

sitcom

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Summary

"We need to call in a ringer," Steve said suddenly. "Of course. Daredevil." Sam held back his comments.

"That nutjob from Hell's Kitchen?" Tony frowned. "The hell does he have to do with anything?" Tony gave Steve an expectant look.

"She met him when she was stalking a gang of ninjas or something - she wasn't working, just curious, I think," Steve shrugged. Clint held up his hand for a high-five and Sam rolled his eyes in annoyance. "She gave me a lot of TMI - "

"Wait, what?" Tony interrupted. "What kind of TMI?"

Wanda sighed dramatically. "Daredevil keeps his fingers and his mouth exposed for very good reasons." There went Sam's restrained comments.

"Anyway - " Steve cut her off and Sam stopped Clint from giving her a high-five. "What little she told me about his 'skills' involved excellent night-vision and bitterness toward electronics."

Notes

♥ I tried to hit a little bit of all your prompts. Happy December!

"Everybody shut up!" Clint snapped. Once he was satisfied everyone was quiet, he slid in his backup hearing aids and turned his attention to the flickering holographic map. "We need a new plan."

"Yeah, that's the gist of it, Barton," Tony said dully, throwing up his hands.

Steve pushed his hands through his depression-length hair and shook his head like a sloppy dog which dislodged a lot of ash and mud across the jet's floor. Sam wondered who had Sweeper duty with the Roombas offline. "So, electronics are out because of the interference, so what are you thinking - the lack of light is a problem but - "

"It's more than a fucking problem, it's a fucking catastrophe - unless you're going back down with candles stuck in your little ear-wings," Tony muttered.

"You're not being helpful," Steve frowned.

Tony reached up and placed both hands on Steve's shoulders. "Natasha is Pepper's maid of honor. Do you have **any** idea what that means?"

"That we're dead if we don't get her back in time for the fitting?" Steve replied after a beat.

Sam sighed. "Not that we needed another reminder of the stakes here, but we're not making any progress. Let's take a break - "

"We don't have time for a break," Tony said shrilly, silencing the room again. "Sorry."

"So. Plan," Wanda offered. "We need to be able to see in the dark with no tech. I can't sustain my magic without turning the tunnel into an oven."

"Hearing aids and no way to do hand signs takes me out of the trip," Clint added. "Tony's down without the suit - "

"We need to call in a ringer," Steve said suddenly. "Daredevil." Sam held back his comments.

"That nutjob from Hell's Kitchen?" Tony frowned. "The fuck does he have to do with anything?" Tony gave Steve an expectant look.

"Nat met him when she was stalking a gang of ninjas or something - she wasn't working, just curious, I think," Steve shrugged. Clint held up his hand for a high-five and Sam rolled his eyes in annoyance. "She gave me a lot of TMI - "

"Wait, *what*?" Tony interrupted. "What kind of TMI?"

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"Anyway - " Steve cut her off and Sam stopped Clint from giving her a high-five. "What little she told me about his 'skills' involved excellent night-vision and bitterness toward electronics."

"Great," Tony groaned. "I'll just sit on my hands over here. Why are we talking about Natasha's conquests again?"

"Because we used to run strategy games with all the superheroes we knew. I always used Pepper for my wild card, her fire stuff is helpful in a pinch," Wanda said. "But if we need low-tech with night vision, he would definitely be her play."

"I've never met him, she's really protective," Clint hummed. "So I have no idea how to reach him - "

"He's third on her emergency contact list so I've got an number. Tony, start looking for work-arounds that won't get fried by the magnetic whatever down there."

"I'm not working with Pym," Tony said.

"I don't care what you do. Pepper's not my fiancée."

"Oh shit, oh *shit* - Matt - I think I fucked up," Foggy panicked, slamming the door behind him and failing to lock it after three fumbling tries and abandoning it to stalk across the room. Karen was on her feet but Matt was faster.

