Friends and Enemies

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Summary

As Matt Murdock and his law partner Foggy Nelson are approached by a man with the intent to sue Tony Stark, members of the Avengers begin to take unprecedented interest in the devilish vigilante running around Hell's Kitchen. Fisk's power vacuum is being filled by unknown forces, eventually forcing Daredevil to become unlikely allies with the Avengers.

Notes

Takes place after season 3 of Daredevil and sometime after age of Ultron.
This is my first fic on this site, and I know the idea has probably done to death already, but I thought I would put my own spin on things.
I'm not sure how many chapters this will be, but I hope to update on a fairly regular basis. My guess is this will be on the longer side because I hope to flesh out the plot as much as I can.
Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment, it's greatly appreciate!
Day

Matt slowly paced around the outside of the warehouse, tilting his head, trying to gain a finer perception of what he was preparing to walk into. Judging by the smell of gunpowder and steel, there were at least ten people inside and they were all well armed. Their heartbeats held a steady thump in Matt’s ears even as they held their fingers stoically against the triggers. Professionally trained by his estimation. Where Matt had expected to hear the soft studded nature of wooden crates in the center of the room, he heard only the echoing of sounds across the empty floor, indicating to him that their next shipment of human cargo had yet to arrive tonight.

A buzzing began to hum in Matt’s ears: electricity. He jumped from the opposing rooftops, following the sound that was snaking on the outside of the building. The circuit breaker was secured behind a high metal fence adjacent to the back of the building, but it barely served as a nuisance for the highly trained Daredevil to vault over. Matt traced his hand along the outside of the box before ripping it open. After cocking his head to the side to listen for any incoming cars or ships that may be arriving, he hit the lights.

The upper scaffolding creaked just enough for Matt’s highly sensitive hearing to pick up, but silent to the men on the ground as he walked along taking in the whereabouts of the heartbeats that occupied the room. His mind traveled to eerie places as he realised the exact implications of the fact that only a couple of the solid, steady heartbeats increased any when he engulfed the room in darkness barely minutes earlier before entering the building. Before he could let himself think anything about it any further, he leapt into action.

Surprisingly, the men seemed ready for him, blocking his blows as they came, but no man could match the fearless crusader in his home territory of the pitch black. Matt grabbed his billy clubs from the side holster and threw them towards the incoming shapes, knocking out two of the men before they even reached him.

His assumption form earlier was proving itself to be correct; these men were highly trained. The few blows that connected with their sightless attacker hit in just the right spots on his face and legs, and each blow came with more confidence as their eyes began to adjust to the lack of light. Matt moved his arms in front of his face in an attempt to block the worst of it. It would be fun explaining to Karen and Foggy about his unfortunate injuries the next morning at work.

The sound of men huffing from behind him with their feet ground hitting the floor with determined ferocity drew Matt’s attention as he quickly dodged the oncoming attackers, but one of the other men managed to grab him from the side, throwing him to the ground. Matt pulled the man with him, pinning him under his weight and punching his face until he tasted copper. From behind, the slow clink of a chain was stopped abruptly as another man grabbed it and began to swing it towards the vigilante. Matt pushed he arm up grabbing the chain and pulling the man off of his feet.

There were still six men left standing, but Matt had faced much worse odds in his time as Daredevil. These men, however, weren't the typical thugs that he would normally encounter in Hell's Kitchen. Their moves weren't random; they were calculated attacks. They fought more like Stick than a Battlin' Jack.
Three of them moved behind him as the others were charging him in front, presumably to occupy the masked vigilante. Luckily, Matt was able to sense the men behind him as easily as the others, and he had the advantage of not needing the light; so their obvious effort at concealment was completely futile. Two of the men behind him made the move to try and hold him back, but Matt was able to use their momentum against them, sending them crashing into their comrades.

The fight was rough, but like he thought earlier: he had faced worse odds. By the time he managed to take out the rest of the men, he could hear the sirens beginning to approach the scene. He wasn’t planning on engaging before the shipment arrived, but he thought it would be better to disrupt them while he still had a chance. While they may not have proof of human trafficking, Matt was sure the cops would be able to find some charges that would stick. He should know, he was a lawyer after all.

The temperature on the rooftops of Hell’s Kitchen was beginning to heat, rising the temperature on Matt’s skin so slightly any lesser man wouldn’t have noticed, recognizing it as a sign he best be getting back to his apartment to get a couple of hours of sleep before heading back to work at the newly opened Nelson and Murdock.

