When she raised the window, in-flu-Enza.

Summary

After not hearing from Spider-Man Noir for a few days, Peter Porker goes to check on him, only to find him dangerously ill.

EDIT: now marked as complete!

Notes

[B]eter [B]arker-Peter Parker
Danger Days-Peni Parker
Mo Money Mo Morales-Miles
Peter B. Parker-Noir
Hamburgler-Peter Porker
Chapter 1

It started out as a small tickle in the back of his throat, a mild ache behind his eyes; annoying but not dangerous. Peter resolved to simply ignore it, and returned to punching nazis in the face. Soon though, he realised, that this was more serious than its first appeared; the next day Peter woke up shaking, his chest feeling as though a vice was slowly crushing it. Fumbling on the nightstand for his glasses, his normally sure hands shook and his vision blurred, until he managed to recover his glasses. Frighteningly, his vision remained blurred and twisted, the room continuing to spin and distort itself.

"This isn't good" Peter croaked, the monochrome room fading in and out of focus as he tried to sit up. Letting out a deep breath, he managed to stumble into his feet and into the kitchen, reaching for the "phone" he'd left on the side, a gift from the alternate universe him, which allowed him to communicate across dimensions.

Before he could grab the device, a wave of vertigo engulfed him; his vision fading in and out before fading to black. Peter felt his body loose its strength before hitting the floor, the tile cool against his feverish skin.

"I'll just...lay here for a while" he thought, before passing out entirely.

Peter Porker was having an alright day if he said so himself. He'd fought a horse in a hospital, preventing it from trampling all the little babies in the incubators, and had had time to even go and get himself a delicious sandwich. A buzzing noise interrupted his sandwich eating, and he pulled out the phone, which had a new message.

From: Peter B. Parker (Noir)
Hwkl !..///

Porker squinted and shook his head slightly, before pulling off a glove and typing a reply.

To: Peter B. Parker (Noir)
Take off your gloves :8P

Peter waited for a few minutes, but there was no reply.

"Hm, must have accidentally 'butt dialed'" he mused, put his phone back into the pocket of his suit and pulled his glove back on, before swinging off into the city. However, a note of worry wouldn't leave his mind.

Later that evening, the hero known as Spider-Ham pulled out his phone once more and checked his messages. None from Noir, but the "group chat" as the kids called it was active.

User [Danger Days] has changed the chat name to "It is Wednesday My Dudes !"

Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: AAAAAAAA
Mo' Money Mo' Morales: AAAAA
Danger Days: AAAAAAABBBBBBBB

[ B]eter  [ B]  [ B]arker: why
[B]eter [B]arker: why are you like this

Hamburgler: hey gang is it bully Peter time again?

Danger Days: Yes

Mo Money Mo Morales: it is always bully peter time here

[B]eter [B]arker: I can't believe you found my old vine account. I TEaCH YOU MY SECRETS AND RHIS OS HOW IM REPAYED. Betrayal :'(

Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: f

Hamburgler: haha

Hamburgler: off topic but has anyone herd from Noir? he sent me an odd message earlier and i havent heard from him.

Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: an Odd Message you say ',;3

Hamburgler: :8/

[B]eter [B]arker: I haven't heard from him in a few days actually,,, I assumed he was busy tbh

Mo Money Mo Morales: same tbh

Danger Days: we talked Day b4 ystreday

Danger Days: he seemed ok ^.^

Hamburgler: if he's not replied by tomorrow should we go check on him?

[B]eter [B]arker: I was about to suggest doing that

Mo Money Mo Morales: ugh I have school >:(

Danger Days: im busy 2 :'(

Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: I have a ballet recital :/

Danger Days: oh cool!!!!!!! gl!!!!

Peter closed the app after wishing Gwen luck and sighed through his nose. Ever since his first encounter with the monochrome man he's been unable to stop his thoughts drifting to him... his chiselled jawline, his adorable confusion at the rubik's cube- snap out of it! Ham shook his head to shake off his thoughts and went to go have a nap...

The next day, Peter couldn't help but think of Noir and worry. Noir was usually quick to reply to messages, and had never accidentally sent a random message like that before.

These thoughts plagued his mind until after his patrol, when he pulled out his phone to check his messages once more. Still none from Noir, so he opened up the group chat.

Hamburgler: hey

Hamburgler: still no reply :8(
Ham greeted Peter B. with a grin as he exited the portal and bounded over to give the man a hug before perching on his shoulder like a parrot.

