

Dumpster Bros Chill Out Behind A Dumpster

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Dumpster Bros Chill Out Behind A Dumpster

by [Bubbly88Tay](#)

Summary

Clint meets Matt.

It goes about as well as Clint expected, and Tony is honestly unsurprised.

Notes

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

Hey there, so I kinda based this Clint Barton as a very intertwined 'Faction Comics Hawkeye' and 'MCU Hawkeye.' Hope you're OK with any inconsistencies this may have caused. Also, Matt and Tony have terrible characterizations in this and I am so sorry, but hey, gotta do it for the whump right?

Enjoy my friend.

Clint Barton.

In some culture, Clint was certain that his name meant 'bad shit will likely happen to this person unintentionally and you should probably stand five feet away at all times and also watch out for his and your surroundings.'

It was a mouthful, but he was certain that nothing truer had ever been spoken before. At least not in his lifetime.

He honestly, could not believe his luck. Clint was certain that scientists could probably perform some sort of study on the statistical improbability of his luck and be able to come to the same, conclusions he had come to early on in his career. He was also certain that Tony and Bruce had probably already done those experiments and had most likely been dumbfounded by the expected results.

It just made no sense. At all.

Case in point, the day before he had woken up in the hospital, with Tony 'not hovering' at his side.

Clint had woken up suspicious. He'd gone the entire day before with no incidence, and had actually had a relatively relaxing day off. Today was looking pretty much the same as long as everything went as smoothly as he planned it to. He planned on playing some video games until lunch, order some pizza, than head out for a jog with Lucky. Come back, work on some

new designs he was mapping out for his arrows, do some home renovations, (i.e. replacing a window, filling in some bullet holes with a new brand of putty he was trying out, try to figure out how he was going to fix the hole in his wall that was created when he was thrown through it... the usual) and then end his evening with a nice BBQ with some of the buildings tenants on the roof around 8, and then hit the hay early.

He loved going to bed early.

So he started his day. Ate some leftover chinese that surprisingly did not taste like it had gone bad even though it had been in his fridge for... well, he wasn't really sure how long it had been there, but there was no mold and the orange chicken was still relatively... orange flavored.

He ate the rest of the food, followed by guzzling a lot of orange juice to stick with the theme of breakfast.

He wasn't able to play video games though, as he realized shortly after he had sat down and tried turning on the console. To no surprise, there was a bullet hole going through that too. Pushing back the annoyance, Clint rolled with the punches, knowing that he was wanting to upgrade shortly here, and Tony had modded a freaking awesome console that he was making a few of for the team. So they could all play together online, apparently it was a thing.

Pushing himself off the sofa, he looked around his apartment, trying to figure out what he was going to do in the meantime.

He could go shoot some hoops with some of the kids on the block, or he could go shoot some arrows down at one of Tony's compounds, one that Tony had bought specifically so that it would be close enough to Clints home so that he could literally just walk there if he wanted to go shoot the breeze.

Weighing the options in his head, Clint realized that he could use a break from all people, including the kids. They'd understand, Clint was constantly playing with the kids, whatever the organized sport of the week was.

Lucky came bounding over to him, tail wagging excitedly. Clint knew how Tony felt about dogs in the compound, so he patted the dog lovingly between the ears, and shrugged. “Sorry bud, I’ll walk you later on.”

Sliding on some tennis shoes, and a hat to cover the bed head, Clint left the apartment.

Waving to the kids as he made his way past the court, Clint walked at a leisurely pace through the loud streets. Horns were honking, drivers were yelling from the safety of their metal coffins, and pedestrians angrily walked through the traffic. Clint smirked as he watched some of the reactions, knowing that it wasn’t anything to get worked up over. Instead, he considered turning the hearing aids down.

After another moment of deliberation, he decided against it, taking solace in the harshness of his home.