"Reports now coming in that Hell's Kitchen's local vigilante hero Daredevil helped bust a child trafficking ring operating in and out of the docks," The TV chimed off showing pictures of the tightly armored vigilante. Normally he would find that thing stupid, but even Tony had to admit that the guy looked pretty intimidating.

"I can’t believe you are still ignoring this guy, Tony," Pepper chimed in from the other end of the couch.

"First off, I'm not ignoring him. He's just a lone vigilante running around in a halloween costume, why on Earth should I care what he does?"

"He's taken out Wilson Fisk twice before you even noticed that the man was a problem,” she began. “He’s busted up countless of gangs and human trafficking rings inside Hell's Kitchen this year alone. He's kind of making the Avengers look a little obsolete."

"Excuse me," Tony said. "Where was this guy when New York was under attack by aliens? Or when HYDRA started rearing its head around the world? Didn’t see him in Slovakia either."

"Yeah, but to be fair Ultron was your fault, and not to mention he's saving countless of lives by himself. You have the most powerful super humans, and a literal god, behind you and what are you doing to help the little guy?"
"Hey we're doing a lot," Tony retorted.

"All I'm saying is that you should probably look into this Daredevil guy." Tony considered Pepper's words. If he was being honest, he hadn't paid much attention to the horned freak running around Hell's Kitchen, but she did have an interesting point.

"Well what do you expect me to do?" He asked rhetorically. "Invite him on the team because I'm really not sure a guy running around beating people dressed like the Devil is that stable. Besides you can't trust a guy in a mask he's always hiding something and let me tell you they aren't kidding when they say it's usually bad."

Pepper used all of her willpower to stop her eyes from rolling into the back of her head. "Look, he's done a lot of good, and I haven't seen a single body stacked up which is more than you can say for other people on this team. Besides, I'm not saying you give him an invitation onto the Avengers, but you should check him out, just in case."

"FRIDAY," Tony said.

"Yes sir?"

"Pull up everything you know about this Daredevil character." Tony walked to his desk inside Avengers tower as various articles and videos popped up from onto his screen. "Hey, how about you try running the facial recognition software on this guy."

"Sorry sir, but none of the pictures are showing any likely matches."

"It's the covered eyes, isn't it?" Tony remarked passively.

When Natasha and Clint arrived the next morning, they saw Tony hovered over at the kitchen table, simultaneously eating his scrambled eggs and watching a grainy video. "Hey, come look at this," he said without even looking up. Natasha walked behind Tony as he pointed to the screen. The video was a grainy black and white, most likely pulled off a cheap CCTV cam. Natasha saw a lean man in a devil suit fighting three armed men.

"Now watch here," Tony said, slowing down the footage. Daredevil was fighting the two men at his front as the third pulled up his gun behind him. The man moved to pull the trigger, and at the same time Daredevil began to duck, the bullet missing him by inches. "Yeah, so what?" Clint said, moving to grab a piece of toast from the table.

"Well how did he know to duck?" Tony said.

"Maybe he heard him," Natasha said, walking into the kitchen.
"Yeah, well, that's what I thought, but he moves almost the same time as the man's behind him. There's no way he heard him in time."

"What made you so interested in Daredevil all of the sudden?" Asked Clint.

"I'm not, Barton" said Tony defensively. "I just think it's smart that if there is a new player on the scene, in our turf, it might behove us to know a little bit about him."

..."Geez Matt," Karen said looking up from her cup of coffee as Matt walked into their offices.

"Ran into some human traffickers last night, I think they're part of a new crowd popping up around the Kitchen. Highly trained." Matt explained, feeling his way towards his desk. He wasn't going to lie, last night had gone worse than he thought. The pain had only just begun to settle in by the time he got back to his apartment. He was lucky his jaw wasn't broken, but he doubted it could hurt anymore than it did right now. The worst part was the ringing in his ears that hadn't stopped, making it harder for him to get around. It wasn't bad enough for him to be completely blind, but just enough to cause him to trip if he wasn't paying attention.

"Yeah, no shit," Karen said sympathetically, and Matt could tell she was torn between getting up to comfort him and staying where she was.

"Where's Foggy?" Matt asked, changing the subject.

"Oh, yeah, he called in saying he might be a little late."

"Really?" Matt chuckled. "Foggy late? Does this mean I get to yell at him this time?"

