A Fine Day
by MistressKat

Summary

We’re fine, Eddie. Venom’s internal reassurance rumbles through him like a gentle rockslide. I’ve got this.

Notes

Second of the monthly Scribblers writing challenges (set between dreamersdare, pushkin666 and me). The challenge (from dreamersdare) was to write min 500 words for the prompt “Are you kidding me? We’re not ‘fine’.” The ficlet needed to include a character we hadn’t written before. This is super late but… I also think the others haven’t done anything yet either so… I win? :D

The sun is out, somewhere behind the air pollution, and there have been no alien attacks, gangland kneecappings, or unethical medical tests so far today

That we know of.

that they know of. But really, that’s the only thing Eddie cares about right now. Because right now he’s on the way home before sunset and

Why do you hate the night, Eddie?

and that is great because a man can’t work all day every day.

Night? Every night?
‘No,’ Eddie thinks, and tilts his face to the sky, which, if not gloriously blue, is at least the kind of hazy color that hints at blue very strongly “Not every night either, V,” he adds, this time out loud.

They’re not exactly alone on the street in the middle of the afternoon but this is San Francisco and if people stopped to gawk at every unkempt guy seemingly having a conversation with himself, the whole city would grind to a halt.

Not work, Venom clarifies, sounding vaguely insulted by the suggestion. Fun. The concept is imbued with the impression of a sharp-toothed grin and a taste of something warm and savoury that Eddie’s mind chooses to interpret as tater tots out of sheer self-preservation.


You don’t wash your clothes very often, Venom observes, radiating mild concern and – the gall – disapproval.

“Listen,” Eddie starts, tripping over a crack in the pavement and only keeping his balance because a black tendril flows out of his back and stops him falling flat on his face. It all happens so quickly, so instinctively, that neither of them lose the track of the conversations. “I don’t think you’re in any kind of position to——”

Best position. There’s a distinct feeling of self-satisfaction that comes with the statement, like a snake curling up on a warm rock.

It derails Eddie enough that he ends up grinning into thin air instead berating his roommate. Bodymate?

Of course, that’s the exact point when someone sticks something pointy against Eddie’s spine. Of course it is, because this is Eddie’s life and good moments never last longer than five minutes.

There’s a whiff of sour breath against Eddie’s face and a hoarse voice murmurs: “Gimme your money man or I’ll gauge out your kidneys!”

‘Oh no,’ Eddie thinks as the world goes considerably darker and Venom takes over, a sound like flesh rending straight off bones making their attacker’s greasy hair flutter. The sun may be out but so is this sorry punk with more chemicals than actual blood in his veins.

“Mmmm,” Venom hums, his voice now tragically audible and kind of… hungry. “Kidneys.”

There’s an arid smell of urine as the narc pisses himself in fear.

Oh for… Eddie rolls his eyes. Metaphorically. Let him go, he tells. We’re attracting attention.

A scruffy man talking to himself doesn’t merit a mention, but even in this neighborhood a six feet alien with a grin like a slaughterhouse causes some commotion. Eddie can practically hear the click of dozens of phone cameras already.

We’re fine, Eddie. Venom’s internal reassurance rumbles through him like a gentle rockslide. I’ve got this.
He drags their would be assailant into the nearby alleyway, impervious both to his kicking and flailing and to Eddie’s spluttered protests.

*Are you kidding me? We’re not ‘fine’!* He tries to convey the likely consequences of being outed on social media. Not that this city wouldn’t adopt an oil slick monster as its beloved son in a hot second, because it definitely would, but Eddie isn’t quite prepared yet to end the private honeymoon phase between him and V.

**Cameras would love us,** Venom protests but something of Eddie’s worry must make a difference because he shuffles them and the mugger – now passed out and lolling in Venom’s grip – deeper into the shadows.

"**I shall eat him so he won’t talk**," Venom states as his jaw widens. And keeps on widening.

*No!*

There’s a pause, during which the Black Hole of their gullet hovers over the mugger’s head.

**I want tater tots then,** Venom finally says. Internally, on account of his mouth still gaping open like a hangar of nightmares.

*Fine.*

**And chocolate. With minty bits. And hazelnuts.**

*Oh my god, whatever, absolutely! Those things are all much better than this this cokehead.*

Venom’s mouth snaps shut and he drops the guy to the ground. This was only a little fun, he complains, as they’re changing driver’s seat, **I want what you said now.**

Back in temporary control, Eddie heads toward the nearest shop.

“Food coming right up, buddy”, he promises, full of fond generosity what with still being in possession of his kidneys. And only his kidneys, and no one else’s.

**And the other things. Games…?** Venom is clearly unfamiliar with the concept and Eddie is appalled at discovering that the idea of play was not something Venom’s prior experiences have much allowed for, and vows to correct such oversight immediately.

“And then maybe an early night, huh? Or at least a nap?”

Sleep is something Venom knows and enjoys, and the suggestion makes him wind around Eddie’s ribcage in a way that’s closely reminiscent of a hug, except from the inside.

The streets have quietened even further by the time the come out with shopping bags full of treats, as the day settles into the lull between work commute and evening outings, and the two of them – one of them, Eddie and Venom of them – walk the rest of the way undisturbed. It is nice, Eddie thinks, going home together like this, and Venom agrees, wrapping around every single lonely cell of him until there is nothing but contentment.
I was right, he says, glowing with smug satisfaction. We are fine.

Eddie concedes the point with zero regret.

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