He had only gotten about a block away from the apartment when he spotted what he knew was trouble. He wasn’t one to walk away from a fight, but watching the three larger men heckling the skinny brunette who just so happened to be blind as suggested by the cane guiding him, wasn’t really something that Clint thought people should get away with. He watched as the man swiftly kept walking, his shoulder bag bouncing off his hip as he ignored the men around him. The men seemed to be shouting nonsense at the man, seemingly doing it for the fun of it. There was some shoving involved, and it was after the blind gentlemen nearly stumbled over his own feet, that Clint made his way across the street.

He sucked in a deep breath when he was about ten feet behind the group and shouted, ‘Hey, why don’t you people pick on someone else, namely each other.’

All four men turned to look at him, err, faced him? He figured a blind man couldn’t look at him...

They all were facing him rather suddenly though, and Clint rolled his eyes, Natasha was always telling him he had a big mouth. She also told him that perhaps he would be able to stay out of trouble if he could just learn to keep it shut. It was moments like this that he thought she was right. (Not like he’d ever tell her.)

But, hey, it worked for Tony, why couldn't it work for him. Natasha told him it was definitely the income difference between the two. Clint believed the point to be a valid point, considering how often Tony flaunted how much income he was dragging in annually.

Clint pulled his thoughts from the past and returned to the present. Staring at the tallest of the men, "Can't you see he's got somewhere to be, stop holding him back."

The man took a step in the brunettes direction, "Oh you mean Twig here? Nah man, it's cool, we're old acquaintances."

Clint raised an eyebrow as the big guy wrapped an arm around the clearly disgusted blind guy. "I've never met this man before in my life, he just gets off on preying on the defenseless."

Clint smirked, but contemplated the way that the blind guy had let 'defenseless' roll off his tongue. Almost as if he wasn't used to referring to himself in such a way. Clint understood. "Leave him alone."

Clint took a step forward as The Big Guy continued to keep his arm wrapped around the blind guy. Thing Two and Three stepped towards Clint, as if they were threatening to him. "And who are you to tell me what I should do."

"I'm telling you what you shouldn't do-" Then suddenly, Thing Two was swinging at him, and Clint had just enough time to duck the blow and reflect it before Things Three's fist made hard contact with his jaw.

Clint stumbled back and looked up at the man, rubbing his chin. "You know, my weekend was going so well." Clint stepped forward and for a minute it was fists and kicks and at one point, Clint was fairly certain a knife was involved, and Clint realized that he hadn't been spending enough time in the gym as the Things landed blow after blow on his body.

He was impressed with his time that it took to get both men on the ground, squirming as they held their injuries. Clint looked back up at the blind guy, and was mildly shocked to see the

man was standing alone, The Big Guy lying unconscious at his feet. Clint looked at the man, a clear look of confusion on his face.

“He, uh, tripped?” The man attempted a smile, as he tilted his head, “I guess I owe you coffee, uh, I didn't catch your name?”

“Didn't say it, I'm Clint.”

The man smiled, “Matt. Know any good coffee places around here?”

Clint shrugged then remembering the man couldn't see him, shrugged again. “Not really, I typically make my own. I know a good pizza joint though?” Clint watched the man debate the idea in his head then watched as he smirked again.

“I could go for some pepperoni pizza right around now, lead the way.”

And it was with that, the deaf man led the blind.

They had another two blocks to go when Clint suddenly felt the atmosphere shift with the other man. His body tensed as he seemed to - did he just sniff the air?

“You're an Avenger right? Clint Barton, arrow guy?” Matt asked, stopping the pair in the middle of the sidewalk. It was pretty empty for noon, but Clint attributed it to the time of day.

“Arrow's the guy from the DC comics, but yea, I'm the guy, how'd you know that?” Clint asked, shocked at how perceptive the man was. He gazed intensely at the man's eyes, trying to figure out if he truly was blind like he appeared.

“I'm blind not stupid, but you've seen some pretty crazy stuff in your life?” Answered that question, but the question that left Clint was an interesting one in itself. Matt started walking again, this time the spring in his step launched farther forwards with each sentence.

“Yea?”