"Yeah well Foggy isn't late consistently," She smiled. "Like everyday and for the court dates and for-"

"Okay, okay," Matt chuckled with her. It felt good to be doing this. To be back with Karen and joking again. Even if it did tend to be at his expense. "Oh hey, Karen, do you have the files for the Lopez case."

"Yeah they dropped them off morning." Karen walked over to Matt's desk, dropping them down in front of him.

"Thanks Karen," he said smiling towards her. Karen nodded her head and could feel the heat
creeping up slightly towards her cheeks.

"Don't worry, I have arrived," Foggy said as he swung open the door of the office. "Hope you haven't had too much fun without me."

"Oh of course not," Karen joked. "We just sat here crying because we missed you so much."

"Oh I'm sure," Foggy said before placing his stuff in his office and joined Karen by Matt's door frame. "Geez Matt, what happened to your face?"

"Long story," Matt said waving it away. "Hey, are you planning on doing the opening for Lopez?"

"I don't care, whatever you want to do."

Matt cocked his head towards the door a bit, a movement Foggy and Karen were increasingly coming used to. "There's someone coming."

"You really have no idea how creepy that is do you?" Foggy asked before making his way over to the front and waiting for the knock to come. Rap Rap.

"Is this Nelson and Murdock?" A quaint but distinctly male voice said.

"It sure is," Foggy said taking the man's hand as Matt began rising from his seat. "I'm Franklin Nelson, but you can call me Foggy, and that is my partner Matthew Murdock."
"And you can call me Matt," he said sensing the tension in the man as he looked at Matt's face. The man could be no taller than 5'9 or 5'10 at best. His demeanor was small, scrotching his shoulders towards his chest.

"Nice to meet you," he said reaching his hand out to Matt awkwardly before putting it back in embarrassment.

"What can we do for you today Mr..."

"Uh, Day, Wilbur Day. I want to sue Tony Stark."
New Players

"Seen any sign of him yet?"

"Not yet," Clint said from his perched position on the roof. "I can't believe we are doing this."

"Yeah well, you know what Tony is like when he gets his mind set on something, and besides I've been watching this guy for a while. He could make a good asset to the team."

"Really, Nat? Isn't this the same guy just a couple of months ago they were saying killed a priest?"

"If he really is dangerous then this is even more necessary so we can take him out before he hurts anyone else," Clint pulled his gaze to across the rooftops where Natasha was sitting a couple blocks down. When Tony became interested in a topic, he wasn't likely to let it go easily, and that was certainly the case with his new interest in Daredevil. He had decided to "suggest" that Clint and Natasha go "devil watching" for a little bit, and that's how Hawkeye now found himself sitting on an office building in the center of Hell's Kitchen at three in the morning.

Anyone with lesser eyesight would never have noticed the quick red and black blur that bounded over the rooftops with breathtaking speed. Of course, Clint didn't have average eyesight. There was no hesitation in him before diving off the roof in a clean arc knowing that Natasha wouldn't be far behind. As he ran over the uneven rooftops, Clint kept his eyes trained solely on the blotch of red that glided over the rooftops with complete confidence that only came with intense familiarity. Suddenly, the red blur stopped on the opposing rooftop, cocking his head towards Clint as Clint ducked into a roll landing with his back to the opposing wall blocking him from view.

Seconds were minutes as Clint spied Daredevil on the opposing rooftop, his ear pointed exactly where Clint now crouched. His bow could come off easily if he were attacked. He clenched his fist waiting, before Daredevil took off into a run. Clint vaulted over the roof in pursuit. Clint knew how to pursue a man. He knew how to stay out of earshot and eyesight just enough; there was no way Daredevil could have known he was there.

Daredevil made to jump onto the next roof, but instead of leaping in a clean arc, he fell straight to the ground. Clint's feet felt as though they were in cement at the shock of the suicidal move of his pursuée before jumping over to look down the alleyway. Where he would have expected to see a body, the alley was completely empty except for the remnants of litter thrown from the windows above. Clint eyed the crooked flagpole that hung just below him.

"Where'd he go?" Clint turned behind him to see Natasha standing there.

"Lost him," Clint said. "Jumped down the alleyway when I wasn't suspecting."

Natasha considered his words, pursing her lips slightly. "He couldn't have known we were following him." The image of the red and black clad figure standing on the other rooftop hung in front of Clint's mind.

"I think he knew," he said after a long moment. "I don't know how but he knew."

