

Giorno: Vae shifts in vaer sleep minutely, curled up snug against Doppio's chest, and when Giorno finally blinks vaer eyes open vae seem reluctant to move from the warm spot. "Ehi, I am up..." vae mumbles, shifting and draping vaer arm over his waist to rest a hand on his back. "You feel warm. Do you always get warm when you sleep near me?"

Doppio: He'd been awake for a while - relaxing with vae up against him, his arms draped loosely around vaer, relishing the moment to some extent - so when vae starts to shift he is not startled into any more wakefulness. He hardly moves at all. "Only when you're warm as you are," he responds, voice quiet.

Giorno: Vae smiles tiredly and pets between his shoulderblades for a few moments, finally sitting up unsteadily with a yawn. "I can't stay in-bed all day. Or.. not asleep, anyway. I am supposed to stay in-bed to rest but I can still work from here." Giorno glances at him expectantly, as if asking if that plan was alright.

Doppio: "Yes, you're right," he says, sitting up alongside vaer. "It's not as if work wouldn't come to you regardless of your wellbeing... I could move to work here also, if you'd like, it's not like I'm not mobile enough already..." He keeps trailing off. It's obvious that he has something else on his mind.

Giorno: "Don't be such a mother chicken," Giorno says absently, pushing the curls of hair out of vaer face. "You can move here if you want. Really, I am not feeling that bad." Vae glances at him again and vaer gaze lingers, blinking and nudging his shoulder. "Cosa? Is something worrying you?"

Doppio: "You appreciate it, I think," he says, and it feels strange but he cracks a small but present smile. It seemed like the muscles ached from disuse but he knew it was all in his head. He touches vaer forehead lightly, presumably to push a curl away himself but his knuckles hesitate for a moment. "And your temperature says otherwise," he finishes. But his smile becomes more forced as he finishes his response. "It's nothing, it's nothing, it's just a- a bad idea."

Giorno: Vae leans into his hand gently, pausing when he continues and frowning slightly. "I am the one who had bad ideas, yours are usually good. What is it?"

Doppio: "I don't find that true," he says, his voice dropping lower, softer. "I was just... I could have stopped them, I could've been able to do something if I could see them, I wouldn't have been on the sidelines... if I..."

Giorno: Giorno has to think for a moment on his words before understanding, blinking absently before focusing back on Doppio's face. "Seen them? Are you talking about, ah- wanting a stand?" Vae wants to say yes but hesitates, bites the overeager word back down and reaches to touch his cheek lightly.

Doppio: "It's- it's not so much wanting one as needing one, I think," the topic makes him nervous, to be broaching it, knowing what resulted the last time he was given a Stand - not him, exactly, but someone in his body - and that vae knows just the same as he does. "I'm the only capo without a Stand, and that's common knowledge by now... and... you have to be giving them, not all the capi are siblings of known Stand users, so I know you can..."

Giorno: Giorno nods slightly as he speaks, looking vaguely embarrassed at the last phrase. "Well- I was," vae admitted, "Before I fell ill. I should have given you one first, I apologize." Vae rubs vaer thumb across his cheek as vae thinks. "Now?" vae asks finally, tilting vaer head. "I could do it now, I think."

Doppio: He averts his gaze for a moment, focusing on vaer hand on his cheek. "I'm... I don't want to impose, but I got some flack during the fallout from that incident, because I didn't have a Stand, I couldn't protect you... now is best perhaps..."

Giorno: Vae thinks for another moment longer before smiling at him, nudging his cheek gently til their eyes meet. "It's not imposing. Like you said, now is the best time." Vae stretches and yawns one last time before wriggling out from the covers and standing a little unsteadily, gesturing for Doppio to come too. "Here is fine? It won't be pleasant."

Doppio: He reaches out instinctively, almost speaking up his objection to vaer being up while being so ill but he catches himself, slides out of bed with no fanfare.

"I don't want you up for that long, here will have to do..."

He knew that it wasn't going to be pleasant - he remembers looking over the numbers, of people who had failed hazing and died to Black Sabbath's Arrow - but it seems strange to him now, almost a petty thing. He'd lost a leg and most of his skin, he'd died and come back to life, a simple arrow wound would not harm him.

