with a worrisome look.

“First of all...”

Dan disappears into the kitchen, Anne trailing behind him. He rummages through their junk drawer until he finds a magnet and puts Venom’s “drawing” on the refrigerator. “There we go!” Dan chirped, appearing to be a proud parent of his child’s work.

“It’s moments like these that you’re asking to get killed, Dan,” Anne teased.

“It’s a cute drawing. It had to be done.” Dan smiled hugging his wife. “But now onto more serious matters. Let’s think of ways to locate Venom and Eddie. I think if we report the car missing, we’ll be able to track it using the GPS system.”

“You’re right. I forgot about the GPS system. But if we choose that route, the car will reported to the police and that’ll do more harm than good. Plus, if Eddie isn’t in the best of states, who’s to say what will happen if the police show up and Venom is in protective mode? That’s a death sentence in itself.”

“We’ll just have to give them a good excuse to locate the car without putting Venom or Eddie in jeopardy,” Dan concluded, crossing his arms as he thought. “We need to come up with a decent excuse.”

“Report the car missing, I’ll know what to tell them,” Anne suddenly said, a confident smirk spread across her face.

While the couple was trying to devise a plan for the location and subsequent rescue of Eddie, the aforementioned had spent the next two hours pacing around the room, looking for a way to make the
pain more bearable. Eddie had disposed most of the clothes, remaining in boxer briefs and a tank top. The pain had made them uncomfortable and overly hot. Eddie doesn’t recall every sweating this much in his entire life. One of the many perks of labor and childbirth that the journalist was definitely not a fan of. The baby was moving too fast for Eddie to even process let alone be okay with and he felt like he was dehydrating by each passing second.

“Eddie, we need to drink water. We are starting to dehydrate.” The symbiote barely made himself visible on the skin of his partner, feeling just as uncomfortable with everything that was happening. Despite the pain and discomfort, Venom needed to be aware of how Eddie’s body was reacting to the preparations of childbirth.

“Shit, this is horrible.” Eddie groaned, his head leaning against one of the walls in the living room. He had been in this position since they recovered from his last contraction.

“Let's drink some water.”

“Okay, yes. Water...” Eddie traipsed around the room with difficulty, waddling uncomfortably from the pressure low in his abdomen. The baby had dropped significantly into the birth canal over the last few hours and walking was arduous. “More than water, I need something to make this pain go away. Drugs. Yes, being doped up sounds amazing!”

“Try to breathe, Eddie. Our baby is doing his best to get out.” Venom stretched several of his limbs below the waist of his partner, surrounding his hips and parts of his thighs. “This has been happening since yesterday morning.”

It was as if a lightbulb went off in Eddie’s head and he gasped. “That's why your attitude was strange! That's why I couldn’t pinpoint why I was feeling weird. It was...we were in labor.” Eddie sighed in resignation, not wanting to return to the issue regarding Venom keeping him in the dark. Finding a safe and secure place away from civilization was Venom’s basic instinct. The symbiote wasn’t aware that humans had their babies in hospitals with medical personnel who were specialized in all things related to labor and delivery. Those that delivered at home were usually tree-huggers or believed in delivering their children the old-fashioned away, drugs bedamned.

“Do not over think so much, my love. We have no choice but to accept that our son is going to be born soon. We are the only ones he needs.” Venom stated, blocking the sensations of anxiety within his partner. Of course, Venom was experiencing his own nerves and anxiety, but it was a more primitive instinct that urged the symbiote not to fear the situation. If only the same could be said for Eddie.

“I still trust you, but this is scary.” Eddie whispered, moving his hands to his hips. He felt the cool and slimy skin there and felt a sense of security having Venom’s limbs covering parts of his body. It made him feel that he wasn’t alone in this.

“Eddie, something’s happening...”

The symbiote couldn’t finish alerting his host when another contraction took them both by surprise just as they entered the kitchen. The pain was stronger than the previous times causing Eddie’s legs to buckle and dropping to the floor, the overpowering contraction not giving them a chance to breathe. Eddie just gasped, pawing at the tile beneath him as he felt something trickle between his thighs and forming a pinkish puddle on the floor.

“It's... Oh God, my water broke.” Eddie finally opened his eyes, managing to look at the floor and saw that he was kneeling in a puddle of amniotic fluid.
“The baby is moving quickly. He’s progressed well.” Venom stated through their mind connection, the feeling of entanglement was unexpected and uncomfortable for them.

“I know, honey, I'm feeling the same as you. Fuck, this hurts so much.” He moved his hands over his lower belly, the skin stiff and uncomfortable.

They stayed a couple of minutes on the floor, trying to get used to the unpleasant feeling of being exposed now that his water broke. Eddie waited for Venom as he used his long black limbs to look for some water, finding a glass in the cabinet and filling it using the faucet. Eddie thanked his symbiote and downed the glass. Venom let him drink a few more glasses before they mustered up the energy to finally get off the floor and waddled toward the living room.

Eddie used the back of the sofa for support, leaning forward against the next of the sofa awaiting the next contraction. The symbiote knew when another was coming as he could feel it in Eddie’s muscles and throughout his insides. Venom would notice the way everything tensed and then relaxed with precise rhythm. Venom could also feel each and every one of the baby’s movements when he traveled further down the birth canal, changing positions and rotating in attempt to adjust to the narrow space. The three suffered this process at different levels. For Venom, it was an incalculable experience for a being like the symbiote who had never seen or felt such things. As for Eddie, the entirety of this seemed completely absurd. The male genetics should have made childbirth impossible, let alone allow labor and the process of the baby moving toward its destination. But here they were, experiencing first hand the arrival of their first child. Deep down, Venom wanted to make a large family of half symbiote and half Eddie. Venom figured after Eddie delivered their son, he would approach the idea of having more babies and creating a large family.

“V, honey, I think we should go to bed. It’s not comfortable walking or standing anymore,” Eddie complained, having the sudden urge to jump on the first soft and fluffy surface he could find.

“Contraction.”

Eddie could only cling to the back of the sofa, burying his head against it as he swayed from side to side, feeling the pain in a new, intense and deep way. Venom was also experiencing the pain, his tendrils clinging to Eddie’s hips as he felt a strong and uncomfortable pull within, stirring erratically as if trying to rid the contractions, too. The pain gave way little by little, until the pain finally subsided. Eddie let out a deep sigh of relief, able to stand up straight again.

“Help me up, and don’t forget the diapers, we’re going to need them,” Eddie explained. He felt immediately as Venom took control of his body, but this time it was clumsier and less precise, so much that Eddie wished he could interfere Venom’s control and walk on his own. The pain had weakened the abilities of the symbiote to connect and keep Eddie’s body under his control.

It was a strenuous task to climb the stairs even with Venom’s partial control. It was clear that both were running out of time with the passing hours. When they reached the bedroom, the symbiote released his partner to do what he needed. Venom noticed the way Eddie’s body and the baby were throwing out alerts, signaling the proximity of the baby’s birth. Venom materialized from his shoulder and watched his host mill around the room, disappearing into the bathroom momentarily and took a few towels out of a small cabinet. Eddie stripped himself of his boxers and tank and did his best to clean the fluid from between his legs.

Eddie knelt on the bed, grabbing the sheets and blankets and bunching them around him. He couldn’t pinpoint when he started “nesting” but he felt secure and more comfortable being cocooned around the blankets and Venom. He made sure he grabbed the extra towels he retrieved from the bathroom and a few diapers he grabbed from the box, setting them next to him. Should the baby...
make its appearance here in the next five minutes, at least Eddie would have some type of preparation.

“Shit! Here comes another one.” Eddie cried out as he gripped the pillows off the bed and squeezed them with viciousness. For the first time, Eddie let himself vocalize his pain, moaning loudly in pain and feeling as the sound of his voice strangely linked to the deep voice of his symbiote. Venom was experiencing what Eddie was and it seemed to resonate through their body.

Eddie ended up collapsing on his side, panting in an attempt to try and get the oxygen to return to his lungs when the pain ended. So much for trying to breathe like the damned books said. Breathing was impossible when the pain was so severe. Eddie felt a sudden invasion by a deep and primal desire to remain in the bed, as if remaining in bed was an adamant factor in childbirth.

“Oh, God, I don’t want to move,” Eddie panted, licking his dry lips as he caressed belly. It had dropped significantly lower and the contractions were becoming sharper and more persistent. “It’s the baby getting closer?”

“Much closer,” Venom grunted as he completely covered his partner's hands with his black and slimy limbs. “We’ll both feel it.”

“It’s going to hurt…”

“A lot, Eddie,” Venom said truthfully. “We’re trying to release more oxytocin so the delivery can be more bearable, but it is not easy. The pain does not let us concentrate.”

“You do the best you can, honey. I feel your anxiety about not moving, it’s strong.” Eddie glanced at Venom’s black claws, wondering when he materialized long enough to form human-like limbs during the midst of the contractions. “You know I always have a motto; If you can’t do it, then it doesn’t exist.” The motto seemed ironic now. Nothing seemed impossible. For heaven’s sake, he was a male about to deliver a child with his partner and father of said child that so happened to be an alien on top of that. Oh, how the tables have turned…

“We will repeat more moments of these that cannot exist.” Venom remarking, moving Eddie’s hands to caress his belly, making them both feel at ease.

“What do you mean by th…?” Eddie couldn’t finish his thought when he felt another wave of pain more intense than the previous ones that had him writhing on the bed. He growled and moaned in pain, Venom’s black claws sheathing Eddie’s hands completely as they gripped the sheets so hard, they shredded into almost nothing and borderline reaching the springs of the mattress.

After that last contraction, all banter and any attempt of conversation was obsolete. With each passing contraction, trying to talk was the equivalent of pulling teeth. Eddie would probably prefer that over the pain he was currently experiencing. The contractions would come in waves, one after the other every few minutes or so, leaving little time to rest in between.

“V, do you feel it?” Eddie moaned, moving frantically around the bed, trying to get in the best position before he’d feel the urge to push. He panted, trying to mitigate the horrible feeling.

“He’s almost here, Eddie. We need to get him out.” Without further words Venom took control of his partner's hands and guided them between his thighs, feeling where the small mound of flesh was slowly forcing its way out of Eddie.

Eddie stifled a cry of surprise when he felt the stick mess of hair and skull. “Is that…” Eddie immediately understood what Venom was trying to help him perceive. What Eddie felt—controlled
by Venom’s own claws—was the baby’s head. It had just breached Eddie’s entrance but had not fully crowned.