“Well, you’ve heard of the Devil of Hell's Kitchen?” Clints face dropped as he realized exactly where this was going.

“Fuck me, you’re the Daredevil aren’t you?” Clint watched the man shake his head rigidly as he pulled Clint into a shadowed alley. An alley the sun never touches.

“You could have protected yourself? And here I am sporting a couple bruises for you, thanks man. JFC.” Clint complained, following the man now more shifts and giggles. Still a little unsure about how this situation was going to play out.

Matt looked like he was about to say something as he pulled them behind a dumpster. Both men crinkled their noses at the smell, but ducked anyway. He looked away from the mouth of the alley and looked at Clint, a look of his confusion of his face. “Did you just use text lingo in a sentence.”

“Shut up, whats going on, who's following us?” Clint asked, knowing how someone looked when they thought that shit was about to hit the fan.

“Most of the syndicate that I’m trying to systematically take down but it's clearly not working?” The statement ended as a sentence as Cints brain kicked into overdrive.

“Who?”

“Have you heard of The Hand?”

“Yea, a time or two. Not good dudes, that's for sure.”

“Long story short, a couple of the operatives that went rogue from the syndicate after I had forced them from new york, have decided to try and hunt me down? At least I think? Either way, I’m fairly certain there are seven highly trained ninjas about to come down this alley and try and kill us.”

“You.” Clint corrected, fully realizing this was hit fight to now.

“Us, sorry man, but you’re in it with me now.”

“JFC.”

“Will you stop that?”

“Whatever, how do you know there are people out there?”

“Long story.”

“Which we don’t have time for.” Clint deduced as he watched as seven people dressed in business attire turned down into the alleyway. “Wow, you’re good man.”

“Thanks? I guess we’re going to have to fight them.” Matt offered the suggestion like one would suggest going bowling.

“I’ll have you know that hand to hand isn't really my strong suit.” Clint muttered, watching the impending group slowly ease their way further into the alley.

“How are you an Avenger?” Matt asked, only half joking

“I ask myself that question everyday.” Clint responded, seriously considering the question for a second as he turned away from impending doom and leaned up against the wall debating his options. Leave Matt on his own, let him deal with his own messes... and Clint knew he couldn't do that. The man was *blind*. Clint had no choice but to stay and help.

Matt smirked as he pushed himself away from the dumpster as if he could sense Clint's thought process, and walked to stand tall in the middle of the alleyway. “Can I help you folks?”

Clint rolled his eyes, but decided to join the man. He was silent, for once in his life, and stood silently, menacingly, beside the man. Clint had always been better at being the unseen element of the team. Clint glanced down and noticed that Matt had ditched the cane at some point. Spotting it beside the dumpster, Clint shrugged his shoulders and picked it up, figuring it was as good a weapon as any.

The men and women at the mouth of the alley didn't give either man much time to think, instead, rushing straight at them.

They descended on Matt first, but they made quick work to get to Clint as well.

These guys were a lot better than the three knuckle heads from earlier, there was obviously more training involved with these guys, and Clint was definitely feeling it by the time the first minute had rolled through. He had gotten hit quite a few times in places that the bruises would show, and he could feel blood leaking from a cut on his forehead and he was certain that his lip had been split. He had been able to knock one out of his three out when he had looked over to check on Matt.

It had been a mistake that he would later on learn to regret, Matt was doing well with his four. One was down for the count, another was definitely being worn down on as he kept falling to a knee, but wearily rejoining the fight. Seconds after looking back to one of his own guys, Clint felt a hard jab land on the center of his back. He bit back a cry as he whirled around and caught the same man's other jab and twirling it towards the other man, allowing the man to hit his partner.

The hit landed and Clint smirked as he felt the pain in his back spread. Suddenly, Clint felt a stab of agony in his lower back, something he recognized all too well, having been stabbed

more than his fair share of times. He did his best to ignore the pain and whirled around again bringing his fist right into air, as the man who had hit him from behind took a step back.

