

Living a Bangles Song

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Living a Bangles Song

by [coffeebuddha](#)

Summary

It's just another average Monday morning at SHIELD.

Notes

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

It's seven in the morning and Darcy's being held aloft by the jolly green giant's huskier cousin, who's wrinkling the ever loving shit out of her favorite blouse while a couple dozen of America's best and brightest stand around and get just a little too cozy with their firearms for her personal comfort. "Yep," she says to the ceiling tiles. (There's always a 50/50 chance that Hawkeye is hanging out up there, which makes it a slightly preferable option to flat out talking to herself.) "It's definitely a Monday."

The Cap is doing that thing where he looks all serious and earnest, and Darcy just knows that any second now he's going to start in on a speech. Which, you know, she's as patriotic as the next girl, especially when it comes to that piece of ass, but she's still a little hungover from her and Jane's girls' night and mama don't truck with no naughty school boy lectures when her thermos of bloody marys hasn't been cracked open yet. Besides, she's totally got this. Cap may be the star spangled man with a plan, but Darcy has a few tricks up her sleeve. She pops her sunglasses up on top of her head--and five points to her for only wincing a little bit--and gives Banner a little kick in the side as she says, "Hey, grumpy. Up here."

The Hulk pauses in growling at the SHIELD agents to turn his face toward hers, which is all the opening she needs to bend down and plant a big smacker right on his mouth.

(She never said it was a good plan. It might, in fact, be the kind of plan that arises the morning after a night of marathoning too many romcoms and drinking pina coladas straight out of the blender.)

It seems to work, though, because the fingers around her waist spasm a little tighter, then start to shrink. She has just enough time to think, 'Heh, cool, behold the awesomeness of me,' before they start to wobble dangerously, and then all she's thinking is, 'Gravity, you utter, utter *bitch*,' as they topple down on the floor. Darcy groans at the impact, which did her hangover absolutely no favors, then blinks her eyes open to look up at a very red, very heavy, very *naked* Bruce Banner, who's splayed out right on top of her. This is the kind of situation that will never find its way into an Emily Post book, and Darcy isn't entirely certain how to get Banner off of her without accidentally blurting out something about how from the feel of things there are certain specific parts of him that seem to be doing quite well without any enlargement help from the Other Guy, so she's almost pathetically grateful when Cap hooks his hands under Banner's armpits and pulls him up. One of the interchangeable agents gives her a hand up, and when Darcy looks over, someone has magically produced a pair of pants that Banner's trying to shimmy in to as modestly as possible.

"Sorry," he says sheepishly when he catches her looking. Darcy shrugs and files away the fact that his blush seems to extend *everywhere*.

"Just another day in paradise," she says with a smile. He blinks at her, expression adorably confused, and Darcy doesn't even try to suppress the urge to peck his cheek and boop his nose. "Though I've gotta say, as much as I appreciate you trying to be my own personal corset, it might be time to switch to decaf."

With Banner still gaping at her, Darcy grins and spins on her heel to head toward the break room. If she hurries, she might just be able to beat Fury to the last jelly doughnut.

End Notes

I already have four pre-existing ships in this fandom, so of course my brain would be all, 'Here, have something completely random and cracky,' the first time I ever actually write for it...

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