He could tell by the rabbit-heartbeat that Foggy was melting down and he wondered which of his sins was falling on them this time. "Hey, hey - " he caught his arm and turned Foggy to face him. "What's wrong? Breathe."

"I told Marci - "

He didn't know who gasped but he blamed it on Karen. "Fog - "

"Not the *Daredevil* thing, the *futon of fail* thing - " Foggy said, shoving him. "I would never tell her - "

"What Daredevil thing?" Marci's voice broke through.

Matt slowly inhaled and closed his eyes, praying to wake up.

"I thought you were parking the car - "

"And I thought you were going to wait for me - "

Karen rescued him with a light touch on the arm. "What's the 'futon of fail'?" Not a rescue - an ambush.

"Keg-stand gone sideways, lines were crossed - it was a sworn secret between friends but I thought Marci - " Matt pointedly tilted his body toward Foggy and Marci's standoff.

Marci huffed. "That's what I've been trying to tell him - I knew about the futon years ago."

"What?" Foggy whispered.

She threw up her hands and Karen was half-giggling, half-glaring from what he could tell as Marci continued. "You told me all about your futon escapades when you got fucked up on boxed wine in grad school. But **Daredevil**? I fucking knew it - "

"I don't know what you think you heard, but that's not what we said at all - " Foggy backtracked.

Matt's burner phone buzzed in his pocket and after a moment his normal phone buzzed on the desk relaying the voicemail thanks to Karen's fancy forwarding. The ringtone wasn't a song he recognized but Marci made an affronted sound and held it out to him.

"Did you really have to make it play 'Sympathy for the Devil' when he gets a voicemail? Seriously?" Foggy groaned.

"Excuse me. *Fix this*," Matt hissed to Foggy as he hurried out of the office. He remembered his cane but Karen snatched his bag to hold hostage so he couldn't make a disgraceful exit.

He didn't recognize the gruff voice on the voicemail but he said he was 'calling in a favor for the Black Widow, no questions asked but we need your skillset'. He knew Natasha liked to name-drop him since she's one of the few people that figured out his identity from body-shape and fighting style alone - but - she would never give his number out unless - this was an emergency for Daredevil. It was bigger than a domestic dispute.

Foggy would kill him dead if he walked away from him right now - he'd revive him and kill him again if he found out it was because of an ex.

Marci's voice broke through his focus. *"If he's Daredevil then maybe I could deal with the fact that he's your top priority but right now it just seems like you're dropping me to hang out with him like every other time - "*

Dammit, Natasha always promised him an exit but he didn't like the way this one was heading. He took a couple more steps into the hall and dialed the number left. His image of Captain America was more cartoon than person - but his voice was all 'man'. "You rang, Captain?"

"Uh, yeah. Hi. So, this is a long-shot but Natasha was kidnapped by mole-people out in Bed-Stuy."

Wow. Matt didn't predict that kind of emergency. "Huh."

"Right. We're on rescue attempt number 3 around here and she's in Pepper Potts' wedding - see, Tony, I'm relaying the urgency right now - and well, your stats put you at the top right now for what we need."

"My stats?" Matt blinked.

"You can see in the dark and don't need electronics - there's some kind of interference that's frying all our stuff. We really need Natasha to be on time for her dress fitting."

"I don't even know if I want to date you right now, let alone marry you!" Marci shrieked and threw something at the wall.

"My lawyer's having some wedding planning problems of his own right now, so if it's not an absolute emergency - " Matt winced.

"THIRD TRY! SEND HELP!" He recognized Tony Stark in the background.

The door swung open behind him and Foggy stepped out. "Matt, um, if you don't mind, I could use some of your trademark negotiating in here."

He considered his response with Marci and Karen looming closer. "Pepper Potts' maid of honor is missing."

"Natasha? Isn't she your ex?" Karen blurted out.

"Wait, the Black Widow's your ex?" Foggy demanded.