Two buildings down, a man dressed in spectacular fashion sat on the fire escape hanging onto every word with his advanced hearing. People were tailing him. Matt had to give them credit, he hadn't noticed them until the soft buzz of some kind of device began to fill his ears, which had significantly cleared since the morning, causing him to pay attention to the movement behind him.
The night had been quiet, especially considering that night was in Hell's Kitchen. Normally this would have encouraged Matt, but it was the kind of silence that was suffocating and held you in a prolonged, unescapable sense of foreboding. It had been almost six months since Matt had sent Wilson Fisk back to jail on the man's word he would keep his secret. Since then the power vacuum had been empty with the Irish and Yakuza both making plays to fill the hole.

War seemed and was inevitable, but now the streets were deadly silent with gangs falling left and right. His mind crept back to the man and woman following him. Both were oddly light on their toes and almost impossible to detect without knowing they were already there. Both of them sounded around his age, early to mid thirties, but perhaps the man sounded slightly older; both of them in impeccable shape. Probably even better than Matt.

Horrible possibilities fought their way into his head. Perhaps they worked for whoever this new player was that he assumed was taking over the Kitchen block by block, but at the memory of their tone Matt felt his lips sag into a frown. They didn't sound hostile, in fact, he would wager to say they sounded irritated if anything. There was also a vague familiarity that danced at the front of Matt's mind, just out of reach. For some reason, he had strong doubt they were there to cause him any real harm.

It still sat uneasy in Matt, the thought that people were attempting to tail him as his alter ego. How long had they been doing it? Was this the first night or was it simply the first night that he had noticed him? Did they know that he was in fact the lawyer Matthew Murdock? Could they have traced him to his apartment?

The cold diffused off the metal door knob that Matt was holding into his glove. His thoughts halted by the soft beat of a heart coming from the other side. Matt shifted his weight against his door, poised his body to strike. His fingers shifted around the knob, slowly turning it until he heard the small click. He flung it open quickly stepping onto the platform, but instead of meeting a malicious force, Matt heard the fast breathing of a woman.

"What the hell?" Karen said placing her hand over her beating heart. Matt searched the room with his senses, Karen was sitting on the couch with a small electronic device in her hands that was turned off.

"What are you doing here?" Matt said raising his voice back to his normal octave. "What time is it?"

"Um, half past three," Karen said, her heart rate slowly beginning to climb down.

"Why are you in my apartment?" He asked, his normal subtly absent, still shaken by the assumption that someone had broken in.

"I, uh," Matt could feel the raising heat in Karen's cheeks as her head turned from side to side as if not sure where to rest her eyes. "I just thought that you might be awake. I, uh, couldn't sleep." The intakes of breath between words and the tense nature of her body indicated to Matt that there was more on her mind that she wanted to say.

"I, uh," Matt could feel the raising heat in Karen's cheeks as her head turned from side to side as if not sure where to rest her eyes. "I just thought that you might be awake. I, uh, couldn't sleep." The intakes of breath between words and the tense nature of her body indicated to Matt that there was more on her mind that she wanted to say.

"Just let me get changed." He walked off back into his room leaving Karen standing awkwardly in front of the couch. Matt returned wearing a pair of grey sweatpants and a blue and yellow NYPD: Harlem t-shirt that looked oddly familiar. It occurred to Karen that Matt wouldn't even know what he had on. A concept that she was still trying to grasp from the man who could leap off tall buildings and fight ninjas in his spare time.

"Would you like something to drink?" he asked grabbing a water bottle out of the fridge.

"No thanks, I'm fine," she responded before Matt made his way over to the couch to sit next to her.
"I'm sorry, I don't even know why I came here." Karen moved to pick up her purse when Matt laid his hand on her thigh.

"Sometimes I can't sleep," he said, his sightless eyes boring a hole into Karen's heart. "I close my eyes and I hear the screams of the people out there, the ones that I couldn't save. Sometimes I can't tell if they're real or in my head," he said waving his hand by his ear. "I can smell the costume in its box and a wonder if I'm doing it the right way. If what I'm doing is worth anything. Eventually, I just have to realise that I'm doing my best. I'm doing my best to make this city a better place, and I have to live with that."

Karen just stared at the man in front of her the concept of speech alluding her for a moment as she looked into his brown eyes that were usually covered by red shades. She felt a heat stinging up into her eyes as she stared into his. "But," she began. "But, what do you when all those regrets and mistakes overwhelm you? What happens when all you can see is the people you couldn't save?"