“Come on, love. It hurts too much to continue like this.” Still in control of Eddie's hands, the symbiote caressed Eddie’s inner thighs, encouraging his host to spread their legs further and open their hips as much as possible to allow the maybe to move more freely.

“Aaah!” Eddie cried out when he felt the symbiote aid their child by pushing from inside his body. The internal pressure was so severe and overpowering that Venom’s internal movements were forcing Eddie to follow his actions, giving the first push.

Venom didn’t do it to hasten the situation, just simply looked for a way to indicate to his companion when they had to push again. Venom had a different perspective of childbirth within Eddie’s body thanks to his connection, able to goad Eddie along internally, pushing with every muscle and nerve and still being able to remain connected with the baby.

“Come on, Eddie, again.” Venom encouraged, Eddie groaning from exhaustion. Eddie felt like he had been pushing forever and wondered what progress he had made. Although, unfortunately, the symbiote knew they had achieved almost nothing in the last agonizing hour.

“No… no more,” Eddie moaned, bathed in sweat and panting hard. He already felt the next contraction coming but didn’t make the slightest effort to push, not even when the dull ache around his entrance encouraged him.

Venom stirred, quickly leaving the chest of his host, though without completely taking the shape of his full and toothy face. It was hard enough to concentrate when all they felt was the same exhaustion, fear and anguish. Venom knew something needed to be said or done in order for their child to be born. The exhaustion, fear, and anguish were taking over Eddie wholeheartedly and it was worrisome to the alien.

“Let's go, love. We can do this.” The symbiote slid up the neck of Eddie, finally managing to take its large and full form behind Eddie, looking remarkably and equally distressed by the refusal of his partner. “All three of us are suffering, Eddie. If you do not continue, the baby will suffer worse.”

Eddie gasped, trying to get words out of his mouth, his lips dry and trembling; between the pain and the fatigue he could only hear part of the words that Venom emitted. The only thing he understood from the depths of his soul is that the baby was suffering.

“No!” Eddie cried in panic. “He can’t suffer.” Struggling greatly, Eddie managed to turn on his side with the help of the extremities from his symbiote, both understanding the desire of the other and how the important thing now was not of them but of the innocent and helpless baby struggling to reach this world.

Their emotions were linked more intensely, coupled in similar sensations; adrenaline, fear and love. All mixed within their minds. They loved this child too much to let fatigue and anguish overcome the desire to deliver this baby. The symbiote took control of his host's body, helping him get up and position him in a way so he was kneeling on the bed, Eddie’s trembling fists resting on his thighs.

Eddie’s entire body was resentful of the effort, moaning in pain as he felt the telltale sign of another contraction. Eddie pushed hard again as his partner slid more limbs against the bed, keeping them in their new position and allowing Eddie to free himself from the need to hold on, dedicating himself to pushing one after the other.
“THIS FUCKING HURTS!” Eddie exclaimed through tears, stopping his pushing as he felt his hole burn from the stretch of the baby’s head. His stomach hurt unbearably. The tension from the muscles contracting to force the baby out was agonizing. The burning sensation of the head making its way out prompted Eddie to rest one of his hands on the mattress while the other traveled between his trembling legs, feeling what was happening. “V…”

“It's his head, it's almost outside... We're doing it, Eddie!” The symbiote exclaimed excitedly. The adrenaline and pheromones exuding from Venom flooded through Eddie’s own emotions and he felt the excitement too, elated tears pricking his eyes. It was both Venom and Eddie’s first direct contact with their son. “Stop pushing, Eddie. The baby is changing positions again.”

“You’re asking a lot, V, I really need to push!” Eddie growled, fighting the urge to push. The pressure was too much and the baby was moving on its own accord. He just wanted this baby out!

“If you push now, the skin will tear even more, Eddie. We are bleeding.” Venom explained, placing his large black hand over Eddie’s that was cradling the baby’s skull. “We will take care of healing the wounds after it is born.”

Eddie obeyed reluctantly, terrified to think of the extra pain he would feel if he decided not to listen to the symbiote. He was distracted from that unpleasant thought and feeling as the baby turned little by little until he finished crowning. A sense of relief filled them both as the pressure and burning lowered in intensity, allowing both symbiote and journalist a bit of respite. Venom and Eddie kept one of their hands on the baby’s head, relishing in the small victory that Eddie pushed the head through. The worst part was over and now they just had to finish delivering the rest of their son’s body.

“Come on, love, it's almost here.” The symbiote growled loudly as both his hands were placed between Eddie’s thighs, ready to catch his son. Venom knew it would be quick, the boy's shoulders had moved in such a way that it would be much easier to get him out.

Just as predicted, everything happened so quickly; the baby slid out of Eddie at a rapid pace and right into the hands of his parents. Venom retracted all his limbs allowing Eddie to collapse onto his back, breathing hard as his body shook with waves of euphoria. Eddie held his son close to his chest, idly rubbing his back and getting him to take his first breath and cry. It didn’t take long for their baby to make himself known as he gave a drowned gurgle followed by a loud wail.

The house was silent save for the loud wails from their baby. Eddie was so amazed at the little being he just delivered, torn between tears and voicing his astonishment. He could feel Venom’s hands that had sheathed Eddie’s own like a pair of large black slimy gloves hold their baby—as if they were sharing this amazing moment together. The moment Venom’s hands and covered Eddie’s and rested along the baby’s back, the infant ceased his crying almost instantly. He hiccupped a couple of times until he finally settled, trying to open his eyes to observe everything.

“It's... God, it's our baby.” Eddie finally managed to speak, trying to stop himself from crying anymore. Deep inside, Eddie knew that Venom was the same only muted as the symbiote caressed the baby’s back with his black limbs. “Honey, he's perfect.”

“Yes, he is.” The symbiote finally answered, becoming tangible on Eddie’s shoulder. He nuzzled against his partner’s neck, the two seemingly plunged into such a trance that they couldn’t keep their eyes off their newborn.

Shaking a little, Eddie moved his hand to touch their son’s head, feeling his hair wet with blood and fluids that still covered him, as if trying to memorize every detail of their son. He looked like any
other human baby with his plump face, slightly swollen from spending hours in the birth canal. His hair was black with a small lock of blonde hair just at the edge of his hairline centered in his forehead. It definitely peaked Eddie’s curiosity but it was beautiful at the same time. As for the rest, Eddie wasn’t sure what the color of his eyes would be. The little one had stopped trying to open them and decided to stay snuggled against his chest, a little pout on his tiny lips.

“Shit, he’s very cute. We have a very cute child.” Eddie smiled weakly, feeling the weight of exhaustion, with a great desire to fall asleep, but he couldn’t. He needed to make sure their son was taken care of before he could rest. “Honey ... help me clean him. We need to keep him warm.”

Eddie’s first thought was to grab one of the towels he had brought from the bathroom to clean the baby. He searched the bed for a clean towel but he was taken by surprise when Venom’s tongue darted out and started cleaning their child.

“What the hell are you doing?” Eddie gasped, looking away from the symbiote when he continued licking the newborn clean that was asleep on Eddie’s chest.

“Cleaning it.”

“That’s not how you clean a baby, V.” He sighed heavily, trying not to let the basic instinct of the symbiote alter his amazement of what he had just done moments ago. Venom continued cleaning their son, leaving part of his black hair and face from his cleansing. “V, honey. The baby needs to be cleaned with a towel and properly bathed. It’s more hygienic that way.”

“Is it safe?”

“Perfectly safe,” Eddie assured, stroking the symbiote’s face with his free hand. “I’ll have to show you many things that humans do not do with babies.”

“Eddie, another contraction.”

The couple endured the unexpected wave of pain, but this particular contraction was less annoying than what they had experienced the last few hours trying to deliver their son. Eddie felt like his body had given birth again but less tense as his body expelled the placenta. Eddie looked at that rare mass that just came out of him. He glanced between his legs and noticed the placenta was completely black along with the umbilical cord still attaching mom and baby. Venom felt that it was safe enough to cut the cord now that the baby was alive and sound asleep.

“We need to get rid of that,” Eddie stated, pointing to the black glob resting between his legs.

After seeing Venom lick their baby clean, it came has no surprise when the symbiote used his teeth to cut the umbilical cord. It was when the alien in question ate the placenta that Eddie felt his stomach twist in disgust and his eyes widen in mock horror.

“You just ate the placenta!” Eddie could not mask his amazement mixed with horror and what he just witnessed.

“We need nutrients so that our body recovers from childbirth. That will help keep us stable until we return home.” Venom answered calmly, returning to his place near the baby, looking at him in a curious and sweet way.

“If the birth didn’t kill me, sure you will with the things you do,” Eddie mumbled with a wry laugh as he tossed his head back and closed his eyes, too exhausted to argue. Eddie gently rubbed the baby clean with one of the towels listening to their son complain softly from time to time.
“We do what is necessary for all three, Eddie.” Venom stretched his limbs to cover part of Eddie’s neck and chest along with the baby, as if hugging them both. “We are proud of Eddie. We did a great job for our son. We love Eddie.” Eddie could only smile. He couldn’t be bothered with the symbiote and his own exotic ways of expressing their love for him. Deep down everything Venom always did was for their benefit.

Eddie sighed softly, stretching his free hand to bring the face of the symbiote down to kiss him sweetly, letting the incredible range of sensations flow through them both. Eddie wanted Venom to feel the love he had for him and their newborn son; to feel his love and affection, the intensity and passion, his devotion to each other until the end. It was the tenderness of the moment and the exploding range of emotions through their mind, body, and soul that portrayed just how strong their connection was. They had survived an extreme experience; a unique and unimaginable magnitude. And with all the pain and suffering both endured these past few hours, it was all worth it; all worth it to be holding this new addition of flesh and blood to their lives. Their affection and love created something beautiful; something that appeared human on the outside that later Venom and Eddie will realize is truly a mixture of them both. Their little, precious miracle. Half Venom. Half Eddie.

To be continued...

