

No Lilo, Too Much Stitch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17740319) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17740319>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Daredevil (TV) , Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017) , Marvel Cinematic Universe
Relationships:	Matt Murdock & Peter Parker , Matt Murdock & Claire Temple , Peter Parker & Tony Stark , Matt Murdock & Tony Stark
Characters:	Matt Murdock , Peter Parker , Claire Temple , Tony Stark
Additional Tags:	Hurt Peter Parker , Precious Peter Parker , Fluff and Humor , Concussions , that one tag is important , Peter Parker is a Little Shit , Superhero Babysitter Claire Temple , Protective Tony Stark , Family Fluff , Fluff , Humor
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Peter Parker and His Found Family
Collections:	Really good IronDad and Spiderson fanfics , escapism (to forget that the world is a burning hellscape) , an aroace's favourite fics! , Spiderman , IronDad & SpiderSon , The favored oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2019-02-13 Words: 4,586 Chapters: 1/1

No Lilo, Too Much Stitch

by [notinusenatasha](#)

Summary

Peter Parker sitting on a couch.

D-Y-I-N-G.

(It's okay, Daredevil is there. And Claire. And Tony Stark, but he mostly just worries.)

Notes

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

The first time that Peter met Daredevil, Peter was only *half* dead, which was honestly an achievement.

As it turned out, ninjas didn't like to be interrupted while they were, er, *ninja-ing*, and even less so when they had swords.

So *maybe* there was a big slash across Peter's stomach that was bleeding more than one might call strictly healthy.

Maybe.

All Peter really knew was that May was definitely going to kill him, Tony was going to have *another* heart attack and Natasha was going to give him that squinty *concerned yet Done* face before heading out to kill the ninjas. Or, beating them up a bunch (*more*) once Peter convinced her to not kill them.

He had a foolproof plan: cookies.

Anyway.

Peter really should have told Daredevil that he didn't need medical assistance, which seemed to be the red vigilante's goal. Oh, hey, they were both red vigilantes! *Twinsies*.

Karen had previously asked Peter if she needed to contact Friday, but what she really meant was *do you need me to contact Tony Stark?*

The answer was *yeah, probably* but Peter's actual answer had been *no, no, I'm fine*.

The next inquiry from Karen was, *are you sure? You seem to have sustained severe damage to the suit and you are losing a large quantity of blood. Head trauma has also been detected.*

Peter's answer had been *I'm sure* to which Karen had responded with *calling Tony...*

Snooze! Peter had tried, hastily hushing her, *Karen, snooze, please.*

You have ten minutes, Peter, Karen had replied to his panic and *woah*, that was a feature?

So help *would* eventually be on the way, though, Peter would've preferred taking care of it himself. He wasn't sure *how*, but he didn't want to worry Mr. Stark. And *worrying people* was really something he should have considered before becoming Spiderman. Oh well.

Daredevil was on the phone. Well, he was either on the phone or he was talking to himself. Peter couldn't really tell, since he was pretty sure that he was concussed (*head trauma*) and any movement seemed like *way* too much effort. Daredevil had him bridal style, or he did, but then he laid Peter down on his couch. At one point.

Peter presumed it was his couch. He *hoped* it was his couch. He didn't really want to be bleeding out on some random guy's furniture. Did Daredevil count as a random guy?

...Huh.

“He’s bleeding out, I think.” Daredevil said into his phone, his casual tone ruined by the lace of distress undertoning it.

He was still weirdly calm for a guy with a bleeding Spiderman on his couch.

Though, said *guy* was also walking around in what Mr. Stark had once called a fetish suit, before immediately telling Peter to not ever repeat that phrasing.

“No, ‘m not.” Peter protested, a little late to answering Daredevil's claims. At his answer, he could *feel* the strength of Daredevil's glare, even from behind the mask.

Suddenly, there was a cloth at his stomach. And then pressure. Peter hissed, clawing at whatever was *pressing down on his wound what the fuck who does that kind of shit*—

“I'm trying to clot your wound, it's really not that crazy of an idea.” Daredevil replied and *woah, he said that out loud?*

“... Are you concussed?”