“Hey Pete! Glad you’re coming with me!” Porker said, he then pulled a comically oversized map out, and scoured over it for a second, before showing Peter a large red X marked on the paper, with a dotted line leading to it. No other landmarks were shown on the “map”.

“I...Have no idea what this is.” Peter said deadpan after staring silently at the map for an eon.

“Its a map!” “No I can see its a map, it just–” Peter stopped for a second and considered the reality of his situation, before deciding he just didn't care enough to argue it. “Okay you navigate I’ll swing”

Ham nodded his agreement before pointing seemingly at random into the fog, and Peter quickly shot out a web before jumping off the building into the ever present fog of Noir’s dimension.

Peter quickly became disoriented in the fog, although Ham seemed to be able to direct him with ease, and soon the arrived on a rooftop across from a nondescript apartment building.

The building, although grey like everything else, seemed to be covered in a layer of dirt and grime. The windows were dirty and opaque with dust, a few looked as though an attempt had been made at cleaning them, but this just seemed to have smeared the mess around, leaving them streaky and just as bad as before. The outside brick was decorated with a smattering of bullet holes and nearby, a suspicious puddle of something black stained the wall and pavement. In the distance, a dog howled, and gunshots sounded.

“Well...This is cheerful.” Peter remarked “Do you know which window is his apartment?”

Ham consulted the map again, which looked to Peter, upon a second glance, as though a first grader had drawn it with crayons. “Top floor, third along” Then the “map” was folded away into the ether from which it came.

Peter quickly thwipped up to the window and tried to peer inside, but the grime obfuscated his vision, leaving the inside as a grey smudge. While he was trying in vain to look through the dirt covering the window, Porker was trying to open the window. The first window was locked, but the second one yielded more optimistic results, as Ham strained to push the window up, it screeched loudly and drew Peters attention, who then crawled over to help. Slowly, the stubborn window opened to reveal a small bathroom.

The room was as monochrome as the rest of the dimension, with a small alcove holding a shower, a
shelf with a rudimentary first aid kit, and an antique looking, even for this dimension, cistern toilet.

Hopping into the room onto the cracked tile floor Peter yanked at the window, it refused to close at first; leaving an inch of open window, before slamming shut with a snapping sound. Backing away from the window, he called out into the apartment “Peter? It’s uh Peter, you in?”

Porker walked over to the door and pulled it open, glancing around the small apartment before shouting “Batman? You home?” The pig continued confidently into the living space, as though he had visited before.

‘I should ask him about that later’ Peter thought to himself as he looked at the various knick-knacks on the mantle. There was a rubix cube; the only colour in the dimension it appeared, a small photo of a woman and man who Peter recognised as a younger Aunt May and Uncle Ben, and a piece of paper with a pressed flower on it, a signature too faded to see who it was made by.

Peter was startled out of his investigating by a shout from his friend.

“$@*!” Porker shouted, the censors appearing over his head in a cartoonish speech bubble as Peter rounded the corner to see Spider-Ham standing over Noir, who was unmoving on the grey tile.
Peter felt, to put it simply, like shit. He had drifted in and out of consciousness and lucidity on the cold tile. Every breath felt harder than the last, and his head ached something fierce. A distant part of him wondered if he had hit it when he fell, and the tackyness on his face would support that, but when he tried to move to clean it up, his limbs would give out half way up and he’d crash to the floor again. And then there was the chills. Jesus Mary and Joseph the chills where the worst. One minute he’d be shivering pathetically on the floor, the next he’d feel like candle wax, melting down slowly as fever over took him again. It was in one of his rare lucid moments that Peter realised what was happening. It was the same thing that killed his mother. It was influenza, and he was going to die an ignoble death, alone on the floor in his apartment, without anyone knowing what had happened to him. The thought of this struck a rare feeling of fear down his spine and he desperately grasped at the counter top above him, reaching for the phone. His hands fumbled over the counter, before finally grabbing the device.

Pushing his pride aside, he typed out “help” with clumsy fingers and pressed send to the first contact on his list, before he slumped back onto the cool tile and shook. He heard a “ding” from the device, but before he could look, he faded back out of consciousness….

“-man? You home?” A voice slowly filtered into Peter's consciousness, he recognised it, vaguely, and tried to reply, to say something, anything, but all that exited his mouth was a quiet groan, wracked with pain. A noise like feet pattered into the kitchen, and then a noise like a foghorn tore through his pain wracked head.