Matt paused, letting her words sink in. "All of us in this life, we're just hoping that when the time comes we leave having done more good than bad. You've helped so many people Karen." The salt from her tears were hot on his lips, burning them even from this distance. "Besides I usually just go to church." Karen chuckled a light laugh and cast the tears off her face with her hand into the air surrounding them.

"Yeah, I'm starting to think maybe I should try that sometime," Karen said as she noticed Matt tense and begin to move to get up before pausing and sitting back down.

"Everything okay?" she asked.

"Yeah it's fine. Just Fran's cat on the fire escape."

"Are you sure? You seem a little jumpy."

Karen could hear the hesitation in Matt's voice before he started explaining the events that happened that night and all of his concerns about the people that were following.

"Wait you said their voices sounded familiar, right?"

"Yeah, but I couldn't place it."

"Is it possible you heard it on the TV?"

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"What do you mean you lost him?"

"He disappeared."

"You do know he's not actually the devil right? He can't just disappear," Tony said trying to reel back his annoyance at his teammates' bad luck.

"He knew we were following him; he's good Tony," Natasha chimed in.

"How good?"

"Hard to say. He's obviously had some training but I would need to see him fight in person to tell you how much."

"Okay, well did you find out anything about him?"
"Not much," Clint said. "Judging by the way he stopped on the roof I would say he relies a good deal on his hearing. He didn't look towards me, but he had his ear pointed at me. Same with when he was running and vaulting."

"And this is why we love your good eyesight," Tony remarked pointing at Hawkeye. "Do this again next night?" Tony asked while beginning to walk off.

"What do you think?" Clint said and turned to Natasha circling her as he thought. Natasha quickly fell into suit, pacing in front of Clint.

"I can't think of anyone who you were tailing that caught wind of it," she said. "Anyone who wasn't enhanced."

"Wells there's been stranger things," Clint remarked passively. "But how?"

"I'm not sure." Natasha looked around while she stepped. "He knows things. That video Tony showed us with the gun?"

"Yeah."

"At first I thought he was exaggerating, but I'm beginning to think he had a point."

"So what is it? Telekinesis? Or maybe we've got him pegged all wrong."

"I think we should go out again," she said. "But this time instead of us following him. We should have him come to us."
"So Mr. Day, why don't you run through exactly what happened again."

"Well, I used to work at this company called Glenn Industries."

"Yes, we're familiar with them."

"Well then, Mr. Murdock, I'm sure you remember the scandal after we found out our CEO was accused of criminal conspiracies. After they arrested him the company went into financial turmoil and there were major layoffs across the board."

"Yeah you were one of them?"

"Yes Mr. Nelson, I was. Well after I had to leave the company I starting tinkering with my own inventions. One of them was this high powered hydraulic lift. The material was so sturdy and flexible it could lift you up immense heights. Anyways, I had this meeting with Stark Industries."

"And it was Stark Industries that approached you, not the other way around?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," Matt explained. "If the company was soliciting from you we may be able to argue an implied confidentiality agreement since you didn't sign anything preemptively."

"I believe it was Stark Industries that contacted me, yes."

"Why don't you keep going," Foggy said.

"Okay, well I entered the meeting and little did I know Tony Stark was there too. He seemed interested and looked at all my drawings and data from tests. They said they would contact me with their decision in the next couple of weeks. Well, I never got the call. Next thing I know I see Stark Industries marketing their new state of the art hydraulic lift."

"And how similar were these lifts to your initial designs?" Foggy asked him.

"Well they were slightly altered, but the general structure was the same."

"Thank you for your time Mr. Day," Matt said standing up and reaching out his hand for the other man to grab.

"No thank you, Mr. Murdock," he said grabbing it firmly.

"You too Mr. Nelson." He reached out his hand towards Foggy who shook it.

"Please call me Foggy. Mr. Nelson is working in the meat shop down stairs if you want to meet him."

"Of course. See you soon then." Matt followed the sounds of Wilbur Day leaving their office before turning to Foggy.

"He was lying."

"What?" Foggy responded, the smile dropping from his face."Which part?"
"All of it," Matt said grabbing his cane from the wall and making his way out the door.

"Hey, what are you going to do?" Foggy said to Matt even as he walked out the door. "I know you could hear me asshole!" Matt ignored the angry yells from his friend and moved to follow their client out onto the street. The sweet smell of ham and meats filled his nose as he walked through the Nelson butchery that their law office was stationed above.

“Hey Matt,” Foggy’s brother said from behind the counter. “You want your usual for lunch?”