Clint glanced and watched as Matt dropped another guy. His back was on fire, and he knew that that couldn't be good and it was around then that Clint realized that he had just about had it with this fight. Clint tried not to be jealous of the blind man that's fighting capability was overall considerably better than his.

Clint shifted so that he could see the men that were behind him. He took a shuffle back as he tried to get all three men into the same line of vision. Clint shifted his hold on the cane and twirled it quickly in his hand. "You guys are lucky that I don't have a projectile weapon. All you fuckers would be dead right now."

Clint took a swing at the first man to his right, who quickly ducked away but Clint followed the swing with a kick straight to the man's nether regions. It wasn't a light kick either, but Clint had no regrets as the man dropped to his knees, his hands gripping at his pants. Clint swung at the other two men as he finished off the first gentleman with a hard kick to the chin, sending the man's face spinning into the side of the metal dumpster.

Clint registered Matt finishing up with his final man as Clint struck one of his men with the pole. Matt stepped up to his side as he began fighting the other. In tandem the two heroes were able to drop the remaining two ninja bankers to the ground, both men clearly unconscious to the archer.

Clint sucked in a few deep breaths as he looked over at Matt. "Are you actually blind?"

"Sort of?" Clint accepted the answer as he pushed his hand against his lower back. "JFC, I'm going to need a doctor." Clint pulled his wet finger tips away from his wound as he looked at them, as if confirming that he was, in fact, injured. He suddenly felt the weight of the world on his shoulders as he dropped to his knees. He used his other hand to pull his phone from his pocket and he used the original hand to hold pressure on the wound.

Matt dropped with him, wiping blood from his own chin with the back of his hand as he 'looked' at Clint. "Whats wrong?"

“One of the fuckers got me, good, I’m losing a lot of blood, can you keep pressure on it if I pass out?” Matt nodded. Not too surprising to Clint, Matt seemed to know exactly where the wound was and lightly pulled Clint’s hand away as he pressed down roughly on the wound. Clint’s sure that the words that spilled from his mouth were unintelligible as Clint carefully maneuvered himself so his butt was on the ground, his legs spread out ahead of him.

“I’m going to call my buddies, do you want to say you just walked across this shit?” Matt seemed startled by the question, and then peered down at Clint. Clint noticed that Matt’s glasses were gone as Clint sent a text to Tony, knowing he would get help here ASAP.

“If you wouldn’t mind, keeping ‘Matt’ a secret is probably a good idea.” Clint smirked, Matt obviously didn’t want people thinking that he was anything than a blind dude... Clint didn’t even know what this dude did in his spare time?

Clint could feel himself growing weary, and he wasn’t sure when, but it was like one moment he closed his eyes while staring at a dumpster, the next, he was staring at one of the fire escapes that hung over the alley. “You still with me Clint?”

Once again an unintelligible stream of words leaked from Clint’s mouth, he could feel his phone ringing loudly beside him but he couldn’t seem to move his arms to answer it. “Hang in there buddy, you’re losing a lot of blood, I’m going to answer your phone, OK?”

Clint licked his lips, nodding his head. “Yea, this is shock. Believe it or not, this is a familiar feeling.”

Matt smirked, “OK?” He picked up the phone with his other hand and frowned, realizing it was a touch screen. “Can you answer it, I can’t do it?”

Clint chuckled, an ugly grimace crossing his face at the movements. He brought a heavy hand up and smirked at the amount of blood coating his fingertips. He pressed answer on the phone and then placed it on speaker phone. “You can set it down, it’s on speakerphone.”

“Katniss, I have medics and police on their way, what’s wrong?” Tony’s voice cut into the air, Clint could have sworn it was possibly worry that lined the man’s words but it could have just

as easily been arrogance. Either way, that's what Clint gets for sending Tony 'SOS, ASAP, BLOOD, SEND HELP.'

"Nice to talk to you too." His voice was breathy, and come to think of it, his teeth were chattering. He didn't sound good, that was for sure.