Peter groaned again and he heard another set of footsteps coming towards him, louder this time, and a second voice joined the cacophony. Pressing his pounding head against the cold tile, he tried to ignore the noises above him. Either they would help him, which would be nice, or they’d knock his block off, which would be better than dying of influenza. Or, he mused absentmindedly, they could just be hallucinations.

Whilst the Peter known as Noir contemplated these things on the floor, the Peters known as Porker and Parker tried to get Noir to respond to them.

Porker gently grabbed Noirs shoulder, which was not covered in his usual trench coat but rather a rather worn vest, and gently shook his shoulder. Noir felt clammy under his hands, and shivered at the touch. His breathing was laboured, and he didn't respond to the touch other than to groan quietly.

Porker felt a tight ball of anxiety and fear build in his chest and felt paralyzed for a second, before Peter Parker hurried over and gently turned Noir onto his side, onto a position Porker vaguely recognized as the recovery position.

With Noir on his side, Ham got his first view of his close friends face. A long crooked nose was the only similarity he held to the other Peter Parker. Noirs face was decorated with scars, small ones littered his handsome jawline and his cheeks, whilst a larger one ran across the right side of his mouth, a split lip ripped open further. His hair was a dark grey, almost black, whilst at the sides of his hair he sported a few silver streaks, stress or genetics perhaps, because although Porker wasn't very good at human ages, he didn't look older than the other Peter. Worryingly though, was the dark blood that had congealed just above his left eyebrow, the patch of tile where his head lay was crusted with blood.

“I'm going to go to get the first aid kit, stay here.” Peter rushed off into the bathroom, leaving Ham alone with Noir.
Porker raised a trembling hand and placed it on Noirs bruised face. He was sporting a fever, so hot it could be felt through the material of his glove.

“...hey” A familiar voice croaked, and Ham jumped as he saw Noir had cracked an eye open slightly. His eyes where unlike anything Ham had ever seen, they were silver, flecked with dark grey. The effect was mesmerising, and Ham was left breathless for a second before he came to his senses.

“You *$$%^&£, I thought you were dead!” Ham scolded, and then immediately regretted when his raised voice made Noir grimace.

“I’m glad you’re here…” Noir mumbled, and his hand fumbled for Hams. “Didn’t want to be alone…” It was quiet for a moment, the only noise being the unhealthy rattling and wheezing coming from Noir’s chest with every breath.

Peter rushed back into the kitchen and sat down on the floor next to Ham. His mask was pulled up, revealing an anxious face as he dug through the first aid kit for some gauze and rubbing alcohol.

“Peter?” The colourful Peter inquired, gently snapping his fingers next to Noir’s face to grasp his attention.

“Hm?” Noir murmured, his grasp on Porkers hand loosening for a second before grasping him tightly once more.

“Your head’s bleeding, I'm going to have to clean it with alcohol and it’s gonna sting.” Waiting for Noir to acknowledge what he’d said, Peter poured on alcohol on a clean cloth and gently pressed it to the cut, clearing away some of the blood in the process. Noir let out a hiss of pain, and slightly tightened his grip on Ham, but otherwise didn't react.

When the dark grey blood was cleared from his head, Ham was able to get a glimpse of the wound. It was smaller than he’d thought it’d be for the amount of blood that’d come from it, and was surrounded by a painful looking bruise where it’d hit the floor. By the time the bandage was wrapped around it, Noir was almost unconscious again, and was shivering.

Peter turned to Ham “Help me get him up, there’s a couch in the other room.” He then turned to Noir and snapped his fingers next to his ear. Noir jumped slightly, and cracked a bagged eye open again with a slurred mumble.

“We’re gonna move you onto the couch in the living room.” Porker stated as the other Peter grabbed Noir’s limp arm.

“Not ‘n the good couch…” He slurred as he was carefully pulled up “D’n’t wanna die ‘n it” Both Peters stopped for a second and looked at each other. Parker pulled his mouth into a straight line and then pulled Noir onto his feet.

Noir swayed unsteadily for a second, before pitching forwards heaving onto the floor, and Peters shoes. Ham quickly stepped back, before grabbing Noir’s legs to steady him.

Peter made a sympathetic face and picked Noir up bridal style, quickly hurrying into the living room.