OH GOD I LOVE IT!! Oh, let me rejoice! I was really excited to write this, though it was a challenge. I'm used to writing birth scenes but this one took me out of my comfort zone. It was quite interesting but at the same time I enjoyed it a lot!! I leave you a couple of scenes, in addition to officially introducing you all to Sleeper, as I imagine it human version.
CHAPTER 10

The mountain route was beautiful and fresh, with huge trees of orange and golden leaves, ready for the autumn that had just begun. Anne tried to distract herself with the landscape that surrounded them, glancing at her cell phone from time to time as they tracked Dan’s car using the GPS. From what Anne gathered and the distance of the blinking dot and their current whereabouts, they were about four hours away from Dan’s car.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get there,” Dan encouraged, stroking Anne’s hair while he glanced at the map. They had been traveling in the taxi for several hours now and they still had four more to go. This was definitely the most expensive car ride he’s ever paid in his life.

“Do you think they're fine?” Anne asked, worry evident in her features.

“I’m not sure, sweetheart. I’m not sure what we’ll find. The fact that Venom took Eddie during this stage of his pregnancy was most likely basic instinct. Perhaps he knew the exact moment when the baby would be born.”

“Is that why you insisted on bringing your medical bag?” Anne stared at the black bag leaning next to her husband’s legs.

“Yes.” He crossed his arms meditatively, thinking about the endless issues that could incur if Eddie had really gone into labor. Dan wasn’t sure if Eddie’s body could genetically handle what was destined work for a woman. Dan had seen firsthand how the symbiote adapted much of its internal structure, but psychologically, they also had to be in harmony to overcome this complex process. “The most important thing is that we’re halfway there and we can know what happened.”

The taxi dropped them off at the entrance to the lot near where the road divided off into two paths; one continuing down a road and the other a smaller, simpler dirt road accompanied by low shrubs and other coniferous debris. Dan paid the driver generously and assured the foreign man that his car was where they had him drop them off.

The couple walked quickly, noticing in their wake how the trail had clear tire marks on the ground. Along their walk, Dan and Anne noticed a few bushes and trees torn from their roots indicating Venom’s attempt at driving. They followed the destroyed path until the couple came upon Dan’s car, parked parallel in front of a large country-style house designed to camouflage with its surroundings.

“Dear God,” Anne gasped, noting the significant damage to the vehicle as her husband circled the car multiple times, surveying the damage. He looked like a kicked puppy the way he ran his hands along the dents and scratches. The car was properly destroyed.

“Alright,” Dan sighed, putting his hands up in defeat as he stopped circling the car. He crossed his arms and let out a deep sigh. “Surely, this can be covered by my insurance.”

“With the excuse we gave them to give us the location of your car, I’m not sure you’ll be able to, honey,” Anne remarked, rubbing her husband’s shoulder soothing. The car may be a lost cause.
“Possibly,” Dan agreed, shaking his head in defeat. “The car isn’t our priority. We came for Eddie and the baby.” Dan gestured to the house behind them and started their trek toward the property.

Anne stared at her husband admiringly. His selflessness for others was what made her fall for him. He deserved the heavens, especially with all that he’s done for Eddie and Venom in these past months. Anne was sure that if she was with someone else, they wouldn’t have accepted the rare relationship she had with her ex and the alien attached to him. All in all, Dan was a saint, especially with their crazy social or intimate interactions among Anne, Eddie, and Venom.

“You're such a good man,” she whispered with pride, following her husband to the house.

The first thing they found was that the main door had no type of security system. It allowed the couple to enter the premise easily and when they stepped inside, it was silent. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary until they delved further into the house and into the living room. There, they found the small bassinet they had gifted to Eddie lying on the table not too far from Eddie’s clothes that were strung along the sofa. The couple looked at each other with doubt, deciding immediately to start searching the rest of the house. When they entered the kitchen, they found a small puddle that could be none other than amniotic fluid on the floor that was slowly staining the polished wood.

“We need to find Eddie now.” The doctor stated almost frantically as he looked toward the stairs. He had a strong feeling the puddle in the kitchen would lead to more upstairs.

“Come on,” Anne seconded without asking question.

The upstairs spread into a huge landing leading into a hallway with five closed doors. One of the doors was ajar, catching Anne’s attention immediately. As Dan and Anne approached the ajar door, they noticed something on the floor, appearing to be a pile of stained sheets shoved to a corner.

“Is that...” Anne looked impressively at the huge dark red spots, almost black, that covered the abandoned fabric in the door.

Dan didn’t answer, his brain was already working in medical mode since they first saw the puddle of water. Without thinking, Dan opened the door, kicking the sheets off to the side. They barely had time to register the black limbs forming a strong barrier, forcing whatever was outside to remain outside.

“Venom.” The couple stood by the door, watching as the symbiote made a human wall with his large form observed them fixatedly, calculating whether or not to attack the intruders.

“Venom... it’s us.” Dan finally spoke, raising his hands in surrender in hopes to placate the symbiote’s attitude. “We came looking for you and Eddie and take you home.”

“Dan and Anne.” Venom commented, upset that they had entered the home without his knowledge. With the exhaustion of childbirth, Venom’s perception and alertness had wavered. He was barely holding his humanoid form, body fighting the fatigue. “Do not make noise. They are asleep.”

The symbiote knew that Dan and Anne would not hurt them. The alien was quite sure that their arrival was to help them. It was best to let Dan assess Eddie and the baby as Venom did not feel comfortable at times with his knowledge on a human birth or how to take care of Eddie postpartum. Silently, Venom retracted his limbs to return almost completely inside his host, revealing how Eddie was sound asleep in bed, his back to the door and wrapped in clean blankets that they retrieved from the closet.
“Asleep?” The doctor was the first to take a couple of steps inside, watching the bundle of white blankets on the bed that consisted of the sleeping journalist. From their position, both Anne and Dan were unable to see Eddie save for the mess hair sticking out of the mound of blankets. “Does that mean Eddie had the baby?”

“Yes,” Venom answered, moving in a meandering way over to Eddie’s body. He used his slimy limbs to lift the blanket off of Eddie, exposing a small bundle wrapped in a white towel resting protectively in the journalist’s arms. “That is our baby.”

Anne joined her husband, standing closer at the foot of the bed and gawking at the scene before them. They noticed Eddie’s exhausted features despite being sound asleep and the small bundle in his arms equally sound asleep.

“Oh God, they had the baby here. Alone,” Dan commented as he quickly set the bag down next to the bed and rummaged through it. He glanced at the pile of bloody blankets and towels shoved in the corner and back to Eddie’s sleeping form. “Venom, I know you’re able to control many things in Eddie's body, but they need help after what you did. Which is insane, I might add. Hell, I don’t even know where to start or what to begin with in regard to questions.”

Dan took a step closer to examine Eddie and the newborn but Venom was one step ahead, letting the blankets drop back over his lover, shielding them from Anne and Dan’s view and retreating back to Eddie’s shoulder. He hovered over Eddie, much like he did when he first sensed an intruder.

“The three of us are fine. Everything happened as it should have. The baby was born perfectly healthy and we are already healing the wounds that the birth caused. By tomorrow we will be completely healed,” Venom responded in his raspy, deep voice that resonated sharply without any doubt or claim.

“Oh, we understand that, Venom, but we should at least leave the premises,” Dan explained. “Surely, this house must have an owner and we could get in a lot of trouble if we’re found here.” Dan tried to approach Eddie again but Venom growled protectively as if telling him not to take another step. Dan held his hands up in defense and stayed in his spot. “You know yourself that you are not in a position to defend Eddie or the baby. We can tell you are exhausted.” Dan tried to direct the situation in their favor. If they remove themselves from the house, it would be easier to handle the symbiote with Eddie awake and cooperating.

“We need to get out of here, Venom.” Anne finally voiced her agreement. She was definitely worried about the situation with Eddie and the baby. Who knows what kind of trauma he endured while birthing his son.

The symbiote was silent for a moment, pondering the words of Anne and Dan. Somehow, the doubts and fears that afflicted Eddie when he was in labor regarding their location were void due to the pain and worry about delivering their son. But now that the baby was born and they weren’t in pain anymore, the symbiote realized that there could be an owner and it would be a devastating encounter if the owner found strangers in their home. Now that Venom and Eddie’s minds were both clear, the best refuge was Anne and Dan’s apartment—at least until they were physically stable to move to another place.

“We will go with you.”

“That’s the best decision for all.” Dan breathed a sigh of relief. “We need to wake them up...”

The doctor didn’t get an opportunity to say anything more, paralyzed in amazement as Venom
disappeared into Eddie’s body before covering the journalist’s entire form in the black commodity, not once letting of the small bundle that was their son. He appeared even tinier in Venom’s large black arms.

“I don’t think Venom’s going to let us see the baby until Eddie wakes up,” Anne teased with a shrug, curious to see what the baby was like and who he resembled more; an alien or a human being.

“Venom is acting on instinct, honey,” Dan laughed. “I certainly don’t want to imagine what it would have been like if we were trying to assist Eddie during childbirth.” Dan had learned to exude more patience when working with Venom. Nothing was easy dealing with the symbiote as there was always a risk to take. Not to mention respecting his somewhat primitive methods towards his Eddie and his new son.

Venom didn’t move from the house until he was one hundred percent certain they could leave. The alien remained entrenched in the living room, waiting for the couple’s directions. Luckily, Dan’s car only suffered external damages, discovering the engine was still intact and the car able to run upon further inspection. He was grateful the car still had enough gas to make it to the nearest gas station.

Everyone piled into the car, Venom retrating back into his host in order to fit in the back seat, leaving Eddie’s sleeping form covered with a less bulky black cloak as if he had a second skin. Even though the journalist slept, the baby remained gently cradled against Eddie’s chest, carefully controlled by the symbiote.

Anne tried to collect all of Eddie’s belongings that she found in the house, not wanting to leave more evidence than necessary. She got rid of all the stained blankets and cleaned up the puddle in the kitchen before returning to the car so they can start their trip back home. With the afternoon falling on them, Dan decided with a friendly and important interrogation from the symbiote.

“Venom, isn’t it a bit strange that Eddie didn’t stir once when you removed him from the house and placed him in the car?” Dan began.

“Our baby is producing a chemical to keep him asleep. We can feel when he uses his control on us. It is as if he is handling the situation in his own way.”

“Wow! Even outside of Eddie’s body, he has the power to manipulate his body.” Dan was eager to get home so he could examine and Eddie and the baby further. Eddie was a scientific oddity for sure.

“It’s his ability. For now, everything he does is instinctive. The baby’s brain is not sufficiently developed, nor his symbiotic part. That is the disadvantage of having a human body as a base. At least he will have a lot of time to grow and learn how to use his skills.” Venom glanced down at the sleeping baby curiously.