Peter paused. “Prob’ly.”

“Claire,” Daredevil said, voice impatiently patient to whoever was on the other side of the call. *Claire*, that's a pretty name. “I was kind of preoccupied with carrying Spiderman away from the other, oncoming ninjas to put pressure on it.”

Peter swallowed, straining to hear the other end of the call. Ugh. Pain. It *hurt*.

“Well, I had to call you.” he replied to Claire and, wait— was Daredevil *pouting*? “And I might have done something to my wrist.”

Peter blearily refocussed his eyes (when did they become *unfocussed*?) and stared at Daredevil, still dressed full in his suit. The horns looked ridiculous up close.

He had one hand resting, tense, by his stomach while the other was holding onto his phone, pressing it to his ear. His knee was pressing on Peter's wound, a bloodied cloth the only thing separating the two. That and Daredevil's kneepad and Peter's suit.

“Thank you, Claire.” Daredevil said, his tone soft. The Claire girl, whoever she was, said something that must've been funny, because Daredevil quirked a smile. “Bye.”

He hung up and turned to Peter. “How are you doing, kid?”

Daredevil rested his leather-clad hand on Peter's shoulder.

“I'm— I'm just, yeah, I'm *great* .” Peter told him, and Daredevil laughed in response, which did *not* go along with the whole *badass, brooding, grumpy Batman* thing that Peter had pictured in his head.

“Yeah, okay, sure. How’s the pain?”

Peter could feel his skin slowly (too slowly. *Very slowly*) sewing itself back together. It was deep slice, so it wouldn't be gone by morning. He grimaced at the thought; *this was what I get for going out on a school night*.

“Like, five?”

Maybe he should've said higher. Most people would probably feel more pain at basically bleeding out. And people that had Peter stationed on a couch, easily able to find out his identity didn't need to know that Spiderman was superhuman.

Daredevil paused. Tilted his head. Listening, maybe? Listening to what?

“You're enhanced, aren't you?”

That motherfucker.

“Noooooooooooo.”

Uh, nailed it.

Daredevil rolled his eyes. Or, Peter imagined him rolling his eyes. The energy was there.

“Great, I've got a superhuman teenager in spandex on my couch, *dying* .”

He didn't seem to care that much, though, and he didn't make a move to remove Peter's mask.

The most important detail of what Daredevil said, however, was that it *was* his couch. Good. Uh, probably.

He added something else that Peter elected to ignore, something that sounded suspiciously like *Foggy is going to be so pissed*. What kind of name was *Foggy*?

Anywho.

“I'm not dying” Peter clarified, “I'm Spiderman.”

“Yeah, you're *Spiderman*, not Wolverine.” Daredevil retorted.

“I'm *basically* Wolverine.”

“Yeah, well, you two *do* look the same to me.” Daredevil said, a smirk tugging at his lips. It wasn't even funny. And it didn't make sense, either. Or maybe it was a sensible, funny comment deserving of a smile. Peter was concussed. He didn't know *shit*.

In retaliation, because Peter felt like he'd lost an argument, except it wasn't an argument and he didn't lose anything, but he *did* feel the need to point out, “You're not allowed to call my

suit spandex. People who think it's ridiculous call it spandex. And you're not allowed to think it's ridiculous because you've got horns and *you* look ridiculous.”

He felt a little bit guilty, but the gate that usually held rude comments inside of him and not spewing out of his mouth had appeared to have broken down.

Daredevil frowned and Peter felt bad. Or he would've, but he was too concussed to actually feel *that* bad; his brain wasn't functioning enough to think too hard about his actions.

"It's a symbol." Daredevil argued. Something about his tone gave Peter the impression that that was an old and tired argument; it had probably been said many times over.

Peter let it be. Still, the couch, stained as it was, was getting more stained and Peter felt a twinge of regret at the thought that he couldn't comfort the couch.