“Not on the “good couch”” Ham shouted after him as he pulled a mop out of his pocket and quickly cleaned the floor. As he rushed out of the room, his feet collided with something small. Looking down, he saw that it was a pair of wire frame glasses, one of the lenses slightly cracked and the bridge held together with tape. Pocketing them, he hurried into the living room and found that Peter
had placed Noir onto a slightly smaller couch pressed against the wall opposite the small fireplace. Peter was standing above him looking worried, hunched into himself with his arms wrapped tightly around his torso.

“He’s really sick isn’t he.” Porker said, taking in Noir’s laboured breathing and his now violent shivering. “What should we do?”

Peter took a moment to think, before turning to Porker “We should take him to mine, I have better medicine than here and we can keep an eye on him.” He looked to Porker for approval, which felt meaningful to Ham for some reason he couldn’t verbalise, so he ignored it.

“Yeah sounds good.” Ham turned to Noir and gently patted his cheek. When he failed to stir, Ham turned to where Peter was fiddling with the small device on his wrist. It was a prototype dimensional gate. After a lot of study of Doc Oc’s original device, the Spiders had worked together to create a small portable version, which allowed them to sparingly travel to each others dimensions. It also kept the dimensional deterioration from affecting them while in each others dimensions. Ham was quite proud of the device to tell the truth. Peter finished tuning the device and opened a small green doorway into his dimension.

Porker went through the portal first, while Peter hoisted the unconscious Noir onto his back in a piggyback after pulling his mask back down; in the event of prying eyes on the other side of the doorway.

They emerged in a small, but cozy studio apartment. A small pile of pizza boxes sat next to an unmade futon bed, the windows looking out onto New York were slightly grimy and had stickers made by Miles plastered on them. There was an old tv, held together by duct tape and a prayer. Two desks sat against the wall under the windows, covered with bits of robotics and half-disassembled web shooters. Pictures were hung on the walls intermittently, and there was a galley kitchen that looked as though it had never been used.

Peter looked mildly embarrassed at the mess before he place Noir down onto the futon and covered him with the blanket on his bed, before pulling a box out from under the bed filled with more blankets, piling them on top of his shivering form.

Ham hopped onto the futon next to Noir as Peter bustled around the apartment, grabbing the pizza boxes and assorted junk and chucking them into bin bags before wetting a flannel and placing it on Noirs burning head. He then grabbed a random jacket and jeans off of the floor before saying; “I’m just gonna throw this away and go get some cold and flu, I’ll be back in a minute.” Peter then hurried out of the apartment, once more leaving them in a silence only broken by the rattling breaths of Noir.

Ham moved Noirs hand above the covers and held it with one hand, before grabbing his phone with the other and opening the group chat.

Hamburgler: just letting you guys know we found @Peter B. Parker (Noir)

Hamburgler: he’s sick as a dog rn so i’ll have to message you guys later

Danger Days: Oh no D:

Danger Days: I hope he feels better soon!!!!!!

[User: Hamburgler has logged off]

Mo Money Mo Morales: do you guys think he’s okay??
Hawaii Five Oh Drum Line: idk ham sounded pretty worried :/

Danger Days: @ [B]eter [B] [B]arker is noir okay??
[User: [B]eter [B] [B]arker is AFK]
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter stood in the aisle of the pharmacy, carefully comparing two different brands of cold and flu medicine, before choosing the more expensive, but hopefully more effective one. Heading towards the small drinks fridge and grabbing a few bottles of lucozade, Peter contemplated the current situation. Peter B. was really, really sick; he remembered back to his 11th grade history, learning about the influenza pandemics that ravaged Europe and America in the 20th century. There was a frighteningly real chance that Peter B. could die if they weren’t careful. Being on the floor for an indeterminate amount of time probably didn’t help either…

Quickly paying for the goods, he hurried back into the apartment. Before he could get to his apartment though, a familiar face popped into his field of vision.

“Hey Peter.” Mary Jane Watson said in greeting. She looked annoyed, and Peter wracked his brain to think of a reason why should would be outside his apartment, before smacking his forehead with realisation. It was Date Night. After reconciling with MJ he and her had decided to try again, and every Wednesday they went out for a meal or simply to wander together around the city. No wonder she was so ticked off, Peter thought, I didn’t tell her what was happening.