“Can we see the baby, at least for a moment? Does he look like Eddie?” Anne inquired curiously and anxiously, noticing how reluctant the symbiote was about the matter.

“We cannot let go of him or he will lose heat. Human babies cannot regulate their temperature easily. We are preventing him from getting cold,” Venom explained as he moved some of his limbs to adjust the towel even more around the baby.

“You don’t have to let him go, Venom, we just want to take a little peek,” Anne chimed in, twisting her body to lean closer to Eddie’s seat as if she was going to remove the blanket herself but Venom was quick to shield the baby further.

“NO.”
Venom appeared uneasy at the insistence of Dan’s wife. The doctor figured it was better to leave him alone at least until Eddie woke up. The symbiote reminded Dan of an animal’s basic instinct whenever they delivered their young; protective, naïve, and uncertain.

“We understand, Venom. We will leave you be until you feel you’re in a more comfortable situation. I’m generally interested in if everything went well during delivery.” The doctor asked as he subtly stroked his wife's knee as if silently telling her to not press the symbiote further.

“Perfect. The baby was born without incident.”

“There was no hemorrhaging or more blood loss than usual? Did Eddie deliver the entire placenta? If Eddie did not expel the full placenta, he could be at risk of an infection.”

“There was little blood and no attempt of hemorrhaging. I ate the full placenta and Eddie got angry at me for doing so. We needed to recover the nutrients in order to feed the baby properly.”

And the knowledge of Venom consuming the placenta ended Dan’s interrogation. He didn’t want to know anything further. As always, the symbiote had a tendency of giving more information than one needed to know. At least it was clear that Eddie nor the baby were in any imminent danger. The examination could at least wait until they arrived home.

The car was comfortably silent for an hour more until Eddie stirred from his spot in the back seat, moaning slightly when he tried to move his tired and sore body. His hazy eyes scanned his surroundings, furrowing his brows at the images moving at warped speed. He gathered that he was in car; that much was certain. Eddie’s first thought was his baby and he momentarily panicked until he felt the comfortable weight resting against his chest.

“Now, what have you done, V?” His tone was nor flippant or irate, just curious as to why they were suddenly in a moving vehicle again. He already came to terms with Venom’s primal instincts to do things out of Eddie’s consent. “Shit, never mind, I’m too tired to discuss this with you. At least tell me we’re going back home or that Dan and Anne aren’t going to kill us for stealing the car.”

“Hello, Eddie.” Anne greeted from the passenger seat while Dan glanced at the journalist through the rearview mirror. Eddie had to be the most confused being on the planet in that moment.

“They came and found us, Eddie.” The Symbiote replied as he appeared as a black mass under Eddie’s neck, happy to see him awake.

Already confused by waking up in a moving car after being asleep in a stranger’s home shortly after giving birth, Eddie was full of guilt, shame and pity. Dan's car had been stolen and damaged and even though he was not directly at fault—most of it being Venom’s—he still felt horrible for all the mess and mayhem he probably caused Dan and Anne. Here he was again, being rescued by his ex and her husband.

“How did you find us, let alone know where we were?” Eddie asked, feeling like he was in more control of his body when he felt Venom release his own strength. Venom must have sensed that Eddie was able to take care of himself and their baby.

“The car has GPS system and we were able to get its location.” Dan smiled with amusement, remembering how his wife had put together a great scheme with the security company. “Thank Anne and her histrionic gifts.”
“Why can’t you just give me the location of the car?” Anne practically shouted on the phone.

Anne was arguing with one of the employees at the security company trying to get them to release information on the whereabouts of Dan’s car. She had tried not to provide the true reason for wanting the location as that would spark major controversy. The lack of information was proving arduous and the customer service rep on the other line wouldn’t budge with information. Anne needed to come up with some ingenuous idea in hopes the man would cave and release the location. Anne was about to pull out her hair at how frustrating the entire situation was. She covered the speaker with her hand and whisper-yelled to Dan. “They won’t tell me the location unless I give them the true reason!” It was as if a lightbulb went off and she smirked almost manically before really putting on the dramatics. “Look, sir, my sixteen-year daughter is eight and a half months pregnant and she and her good-for-nothing boyfriend stole my husband’s car. Now, I don’t know about you but I certainly don’t want my grandson born in a car!”

When Anne felt like the representative wasn’t budging, she upped the dramatics and began to sob, explaining how terrible it would be to not be able to see her grandson enter the world and that her daughter was in danger. She continued to power on with her sob story claiming that if the man didn’t give Anne the location, everything could end up in tragedy and if that occurred, they’d be a definite lawsuit on their hands.

Dan was sitting on the sofa in the living room rather impressed with his wife’s performance. He stared at her with a wide smile and shook his head in disbelief. It was an award-winning performance that was for sure. They’d definitely have to give them the location after that. Anne truly sounded heartbreakingly anguished and tormented by the disappearance of her “supposed pregnant teenaged daughter.” It was a few more moments before Anne ended the call and wiped away the false tears and pushed a few stray strands of hair out of her face and smiled triumphantly.

“Call a Taxi,” Anne chirped. “They’re sending the location with a map.”

“And so we found you.” Anne crossed her arms, proud of her achievement.

“What an interesting story.” Eddie scoffed with a small laugh and glanced down at his son who began to stir in the towel. “Thanks again.”

“How was the experience of childbirth, Eddie?” The doctor intrigued, wanting answers about the event.

“I honestly don’t know how to describe it,” Eddie responded, closing his eyes and resting his head against the headrest. He really didn’t feel comfortable talking about such an intimate thing. He felt that if he explained the delivery, it would be an invasion of privacy. He had felt vulnerable and sensitive; full of these emotions he hadn’t experienced before. Perhaps his body was adjusting to the fact that he was no longer carrying a baby inside him.

“We did very well, Eddie.” The symbiote goaded, caressing Eddie’s cheek lovingly. He could feel the confusion through their connection and the hormonal changes due to postpartum.

“Yes, darling, we did,” Eddie whispered tiredly, returning his attention to his son who had started to whine. “Hey kid, what’s wrong?”
“He’s awake!” Anne chirped, turning back to get a better view. Maybe now they could meet the child. “Eddie, can we see him?”

“Of course,” Eddie smiled lightly, pulling the towel away from the baby’s face so the couple get a good glance at him. The baby had his little fists against his face, looking properly agitated. “He seems upset.”

“He’s so small and cute.” Anne commented, stretching her hand to caress the baby’s cheek but Eddie quickly covered his son, intercepting his ex’s fingers.

“I-I'm sorry, I don’t know why I did that.” Eddie was confused by his sudden overprotective act. He knew that Anne would not do anything bad but he couldn’t help the strange feeling of protection from any and everything. “V, did you intervene? Nothing bad will happen if we touch him, much less if it's Anne or Dan.”

“It was not us, Eddie. The baby did it. He seems very annoyed.”

“He did it?” Eddie glanced down at his child with a floored expression, noticing the tiny scowl on his son’s face. “Oh God, even outside he has the ability to control me.”

“It is instinct, Eddie. He’s only acting on instinct.”

“I guess he is upset and does not want to be touched.” Anne spoke, impressed, as she noticed her husband had slowed down to pay attention to the interaction in the backseat.

Everyone was intrigued with the situation and the baby’s ability until Venom and Eddie’s son started wailing, pressing his little hands against the thick layer that Venom had formed to keep him warm.

“Wow, does your son have a good set of lungs!” Dan joked, glancing in the rearview mirror and noticing how uncomfortable Eddie was when he couldn’t calm the baby writhing in his arms.

“Eddie, the baby is saturating us with oxytocin.” The symbiote extended one of his extremities to touch his son’s hand, trying to understand what was happening to him. It seemed that Venom had a personal connection with their newborn with a simple touch. “He's hungry, Eddie. Very hungry.”

The symbiote immediately withdrew the black cloak that was protecting Eddie’s body, exposing his neck and chest, waiting for Eddie to do his part. Unfortunately for their wailing son, Eddie was still processing the situation, clearly overwhelmed by their son’s crying. It didn’t help that he had 3 pairs of eyes staring at him as if he was supposed to know what to do out of basic instinct.

Eddie knew what he had to do. It seemed too intimate to do in front of others. He knew he had no other choice and deep down, the instinctive need to give his child everything he required washed over him like a tidal wave. Lately, he had been living out of his comfort zone, especially since Venom came into his life. However, being pushed out of his comfort zone was for love and he was willing to live with that.

While Eddie kept wallowing in his emotional turmoil, the symbiote took action on the matter, feeling the overwhelming hunger from his son. He carefully wrapped the baby around his black limbs and moved him closer to Eddie’s chest. By the time Eddie felt his son leave his arms, it was too late, the baby had latched eagerly on to one of Eddie’s nipples and fed hungrily.

“There we go.” The symbiote smiled, proud of his work as he watched his offspring feed.

“What the hell...” Eddie babbled, staring paralyzed at the infant hanging from his chest. Since when
was a man breastfeeding suddenly normal? It definitely didn’t seem normal.

Eddie had felt so many new things at once; the baby's mouth pushing with considerable force against his chest, struggling to get as much as possible from him, stretching his tiny hands around his warm exposed skin, like a caress that sought to hold onto something. Eddie hesitated a bit until he stretched out his free hand letting the child take hold of his index finger, noting the considerable strength he had.

The baby finally opened his eyes to stare at his daddy, focused solely. And it was right there; at that very moment that Eddie experienced that unique and special moment when mom and baby connected. Eddie was madly in love with this child. Nothing could ever stop him from loving this infant—from taking care of this infant; protecting this infant. It was an overwhelming feeling. The bond was so strong that even Venom could feel it, pledged with emotions as well. Their son’s eyes were very much alive and this amazing amber—so rare that Eddie was certain no other baby had an eye color like this. Eddie and Venom had completely forgotten everything around them, immersed in a different atmosphere that was very much their own—one that no one would understand in depth.

Meanwhile, outside of that bubble, Anne and Dan admired the scene before them, watching Eddie and Venom revel in the miracle of their newborn. The moment was so tender and mesmerizing that if they dared uttered a word, it would penetrate the peaceful bubble. Anne just smiled to herself and relaxed into her seat, enjoying the rest of the ride home.

“He’s asleep again,” Eddie whispered, trying to detach the child from his chest, but the boy was still clinging. Despite being asleep, the infant refused to separate, reminding Eddie of his own symbiote. “You cannot stay like this, son, let go.”

