

## murgh makhani

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/47772514) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/47772514>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Spider-Man: Spider-Verse (Sony Animated Movies)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Hobie Brown/Pavitr Prabhakar</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Hobie Brown</a> , <a href="#">Pavitr Prabhakar</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Character Study</a> , <a href="#">Angst with a Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">aka op is craving but also is heartbroken upon finding out hobie's living situation</a> , <a href="#">Homelessness</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-10 Words: 1,606 Chapters: 1/1

## murgh makhani

by [solivaganteros](#)

### Summary

Hobie crawled through one of the windows because the door was locked, found a bed with a mattress on it, felt lucky enough for the night. Tomorrow, he'll open the cupboards to store the canned food in, he'll find a way to heat up the stove, but tonight, he can rest.

### Notes

its been 3 weeks and im still crazy over them. holy shit. anyway took a break from drawing today to write this one out since people in the server seemed to really like the idea :DD

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

The house wasn't so bad. It was abandoned— the conditions showing reason as to why it was, but he could live with it. It's not like he's got a choice in the matter.

Place was due for a wrecking. He had a month. But for now, it serves a new purpose, and that is for Hobie Brown to sleep in it.

Hobie crawled through one of the windows because the door was locked, found a bed with a mattress on it, felt lucky enough for the night. Tomorrow, he'll open the cupboards to store the canned food in, he'll find a way to heat up the stove, but tonight, he can rest.

He was used to London's unforgiving coldness. He usually packed in old blankets he's found in the dumpsters and washed it in the public bathrooms, but tonight he's gotten nothing but his arms to

hug himself to sleep. Despite the windows' best efforts to keep the cold out, he still felt it in his skin, roughening with texture, feet feeling cold, hands freezing. He curled into himself a bit more and fell asleep.

The next morning, he thought of it.

He usually staved off cravings, he wasn't a picky eater, but this one was different. His stomach ached everyday but it couldn't be helped; he just eats to keep it from hurting worse, and that was usually enough to keep him up for the day.

But what "it" was was the smell of spices. Cumin, garam masala, turmeric, chili. He wasn't used to the spices, it made his eyes tear up and his nose runny. But it smelled good, and it smelled like Pavitr's kitchen. Butter chicken had been a staple in the Prabhakar household, Hobie'd eat it every chance he could next to the lamb biryani and cheese naan. It was the only times he's ever had a full stomach and was interested in keeping it that way.

So he set out for lunch—he wasn't a breakfast person by any means, it was easier to just have lunch and be on with your day, after all. He swung through the city to stop by the groceries to snatch some stuff up, the instructions in his phone telling him what he needed to get, what he needed to prepare. He crawled onto the high ceiling and shot his webs at the ingredients, pulling them up to stuff into his backpack. He snatched a bag of chicken thighs and decided that he was going to have this as early as possible.

So then came making it. The problem was that he didn't have the instruments to help him. Whatever, it fits. He thought of the way Pavitr used his hands and measuring spoons and cups to help his auntie in making it, tried to memorize it in a way that made him feel like Hobie was there with Pavitr.

The first time he cooked it, he poured too much garam masala. More so dumped it on accident, he'd ended up having to wipe the extra powder still on the kitchen counter while in the middle of mixing everything together. He pictured Pavitr laughing at him.

He sneezed trying to give it a sniff. Fuck. He had to eat it anyway— but it tasted nothing like Pavitr's. Pavitr would have told him it sucked just by the smell, but Hobie knew he'd eat it after fixing it up. The question was how he was going to do that.

Second attempt was where he put too little ginger, and the subtlety of the spice was washed away immediately. The Pavitr that sat in his head was going to judge him so terribly.

He still ate it anyway.

By the time there was a third attempt he finally managed to get a good grasp on what the measurement at least looked like, and he finally rolled with what the pictures were giving him. This was the last of the ingredients, he had to make this right, and once the taste washed on his tongue he sighed in relief and ate the rest of it down.

So this became routine. Every week, he'd steal ingredients, make himself lamb biryani, or momos, or even so much as cheese naan, and it'd last him a good few more days before it'd run out immediately. He'd go to sleep without having to deal with the stomachaches, feel the energy seep through his body as he began to swing around London more often, and it was good.