"Now I know you're full of shit," Marci talked over them.

Captain America huffed in his ear. "Name your terms."

Pepper crossed her arms and Steve wondered how pale Tony could get before he passed out. Actually, Clint and Wanda seemed reasonably frightened by her silence, too.

"Captain. Please tell me you're smarter than you look and you have a plan."

She knew how much he hated when she called him 'Captain' and he winced. "Of course. Daredevil's coming."

That seemed to be the wrong thing to say. "Daredevil? His lawyer's fiancée RSVP'd my baby shower."

"That's who was arguing in the background," he realized. Clint and Tony both shoved him *hard*. Pepper narrowed her eyes.

"I told you not to send Natasha on any missions this close to the wedding - you want me to be 9 months and barefoot when I walk down the aisle, Tony? My feet are already swelling and you're ruining two weddings for the price of one - *what?*"

Steve slowly lowered his hand now that he'd caught her attention when the AC clicked on from the rising temperature in the room. "It's no problem - we're totally going to get her back from the mole-people before - "

"**Before?**" Pepper paused. "Go on, Steve, before *what?*"

"Back away slowly, Cap. Seriously, one step at a time," Tony said, tugging him by his belt loops.

'No more talking, we're all going to mark this up as one of the worst days of our life," Matt said, grateful that he couldn't 'see' the glares directed his way when he rolled the mask down to hide his eyes as Marci pulled her Mercedes into the VIP parking area.

Turned out, Pepper Potts was the real boss of the Avengers and Matt wasn't as excited to meet her as Marci and Karen seemed to be. He was leaning more toward controlled terror, for Foggy's sake at least, considering the HBIC-ordered meeting.

"Speak for yourself, the invite to the Stark-Potts wedding was the highlight of my engagement so far - this is my parting gift."

"Marci, please, I don't even - " Foggy's stuttered in time with his heartbeat and Matt had no idea how to help.

"We're bringing you in on his biggest secret, Marci, can't you give him a break?" Karen hesitated, stepping out first and waiting for Matt to get his bearings in the echoing parking deck.

Marci scoffed. "No. Just because I know **why** he's obsessed with - Daredevil - doesn't change the fact that our relationship is uneven as fuck because he's in love with him - "

Someone cleared their throat and Matt sized up the mystery guest. "Falcon?"

"Yeah, hey. I'm here to scan your friends up to see Pepper. You're lucky enough to skip that for a briefing," Wilson said.

"Thank God," Matt muttered but Foggy poked him hard in the back.

"This is all your fault."

Matt didn't deny it, he needed time to come up with a better defense. "Karen - "

"Nope, not it. I'm just here for the jokes, but I'll keep notes for you."

"So they're non-violent?" Matt interrupted Captain America for the second time.

"We're not even sure 'Tash knows that she's been compromised - we can't get past the tunnels to find her," Hawkeye said. "All bets are on her not knowing that the dress fitting is tomorrow because her watch is broken."

"All this for a wedding," Scarlet Witch muttered.

"Are they actually...moles? Fur and - " Matt made the approximate hand gesture for 'claw' he hoped.

"No, just albinos - but they have some sort of eye-mutation that lets them see in the dark. I'm not insulting you am I?" Captain America sighed. "We don't even know what they're doing down there but - "

"Low-vision and low-tech. I can lead you down. Who's following?" Matt conceded.

"The two Caps," Barton answered. "What do you need?"

"Bring some matches," Matt decided. "Let's go."

"So - "

"Sam."

"I just - "

"Don't - "

Matt raised his hand to the wall of the tunnel and the two men hushed behind them but Wilson seemed to be brimming with questions.

"Night vision, though?" Sam blurted out and Matt used the echo of his words to judge the length of the tunnel.

"You guys keep stats on everyone?" Matt deflected, leading the way with the thrumming heartbeats urging his steady steps.