Eddie trailed his finger down the chubby cheek of his baby, expecting his son to grimace or open his mouth when he tried to pull from the journalist’s poor nipple, but nothing worked. Venom slid one of his limbs into the baby’s mouth, until the infant finally released, sucking the black tendril like pacifier.

“We'll need to buy a pacifier or he’ll leave me without nipples,” Eddie teased, caressing the tender area and swearing to himself that their little one had a force like a vice. The baby had more strength than what a regular newborn should have, courtesy of his other father being an alien entity.

“That's right, our metabolism and physical strength are above the human average.” Venom observed the child as he slept, sucking idly on the black tendril. “He'll be hungry again in an hour, maybe two. We need to eat, Eddie.”

The symbiotic paused suddenly, raising his head to one of the car windows, noticing that they had reached a gas station. Immediately, Eddie hid the baby in the towel, feeling the symbiote spread through his chest and neck to cover his naked form. Dan had gotten out of the car to check under the hood while the gas filled the tank. With the baby sleeping, Anne felt that she could finally converse with her friend.

“He fell asleep again.” Anne smiled tenderly, seeing her ex place his son on his shoulder giving him a gentle pat on the back. For someone who had parenthood sprung on them, Eddie looked like a natural—so comfortable with the child. Anne knew Eddie always had a sweet and paternal side. “Have you thought about names?”

“McDonald's!”

“What the hell, V. We can’t name him that!” Eddie growled angrily.
“No, Eddie. There's a McDonald's in front of us,” Venom stated, turning Eddie’s heading toward the large yellow ‘M.’ “We need to eat.”

“You haven't eaten anything since you left last night?” Anne asked worriedly.

“Only the placenta. We are starving, Eddie.” The symbiote repeated, moving its toothless head to the window opposite to where they were sitting, sticking his face against the glass like a child infatuated with something. “We want nuggets and fries. Lots and lots of fries.”

“For the record, V ate the placenta. Not me. Just thought I’d clarify that,” Eddie quickly said, shaking his head in disgust.

“Nuggets! Eddie, let's go for nuggets and fries! Come on, love.” The symbiotic was rubbing his long tongue against the window. Apparently, they were hungrier than they thought.

“We can’t get out of the car, V, I’m naked,” Eddie argued. “You should have put clothes on me before we left.”

“I'll go get you something to eat,” Anne volunteered, taking out her wallet.

“You're going?” Eddie asked with embarrassment, more things to write down in the list of favors that had been done and money to return.

“Of course, I'll go,” Anne replied with a scoff. “I’m not going to let you three die of hunger.”

“We love you, Anne.” The symbiote beamed as he watched the woman get out of the car. “Do not forget the chocolate ice cream!” Eddie took a deep breath, shrugging his shoulders as he leaned against the seat. He reveled in the silence of the empty car and closed his eyes, his son’s warmth against his shoulder a welcoming comfort.

It was strange; everything felt strange yet warm and familiar. He opened his eyes and couldn’t help but smile at Venom following Anne’s every movement as she padded across the street and disappeared into McDonald’s. The symbiote meandered back to Eddie’s shoulder and admired their sleeping son. Eddie tried to understand what was going through his partner’s mind—what their special connection was entailing. Just then, like an epiphany shared between the two, one word came to their mind. They knew what to call their son.

“Sleeper.”

to be continue...

And we have reached the end of the first part! Don’t be sad, there will be more. We will delve into the life of the new parents and how they raiser their child that’s half human and half symbiote. Perhaps, they may end up expanding their family!

In the middle of the chapter when Venom talks about the flow of oxytocin that the baby gives to Eddie, it is this beautiful hormone that is responsible for us to love, be faithful, compassionate, and help with contractions during labor. It even aids in the production of breast milk. Yes, Sleeper makes sure that they will love him, take care of him and that he will not miss food from now on.
Again, thanks for reading up to here and thank you very much for all your support to this madness!! I hope you all will love the new story!! They will continue to be illustrated and full of humor, love and some anguish. I LOVE YOU! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
To start from scratch; as if one had erased most of the things that were habitual in their daily life is how the first day of many felt to the symbiote and journalist. It was the first day that Venom and Eddie were no longer a couple, but now parents.

It felt so unreal when they finally arrived at Anne and Dan’s apartment. Eddie was grateful Anne had brought him clothes to change into before exiting the car. It took Eddie awhile to get dressed as he was still sore from giving birth and he was cautiously watching his sleeping son in the bassinet. Eddie would have never guessed that the portable bassinet would be a Godsend. It gave Eddie an opportunity to rest his arms from time to time. He didn’t realize just how exhausting it was to be a parent.

“God, we need a good bath,” Eddie whispered as soon as they entered the apartment with Sleeper in his arms. Eddie had a noticeable limp, still sore from the wounds that hadn’t yet healed. Venom’s usual abilities at rapid healing were delayed due to the physical exhaustion from childbirth and the new consumption of nutrients in order to feed their son.

“Eddie, I think it would be good to do a checkup on you and the baby,” Dan suggested, observing the slight limp in the journalist’s step. “It won’t be invasive; I just need to be sure that everything went well during labor and delivery.”

“A hot shower,” was Eddie’s reply. “Right now, all I need is a hot shower and then we’ll talk about an exam, Dan.” Eddie was properly exhausted and the doctor could see it in his features. “I don’t mean to be rude, but a lot has happened since this child decided he wanted to come yesterday and my brain is screaming at me to take a shower, change into some clean clothes and lay down.”

The journalist didn’t even give Dan or Anne a chance to respond before he disappeared into the room he had been calling his second home lately.

“Can we take care of the baby while you shower?” Anne asked before Eddie entered the room.

“You’re forgetting V,” Eddie remarked, patting his right shoulder as he felt the symbiote appear out of his skin.

“We’re here to help Eddie,” Venom answered in agreement.

Dan and Anne weren’t sure how useful the symbiote would be in this new challenge of caring for a newborn, a human newborn at that. The couple were already worried because Eddie barely took care of himself and now, he was responsible for a helpless human. And now, an alien was added to the equation who barely knew anything about human dynamics. It was common logic for Dan and Anne to help the new parents—almost pertinent to help.

While Dan and Anne chatted amiably about taking care of the baby and assisting the new parents in anything they might need, in the room, Eddie set the bassinet containing their baby gently on the bed. For once, he was grateful for Anne’s insistence on preparing for the child since Sleeper showed up
unannounced.

“Now…” Eddie let out a sigh, staring at the sleeping boy still wrapped in the towel.

Everything had felt surreal over the last twenty-four hours. He was slowly coming back to reality like a sedimentary rock settling itself at the bottom of a muddy puddle. It was frightening to think that Eddie and Venom were now responsible for this little child. They’d have to care of his physical, emotional, and economic needs.

As Eddie admired his newborn son, the vague memories of his abusive childhood with careless parents slipped away. As it was, Eddie seldom recollected his childhood as they were memories he prefers not recount. He’d do his best to try and erase the vicious beatings and absentee of a mother along with the many scars he procured. He was very young when he ventured far from home, trying to discover the world; to be free and independent. But, deep down, the reality was that he only wanted to be needed and appreciated and…loved.

“Eddie, we love you.” The symbiote purred, protruding further out of his partner’s shoulder, stretching several limbs down Eddie’s neck and chest and forming a thick, loving mantle that emulated a hug.

Since the two shared a connection, the alien could feel the anguish practically emanating from his lover. Venom knew Eddie had his unpleasant memories and that the journalist did his best to shield them behind an emotional wall he had struggled to build over the years. Rarely, did Eddie’s unpleasant memories resurface…until today.

“I know honey.” Eddie couldn’t help but smile at Venom’s comfort and compassion. He caressed the symbiote’s face, resting their foreheads together. “I know you love me and that you love Sleeper, too. It’s just feels so unreal yet so incredible that we’re parents. I’m afraid that I’m going to be horrible at this.”

“We are not your parents,” Venom concurred, delicately stretching one of his limbs into the bassinet and stroking the baby’s hand. “We love him and he loves us, we can feel it.”

“Maybe we’ll be different.” Eddie released Venom's face to caress the baby's cheek, smiling at the warmth resonating off the child’s face. “I know we're not perfect, but we'll try. Will you help me, V? Will you help me to not forget that we can with this?”

“We promise, Eddie. We will always remind you that we can do this.” Venom smiled widely, revealing rows of his sharp teeth while he released pleasant hormones, hoping to uplift Eddie’s spirits. Both were still adjusting to the whirlwind of hormones from childbirth.

“Thanks, sweetie.”

“We can do this with him and with more babies, too.”

Eddie winced at the thought of going through labor delivery again. What were emotions of melancholy had immediately morphed into pure terror. “Sleeper’s barely twenty-four hours old and you’re already thinking about having more babies!”
“Eddie, you will be okay with it when the time is right,” Venom responded, tapping his forehead against Eddie’s. The symbiote was certain Eddie would change his mind later on.

“There will be no more babies, not now, not ever,” Eddie stated adamantly. There was no way in hell he was going through that pain again. Eddie pointed an accusatory finger at Venom before gesturing to the bathroom. “Now, help me take a bath.”

The journalist wondered if Venom brought up that little idea to distract Eddie from the anguish of his past or if the symbiote was truly serious about wanting more children. Whatever the case, Eddie was adamant. No more children. That was final.

At this point, Eddie knew that he was exhausted to the point that he didn’t even want to shower but it was necessary. They needed to rid themselves of all traces of childbirth. Eddie still had dried blood between his legs and they needed to give Sleeper a proper bath, too. The weather was cooling down and the baby couldn’t stay in a towel. He needed proper clothes to stay warm.

Eddie had the idea of doing everything at once. He figured he could clean himself and Sleeper so that sleep could happen sooner rather than later. He disappeared into the private bathroom and grabbed the little baby bag, taking out a small towel, baby soap, a diaper, and a fleece onesie. He let the water run in the bath, occasionally checking the temperature to make sure it wasn’t too hot for his son’s fresh skin.

Eddie padded back out to the bedroom and left everything on the bed save for the baby soap and towel. He gently scooped Sleeper into his arms and removed the soiled towel and diaper and cradled him close. He entered the bathroom again and with Venom’s assistance, he stripped out of his own clothes before stepping into the warm water, Sleeper curling closer to Eddie’s chest.