It felt like he was coming home to something— that he had a home at all, but that's what made him forget that this kind of thing doesn't last. The construction workers showed up early in the morning, and when Hobie woke up his spider senses tingled as the wrecking ball showed up.

He grabbed his backpack, his chucks, his guitar, and escaped out the backside of the house. In a matter of seconds the house was gone, but Hobie eventually followed suit. He didn't look back, but with the ingredients that were left in that house he was back to square one, unable to find a place to stay unless he got lucky.

He wound up sleeping in the rooftop of one of the buildings. Nothing but a recycled blanket to keep him warm while the cold air was breezing onto his skin, and from there he thought about eating again.

He thought about Pavitr again.

It only occurred to him now how often he really thought of him; how he missed him. Pavitr in the morning, the sun hitting his face as he got up because he loved the light. Pavitr in the evening when he'd eventually drift to sleep, trying to stay awake while holding Hobie by the waist so they could talk about everything and nothing. He thought about him in the shower and he thought about him as they swung building to building together. He thought about his high-toned, nasal voice. The sweetness of it, drizzling like honey in Hobie's ears when he'd sing his favorite songs from his favorite movies.

He missed him.

He missed his home.

The next time he managed to grab an opportunity to see Pavitr's dimension, he'd nearly thrown himself in right through the wormhole, hearing his voice call out to him. Falling into Mumbhattan, Pavitr caught him mid-air, and they spun together, laughing and getting caught in each other's webs as they nearly physically intertwined. On the top of the highest building in the city, Hobie took off his mask and covered Pavitr in kisses— from the start of his scalp, down to the tip of his chin, the lipstick marks happily messing his face up as Pavitr's hands held Hobie's hips.

"I missed you too," Pavitr whispered, before using one of his hands to bring Hobie's face to him by the chin despite pulling back. He kissed him, kept it there for a good few seconds. "How have you been?" A sentence barely heard in between their kisses, "I hope you've been eating well," he said, "we'll have a lot of good food tonight now that Maya-Auntie knows you're here."

"That's good news," Hobie replied. Their lips smacked together, "real fuckin' good news."

And from there, they went home.

The apartment was warm. It smelled the familiar smell of spices that Hobie loved so much, the decorations Hobie was never going to get used to, the taste of the warm cup of chai his palms felt wrapped around it. He liked the feeling of the warmth, something he was never going to get used to in the east ends of his dimension's London.

So he took off his usual clothes and took the ones he's left at Pavitr's closet. Dressed in a big shirt and shorts that reached his knees, he walked barefoot towards the kitchen where Pavitr and his aunt were sharing banter in Hinglish—

"Pavitr, *go get the plates ready*, your boyfriend looks like he's about to drop dead from starving!"

"*He's fiine*, Maya-auntie," Pavitr rolled his eyes, then looked at Hobie, "have a seat, hot stuff!"

"Actually, mind if I help in the kitchen, love?" Hobie asked, smile in his face as Pavitr looked at him in surprise. He bobbed his head, and Hobie walked to help out with the ingredients at his disposal.

Auntie Maya had a hand in helping him out— but for the rest of the cooking Hobie managed to do the work for them. As soon as Pavitr and his aunt took their seats Hobie came to the table with it and placed it in the table.

“Learned to cook this one back in my place, took me some days but,” Hobie said, “hope you lot like it.”

And as soon as Pavitr took a bite, his eyes widened in surprise and they proceeded to eat.

Hours later, they laid in bed together, staring at the ceiling.

Pavitr turned his head. “How?”

“How what?” Hobie asked.

“How did you learn to cook?”

“I got a phone, don’t I? To look shit up?”

Pavitr snorted— “okay, wrong word. Why did you?”

Hobie turned to him, resting on his elbow, reaching with his other arm to trace his fingers on Pavitr’s bare chest.

He stayed quiet for the most part. Moved his fingers up and down on the skin until it graced Pavitr’s chin and jaw, and Pavitr’s questioning looks dissipated for a moment as Hobie kissed him. Then his eyes were low-lidded, staring at Hobie as he loomed over Pavitr.

He had his home somewhere, but it wasn’t in his dimension.

“Just missed having dinner with you.”

## End Notes

thanks for stopping by! if you want more content go follow me @  
toshkakoshka.tumblr.com !! i post chaipunk <3

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