He'd deal with being guilty about bleeding out in Daredevil's apartment another time.

Daredevil's really bland, *sad* apartment with a big purple light shining in through the window. Minimalism? Peter didn't know enough about minimalism to call the apartment minimalist, so for now, he'd just call it depressing.

And Peter had no filter when he was concussed, so he informed Daredevil, “Your apartment is depressing.”

For some reason, this made the man smile. “So I've been told.”

Weirdo.

“You're the weirdo.” Daredevil said, because Peter's thoughts were leaking out of his brain. Daredevil sounded weirdly petulant.

The door swung open before Peter could *tell* him that he sounded weirdly petulant, so Peter shut his mouth.

Mr. Stark?

No, stupid, he would never use a *door*. The woman that walked in had a strong gait, all business, but she smelled like flowers and was wearing a warm sweater.

Claire, then.

She was just as pretty as her name. A little weathered, but beautiful all the same.

"Sometimes, I really hate just *being in the neighbourhood*." she was saying.

“*Pretty*.” Peter said, words slipping through his mouth and interrupting whatever thought Claire might've said next. She gave him a sweet smile before turning to Daredevil, expression melting into one of shock and, not anger, but mostly annoyance.

“You have *Spiderman* on your couch?”

Ah, so she was a semi-normal human being of whom freaked out about that kind of stuff. Y'know. Vigilantes. Dying. And also Spiderman. Although, she appeared to be friends (?) with Daredevil, so Peter couldn't really be sure of her mental state. (Although, the dude *was* pretty awesome, thus far. And, apparently, not actual Satan. So, that was nice.)

Peter didn't like to think he was egotistical but he was still a little surprised that, when Peter had shown up to help with the ninjas, Daredevil had absolutely *no* reaction (not even surprise) except annoyance at an intruder (*helper*) and a tinge of concern. (“*You're just a kid!*”) Peter still wasn't sure how Daredevil knew he was *just a kid* or *superhuman*, for that matter, but he did.

Maybe he *was* actual Satan.

“So he *is* Spiderman.” Daredevil nodded, like he needed a confirmation other than Peter's bright red and blue suit.

While Peter was sure that that was an attempt at dry humour, the small note of surprise in Daredevil's voice was unmistakable. Maybe he didn't look at the news much.

“*Wolverine.*” Peter corrected.

Tony is approaching now, Karen warned at that moment, prompting a cocked head from Daredevil and then a grimace on his lips.

Peter groaned, and not because of the pain. Although, while he would like a Mr. Stark brand hug, Mr. Stark was probably concerned and Peter didn't want him to be concerned.

That *did* seem to be Mr. Stark's permanent state though. Peter made a mental note to make Karen start calling Mr. Stark *Mother Hen*.

Just as Claire slipped rubber gloves onto her hands, Mr. Stark crashed through the window, glass spewing across the floor, letting in more of the blinding purple light, which then seemed more like a magenta.

... Doors weren't really Mr. Stark's thing.

The suit had its repulsors out, which, *overkill*.

“You're paying for that.” was all Daredevil commented, sounding put off but not outraged.

Meanwhile, Claire seemed more starstruck at the sight of Iron Man. Though, she quickly simmered down and fell into a defensive position. Shoulders back, feet placed just so, arms poised in front– not in a fighting position, just ready to lash out if needed.

“I'll send a cheque later.” Mr. Stark said absently, “Now step away from my kid.”

Confused, Daredevil turned to Claire. “Stark has a kid?”

Claire and Mr. Stark both said a resounding, “*No,*” just as Peter said, “*Yes.*”

Two of the three adults in the room gave Peter an odd look while Mr. Stark didn't give any response at all, although Peter thought that he was probably melting behind the face guard. He usually did when Peter said that kind of stuff.

If he was melting (he was), he got over it pretty quick, because Mr. Stark said to Daredevil, aiming his repulsors, "Get away from him, Affleck."

Daredevil remained put.

