

## Solar Plexus

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# Solar Plexus

by [softgrungeprophet](#)

## Summary

Eddie Brock and his symbiote track down the source of a freak heatwave, teaming up with young Spider-Man on the way. Heat stroke! A child with the ability to control the weather! The power of love!

## Notes

I'm not really sure of the timeline on this. An alternate timeline superseding the events of the 2018 comic, I think. At the very least, it obviously happens after the events of First Host. Heck, just having Electro in this might make it an AU cause I'm pretty sure he's like.... dead in Earth-616.

I mean... it's an AU anyway, but you know what I mean.

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

"No, no, no—" Eddie knew he sounded pathetic—Sluggish tendrils wrapped around his outstretched fingers, their connection with each other still strong, and his breath caught in his throat. Hesitation, fatigue, confusion, disorientation, all laced underneath with hot, hot, hot. **Too hot, Eddie.**

"Don't leave me *alone*."

**Not leaving.** A thrum of dizzy reassurance. **Hot.**

It was 105 degrees out, sun beating down on the pavement ten feet away. Hot enough to burn your skin on contact but Eddie sat crouched in an alley, shadowed by a dumpster, clutching his little blob of a symbiote to his chest. His breathing came stilted, messed up, all ragged and disjointed as he muttered, "It's not fire, it's not gonna hurt you, baby." Not baby like coward. Baby like baby, I need you. I love you. I can't do anything without you, codependent, unhealthy, reliant, *baby*.

**Eddie...**

"Come on—" He dug his fingers into black slime... Yeah, it was warmer than usual, but how much of that was the melting heat from his own palms? "Let's just... ice, or something. Get you some ice."

It hummed its body—well, was it a body? Its amorphous mass. **Ice... is nice.**

He smiled. Would have been a smile, anyway. Looked more like a grimace, if anyone had seen it.

Ice... ice... Where? How to get it?

Why was it so goddamn *hot*?

There.

Ice box outside the gas station across the street. A whole road, black and undulating with heat mirages, an expanse of dark gray ocean, or might as well have been. No cars on the road, very few parked in sight. No one out. No one risking their shoe soles actually melting. Except Eddie—Venom. Why did they think... out in this heat? The daily *jog* doesn't matter in a heat wave. *Find some baddies, yeah, sure, keep telling yourself that, Eddie.* As if anyone would be stupid enough to commit a felony in the swing of such hellish weather. Eddie staggered to his feet, bundling his sweetheart under his arm like a football as he moved. Swerving steps...

They stumbled across the street together. Black lines braced his knees and the back of his skull in an effort to help him stay upright, though even Venom had trouble keeping balanced in such a daze.

The front bell chimed. One of those motion sensing ones.

Woman behind the counter barely looked at them, fanning herself with a rolled up newspaper.

Eddie slapped his wallet down on the counter. "I need ice." God, he sounded like shit. Hoarse, grumbly.

"Sure."

It took... so long to count out the loose bills and return change—Eddie didn't stay for it. Ice first. A nice, cold bag, second to last in the bin. It hurt his skin a little as he held it, but it felt so good. He went back inside, to grab his change and his wallet, and bought a little plastic bottle of chocolate milk, cold from the refrigerator cabinet...

Chugged half of it before he'd even finished paying for it.

Lord in Heaven.

Tossed the bottle in the trash on their way out.

They sat behind the gas station, in a tiny sliver of shade. Eddie opened up the bag of ice, and let the symbiote wedge itself inside. Himself, he cracked off a handful of ice cubes and shoved one down the back of his t-shirt. Shocking. Shiver up his spine. But it felt good, even as it slid down his back and got caught in the waistband of his jeans. Set his sides all tingly, and the back of his neck. He stuck his hand into the bag with his other, just to feel it, touch its flank.

**We like nice ice.**

Real smile this time.

A car's engine rumbled quietly, as it pulled up beside them. Just a couple of feet away. The motorized window on the passenger side slid down with a slick hum, and some twenty-something polo-casual tech-boom boy leaned out with one of those looks Eddie knew all too well. *I'm better than you, I'm richer than you, I'm gonna say something shitty to you.* If he weren't so dizzy Eddie would have wiped the smile right off his face but instead he clutched at the symbiote in its dripping bag of ice.

"Sign says no loitering, Tarzan."

There it was—wait. What? Tarzan? Why Tarzan? Eddie could feel his own expression of perplexion even as the symbiote's confusion thrummed up his fingertips.