He swallows.

Giorno: Giorno takes a deep breath and calls vaer stand, closing vaer eyes tightly and grimacing at the impossibly strange feeling of it reaching inside itself, slender fingers wrapping around the arrow delicately to draw it out as it waits patiently for Giorno's instruction. Vae grips the post of the bed in preparation, fingers trembling a little, and pauses to make sure Doppio was ready before vaer stand drives the arrow suddenly against his chest.

Doppio: He only notices the Arrow an instant before, it was as if it came from thin air when it just suddenly --

It's as if all his nerves were on fire at once, pulsing out from his chest and spreading rapidly. He wheezed in, tasted sand and heat and desert air and started choking, falling to his knees. He held his hand protectively with his other, he was sure it was bleeding, it felt like hell. He looked to see what he had cut it but he wasn't at the digsite, he was in the bedroom and he was 6'3"

and pale pink hair draped around him and his name was Aceto, and his hand didn't even hurt, it was

Choking faded into rough wheezing, the pulsing burning pain fading, and he let go of the too-tight grip around his own wrist, grimacing at the red marks he left on himself. He presses a hand to his face, both shaking like leaves. He feels his stomach turning and he thinks he's going to be ill.

Giorno: Doppio looks like he's somewhere else, a strange and distant, vacant expression in his eyes and Giorno wants to call out to him but vaer voice is strained and choked for a moment. Vaer stand draws the arrow back into itself and Giorno feels vaer knees buckle, clinging to the post and closing vaer eyes tight until vae can stand again, kneeling down in front of Doppio's shaking figure and wrapping vaer arms around his shoulders. "See? It worked, it is over."

Doppio: He feels vaer arms around them and it helps anchor him, keeps him there and not that archaeology site - he'd hardly left the country, let alone ever been to a desert, he isn't sure what he remembered or to who the memory had even belonged. His breath comes in choking gasps as he tries not to heave. He keeps looking down at his hand, examining it closely, but the cut on his palm is never there.

"I think," he says, after a shaky breath inward, "I think I'm going to be sick.... Can I even get sick?"

Giorno: "Ah, if you've eaten recently," Giorno answers vaguely, voice a little trembling at the edges. "It is ok if you do. You are fine." He's shivering almost violently and vae gets a hand lower to rub at his back, like vae had seen people do to calm others down. "You aren't going to pass out, si? You can see and breathe fine?"

Doppio: He nods, vaguely, his breath coming slightly more regular. He fights back a heave and fails, lurching forward involuntarily but nothing escaping him. "I'm here," he says, his voice shaking almost as much as he is, "I don't think I'm going to faint, I'm just-" He heaves again, both hands now firmly against his mouth, hoping to keep whatever from coming out.

Giorno: Giorno's face is sharp with worry and vae catches Doppio's shoulders, peers at him blearily. "Don't try to stop it, you'll feel better once it's out." He looks awful, but vae assumes vae does too.

Doppio: He nods, again, removing his hands from over his mouth, placing one on Giorno's waist and the other - gingerly, his fingers curled protectively over a cut he knows isn't there - on the ground to support his weight.

He heaves again, and he suddenly feels something large and hard stuck in his throat. He starts coughing, choking, the hand on the ground going to his throat to push whatever it is out. He resembles something like a cat coughing up a hairball, complete with the lurching.

Several more heaves and out from his mouth comes a large ball of what could only be described as tightly bound wires, slimy with his saliva and almost certainly too large to have just been spit up. It lands squarely on Giorno's lap with a wet thud.

His stomach feels too empty but no longer threatens to empty itself. He leans against Giorno, taking labored but steady breaths.

Giorno: Giorno is faintly disgusted and then, suddenly less faintly, surprised. "Ah-" vae manages to get out before the thing lands in vaer lap with a wet sound, coiled up heavy- vae pushes it delicately off with a fingertip and clings to Doppio, rubbing his back and staring at the stand.

Doppio: He does nothing but rest against Giorno for a time, eyes closed, a hand still cautiously against his throat more out of protection than anything. He tries to steady his breath.

"Sorry," he says, voice weak, muffled against vaer shoulder.