“MJ I’m so sorry, it’s been a really hectic day.” Peter explained “I didn’t mean to blank you.” Peter awkwardly shifted the bag between hands for lack of anything else to do.

MJ saw the anxious look in Peters eyes, and sighed. “What’s going on Peter?”

Peter opened his mouth to reply, before the door to his apartment opened and Spider-Ham poked his head out. “Pete? Ah there you are! Where’s your T.V remote?”

Peter and MJ turned to face the pig, who, upon realising he had interrupted them, quickly backed back into the apartment and shut the door quietly.

MJ stared at the door for a moment, before turning to Peter. “...Spider-Man stuff.” MJ sighed. “Just....Let me know next time.” She put a hand on Peter’s shoulder before walking back down the staircase

“Sorry MJ!” Peter called after her “We still on for next week?” MJ quickly shouted a “Yes” in response, and Peter walked back into his apartment.

Ham appeared to have found the remote, a device as equally ancient and banged up as the T.V. it’s linked to, and was flipping through the channels, before settling on a nature documentary about fish. He was sitting next to the still unconscious man, absentmindedly holding his hand.

Peter tipped the bag onto the small kitchen counter, revealing his haul of five bottles of lucozade in varying flavours, the cold and flu medication, as well as a few cans of chicken noodle and tomato soup. Purloining the lucozade and cold and flu pills, Peter made his way over to the futon, which was starting to feel rather crowded with two people and a pig on a bed made for point five of a person, but whatever.

Scooting onto the cramped futon next to the shivering detective, Peter tapped him gently on the side of the face, wincing at the heat radiating off of his doubles flushed face. It took a few seconds of incessant tapping before Noir hazily opened his eyes, squinting against the light before startling...
slightly upon realising he wasn't alone.

“Hey buddy how ya feeling?” Ham quickly asked, releasing Noir’s hand so that the greyscale man could exhaustedly rub at his face. Peter touched the flannel on Noir’s forehead, and upon finding it already warm, quickly cooled it again and placed it back on his forehead, causing Noir to sigh in relief, his hand moving from over his face back down onto the blankets.

Noir didn’t reply to Porker’s question, so Peter tapped Noir’s shoulder to get his attention, and popped two of the pills out of the bottle, pressing them into his free hand. “Can you swallow those? They’ll help take down your fever.” Peter felt doubtful that he’d actually heard him, but after a few seconds of blankly staring at his hand Noir dutifully swallowed the pills and Peter uncapped the bottle of Lucozade and passed it to Noir, who gagged a bit at the taste, before draining the entire bottle.

It was at this point that Peter remembered something crucial. Noir had been on the floor for over a day and was probably really dehydrated, and that *maybe* rehydrating him with a shit tonne of sugar and electrolytes was not the best of ideas.

“Hey Ham” Peter called out, carefully leveraging Noir up to a sitting position “In the bathroom under the sink is the puke bucket, can you grab it. I just realised that maybe rehydrating him with sugar was not the best of ideas…”

Ham disappeared in a cloud of dust, before reappearing and shoving the bucket against Noir’s chest just as he started to heave.

Oh wow I’m really bad at this. Peter thought to himself as he and Ham patted Noirs shaking and heaving back.

They eventually managed to get Noir medicated and hydrated, and he shortly passed out again after mumbling something incoherent about the Vulture and sewers. Peter flopped down onto the futon again, Ham doing the same on the other side of Noir. “Well today was a total success.” Ham deadpanned.

It was quiet for a moment, before Peter decided to speak up. “Wanna order a pizza?”

“!*£% yeah”

Noir opened his eyes in an unfamiliar room. Moving his head slightly, a device he recognised as a television, although didn’t remember how he knew that, quietly crackled with static. The room was small, and dark, with the only light coming from the flickering device. How did he get here? And why was he so sweaty and aching? A movement in the shadowed corner caught his eye, squinting-wait where were his glasses? In the moment between looking and contemplating his missing glasses, the movement disappeared, before the ceiling seemed to ripple and distort, and thousands of spiders began to slowly lower themselves on nearly invisible webs towards him, their chelicerae clicking and dripping with saliva, which dripped onto his face, burning like acid through his skin. He jolted out of the way as more of the liquid dripped down, stumbling off of the bed, over a lump on the floor that jolted when he trod on it, and onto the floor. A shape rose up from the floor, and whatever words it tried to say came out garbled and twisted. Panicking, he blindly shot out a web from his wrist, which knocked the shape backwards as another, larger shape loomed out of the darkness and morphed into the bloodstained visage of the creature which haunted him. The Vulture, still covered in his Uncles blood rushed towards him and grabbed his wrists before he could aim. His touch was agonising and Peter couldn’t help but cry out in pain.
Suddenly, the room lit up, the brightness searing into his retinas and he flinched away from the visual assault. His wrists were gently released and he covered his eyes with his hands, pressing hard to block out the light. His breaths were coming out as ragged pants, the rattling of his chest making it harder to breathe until every breath was a short desperate gasp for air.