“He’s awake,” Venom announced, noticing the infant had opened his eyes, curious to the unfamiliar sounds of the running shower. Little splashes had sprinkled along Sleeper’s back and the foreign feeling made the infant uncomfortable that the baby scrunched his little face before he started crying.

“Shh, shh, it’s alright,” Eddie cooed to his son as he rubbed his back. “We’re going to get you cleaned up and dried off.” The water must have been unpleasant to Sleeper as Venom could sense it and shielded his tiny back with his skin like a black cloak.

Sleeper shuddered inside the black cloak his father had created, writhing a couple of times before he started crying more. While Venom held their son with his makeshift blanket of black limbs, Eddie quickly finished bathing himself. Sleeper only cried louder and Eddie feared that Anne and Dan would come rushing in if they didn’t settle their son down.

“He’s really upset.” It was relatively easy for the symbiote to capture the basic emotions of their son just by touching him. “Hurry, Eddie.”

“I’m finished, I’m finished,” Eddie quickly said, grabbing the baby’s towel and taking hold of their son. He made sure Sleeper wasn’t directly in the spray of the water as he started cleaning his son. “Shh, I’ll be quick, little one.”

“All done!” Eddie chirped, smiling triumphantly at his work. “Now we’re clean.”

“Eddie, we’re dirty.”
“Where…” Eddie sighed heavily when he saw part of his chest and stomach dripping with lines of pearly liquid. The shrill cry from Sleeper must have triggered a natural reaction in Eddie’s body having it believe that their son was crying for food and Eddie’s body had the answer. Silently, Eddie held their son closer, rocking him a little and bringing him to his chest. He knew there’d be only one way to keep Sleeper quiet and Eddie trusted Venom to hold him while Eddie rinsed his body off again.

It wasn’t easy to maneuver with a child clinging to his chest and no intention on letting go. So, here Eddie was, sitting on the bed, sopping wet with nothing but a towel around his waist and shivering while Venom assisted in getting the baby diapered and in his onesie. This was another thing that Eddie had to accept; his time was not his own anymore. Sleeper would demand attention without limits and the parents wouldn’t have any other choice but cater to their son’s every need.

“Honey, I’m cold, I need to get dressed,” Eddie said after a moment, pulling Sleeper from his nipple when there wasn’t anymore milk and frowned when he started crying again.

“He’s still hungry, Eddie.”

“He’s not going to be appeased easily,” Eddie sighed.

“We told you that your metabolism is faster than that of a human’s. You need more nutrients in order to supplement Sleeper.”

“Then we’ll have to buy baby formula,” Eddie argued, switching Sleeper to his other nipple and sighing in relief when the baby latched on and fed eagerly.

“Baby formula is not necessary. Our body is frantically working to adjust to the caloric level of milk needed to provide for Sleeper. Soon, it will be fine, but right now we need to increase our meals. We need more protein, Eddie.”

“It’s impossible to go look for that kind of protein, V,” Eddie said doubtfully. “Plus, we can’t go hunting for a while. Not with Sleeper so young. It’s too risky for a baby to out on the streets at night.”

“Will we eat more substitutes?”

Eddie smiled. “Yes, darling, we’ll eat more substitutes.”

“We miss the pleasant taste of brains, liver, and pancreas.”

Eddie could feel the undeniable craving for food as his mouth began to salivate from Venom recounting his “favorite foods.” With their connection, whatever Venom felt or craved for, well, so did Eddie.

“Ahh, hey, little one, easy there,” Eddie gasped when he felt Sleeper suck harder with desperation, influenced by the feelings of hunger his parents emitted. “You won’t run out of food. We’ll make sure you don’t.”

“He perceives all of our emotions and anything that happens chemically with our body, Eddie,” Venom explained.

“I’ll admit, I’m a little scared of what’s to come with Sleeper’s abilities. If he can control me, who’s to say what he’ll be able to do to other people. He’ll become a manipulator.” Eddie gave a long sigh and watched his son feed.
“We will teach him the good and the bad, just as we learned. He will only eat bad guys!” Venom exclaimed, clearly excited to teach their son how to properly hunt and who to befriend.

Eddie’s eyes widened in horror. He couldn’t picture his son eating other humans. “He will not eat anyone, good or bad! He will not become a cannibal. He will eat like a normal human.”

“He needs the proper nutrients, Eddie. He is part symbiote. His body asks for it.”

“One step at a time, Honey,” Eddie chuckled. “I am still processing how to feed him without dying. When he gets older, we’ll think on how to feed him then.” Their discussion promptly ended when the cold from Eddie still being in nothing but a towel caused him to tremble and Sleeper continued to eat happily, clearly undeterred by his father’s movements.

“We’ll hold Sleeper while you get dressed,” Venom volunteered.

Eddie watched the symbiote use his limbs to secure the baby close to his chest and Eddie smiled at him gratefully as he finished drying himself. The journalist had a dull ache in his lower back and thighs, something similar to what one would feel after a strenuous workout. In a way, he figured pushing out a kid was a strenuous workout. Eddie didn’t pay much attention to his son still sucking at his nipple as he carefully stepped into his underwear and a pair of pajama pants. He figured he could stay shirtless until Sleeper satiated his appetite.

“It looks like we drugged him, V, look at his face. He’s a happier than a fat kid who ate cake,” Eddie joked, gesturing to Sleeper’s face who had fallen asleep, little dribbles of milk hanging from his mouth.

Venom and Eddie ended up lying on the bed with Sleeper soundly on Eddie’s chest as the patted his back to burp him. Eddie couldn’t fight the impending sleep, his body truly exhausted now that he was comfortable and content. Even the hunger that would force Eddie out of bed was slowly losing its battle.

“Go to sleep, love. We will take care of Sleeper,” Venom encouraged, his black limbs curling around Sleeper and lifting him off his chest to set him next to Eddie.

“I’ll sleep for a little bit, then we should eat something,” Eddie babbled, eyes heavy with fatigue as he felt the symbiote expand over his neck, chest, and belly like a security blanket. He did the same for Sleeper, making sure his lover and son were comfortable and could properly rest.

While Eddie and their baby slept, Venom remained huddled between them, like a faithful dog lying at the foot of his owner’s bed, waiting patiently for them to wake up. He listened to the rhythmic breathing of both, noticing how their son’s heart beat faster than Eddie’s and the small, little suctioning sounds from the makeshift pacifier provided by one of Venom’s limbs.

On their planet, symbiotes communicated with each other through touching and transmitting thoughts and chemicals. It was something that was easily achieved immediately after birth but symbiotes never stayed with their offspring long enough to communicate or understand their young. All this was new to Venom. This intensifying ability to understand the subtle emotional and chemical changes of their child made the alien feel proud. He was able to determine when Sleeper was hungry, angry, or happy, though he did not get feedback on it—it was still one sided.

Perhaps the symbiote side of their son was still too immature to understand that he could also respond. Venom figured Sleeper would have time to understand both Venom and Eddie would help him understand. Venom was excited to be able to teach Sleeper his genetic inheritance when he was
old enough. The alien would be able to teach his son the ways of the symbiotes. Maybe not the hunting aspect as Eddie practically had a conniption at the thought of their son consuming humans, but other ways of Venom’s kind such as taking a less human form.

It seemed like just yesterday, Sleeper was only a mass of amorphous cells that fought between being human and being a symbiote in Eddie’s womb. It had only taken Sleeper a month after conception to conform to his human side, but Venom sensed the baby had a symbiote side as well. Whenever Sleeper dealt with emotions, whether it be his own or his parents, his genetics definitely leaned toward his symbiote father’s. Especially when his life was in danger, their son had that incredible ability to pull them out of harm’s way.

Eddie startled awake from Venom practically shouting his name in his mind. The room was dark by the time Eddie’s eyes adjusted to his surroundings and found Venom holding Sleeper. Eddie made a move to scoop him up but the symbiote had the situation contained, keeping protective limbs wrapped around the baby.

“Eddie, the baby’s melting.” “What the hell? Melting?” Either Venom was confused or Eddie was still half awake. His symbiote wasn’t making any sense. “Venom, what do you mean?”

“Eddie, he’s melting. His symbiote part is coming out.” Finally, Venom released his limbs revealing their son covered in black goo that seeped through his clothes to Eddie. “Look!”

Riddled with nerves, Eddie quickly turned on the small lamp on the bedside table. The amount of anguish in Venom’s voice was worrisome and it took everything in Eddie’s power not to panic. His face went through a range of emotions before it conformed to one of confusion and then realization.

“V, honey, calm down. Sleeper isn’t melting.” Eddie put his hand to his face and rubbed his eyes before carefully getting out of bed. “Sleeper is dirty. We didn’t put his diaper on right and used the bathroom on himself.”

“That can’t be human shit! It’s black. Yours is not black.”

“Good God…” Eddie sighed tiredly, more exhausted now that he was woken from a deep sleep as he rummaged through the baby bag and retrieved a new onesie with a diaper and wipes. “I don’t know why it’s black, but we don’t need to get upset.”

“Call Dan! He is a human doctor! It cannot be normal that the poop is black! This seems very bad,” Venom exclaimed, pointing with one of his extremities to the black spot on the sheets and smeared on their baby’s bottom.

“You’re not going to stop freaking out until we go see Dan,” Eddie moaned in defeat. If this mystery wasn’t solved by a medical professional, Eddie wouldn’t hear the end of it from Venom. Eddie knew that Sleeper only defecated but Venom was certain it was more than bodily waste.

Without further incident, Venom scooped the baby up in his black limbs, ignoring Eddie’s protests to at least clean him up first before the symbiote took control of the journalist’s body and whisked him out of the room and down the hall to Anne and Dan’s bedroom.

“At least knock on the door, V, we don’t know if they’re asleep,” Eddie argued, not wanting to interrupt Anne and Dan if they were engaged in an intimate moment.

Venom obliged, knocking on the door with another of his limbs while another rocked Sleeper who had been startled awake from the mini fit of one of his father’s hysteria. When Anne opened the door, she was greeted by a disheveled Eddie with a haggard face, Venom’s limbs creating a type of
cocoon holding Sleeper and a floating head anxiously extended from Eddie’s neck.

“What’s going on?” Anne asked, stepping aside to let him in.

“Eddie?” Dan chimed in, slowly getting out of bed upon seeing the journalist and symbiote enter.

“The baby’s poop is black!” Venom growled in an anguished tone.

Anne quirked a brow and gave her husband and confused look. “What?”