"Movie reference?" Peter heard him murmur as Claire spoke overtop of him, saying, "Spiderman is currently bleeding out. He needs that pressure on him."

"I always work better under pressure." Peter said.

Mr. Stark paused. Aimed the next question at Peter. "Friendlies?"

"Friendlies."

The repulsors died down and his face guard dropped. Immediately, he hurried to check out Peter's injuries.

"Sorry I took so long, kid." he told Peter as he inspected what he could see from under Daredevil's knee, wincing when he saw the size of it. "How did you guys get all the way over here? It only took me like, two minutes from the Tower."

Daredevil tilted his head— *again* —just as Mr. Stark corrected himself, "Friday says it took me two minutes, thirty four seconds. And a half."

"Friday?" Daredevil murmured to himself as Peter explained, "I told Karen to snooze."

"Snooze? On you calling me? Did you hack the suit again?" he accused.

"Only old people say hack." Peter replied, "And nah."

"That's a bug." Mr. Stark frowned. "I'll fix that when I fix the gigantic gaping hole in the suit."

Mr. Stark immediately followed up that with, "Are you okay? No, wait, stupid question—" he turned to Daredevil and Claire, "How's the bleeding?"

"Well, I was about to stitch him up when you crashed through M—"

Daredevil grabbed hold of her wrist without looking, but not hard enough to put her in pain. Instead, she rolled her eyes. "When you crashed through *Daredevil's* window."

"Well, we can probably do a better job at the Tower, so—"

"Woah, woah, woah," Claire cut in, "First of all, I'm a nurse, I know what I'm doing, second of all, we really shouldn't be moving him more than we have to. Daredevil already jostled him around enough to get him on this couch."

“And away from immediate danger.” Daredevil tacked on, just before Mr. Stark could project his heart attack onto him.

Mr. Stark eyed Daredevil's knee, still pressing on Peter's stomach. He swallowed, then nodded. “Yeah. Yeah, of course. And Spiderman's... he's not, uh, dying?”

“I'm *Wolverine*.”

“No.” Daredevil replied. “To both comments. Uh, probably. I think the worst of his bleeding is over. The clotting and his superhuman abilities probably helped.”

“Can I stitch him up or what?” Claire huffed impatiently, ignoring the superhuman portion of Daredevil's words.

Man, these people are weird, Peter thought.

“Hold on,” Mr. Stark said, “We can't use that stuff for his stitches. They'll just get really annoying after his skin grows over them. He's got a healing factor.”

“A shitty one.” Claire responded. “He still needs stitches.”

“I'm feeling great, actually.” Peter volunteered, but no one listened.

A small compartment in Mr. Stark's suit on his left forearm parted to reveal a small roll of translucent thread. “This will do. Highly dissolvable. Peter's skin will absorb it. Blah, blah, blah, red blood cells, y'know. Science stuff.”

He spun a bunch of the thread out of the suit and handed it to Claire, who hesitantly grabbed took it from him.

“It was generated by Helen Cho.” Mr. Stark credited.

It finally registered in Peter's mind that the ordinarily gold parts of the suit were painted white. He almost wanted to jump up in excitement, but Daredevil's knee stopped him. He bit back a whimper.

"The med suit is working?!"

“It's still got some bugs.” Mr. Stark replied, fingers twitching like they did when he was anxious. His forehead was filled with tension too.

“Anesthesia?” Claire asked Peter before could nerd out with his dad.

“Nah.” Peter replied and Mr. Stark looked at him incredulously.

“I've spilled enough secrets and I'm only concussed. Imagine what I'd say if I were *high*.”

“What secrets? That you're Wolverine?” Daredevil snorted.

“I don't want it.” Peter said, ignoring Daredevil. “It'll throw me off.”

“Kid–”

“I’ll be fine.” Peter replied, firmly.

The adults all made sort of eye contact– Daredevil didn't move, though– and Claire stepped forward, kneeling by Peter's side.