"Clint." The words were a mixture of anger and concern. "What did you do?" Clint suddenly felt a weight settle in his chest as fatigue started to weigh down on him.

"He was stabbed, and he's bleeding a lot." Matt spoke towards the phone, rolling Clint to his side to try and keep the wound above his heart as opposed to previously allowing Clint's body to hold Matt's hand up against the ground and the wound.

"What, who is this?" Tony's voice seemed to echo throughout the alley.

"Uh, Matt, sir. I found Mr. Barton a few minutes ago."

"Well, Matt, can you tell me what's wrong?"

"He was stabbed. Lower back, slightly to the left of the spine. Bleeding a lot."

"Matt, can you tell me what color the blood is? Dark red or bright red?" Clint grunted, which Matt could only translate as a chuckle.

"I can't."

Clint coughed quickly and then whispered, "He's blind."

Matt could hear sirens as he could practically hear Tony's brain working itself into overdrive. "You've gotta be shitting me Barton."

"Language." The word was on the end of a breath and Matt stopped paying attention to the sirens and listened as he could hear Clint's heartbeat growing weaker in his chest. The blood running through his fingertips, too fast for comfort.

"Fuck you Clint."

"Stay with me Clint, helps almost here." Matt was surprised, Tony wasn't saying anything, but neither was Clint. It seemed like a lifetime later, Clint's lifetime, that help finally arrived. His heartbeat was thready, and the medics quickly packed the wound as Clint slipped unconscious. Matt could hear as they slipped an oxygen mask over Clint's mouth and nose and as they got him on a gurney.

Matt did his best to look blind as he noticed a paramedic reaching for him. "You coming with, buddy?"

"Uh no. I'll wait until the cops get here." The medic nodded and less than 30 seconds later, they were peeling away from the alley.

Clint glanced over at Tony, who sat vigil in the hospital chair beside his bed. "Thanks for taking my thought into concern and allowing me to stay close to home." Even Clint couldn't tell if he was being genuine or sarcastically grateful.

Tony snorted as he looked up at Clint, "You know if it were up to me, you'd be upstate by now, settled in *my* medical facility, which, mind you, is state of the art Clint. Designed specifically for the person who would use it most." Tony was staring pointedly at him as he stood from his chair and handed the tablet he was previously staring at to Clint.

Clint reached out shakily for the tablet and cursed the blood loss. "What was the damage?" Clint asked, ignoring the tablet for now.

“Nothing major, might have some paralysis in your toes for a while, but a hawk doesn’t need toes now does it.” He stopped, thinking about the phrase before continuing confidently, “You lost a lot of blood, an artery got nicked. You’re lucky you’re alive, blah blah blah. Can you hurry up and read that so I can leave?”

Clint looked down at the tablet rolling his eyes and was surprised to see his face next to a photo of the alley from the day before. “7 people, all with no records of ever being born. Wanna explain to me how you managed to walk into this one? And better yet, why you walked in with a blind man?”

Clint shrugged nonchalantly, tossing the tablet to the foot of the bed.

“I don't know what you're talking about Tony.”

Tony rolled his eyes as Clints own eyes grew heavy. “You know what, I’ll find the blind Matt on my own and ask him. I’m sure he’s got answers that you’re none too forth coming with.”

“Geez, maybe if you said please once in awhile.” Clint baited, doubting the man would stoop to that level.

“I’d rather eat my left foot. Hopefully I won’t see you later..”

“Fuck off.” Clint paused as Tony walked through the doorway and out into the hall. “Hey, when you find Matt, I want his number and address.”

“Whatever.” Tony's voice carried back into the room. Clint smiled at the term of endearment as he gingerly allowed himself to rest again.

End Notes

This piece of fiction goes out to the wonderful @PromptsForYourWhumpFics on Tumblr for the October Secret Santa Whump fic exchange.

This is my first time posting for both Archive of Our Own, and The Marvel community, so, enjoy, feel free to hit me up and let me know what y'all think and I fully anticipate most characters in this being OOC because I'm a shitty writer.

Enjoy!

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