Eddie sighed, clearly too exhausted for all this. “The baby made a mess and the poop is black. Venom is freaking out and I need you to tell us whether or not it’s normal. I don’t know anything about this.” Despite his exhaustion, Eddie was fighting his own anxiety attack as Venom’s anguish was flowing through his own mind and emotions. Trying to calm the symbiote down wasn’t working and now his son was crying and still dirty. Was he already failing as a parent? “All I’ve done is breastfeed him. Did I do something wrong? Why would his poop be black?”

Dan finally got out of bed and stood by Anne, putting his hands out as if he was trying to calm a cornered animal. “Alright, everyone, let’s calm down. He patted Eddie’s bare shoulder, noticing Eddie’s stressed features. “The baby is fine. You’ve done nothing wrong; Eddie. He’s only made his first bowel movement. Babies’ first bowel movements are usually black and looks like sticky tar.”

“So, there is nothing wrong?” Venom commented.

“That’s right, Venom.” Dan nodded. “There’s nothing wrong with the baby. Perhaps, his bowel movements will be black for a couple of days and then turn another color.”

“I’m so sorry for all this mayhem. I feel silly for making a scene,” Eddie apologized. Eddie took the baby from Venom’s tendrils, cradling him in his arms and held his son close. He didn’t care if he was dirty. He had the sudden urge to have his son close; make sure he was safe and out of harm’s way. Even if it from a slight anxiety attack.

Dan smiled and waved Eddie off. “It’s no problem, Eddie. I think it’s better if I examine the baby and then talk to you and Venom about some thing you may not be familiar with. That way, you’ll be aware of what a baby usually does in the first few months and avoid these little scares.”

“That seems reasonable,” Eddie agreed, Venom nodding next to him. “Let me just clean him up and then you can examine him. It’ll be nice to know more curiosities and other information about newborn babies.”

“That’s some new information, Eddie. Human shit comes in various colors.”

To be continued…

Well, I have returned and full of more energy! I’ve decided to leave this story in Nobis so that we do not lose the thread of everything. In addition to new readers so they don’t get lost. I also want to thank you for your patience and for the messages of support that I have received, especially after recent events in Venezuela. I hope you all like the new chapter and I will show how Eddie and Venom face the new roles as parents. As those who are parents may know, it is not easy but still full of love! ENJOY!
Let Us Help

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 12

Let Us Help

Cleaning up the mess of a baby’s first dirty diaper isn’t as easy as one would make it seem. The pair of new parents had to deal with an irate Sleeper for being dirty, uncomfortable, and hungry; a triad that would make any infant moody. Poor Sleeper would not stop crying while Eddie did his best to clean his son of the black stuff that looked like sticky tar. First, he tried the traditional wet wipes, but after wipe number ten, Eddie realized he was getting nowhere. In the end, Eddie discovered warm water and a small cloth was the most effective.

“Almost done, little one, I’m going as fast as I can,” Eddie comforted his son in whispered, trying to remove the last of the waste from the baby’s back, praying that their son didn’t have another blowout.

“He’s very upset and hungry.”

Venom observed Eddie’s movements in the way he cleaned their son, learning on the fly as the alien was interested in being useful. It seemed paramount to learn quickly on how to handle the peculiarities of human babies. Venom could sense Eddie’s body screaming for a few hours of sleep as Eddie worked awkwardly and slowly in cleaning the baby.

The symbiote remembered the he had seen Eddie act in a similar way when he was awake for forty-eight hours straight trying to get a report completed. Sleep deprivation was not Eddie’s strong suit and Venom wished he could take control of his host’s body so he could watch over Sleeper for a few hours while Eddie slept.

Adding to the lack of sleep, Venom sensed anew instinct that ran through his host’s mind. It was quite basic but powerful; an instinct that bubbled and grew every time they fed the baby or heard him cry. That instinct was the equivalent of Venom sensing danger and wanting to rectify the situation immediately. Whenever Sleeper cried, Eddie’s basic instinct was to silence his cries immediately and make sure their baby was always content. In attempt to settle Sleeper, Venom stretched one of his tentacles out of Eddie’s shoulder and over to Sleeper’s mouth where the maybe took hold of immediately and started sucking like a makeshift pacifier.

“Perfect.”

Eddie smiled gratefully when Sleeper immediately settled, but the joy only lasted a minute when the baby sensed the makeshift pacifier was not providing what he desired most. No matter how much he sucked, the outcome was against his favor. Eventually, Sleeper got fed up and yanked the tentacle away with so much force it caused Venom to recoil.

“He just bit us, Eddie.”

Eddie laughed. “Don’t be so paranoid. He doesn’t have teeth yet, trust me, I’d know.” Eddie managed to get Sleeper in a clean diaper after checking obsessively a few times that their son didn’t make another mess.
“Sleeper knows he can be rougher with me than you.”

“Oh, my God, V, he’s a baby,” Eddie continued to laugh. “He works for basic needs.”

Eddie decided to ignore the issue and wrapped Sleeper in a thick blanket before putting on his own clothes. He didn’t have time to focus on himself when Sleeper had a blowout and needed to make himself decent so Dan could come in and examine them. Without much thought, Eddie sat in the small chair located by the front of the bed, holding their baby close as he yawned widely. The journalist was properly exhausted and did his best not to fall asleep. He began to calculate with great sadness the hours of sleep that would never return.

Among his ramblings, he felt the sudden strong grip of his baby latching onto his chest. Fear coursed through his body as he remembered Venom’s comment about the bite Sleeper had given him earlier was molded into Eddie’s brain and he was struck by the fact that Sleeper had an unexpected force and the journalist feared for his poor nipples.

“He will not.”

“You’re not reading my thoughts like that, V!” Eddie startled in the chair when he heard his lover’s voice in the back of his mind, interrupting his concentration.

“Eddie, our child is something new to us. We do not know exactly where his human part ends and where his symbiote part begins.”

“Well, for me, he’s a normal aby who is just annoyed and hungry,” Eddie remarked, trying to convince himself as he stroked Sleeper’s little hand as held the baby comfortably against his chest.

“He’s careful with you. He always has been, even when he was inside us. He instinctively knows you are the weakest part of us.”

Eddie blanched. “Did you just call me weak?”

“You are human. You are fragile and gentle unlike us symbiotes.”

Eddie closed his eyes, giving a long and loud breath through his nose as if he was drowning in the unpleasant comment. “Right, I’m the fucking weak part that helped deliver your son and is trying his damnest not to send you to hell right now. Perhaps I’m just too tired that I’m only hearing stupid things come from you.”

Venom felt his host tense every muscle in his body as he spoke; his jaw, his arms and hands, even his abdominal muscles. Every muscle seemed to react in a cascade which were not bad in a sense, but even the hormones were out of control in Eddie’s bloodstream that prompted the fight of the century.

“Eddie…”

“Don’t speak.”

“We are tired and unstable.”

“We’re Oh, now you include yourself but just not the weak part of the matter!”

The symbiote fell silent as he began to sprout little by little through the legs of his host, taking his most humanized form until he was bowing in front of his lover and staring at him with his iridescent
“Eddie misunderstood our words. The weakness that our son perceives is merely of a kind.”

Venom moved a little closer, joining his forehead with that of his host, feeling how warm and pleasant the human body was. Venom perceived with great intensity the knot that began to tighten in Eddie’s throat and the anxiety and annoyance mixed with anger and the rest of the hormones that accommodated postpartum. All those emotions made Venom feel uncomfortable for awakening them, especially at a time like this.

“Eddie is the strongest human being that exists. He showed us this by bringing Sleeper into the world,” Venom murmured, moving his large hand to cradle the baby’s head and stroking him gently. “We admire Eddie.”

“You’re just a parasite looking for forgiveness,” Eddie spat, moving his head away from Venom’s face as much as he could. “I don’t need your reassurance. I know I’m not weak. I’m just fucking tired right now and don’t feel like listening to you.”

“We will sleep after we feed him.”

“I will try to sleep. You, on the other hand, does not need it,” Eddie mumbled coldly, ignoring how the symbiote began to caress his shoulders, trying to send his regret through the sensations and into the depths of his mind.

“If you do not sleep, we cannot be well. We are one, Eddie.”

The journalist decided to remain quiet. At that moment, he preferred to concentrate all his attention on Sleeper, ignoring every attempt from the symbiote to repair the damage caused by his comment.

“Eddie, we will take control when you sleep. You need to rest. We will take care of our baby.”

“You will not.”

“Sleeper will not give us more than an hour of sleep. We can take care of him at night. When you wake up, we will feel better and we can move on.”

“No, you will not make me feel even more useless than what you are already achieving. I can take care of my son just fine without your help! Millions of women have done it for thousands of years. So, if they can do it, so can I. I don’t need nor want your compassion.”

“You cannot do this alone, Eddie. Our body is exhausted. Let us help.”

“Venom is right.”

The voice that interrupted their discussion belonged to Anne who was standing in the doorway. Anne had unintentionally stumbled upon their argument. She had meant to bring Eddie something to eat and caught the new parents arguing about Eddie’s competency in raising Sleeper. She set the tray of food on the nearby desk, ignoring the gazes that bore into her from Venom and Eddie.

“Women aren’t miracle workers,” Anne chimed in. “We are just as human as you are, or as anyone who has not slept for more than twenty-four hours. Women are just as exhausted as you feel taking care of a newborn.” Anne scanned the room and noticed the pile of dirty clothes from when Sleeper made a mess as well as the dirty diaper still lying on the soiled sheets. The woman felt that she should collaborate more with the new parents and gathered up the stained materials. “You’re not
Anne stared gravely at the scene before her; Eddie sitting in the small chair, looking tired and face haggard. She noticed the worn grey sweatshirt that was raised to allow Sleeper to feed while a large black alien was kneeling at Eddie’s feet and guarding the new parent. Both symbiote and journalist looked properly beat.

“You’re just a new tired mom who doesn’t know how to ask for help without feeling useless,” Anne commented, smiling tenderly at the two before she left the room with the dirtied laundry.

“That was weird.”

“Eddie, what is a mom?”

“Huh?” Eddie’s mind was still reeling from Anne’s sudden speech.

“Anne called us a new mom.”

“I’m not a mom,” Eddie grumbled indignantly, hearing that term for the first time in his situation.

“And what is a mom?” The symbiote questioned again, the curiosity only intensifying as he felt his host’s memories swirl with feelings of shame and doubt.