The ball of wiring stirs, rolling itself around but not accomplishing much.

Giorno: Golden Experience Requiem hovers faintly behind Giorno, cautious and suspicious of the new stand, but it doesn't move just yet. "It's alright," vae answers faintly, holding him closer at the words. "This is your stand? It looks like a baby one, small..." Vae reaches with vaer stand's arm to very gingerly nudge it with a fingertip.

Doppio: It rolls over and away from vaer touch, wires shifting around until something like a face emerges to the front, a shiny, plastic ellipsoid with absolutely nothing resembling facial features on it. Instead were ten round holes arranged framing the edge of the faceplate, resembling something like the rotary dial of a phone.

It lifts its face out from the ball of shifting wires, something like a thin plastic torso emerging after it as it takes a strange, vaguely humanoid shape. Its face is pointed at Gold Experience Requiem, and though it finishes unraveling itself, the rest of the wires forming a thick sort of tail supporting it, it never stops watching.

"I'm not sure if I want to look," he says, face remaining buried in vaer shoulder.

Giorno: Giorno stares for a moment before vaer face breaks into a delighted smile, clapping vaer hands excitedly before realizing Doppio is still clinging to vaer. "Ah, I love it- look it is like a phone, it has a face of a phone, and wires-" Gold Experience Requiem seems quite a bit less enthusiastic at the sight and scowls back at the faceless stand, flicking its glance expectantly from it to Giorno and back. "Are you sure? I think it is cute, look at it."

Doppio: He shifts his head, tilts to the side to expose his face and take a tired glance at his Stand, which remains still, staring down Gold Experience Requiem. His already sordid expression takes a turn even worse as he recognizes it, turning his head right back to obscure it from his vision.

"Of course it's a phone," he groans.

Giorno: Giorno frowns and reaches a hand to rub his back again, threading up through his hair. "Ah. I will stop thinking it is cute then, if you don't like it." Vae reprimands vaer stand in vaer head when it starts to growl low in its throat, pacing slightly. "And my apologies for my stand. It continues to be not-friendly, it seems."

Doppio: "You're welcome to think it's cute," he mumbles in response. "I don't even want to consider what it means, right now."

He reaches an arm out at it, gestures vaguely for it to shoo, and it listens, its form drifting apart and fading from existence. His arm drops down limply and he hardly even notices Giorno's stand's discontent, having not even spared a look at it.

"I want to lay down," he whines.

Giorno: Giorno considers picking him up for a moment before remembering that vae could hardly walk, and calls vaer stand to scoop him up and deposit him onto the sheets before returning to help vaer to vaer feet. "You'll feel bad for a while, I think," vae says absently, flopping down tiredly next to him. "How do you feel now? Other than just bad."

Doppio: He feels himself abruptly pulled away from Giorno and tossed onto vaer bed and it's at this point that he finally catches a glimpse of Gold Experience Requiem, who was not the most pleasant sight even when it wasn't so obviously displeased. He was already miserable, to the point that its lidless gaze hardly piled on any more unpleasantry.

He lays limp until vaer joins him, to which he rolls over to face vaer.

"I'll be fine," he says, sounding oddly defeated. He flexes his not-injured hand as almost an afterthought, stretching the palm, twisting the wrist, feeling no sting of an open wound nor the pull of one half-healed. "It... didn't go how I was expecting."

Giorno: Giorno sits up a little bit to lean against the headboard, gesturing for Doppio to lay his head in vaer lap. Vae pets him absently, drawing vaer fingers through his hair to brush it as vae speaks. "How did you expect it to go? Also, is there anything I can do? You should drink some water." Giorno's stand flits about on vaer whim, closing the curtains around vaer bed, flicking a small lamp on, and though vae watches him flex his hand curiously vae makes no comment.

Doppio: Vaer hands are in his hair and, in a contradictory manner, it's almost distracting how much it relaxes him. His eyes close after a few moments, his expression becoming his hand ceasing to flex.

"I thought I couldn't feel pain. I don't know entirely what I was expecting, but... it wasn't that." He's quiet for a moment, letting himself settle somewhat.

"You shouldn't be out of bed."