"Hey!" Dude rummaged around in his car, his friend at the wheel completely off in another world ignoring him. "You hear me?" An empty metal can—tall and skinny and picked out in blacks and neons—pinged right off of Eddie's forehead, and he winced. Tink, onto the pavement, and then it rolled in a lazy arc as Eddie stared up at this kid.

So hot, but...

Eddie grinned, and he felt the teeth. No full mask, but long, ragged, jagged, misaligned fangs sprouted across his face, pulsating with his symbiote's half-exposed gums and oozing veins. He got wide eyes. The guy slapped his friend's shoulder, as Eddie stumbled upward, forward,

ice dropping to the ground. Up went the window, though Eddie leaned down with his hands on the door....

The engine whined and the car lurched away.

Gone, gone... He'd just barely felt the metallic waft of their A/C.

### **Litterbugs.**

Eddie snorted, as Venom receded. Back to clinging onto the surface of his bare arms. They leaned down together and picked up the can and their ice. Glanced at the wall. Sign did say NO LOITERING. Also said NO LITTERING, and NO SMOKING. Eddie licked his teeth. His chocolate milk had left an almost sour aftertaste in his mouth, coating his tongue and his teeth and his gums. He pried an ice cube from the bag and chewed on that as they walked. The sickly sweet can of Monster got dropped into the garbage on the curb.

Sun was bright.

Eddie felt very... dream-like.

He barely got a warning before his other took over—it grabbed the bag as it enveloped and melded with his body, and separated bits of ice, pulling them into its flesh to form a buffer of cold between and within the two of them. Even as the ice began to melt, Eddie felt a rush of relief, layers of feeling from himself and the symbiote woven together. Concentrated cold against his face, neck, torso, groin—it could feel what seeped the most, where the heat got trapped and needed cooling. Benefits of being linked in brain and body.

When Venom sank into Eddie's skin his hair stuck to his face, wet with melted water. His shirt was soaked, too, and his pants. He dragged himself up the stairs, filled with loathing for this elevator-less, abandoned, probably condemned apartment building. His door squeaked, as he slipped into the darkness of his apartment. Not much cooler than outside, but... something. Box fan on, immediately. He headed straight for the fridge too, and grabbed a bottle from his pack of Gatorade.

Off with the clothes, into the tub—cold, cold water.

Eddie sighed.

If alien blobs could sigh, the symbiote would have too.

### **Don't like summer, Eddie.**

"It's almost October, my love."

### **Why so hot, then?**

"I don't know." Eddie shivered, but it was a good change from the outside. Good cold. Sapping the over-saturated heat from his skin and muscles. He took a drink of his lemonade Gatorade—and muttered, "It's abnormal."

He submerged his head under the surface of the water for as long as he could stand it. For as long as the symbiote could stand it—before it dragged him back up into the air, with his chest heaving.

**Eddie!** Reprimanding... worried.

He laughed. "Darling, please."

**...Scared us.**

Eddie leaned with his head against the back of the tub. "Sorry." Not quite comfortable but he wanted to stay in the cool water forever, even as it began to level out toward a milder temperature. Too bad he couldn't stretch his legs out in this bathtub. Just a cheap, stained thing, in a cheap, stained apartment. Least he didn't have to pay rent or bills. Nothing like a good threat to the electricity company. Nothing like squatting in an abandoned building, chasing off any potential construction groups. All alone with his other half, no one to bother them.

The bathroom went dark.

"Ah, shit—" Eddie scrambled out of the tub, groping for... something to orient himself before Venom took over his eyes and guided him to the door. Dead silent. Power had gone out. Eddie grabbed a towel on his way out of the bathroom, wrapping it around his waist. He pushed the blinds aside to look outside. Bright, hot. The sky looked almost white.

Where was that damn power generator when he needed it... Ah, behind the TV.

Of course. Where everyone keeps their portable generators.

He couldn't use this inside, though... Sure, Venom could keep him breathing easy but it just wasn't common sense. And—"Shit." Of all the things to forget, fuel. Of course.

Whatever, it had only been a few minutes and if all went well the power would be back in a couple of hours. Back into the bath, with full intent to become a prune-y popsicle instead of a sweaty pile of meat. Everything else could wait.

Eddie woke up in his bed, skin bare, and a little bit clammy.

Still dark. Silent. Except for the buzz of the symbiote's consciousness in his brain. Affectionate, attentive, irritated, worried. Sitting on his chest like a cat, keeping track of his heartbeat and managing to make even that feel possessive.

**Took us out of the water when you fell asleep.**

What time was it... Oh, right, no digital clock without power. Should have kept the old battery powered wall clock he used to have. He looked out the window. The sun hung low, and small, and red. A dim disc in a yellow sky, all smoke and haze.

