

The voice

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41022084) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41022084>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandoms:	Daredevil (TV) , The Defenders (Marvel TV)
Relationships:	Matt Murdock/Elektra Natchios , Luke Cage & Jessica Jones & Matt Murdock & Danny Rand
Characters:	Matt Murdock , Karen Page , Franklin "Foggy" Nelson , The defenders (briefly) , Elektra Natchios
Additional Tags:	Depression , Suicidal Thoughts , Suicide Attempt , this follows Matt's thoughts throughout season 3 , for an idea of how bad this gets , Angst with a Happy Ending , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , POV Matt Murdock , Matt Murdock Needs a Hug , Matt Murdock Gets a Hug , No beta we die like my soul
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-14 Words: 1,277 Chapters: 1/1

The voice

by [My life is a bad sitcom](#)

Summary

For Matt there's always been the emptiness, the void, the voice.

It started when he was 9, when he was blinded. It wasn't too big, just a small whisper in the back of his head. His dad helped keep the whisper away, but when he couldn't. When the kids at school mocked him, when the adults doubted him, and his dad couldn't keep the whisper away.

He would push, push against the kids, and adults, prove he could do it, prove to them he was Matt Murdock. Push away the whisper, prove it wouldn't win.

Matt Murdock's struggle with depression from his POV. (This follows the daredevil show)

Notes

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

For Matt there's always been the emptiness, the void, the *voice*.

It started when he was 9, when he was blinded. It wasn't too big, just a small whisper in the back of his head. His dad helped keep the whisper away, but when he couldn't. When the kids at school mocked him, when the adults doubted him, and his dad couldn't keep the whisper away.

He would push, push against the kids, and adults, prove he could do it, prove to them he was Matt Murdock. Push away the whisper, prove it wouldn't win.

Then his dad died, because of him, and the whisper *grew*. It started to leak out of the carefully crafted box he had put it in. He didn't notice at first. He didn't notice when he took the kids mocking and the adults doubts as though they were true.

He only noticed when the whisper asked '*why don't you just die? All you do is hurt the people around you.*'

He didn't know how to fix it, so he pushed. Pushed against the kids, and adults, and the whisper. Proved that he would let them win.

Again.

Then Stick came, and taught him how to fight. At first he couldn't, he was blind, and the world was *so loud*. He heard the other kids laughing about how ridiculous it was he was learning to fight, mocked him about being a failure to his dad. So he pushed, and proved that he could fight. If only to prove he wouldn't let them win.

It helped him fight the whisper that bit more.

Then Stick left, saying he was weak, he had gotten too attached, soon the whisper became a voice (it sounded like Stick now). So he pushed, and trained, to prove he wasn't weak. He

didn't make any friends, the whisper said he would get too attached, and that they would leave, they always did.

He didn't notice when the whisper became a voice, he couldn't care, didn't have time to think about it. There was always something to do, school, train, chores. Something else he was probably forgetting.

God, he was tired.

So he pushed, pushed against the school, and stress, and tiredness, and proved he wouldn't let the voice win.

Then he got into Colombia and proved all the kids, and adults, and the voice wrong. It should've felt good, but he was just so *tired*.

So he went to Colombia. Then he met Foggy, the voice kept telling him not to get attached, so he didn't tell him about the voice, or the fighting, or his senses. Maybe then he wouldn't leave.

At Colombia there were adults who doubted him, and kids who still mocked him and scoffed, but Foggy was there to help stop them. He started to fight the voice again.

Then Elektra came, she got him to forget about the voice.

About everything really.

Afterwards though the voice only came back louder. So did everything.

Then Elektra left. The voice grew louder.

Foggy helped him fight the voice, and after a while they graduated and started a internship.

The voice became a whisper again.

Foggy and him started their own firm. They took their first case, a lady named Karen Page. She became their friend, he decided to not tell her about the fighting, or his senses. It had worked so far.

Karen had been framed, so they worked to find out who. They uncovered corruption so deep they couldn't do anything about it.

Nothing that Matt Murdock could do anything about.

Daredevil could do much more.

So he put on a mask and did something about it, about the screams, about the injustice.

The whisper started to grow louder again, after he stopped blocking out all the screams. As he grew more distant with his friends. He didn't know what to do, so he pushed, against the screams, he threw himself into his work, tried to prove to the whisper it wouldn't win. Again.

Unfortunately Foggy found out, about his senses, about the mask, about the fighting.

He left.

The whisper told him that it was just meant to happen, that everyone always left one way or another. So he started to push harder, against his work, the screams, his friends (they're better off without him).

Then Elektra came back. He knew it was a bad idea, but she made him forget the whisper, everything. And he was so, so, tried. So he joined her.

Everything came back louder. It always does. He didn't know what to do about the whisper growing louder, or Fisk, or anything really. So he did what he always did, he pushed, pushed against Fisk, pushed against the screams, against the whisper. Proved that they wouldn't win (they never stop).

Then Elektra died in his arms. He didn't know what to do, everything kept falling apart. So he pushed, against Fisk, the hand, his work.

And pushed.

And pushed.

He was so tired.

He didn't notice when the whisper became a voice again. It just kinda happened.

So he did what he did best. He pushed, pushed against the screams, against work, against Fisk, against his friends. It proved nothing, he was just as useless as before.

He found a lead against the hand, so he pushed.

Then he met the other defenders. He started to get to know them (the voice just said he'd kill them).

But...

They were nice. Having friends was *nice*.

Then midland circle happened. He couldn't let his friends die. Not again. So he did what he did best. He pushed.

Then he woke up, and he couldn't *hear*. He couldn't walk, or fight.

He was useless.

He didn't know what to do about that. So he pushed, proved he could fight.

Then he heard Fisk had the FBI under his thumb.

After everything, all the work and all the pushing. For him to be practically free!?

Was this gods plan all along? To make him lose everything, again and again. See how much he could take?

He didn't notice when the voice became a mindset. He didn't notice until he tried to kill himself.

He didn't know what to do about that, so he pushed, against whatever sick game god was playing. Proved he was *daredevil*.

So he cut off ties with Matt Murdock (all he did was get people killed).

It didn't feel as good as it should've. It *hurt*. It hurt to cut ties with Foggy. It hurt to not say hello to Karen.

He didn't know what to do about that, so he pushed harder against Fisk.

Foggy and Karen tried to find him. Tried to find *him*. Matt Murdock. (He didn't know why, all he did was kill the people he loved)

He realized maybe he should stop pushing against his friends.

So he apologized, made up (working on it), the voice became a bit quieter. He started going out again.

He *finally* started feeling *happy*.

It was so, *so hard*.

Every time he felt happy, it was like a fresh breath of air. After drowning in *everything*. But after the sensation was gone, it was hard keep moving. Hard to keep going when he only felt a *second* of happiness every *two weeks*. If he was *lucky*.

But now he had, Foggy, Karen, Maggie, and the defenders to help fight the voice.

So he stopped pushing, and fell apart. He just cried, and mourned, and was just *tired*.

And for the first time in what felt like forever. There wasn't a whisper, or a voice, or a mindset. He still felt sad sometimes, but he was so *happy* now.

End Notes

I love hearing feedback, and comments, and kudos.

I forgot some of the show, so the events may be slightly out of order.

Thanks for reading!

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