He sat there, shaking, for a few seconds, before a presence at his side made itself known. “Pete, I need you to take deep breaths okay?” It said in a quiet, familiar voice, and started to make exaggerated breathing noises. Peter took a shaky breath, and then another, until finally he felt like he was breathing almost normally.

The person next to him stopped the breathing for a second to hold a murmured conversation with someone else in the room, before gently tapping his shoulder, apologising when he flinched from the contact.

“I got you some water, you feeling okay?” The person snorted. “Well that’s a dumb question, but, still.”

Noir finally removed his hands from his face to see his close friend Peter Porker looking back. He was out of costume, and his skin was a strange shade of colour, almost red but not exactly. It was a nice shade, Noir decided. He was wearing an expression of worry on his face and holding a glass of water. It was at this moment he realised how dry his throat was, and he extended a shaking hand towards the glass, which Porker pressed into his hand. It was only half full, and he drained it quickly before squinting at the room around him. Without his glasses it was hard to make out the details, but he could see that it wasn’t a bedroom, as he’d originally thought, but a small apartment. There was the TV, still playing static, a few windows, and the bed he’d been on; beyond that the room was a smear of colour. Standing on the bed was a figure that took Peter a few seconds of squinting to recognise as the alternate Peter Parker, who was pulling down strands of web that’d he’d shot in his panic…

Noir felt his face start to burn with embarrassment and tightened his grip slightly on the glass in his hands, before clearing his throat slightly. “What happened,” He paused for a second, surprised with how scratchy and sore his voice sounded “Where are we?”.

The anxious look on Ham’s face quickly turned into a smile, which made Peter’s face burn brighter for some reason and he quickly looked away to try and regain his composure.

“Well we went to your house a few days ago, because we thought you were dead, you know, as you do, and when we got there you were on the floor. So naturally as all good friends do we kidnapped you and brought you to Peter’s apartment.” Ham stopped for a second before suddenly pulling something out of his pocket. “I picked up your glasses for you by the way; no need to thank me.”

Chapter End Notes

uhhhh cha boys bad at writing
Mo Money Mo Morales: so like
Mo Money Mo Morales: has anyone noticed that ham sounds a lot like stand up comedian john mulaney?

Danger Days: whomst’ve
Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: oh my fucking god
Mo Money Mo Morales: Horse_in_a_hospital.mp4
Mo Money Mo Morales: confirmed???????????

[User: [ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker has logged on]
[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: Hey fellas. Peter was kind enough to lend me his phone while he
[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: is out.
Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: youre not dead !
Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: whack
Mo Money Mo Morales: u ok dude!!
Danger Days: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: Let’s just say that I was behind the eight ball a few days ago.
[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: Just
Hamburgler: :8}
Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: ham [b]lease
Hawaii Five Oh Drumline: spill the tea
[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: Tea ?
Danger Days: u cant just leave us in suspense like this!
[ B] eter [ B] [ B]arker: If you’re that invested I just had a spot of influenza. I’m not trumpet
cleaning luckily.
Mo Money Mo Morales: there’s so much to unpack here
Danger Days: its like a whole other language~
Mo Money Mo Morales: also my mom’s a nurse?? Do any of yall actually know anything about
flu??
Hamburgler: Yes!
Hamburgler: Don’t rehydrate people with lucozade! It Always Ends Badly…

[B]eter [B]arker: I have no recollection of that.

Hamburgler: It’s better that way

Mo Money Mo Morales: oh my godddd

Hawaii Five Oh Drummie: sdfghj omg

Danger Days: :O qkjgzghjk

Danger Days: u ok tho now

[B]eter [B]arker: I’m just dandy now, thanks for the concern

Hamburgler: We’re watching that guy with the hair

Hamburgler: he’s painting :8)

Hawaii Five Oh Drummie: u mean bob ross

Hamburgler: sure

“- And now we’re just gonna give this little bush a happy little friend.” The man on the screen commented, painting in the aforementioned bush with some smooth strokes of his paintbrush.