Thunder rumbled in the distance, intermingling with the sound of sirens.

Eddie threw on some clothes and together they grabbed a second bottle of Gatorade from the fridge, careful to only open it for a second. That and a bag of trail mix, some jerky. Eddie wasn't stupid; he'd barely eaten anything all day. He didn't need to go from one heat stroke to another. He gnawed on his mixed nuts and M&Ms as he considered the streets outside. A powerline there... one there... Tar sliding down the wood. Lightning in the distance. The stick of jerky went into his back pocket, and he left his apartment.

"Baby, you think you can help me out?"

### **Anything for you.**

Venom formed a mask around his mouth and nose as he headed downstairs, then outside. His eyes watered from the smoke in the air but at least he could breathe.

This had to be caused by *something*. Someone?

It was so eerily quiet, and the air so heavy and still.

The sun itself hid behind buildings now, as it set, and the temperature overall had dropped, but the asphalt radiated stored heat, and if the symbiote hadn't covered his nose Eddie would have smelled the city melting around him. Or at least, parts of it. Definitely cooked garbage. As it was, he could only smell his own breath and the symbiote's vaguely acrid skin. Still not great.

More thunder. Reaching fingers of orange-white lightning discolored through the haze.

"Hey, you think you can chase that storm?"

### **Child's play.**

Together, they swung up to the rooftops.

The storm did not seem to move. Rather, it emanated from one spot; lightning to a lightning rod, thunder accompanying the ripping air. Venom, both of them, stopped for a moment to stare at the way it arced around Freedom Tower, crawling up its sides in arcs of white electricity.

***"Tallest building in Manhattan."***

Well.

No point in waiting around.

They tried to move in two different directions, and ended up smashing through a window, into an empty office. The symbiote receded from Eddie's face, its teeth a collar around his neck. He turned his cheek, hand up, stroking their shoulder. "You're afraid."

### **Lightning, Eddie. Hotter than the sun.**

"Buddy, the chances of us being struck by lightning are so slim." He looked out on the city.

## **Building is a lightning rod!**

"Come on." Eddie patted himself—both of them—on the chest. "It'll be fine."

## **Danger, Eddie!**

"I know you're scared but I think you're overreacting a b—"

## **No! Danger!**

Venom snapped back around his face, filled his eyes and lungs and heart and veins, just in time to duck. If they hadn't broken the window on the way in, well, it would've been broken then. A *chair* sailed out over their head, to fall to the streets below.

Who...?

"**Oh, for the love of—**" Venom put their hands up as Eddie spoke. "**We're not here for you, kid.**"

Spider-Man actually paused, a heavy book in one raised hand. "Yeah?"

*"We don't beat up middle schoolers."*

"I'm in high school!" But he tossed the book aside.

Venom grinned, and Spider-Man backed away... just a couple of steps. Was it the tongue? The teeth? They purred in amusement. But they didn't move closer. They held out their hands together and, in their layered voice, black slime on manipulated vocal cords, spoke—"***We are here for the same purpose.***" They looked up at the ceiling. "***Unnatural.***"

Spidey looked up as well.

The building thrummed with thunder and creeping electrical energy. The lights flickered on, and off.

"Okay." Spider-Man leaned out into the hall, glancing either direction. "I guess I won't venom strike you, then."

Venom simply laughed.

The closer they got to the roof, the more their skin crawled. It felt like goosebumps, but more intense. Static laced through the air, weak at first, in the residual refrigerated coolness of the One World Trade Center, but then—when Spider-Man opened the door to the roof, slipping into camouflage—a wave of hot, smoky, electric evening air rolled over them.

## **Eddie...**

Symbiotic slime rippled as it simultaneously clung to and tried to escape Eddie's body.

"Focus, love."



The shadows... There, they settled together, tamping down fear and discomfort. Like an octopus, their flesh changed color and texture as they moved. If they really paid attention, they could track Spider-Man by his body heat, his heartbeat. Crawling up a wall toward another heat signature, smaller. Venom circled around, to flank.

It was a child.

A little girl.

A little girl surrounded by fingers of electricity and an ozone stench, black hair standing on end as she covered her face. Sobbing.

The air flickered, as Spider-Man stepped out of his concealment. Venom, on the other hand, held very still, camouflaged in front of a vent. They sat tense...

Spidey held his hand out to the girl. "Are you doing this?" He sank to his haunches, closer to her height. "Are you okay?"

She let out a bloodcurdling scream to put the most hardcore of garage singers to shame.