Daredevil moved off of Peter, allowing Claire access. Peter groaned, *definitely* because of the pain that time. Maybe he should've taken the anesthesia.

No, no, then they could get all *concerned* if Peter started bringing up certain topics he'd made an effort to avoid.

Mr. Stark's face grew thunderous at Peter's groan. He turned to Daredevil. “Who did this? Did you see their faces? Know their names?”

“Not that great with faces.” Daredevil said and Claire barely concealed a snort before she started on the stitches. Daredevil had a twitchy grin on his lips himself and wow, both of them were weirdly *very* okay with Tony Stark and bleeding Spiderman. Peter wondered what their daily life is like.

Daredevil continued. “But you should know that they're ninjas and that I've got it under control.” he paused. Then, “Actually, all you need to know is that I've got it under control.”

“Ninjas.” Mr. Stark repeated.

“It was kinda cool, actually.” Peter put in, but he was ignored again.

“What the hell?” Mr. Stark said instead.

“I've got it under control.” Daredevil said again, firmly.

“Like hell you do.”

“I *do*.”

“*Bullshit*. You couldn't even protect P– *Spiderman* and you're standing there with a broken wrist. How is that *under control*?” Mr. Stark argued.

Peter had expected Daredevil to argue back, but he just stood there with a set jaw. His fingers twitched.

“He didn't need to save me.” Peter managed, weakly. For once (third time's the charm) his words didn't fall on deaf ears.

“I don't care what Hornhead's reasons are, that's no excuse to–”

“He didn't need to save me,” Peter repeated, “Because I was saving him. It was either him or me on this couch.”

Daredevil frowned, a little. "Stark's right, though, I should have protected you," he nervously shifted his weight, "I wasn't paying attention. I don't have an excuse for you getting hurt."

"Ninjas are a pretty good excuse." said Peter, because it was true. He hadn't exactly had time to stare, but Daredevil had looked *super* awesome while fighting ninjas. There were just a lot of them. A lot of weirdly silent ninjas.

So much weird tonight, Peter thought.

"And you had your back turned. You didn't exactly see it coming." Peter added. Daredevil looked like he wanted to argue that, but Claire, who had been quietly continuing to stitch him up, chose that moment to speak up. "Hold on, *Mike* – I'm not calling you Daredevil– What exactly happened in there?"

"Hostage situation." *Mike* explained, "There were more ninjas than I thought."

Claire raised her eyebrows in surprise. "They caught you off-guard?"

She sounded skeptical.

"Like Spiderman said, I didn't see them coming." Mike replied and they shared an equal smirk, but Claire scolded him anyway.

"Seriously."

"They've got seriously quiet heartbeats."

"Hold on, you can hear heartbeats?" Tony butted in and Peter was about to butt in on that too.

"Yeah," Mike said shortly, offering zero explanation before turning back to Claire, "Spiderman jumped in when I was kind of, uh, being strangled."

Claire sucked in a breath but soldiered on.

Peter liked her.

"And you didn't even thank me." Peter whined.

"*Manners, Mike.*" Claire said, playing along. Mr. Stark did too, tutting in the background.

"I was a little busy focussing on the fact that Spiderman is apparently *barely* pubescent."

"I can almost drive a car by myself!" Peter complained and Claire froze. Stitches partway done, she carefully placed the needle down on his stomach and gripped the couch.

Instead of looking back to Peter, she turned to Mike.

She breathed in.

She breathed out.

“HE'S A *KID*?!” she shrieked. Mike winced. So did Mr. Stark.

She ran a hand through her long hair and said, still facing Mike, “If *you* were a teenager— oh *God*, I don't even want to finish that thought.”

“I was actually pretty innocent at that age.”

“No, you weren't.”

“No, I wasn't.” Mike agreed. “But if I'd been doing this then, I wouldn't have worn a helmet.”

“You *didn't* wear a helmet.” Claire argued. Right, Peter had read those news articles detailing the *Man in the Mask*, not the *Man in the Helmet*.

He teased, “Details, Claire.”