Peter sat, transfixed by the image taking place on the screen, the colours swirled together in ways he had never thought of, to create a beautiful vista of nature. On the screen, the man quickly added some streaks of a colour; the same shade as Ham.

“What shade is that?” He asked Ham, who looked up from his phone towards the screen. “The one he’s painting the sky with.”

“It’s pink.”

“It’s the same shade as you. That’s my favourite shade; it’s beautiful.” It was silent for a moment, as what had been said was being processed…

He could feel his face burning, he couldn’t believe he’d said that! Ham had saved his life and he’d repaid him by acting like a gunsul. Peter chewed on the inside of his cheek and stared resolutely at the television. He wished he was wearing his mask, safe inside the anonymity it provided.

“You know, you’re not too bad yourself.”

Wait? What?

Peter looked next to him to see Ham looking at him with a small smile on his animated face. Silence filled the air once more.

Shit. You’ve gotta say something. Noir’s brain scrambled to think of something, anything to say.

“Well that’s just the cat’s meow.” Why. Why. Why are you like this.

Ham snorted a laugh, startling Peter out of his thoughts, before leaning his head on Peter’s arm and turning off his phone, focusing on the television. Noir stiffened, unsure of how to react to this
situation. Sure he’d had a few dames in this situation in the past, but this felt different to that. Wait he was jumping the gun here, was this even like that? Was this just a friendship thing?

Did he even like Ham that way? He thought about it for a second, remembering all the time they had spent together, just the two of them, relaxing in his apartment; the way Ham made him laugh until his cheeks ached; the little colourful gifts Ham brought with every visit; how thoughtful and patient he was with showing him colours—oh he really was keen. Well this certainly is a development.

“So uh....maybe sometime you’d like to come have dinner ‘round mine? You know, as a thank you….” Noir stared at the ceiling, unable to look anywhere else.

“Sure, next week sometime?”

This is not how he expected this to go; he’d imagined the best case to be a polite but firm “no” and—no let's stop that train of thought. It didn’t happen so it doesn’t matter. There was always the possibility this was a misunderstanding of some sort….

A few hours later, Peter Parker returned from swinging around the city to find Ham and Noir watching TV together. Looking at Noir’s borrowed pajamas Peter choked back a laugh. While Noir’s pajamas were being washed he’d lent him some of his old, but clean sleep clothes. Those being a pair of pink hello kitty pajama bottoms bought for him as a joke, and a bootlegged spiderman shirt that was an xxxl and swamped Noir.

“I got chinese.” Peter announced as he flopped over Noir’s legs, dumping the bag of takeout on the middle of the futon.

As they all dug into the food; Peter suddenly remembered what he’d meant to give Noir and abandoned his chow mein to grab something off of his desk. It was the size of a wristwatch, with a touchscreen over the watch face.

“It’s a universal portal goober; meant to give this to you ages ago but just blanked.” He quickly showed Noir it’s simple UI and passed it to him. Noir quickly strapped the device onto his wrist.

“Thanks. I appreciate it.” Noir’s scarred face twisted into a slight smile, the movement twisting the scar over his lip to show a bit of white tooth.

Of all the spiders, Noir seemed to be the most banged up; his face and hands littered with scars. Stark white against his greyscale skin. Peter guiltily counted himself lucky that he’d never gotten as scarred as Noir, and only had a few to his name.

“I should be getting back after this then.” Noir interrupted Peter’s internal monologue.

“You can drop me back in my dimension? Mine’s on charge at home.” Ham replied, still stuffing his face with spring rolls.

“Of course.”

Before leaving, Noir gathered Peter up in a tight hug. “Thank you.”

“No problem; any time.” Peter hugged the monochrome man back, before passing him a plastic bag with his stuff in it. “There’s some asprin and stuff in there that you should take if you still feel like shit later.”
Noir released him from the hug. “I appreciate it.” Before fiddling with the goober and managing to open a portal.

“We should do this again.” Ham said. “Well not the whole ‘being sick and miserable’ but hang out. The three of us.”

“Yeah sounds good.”

And with that Noir and Ham walked out of Peters apartment with a wave goodbye.

“Aw man I’m never seeing those pajamas back am I?”

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