"Natasha started it," Rogers muttered. "Sam knows we're not allowed to ask questions."

"I doubt she measured his sexual prowess with his technological savvy, so it has to be the night vision that gets him top marks," Sam said.

"Why is everything about sex? I could just be really good at my job," Matt replied.

"No comment," Sam and Steve said in unison.

He froze in place.

"We didn't mean it like that, you're great at your job - just - she has different stats for work reasons which is why you're here."

"Well, I was hoping you weren't inviting me here for sex reasons. You got those matches? I think we're coming up on a door."

"What about gas - I don't want to explode and unless you're hiding a canary in your sweatpants, we don't have a way to check," Sam said.

"Canary? Is everything about birds with you?" Matt groaned and sniffed loudly. "It's safe."

Rogers snickered. "I got it."

"They call it 'Zion'," Natasha said, completely unbothered by their appearance. Seemed like it had been a few days since she'd had a real shower, too. Sam wondered what the Sniffer-Dog-Devil thought about that. Then he reconsidered because, ew.

"Like the Matrix?" he asked after a beat.

"Exactly like that. They're protecting themselves against the robot overlords," she said, kissing Daredevil's scruffy jaw. "Are you still mad at me?"

"Absolutely," he replied darkly. "I'm in so much shit now because of you."

"But a wedding's been saved," Sam said, accepting a much less-chaste kiss from Natasha and staking his claim. The Devil smirked like it answered all the questions he'd avoided. Sam wondered if he sniffed her on his suit. Ew.

"My best friend's wedding is going to be canceled if I don't run some damage control. Cap just compared the main guy to the Amish and they seem pleased," Daredevil said, tilting his head toward the hall.

"I'll show you where we can shut down the power source for the magnet, it's on the way out." Sam waited for Daredevil to take point but Natasha rolled her eyes. "The lights are on in

here, Matt's not going to be any use now."

"Matt, sure," Sam grinned, testing the name in his mouth.

"Oh, sorry," Natasha grinned, winking at Sam.

"Pepper's feet are too swollen to fit in her shoes," 'Matt' said and Natasha's face flashed with horror.

"Jesus Christ, let's go."

Matt held his breath on the slow elevator ride to the penthouse and it was only partially because of Natasha's smug stare at the back of his head. He waited for her to yank off his mask just to prove he was capable of murder after all.

"You're the hero today, why are you acting like you're going to your execution?" she asked finally.

"I own stock in Rand Enterprises," Matt stated flatly.

"His lawyer's having girlfriend problems," Sam rattled him out. Matt didn't like the new Cap as much now that he knew he was the Widow's latest mate.

The doors opened smoothly and he was recognized Karen waiting with a relieved huff and hug. "Hey."

"Why the hug?" Matt whispered urgently as the rest filed out. Tony was vocally excited to see Natasha was safe.

"Pepper is **amazing**," Karen replied and steered him into the room where Marci and Foggy seemed - tangibly drunk. "Yeah, I'm driving back," she added when he inclined his hand toward them.

"Double-D - hey. So, you're off the hook. It's not your fault my fiance's definition of BFF is dangerously close to the definition of BF, as in boyfriend," Marci said, waving her glass.

"Everyone knows you're very much not gay," Foggy clinked his glass with hers.

"Totally bi," Matt agreed and Karen nodded. Foggy and Marci both choked slightly and Matt was turned away by a stranger that he assumed was Pepper Potts by the double heartbeat.

"I'm so sorry they bothered you, Daredevil, but I'm grateful for your help today. And for the company."

"No trouble at all, things seem to have worked out," Matt replied, careful.

She laughed and smoothed her hand down his arm. He heard Tony muttering in the background when she lowered her voice. "The black's new, isn't it? Why does Pete call you 'Red'?"

Matt made the connection a beat after Karen did and his cheeks burned.

"Ah, the blush. Poor *thing*. Our secret," Pepper laughed.

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