“You're a—” she cut herself off. She looked apologetic.

“Yeah, I am.” Mike said, still smiling. *How could such a sunshine-y man also be Daredevil?* He continued, “But that's just my day job.”

“Right.” Claire responded, a smile in her tone. Then she turned back to Peter. “You're fifteen?”

Her voice had gone squeaky.

“Seventeen.” Peter corrected, “Just haven't gotten my license yet.”

That information didn't help her expression.

“Don't worry, I got bit by a spider.” he comforted.

“A radioactive spider.” Mr. Stark added cheerfully.

Claire squinted, mouth falling agape as her head tilted. Peter couldn't see the top half of Mike's face, but he imagined it looked about the same.

“It gave me superpowers.” Peter explained. “I can lift a building.”

“How do you know that?” Mr. Stark asked, confused.

“I'll tell you later.” Peter told him, even though he didn't plan on it at all.

“Claire, stitches.” Mike reminded, gently.

She startled, then looked at Peter apologetically. “Sorry, hun. Got carried away.”

She picked up the needle again with steady hands and started up once more. “Mike, that fun fact about Spiderman's age— seventeen is *not* barely pubescent by the way, thanks for the heart attack, not that seventeen is much better— that little fun fact still doesn't explain the injuries.”

“Yes, storytime, *now*, please.” Mr. Stark said.

Mike sighed.

“One of them might have pinned me to the ground earlier. Not— not for long, punched that one in the face a few times for that, but they uh, they definitely sprained my wrist.”

“Broke.” Mr. Stark muttered.

“*Sprained.*” Mike corrected, like that would change Mr. Stark's mind. Then, he said, “It was either a mistake in their technique or they're really good at what they're doing.”

Claire hummed as she continued rhythmically stabbing a needle through Peter's skin. *Up, down, up, down, up, down* .

“Hostages okay?” she asked.

“Yeah.” Mike said, taking a steadying breath. “Spiderman made sure they got out. I was covering for him.”

“He was beating a ninja up.” Peter supplied. “They didn't like that very much.”

“The hostages got out and Spiderman came back in for *whatever* reason.”

“We're a team!” Peter said, happily, “*Family. Ohana.*”

Mike had a ghost of a smile that betrayed his annoyed tone. “I just met you.”

“And I took a blade for you!”

Mike flinched, minutely. That time, Peter knew he felt bad. Concussed or not.

“Should've been me.” Mike said, “I got mixed up in the moment.”

“Hey, just say *thank you Spiderman, you're my hero* and we'll be even.” Peter asked of him. A quiet grin grew onto Mike's face.

“Thank you, Spiderman. You're my hero.”

Even though Peter made him say it, Mike sounded so sincere about it that Peter smiled like he meant it.

He still sounded super guilty, though.

“So that's all?” Claire asked in a tone that suggested she did not think that *that was all* at all.

“I'm concussed.” Peter volunteered.

“He walked into a wall with the help of ninja numero veintidos.” Mike explained, somehow sounding even guiltier.

“There were *twenty?!* ” Claire exclaimed and Peter had the vague thought that she and Mr. Stark should start a Heart Attack Club.

“How would I know?” Mike asked, “I wasn't counting.”

Claire huffed something under her breath that Peter didn't quite catch, but Mike huffed a nervous chuckle like he could've possibly heard that.

“Anything else other than Spiderbaby's concussion?” Claire asked.

“Spiderbaby?” Mr. Stark questioned incredulously.

“That's Spiderson to you.” Mike corrected, then continued before Mr. Stark could process what he just said. “And I've got a few bruises and my neck got nicked but it really only needs a bandaid. I'm fine. Can't speak for Spiderbaby though.”

“‘m not Spider*baby*.”

“You're practically a fetus.” Claire informed him.

“*Seventeen*.” Peter insisted.

“We know.” Mike replied.

“*Spiderson?*” Mr. Stark muttered under his breath.

Claire finished the last stitch. “You're done, Spiderbaby.”