Spider-Man covered his ears... but Venom echoed her scream with a tortured shriek of its own.

"No!"

The symbiote ballooned off of him in threads and tendrils, vibrating with pain and anxiety.

**"NO."**

They held on to each other.

Hulking, big, dripping and shuddering with strips of their body whipping out in shivering tentacles under the lightning strikes and thunder. Struggling.

And they coalesced back together.

The girl stared at them, and Spider-Man stared at them too.

**"What are *you* looking at?"** Mostly Eddie speaking. Their tongue lolled out, saliva pooling around their teeth and falling in droplets to the ground.

The little girl whimpered and covered her eyes, turning to Spider-Man as her static died down and the storm above slowed. Spider-Man met Venom's eyes and shrugged, letting her hug him. Just a scared kid.

Venom bared their many fangs in a grin.

But something felt... wrong. Off, somehow.

***DANGER!!***

It felt like time stopped.

Like a kick to the solar plexus, concussive force and frozen muscles—around him, a rigid lattice of electrified black tendrils. Protecting him. Drawing the bulk of the strike away from his body. Eddie dropped to his hands and knees as time resumed. Moments later, the symbiote collapsed on top of him, a blanket of warm flesh, barely pulsing as it pulled pieces of itself back together up his spine. No familiar reunion, though. It hung from his shoulders, wrapped itself around him in its own version of an embrace. His heart raced.

"Electro!"

Spider-Man had pushed the girl behind him, shielding her, and stood with his legs planted as he looked behind and above Eddie. Eddie looked over his shoulder.

"You look dumb!"

Fuck, the kid was right. That mask? Ridiculous.

The symbiote closed around Eddie's face, and for a moment he thought he would suffocate as it clung to his nose and mouth and eyes but—finally, finally it sunk into his skin. And then they were Venom again, but feverishly afraid and trembling, disappearing into their surroundings, masking their body, slinking away to hide like a wounded animal while Spider-Man and Electro duked it out.

Coward.

But there was that little girl.

Tiny and bony, one of those reedy little children who seemed to be constantly underfed no matter how much they ate, with a dark pageboy haircut and freckles all over. Tear-stained face, scraped knees, overalls with a button loose. She could have been anyone's kid. Someone must have been missing her.

**Eddie... Just a baby...**

Thoughts of Sleeper rose unbidden to their shared mind, and Eddie struggled to push them down but the symbiote resisted, pulled them forward, even over its terror and instinct to flee. Over Eddie's anger and protectiveness. She was just a child.

**She's scared, Eddie.**

God... *dammit*.

Their skin moved to slick black, as Venom held out a hand, half-cloaked. Soften the features, shorten the claws, close the mouth... Not dangerous. Not a threat. "***Come with us.***"

A teardrop fell down her cheek. Her eyes glowed dimly, around the edges of the iris, filtered white sunlight.

"***We will not hurt you.***" Venom held very still. "***Promise.***"

She took their hand.

And they were through the rooftop doors, clutching her to their chest like they once held their own child. Down the stairs, fast, ignore the buzzing lights. Hope Spider-Man is okay, just a boy—down the elevator shaft, no time to wait, no time to trust the elevator itself. Out on the front streets, running. The girl's arms had wrapped around their neck, even as their form returned to its sharp teeth and dripping edges. She sniffled, but she'd stopped crying.

Blocks away, in the hazy nighttime air, they finally stopped. Venom receded, and Eddie's legs nearly gave out in the middle of the street. Not because the girl was heavy. He was just so exhausted. Hungry. Sore. Even as his other coursed through his nerve endings and muscle tissues and worked to heal him. But it was tired and hurt as well. Better to preserve its energy rather than waste time on minor discomforts.

Eddie let the girl down on the sidewalk, and sat himself down with his head between his knees, lightheaded.

He could feel his pulse in his ears and his fingertips.

She didn't run.

The smoke in the air burned with every breath he took.

"M... Mr. Venom?"

Eddie snorted, regretted it, and looked up at her. "Please, Mr. Venom is my professional name. Call me Eddie." His voice came out weaker than usual.

She giggled.

A breeze stirred around them, swishing along just above the ground's surface. The girl's eyes glowed in tiny rings.

"What's your name?"

"Lola!"

Eddie forced himself to his feet. "Well, Lola. It's nice to meet you." He shook her hand, all business-like. "Do you need help getting home?"

Lola thought for a moment, as she looked around. After a brief hesitation, she nodded. "I think... it's that way?" She pointed. Clouds formed on the horizon, and her eyes still glowed. But then they dimmed, and she was just a normal girl.