Eddie sighed heavily, trying to his best to ignore the question until he heard Sleeper’s moans as the boy had stopped eating and struggled to get his daddy’s attention. It was like a reflex working on autopilot hearing Sleeper’s sounds as the journalist lifted him up to his shoulder and gave him little pats on the back to get him to burp. Once he heard Sleeper burp, he placed him back in his arm so he can feed again and it was such an automatic response, that he stared down at his son in horror.

“Shit, I am a mom.”

“So, a mom is the one who cares and feeds a human baby. Because that is what we are doing right now.” Venom stared closed at his host’s expression, wanting to refute his words but at the same time deciding against it as the alien was confused about the thoughts that ran through Eddie’s mind.

“I don’t know how a mother behaves,” Eddie spoke up. “I didn’t really know mine. I just want us to be good parents for Sleeper.”

“That includes letting us help you, Eddie.”

In an instant, the symbiote moved some of his limbs over to the tray full of food and took a handful of cookies. Eddie was expecting his lover to devour the entire tray in one bite but was caught off guard when the symbiote put the cookies in his large hand and displayed them in front of Eddie.

“Eddie needs to eat.”

“You are a persistent yet loving wretch.”

Eddie felt his cheeks burn hot with a blush at the small act of selflessness. In addition, he felt the tenderness and cheesiness of the situation.

“Eddie loves us, and we love Eddie. He only says parasite when he’s upset and tired.”

Since Venom’s right hand was full of cookies, he used his left hand to curl around the nape of
Eddie’s neck and bring their lips together, kissing his human with a tender embrace—nothing daring or leading to anything more. The symbiote just wanted to make peace with his lover.

Eddie had no choice but to forgive his alien. There was no way to refute the peace offering made with the tender kiss and food. The journalist knew that whenever Venom put something before his food needs, the matter was serious. After some pampering and a pious look from Eddie, Venom began to eat, sharing everything on the tray though the food would end up in the same place. It was the gesture of Venom wanting to help his host and “mother” of his son while he was still feeding Sleeper.

Eddie was absolutely famished that the journalist didn’t refuse a single bite, eating everything Venom brought to his mouth as if it were a picnic for two cloying lovers. By the time Eddie devoured the last bite of his sandwich, there were a couple taps at the door before Dan announced his arrival.

“Ready?” the doctor asked as he poked his head into the room, remembering how protective the symbiote was of Eddie and their child.

“Almost,” Eddie responded, glancing down at the sleepy face of his son.

With great care not wake his son, he cleaned the milk driblets off Sleeper’s mouth and carefully got up from the chair while the symbiote retreated into Eddie’s body until he was a small black mass protruding from Eddie’s left shoulder, leaving his right for Sleeper to rest against. Venom was slowly beginning to understand the feeding patterns and the things that should be done to ensure their baby was well, which included gently beating on the baby’s back. But, for what purpose? If Venom didn’t figure it out soon, he would ask Eddie why there was a ritual of tapping his back after every time Sleeper was fed.

“Thanks for the food,” Eddie commented, glancing at the empty tray and satisfied with everything they managed to eat.

“It’s nothing,” Dan replied, waving off Eddie’s gratitude. “Anne told me you two hadn’t eaten anything decent all day.” The doctor glanced down at the baby sleeping soundly in his father’s arms. “I think it’s best we start checking the baby.”

“What will you do to Sleeper?” Venom asked as he materialized further out of Eddie’s shoulder and meandered anxiously.

“Sleeper? So you’ve named him,” Dan commented. The doctor thought the name seemed a bit exotic but tender for a child.

“Yes, that’s his name,” Eddie chimed in.

An awkward silence settled in the room as Dan realized that the couple was anxious about Sleeper’s examination. Eddie was reluctant to let go of the baby, and Venom seemed on alert, face full of teeth as he stared at the doctor. Both symbiote and journalist were working on instinct, their unity causing an extreme surge of protection and defensiveness.

“Just so we’re all clear, this will only be a small medical check-up; nothing that will hurt your child,” Dan assured. “And after that, I will leave you alone so you can sleep. Eddie, you are exhausted.”

Eddie nodded without hesitation, Dan sighing in relief as he placed the two prongs of the stethoscope into his ears as he instructed Eddie to sit on the bed and leave the child on top of it.

“He’s asleep,” Eddie remarked, placing the baby carefully on the bed as Dan indicated as he felt anxious knowing that someone else would touch his son. No one had touched Sleeper save for
Venom since he was born.

“I’ll try not to wake him,” Dan responded with a genuine smile. “I’m not a pediatrician but he’s a human baby, so I’ll be able to check his general vitals.”

“Our son is not completely human,” The symbiote spoke sharply, observing every tiny movement the doctor made.

“I know, Venom. At least on the ultrasound, he appeared human.”

Dan turned his attention to the baby, peeling the blanket back to watch more closely. He began surveying Sleeper’s skin, making sure it was a healthy shade of pink and not yellowish which would indicate jaundice. He examined the way the umbilical cord was cut, remembering the little anecdote of how the symbiote ate the placenta so surely he must have cut the cord as well. With the knowledge of that, it gave Dan some fear that an infection might occur.

“What did you use to cut the cord?”

Eddie made a face. “Well, Venom bit off the cord.”

“We are made to eat everything with a single bite. It was a perfect bite.”

Dan couldn’t really comment on the response as he had no way of deciding whether or not it was wrong or right. He would just have to watch the way the cord healed until it fell. The doctor preferred to continue his work, touching sleeper’s stomach with gentle care, looking for bulges or any other abnormalities. He listened to his heart and lungs, smiling at the way the baby remained asleep despite the doctor’s examination.

“All done. Everything checks out, though I recommend that you look for a pediatrician as he’s going to need vaccinations and regular appointments.”

“We’ll discuss that when the time comes,” was Eddie’s retort. He wasn’t ready to expose his son to the world and to other people. He wasn’t sure how strangers would react to Sleeper’s genetic makeup let alone the baby in general. He would never put Sleeper at risk.

“He’ll be fine, Eddie,” Dan reassured. He didn’t need Eddie to voice his concern to understand the true fear about their child.

“Anything else we should know?” Eddie asked, scooping the child back into his arms, trying to change the subject.

“The main you’ll notice is Sleeper losing weight. All babies lose some weight a few days after birth. The best we can do is monitor him and make sure he eats well. If you’re not producing enough milk, you can always buy baby formula. I’ll find out some good brands.”

“Our son does not need those things. Eddie has enough milk to feed him well.”

And that was another issue poor Eddie had to discuss with his partner. Venom had a tendency of having no filter when it came to Eddie’s “maternal work.” Luckily, Dan seemed much more adapted to Eddie’s condition with having an alien reside in his body who so happened to aid in conceiving a child with him. It wasn’t every day that your wife’s ex internally housed an alien species and made a hybrid family. Dan had learned to silently observe the way Venom would touch and help Eddie with things he never imagined possible. Knowing more detail about Eddie’s body and the way it conformed to supply nutrients for a child was quite interesting.
The doctor had decided that he had intervened enough and left the new parents be. He reminded them that he and Anne were available if they needed assistance before exiting the room. In the end, the couple retreated back to bed, but Venom didn’t let Eddie sleep like usual. Instead, Venom materialized out of Eddie, taking on his strong humanized figure that occupied most of the bed and lay beside him.

“Do you intend to stay all night in that form, honey?” Eddie asked curiously with an amused expression.

“As we said, Eddie needs to sleep. We will take care of Sleeper.” Without another word, Venom lifted the baby from the bed with his large hands and placed it on his oversized chest. Sleeper stirred in Venom’s arms before giving a small yawn and going back to sleep.

“I don’t want to sound like a distrusting person, but are you sure you can do this?” Eddie asked, stroking their son’s back as, noticing the significant size between the baby and his symbiote parent.

“We have paid a lot of attention to everything we do with him.”

“Hmm,” Eddie hummed. “I’m not sure I’ll let you control my body so you can take care of Sleeper, but I’ll let you wake me up at least after feeding him just to make sure he’s okay and then I’ll go back to sleep. Sound like a plan?” Eddie smiled softly, feeling the pleasant feeling flowing between them; more calm without tension that had resonated a while ago.

“Eddie trusts us.” The symbiote stretched his huge arm making his partner curl up to so he’d have a better view of their sleeping son.

“I already told you I did, V, you know that.”

“We like the feel of our whole body vibrating when you say it. It feels warm and pleasant; intimate. It’s like…”

“It’s love, honey. That is love.”

“We love Eddie. We will always be united and when you’re gone, I will follow. I do not want another host or more beings in this universe. I just want be here, with you and Sleeper.” Venom tightened his hold around Eddie, letting him feel his decision. “Eddie, you are crying.”

“It’s the stupid hormones,” Eddie sniffled, frantically wiping his tears away. “But I am on the same path, V. I do not want anyone else in this life. I am nothing without you. You are all I need. Nothing else is needed for us to be well.”

“We will be fine, Eddie. We have each other.”

To be continued…

Oh, God, it was so hard to make this chapter. It’s always the chapters that are connectors between events that I fight with. Regardless, I did enjoy the hormonal drama between Eddie and Venom because that’s how it feels when you’re a new parent. Everything is so confusing and uncomfortable and strange in the beginning.

But now, we get to see how Eddie goes back to his working life all whilst managing the life of parenthood. We also get to see how Venom wants to be as useful as possible. I will admit, toward the end of the chapter it became super fluffy but that’s all part of it! Thanks again for your patience as well as the comments and kudos! I bid you all a goodbye until next time when I bring you the
next chapter!

XOXO -Ilitia

Chapter End Notes

I leave the corresponding illustration of this chapter, enjoy it.
https://twitter.com/IlitiaForever/status/1132645542578802688

End Notes

+ It will be explained little by little as the beautiful miracle of Venom happened in Eddie.
+ I’m not a genius to give a reasonable explanation, I’m having fun with this, and by the way, if we’re already here reading alien fics having sex with humans, believe me that asking for more logical explanations is silly…
+ It will be a short story, I will not dwell much on the chapies, as well as pomegranate-rich mpreg with its illustration included.
+ I love the interactions of Venom and Eddie in the comics, so I made a strange mix between the way of being in the movie and the comics.
+ More doubts? I also have them, I still do not know how I got into this mess but I like it.
my art symbrock: http://ilitiaforever.tumblr.com/

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!