Mike snickered. *Definitely* not a grumpy Batman type.

And maybe it was because Peter was a little shit, or maybe it was because Peter was concussed but future Peter from the next morning would definitely recall saying, “If I'm Tony's Spiderson and ohana means family, does that mean that I'm Mike's Spiderbro and Mike is my Big Devil Bro?”

It all went silent and for a moment, Peter wondered if he should take it back. All he heard was the whirring of Mr. Stark's suit on standby. Mike had completely frozen.

Then, Claire burst out laughing.

Mike licked his lips and then pursed them. Mr. Stark held back a smile.

“You better– You better be glad–” she bent over giggling, “That– *ha!* – That I'm done your stitches, kid.”

“Look who's in stitches now.” Mr. Stark remarked and Mike was *definitely probably* rolling his eyes. Peter peeked up at Mike's face and– yup, their suits weren't the only thing that were red.

Mike pressed his lips together. “*Ha, ha.*”

How a human could sound that sarcastic with two syllables, Peter wasn't sure.

Claire continued laughing.

“Look, isn't it a school night?” Mike reasoned, not having any of it, “Doesn't the kid have to go to school in the morning? It's late, right?”

Claire, a little out of breath, patted Peter on the shoulder. “You've successfully embarrassed Daredevil. I'm proud of you, Spiderbaby.”

“I gotta– I've got work. In the morning.” Mike stumbled, “And there's a loud as *shit* draft coming in here because *some dick* decided to break into my house via my window–” the draft was hardly audible but whatever, “–And I've, I've got *Spiderman* and *Iron Man* in my living room. And a Claire.”

“Thank you for the honourable mention.” Claire said, still grinning.

“Yeah, yeah.” he said, waving her off.

“So, since Peter is Spiderson and you're *Big Devil Bro* is Tony Stark your dad now?”

“*Excuse me?*”

That was both of them. In unison. They looked at each other, horrified. Or, well, Peter wasn't sure if Mike was looking at Mr. Stark, actually, but he still looked horrified.

“Nope.” Mike said. “Nope, no, no, no, I'm going to Fog– a friend's, and for the love of God and all things holy, *please don't burn my apartment down.*”

“At least then it would have some color.” Peter murmured pettily.

Claire still had a cheshire cat smile plastered on her face as Mike noped his way out of his own apartment.

Peter had a smile just as wide, satisfied with himself.

... It was a good night.

And that was saying something, coming from someone who'd just gotten twelve stitches.

((Just as Peter curled up into the arms of the Iron Man suit, ready to go home, Claire yelled, "SHIT!" and set about relocating Mike, who still had a very broken wrist.))

((May, the original Mother Hen, ordered Peter on bed rest from both school and Spiderman. He had only almost died, he didn't see what the big deal was.))

((When Peter did finally end up swinging by his Big Devil Bro's apartment, the window had been fixed into a design that looked suspiciously like an Iron Man helmet.))

((Peter did end up baking cookies, both for Natasha– who did not end up killing any ninjas, she promised and she never breaks promises– and also for Mike, of whom Peter wrote a note for, apologizing about his couch.))

((Even though Peter started hanging around Hell's kitchen more, to the distaste of all three Mother Hens (Mr. Stark, May and Ned), there was a suspicious lack of Daredevil whenever he went .))

((Still, Daredevil seemed to give up on avoiding him, since the next time Peter trailed after him, there was a table of Chinese food waiting for Peter.))

((And so, a brotherhood began.))

End Notes

it is my headcanon that while pure sweet angel child peter parker doesn't swear out loud (so as to keep heart attacks to a minimum) he definitely swears like a sailor in his head.

for those of you who didn't catch the movie reference that tony called matt ("affleck"), ben affleck plays daredevil in that one sucky movie. let's ignore the fact that it makes no sense for that movie to exist when nobody knows daredevil's identity.

we can pretend that he's calling matt "batman", which was definitely my original intention.

anyway.

hope y'all enjoyed!

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