"...Right."

A drop of rain—more like a fleck, really—caught Eddie on the side of his forehead. He turned his face up to the sky as thunder rolled long and low, vibrating through the air.

"You mind if I grab something to eat first? All I've had today is..." Eddie frowned.  
"...chocolate milk and trail mix."

Lola shook her head. Twisted her mouth, with her hands clasped behind her back, looking away.

Completely transparent.

"Hey," Eddie patted her head. "You want some fries?"

"Yes!!!" She bounced up and down on her feet.

Knew it.

But then her eyes widened, as she looked over his shoulder. She covered her mouth.

As Eddie turned, to see what she saw, nausea ripped through him, a feeling like every atom in his body had rended from every other atom, as the symbiote left him in a dart of blackness. He saw several things, through his own eyes and through his other's senses. Electro, in all his green and yellow ridiculousness; Spider-Man, slung over his shoulders; Lola, wrapped up by the symbiote to shield her as Electro let loose.

It wasn't the first time Eddie had died.

The thought that echoed through his head, as his knees buckled and the muscles in his arm and neck tightened, was that it probably wouldn't be the last.

His back hit the concrete, then his skull, and all he could hear was his name screamed in two voices.

Blinding white light, ringing ears.

And then... who knows how long. A soft touch to his soul.

**Eddie...**

*Darling.*

**Need you, Eddie.**

*It'll be okay.*

**No, Eddie.**

*Hey...*

**Can fix you.**

It hurt. It hurt a *lot*. Regaining circulation, regaining sensation. Fractured bone setting and repairing. Still that ringing in his ears, and he couldn't open his eyes or move his body. More nausea. The smell of charred flesh. His name, repeated as a prayer through his thoughts, an

invocation of his being. He wanted to... reach out. Make that go quiet, make the worry fall away. He was a bad person, anyway; no one should panic over him like that.

*I wanted to kill you, once.*

The first thing he truly felt, other than pain, was the rain on his face and the breeze raising goosebumps up his arms.

The second was a deep love.

He blinked, raising a hand to shield his eyes from the streetlights. Lola looked down at him, wide-eyed with concern, hair wild.

He lay on his back on the sidewalk in front of the Burger King. He lifted his head, and took in his surroundings. Lola, kneeling beside him, holding his arm tight in her little hands. Spider-Man, unconscious but breathing in the middle of the street. Electro, crumpled beneath the boy, smoking slightly.

Lola's light-ring eyes faded, as Eddie turned his head to look at her.

She smiled weakly. "I saved the day."

**Eddie.**

*Love.*

His stomach growled.

"God, I could eat a horse right now." Eddie pushed himself upright with a groan. "C'mon Lola, let's get you those fries."

Spidey could deal with himself. Eddie and his symbiote had three burgers and a large chocolate shake to demolish, and a kid to get home safe and sound.

Everything else could wait.

## End Notes

You know how when I wrote that Zelda fic I was like "I've never been stabbed so it might be inaccurate"?

Well I HAVE been shocked, and it DID feel like being kicked in the gut. It was really small, though (thankfully), and there might still be inaccuracies. lol

As far as Eddie's injuries at the end there, and what (briefly) killed him... Electro hit him with a strike to the head and the arm at roughly the same time--the shock to the head traveled faster and knocked him out just before the arm-shock traveled through his heart. Though I believe brain jolts are enough to kill on their own, if they're strong enough. It's big energy from this guy too, so Eddie's got some burns, on his outstretched hand (and his other palm), and on his forehead/eye, I think. I didn't bother to be ultra specific about it.

He also cracked his skull open on the sidewalk when he fell, and pppooooosssssibly fractured some bones from muscle seizure, but I'm not sure if shocked muscles breaking bones is actually possible or just a myth... Also, I imagine he has Lichtenberg figures on his face and arm, chest, and neck, probably?

Venom mostly just healed the super important things like the broken head bone and the stopped heart and the really severe burns, but probably not the Lichtenberg figures or the mild remaining burns... It needs food first!!! After all that?! Hungry.

...Also I just realized Lola's powers are a little unclear. Like, obviously she can control the weather, and some of the lightning and stuff was her, but her control over the specifics of the lightning is pretty imprecise, especially compared to Electro. The thing I realized is confusing, is her sonic scream. But I guess she just has multiple powers, which isn't unusual considering Miles has a couple of bonus abilities himself.

Anyway, as always, lemme know if you enjoyed it, if I need to add a tag or adjust the rating, if i made a heinous typo.... etc.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!