"No thanks Theo, I'm going out today." Matt pushed his way to the front door and out onto the street. Wilbur Day reeked of Sauvage Dior Men's cologne. Pricey for someone who just lost their job and had their profitable invention stolen. Through the crowd of New Yorkers, it was easy for Matt to trace their client by focusing on the scent. As Matt focuses his senses on the man he was following, a cell phone rang from in front of him.

“How’d the meeting with the lawyers go?” a husky voice asked from the other line with a slight accent, though there was too much static for Matt to make it out.

“Perfectly."

“And you stuck to the story?”

“Exactly as we planned.”

“Good, I expect to get an-” Matt cocked his head trying to listen in, but at that moment a loud car pulled up besides Day and he hopped in. For a moment Matt considered taking to the rooftops to follow him, but he didn’t suspect Foggy would appreciate such a prolonged absence. Besides, there were more important things for Matt to worry about right now.

“Hey where’s Matt?” Karen asked walking into the office. “I wanted to show him something.”

“He’s off chasing our newest client, who apparently was lying about everything,” Foggy said the annoyance seeping through his voice.

“Oh my god, that’s awful.” Karen said sitting on the edge of Foggy’s desk.

“Yup, and now my partner is gone and god only knows when he’s going to make his reappearance so now I have to do all the work. Again.”

“Hey, I know it’s hard, but at least he’s trying.”

“I know Karen, it’s just before I knew what he was really doing when he walked off like this I could just make up some excuse. Oh he’s blind he probably got lost. Or maybe he fell down the stairs. He’s busy. I never expected it to be he’s tailing our clients or he’s beating up criminals in a devil suit.”

“Yeah, Matt’s not perfect, but he’s doing the best he can. Not just for us, but for this city.”

“I know that Karen,” Foggy sighed. “Sometimes I just want him to be a normal law partner, you know. Or at least a tad more reliable from time to time.”

Foggy turned to the door as he saw Matt come in carrying two plastic bags. “I brought lunch,” he said.

“Yes, Rubino’s. And now I suddenly forgive you for running out of here.”
“What you find out about him anyways?” Karen asked taking her small order of spaghetti from the bag.

“I think he’s working with someone or maybe for somebody. They didn’t say much. Just checking up to make sure our meeting went well.”

“But why would he lie?” Foggy asked. “What does he have to gain?”

“I don’t know.”

... Daredevil was the man Matt needed to be right now. When the world of Matt Murdock, attorney at law, left him breathless, it was the night air and the smell of blood that taught him how to breathe again. As Matt propelled through the rooftops of Hell’s Kitchen he was who he was always meant to be.

Only now with the chilled night air plowing through his senses was he at true peace. In the suit he could transcend the world around him, transcend fear, and truly live as a man without fear. Matt perched on the end of the building and tilted his head, letting the sounds of the night come to him.

“Geez, Janice; Damn it; I didn’t do it man I swear; Bark! Bark!; weewo weewo weewo; a break please; ring ring; where are you; a strange new mission to explore; HELP-“ Matt whipped out his billy clubs and threw one towards the lampost across the street to help him effectively swing to the next building.

“HELP! HELP SOMEONE PLEASE!” The scream seemed miles away even though he knew it could only be a couple of blocks. Keep screaming, he silently urged the woman as he made his way towards her. Her heartbeat was fast and it was picking up pace. Matt paused where he was trying to pinpoint its exact location.

“Shut up, just shut up!” Matt could here the man standing thirty feet below him with a gun pointed at the woman’s head. “One more peep like that and I’ll blow your brains out.” Matt’s complete attention was solely focused on the people ahead, but if that wasn’t the case he would have noticed the man and woman sitting on the opposing roof watching him.

Natasha and Clint couldn’t catch the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen, but he could be counted on to come when called. It was easy for them to find the source of the screaming. Clint had his bow and arrow perfectly aimed at the man’s head, but first they were going to wait for Daredevil to arrive.

“He’s here,” she whispered quietly into Clint’s ear.

“Great, now can I skewer this son of a bitch?”

“Not yet,” she said pushing the end of his bow down. Daredevil had barely arrived on the scene before he threw his billy club which landed square on the man’s hand, forcing him to drop the gun. His knees hit the man first, propelling him into the concrete below before beating him on the head until he no longer moved.

“Call the cops,” Daredevil said to the woman. She grabbed her things off the ground, leaving Daredevil alone in the alley. He ticked his head to the side before saying, “you can come out now.”

Natasha and Clint hopped down off the building. “How did you know we were there?” she asked.

“Who are you and what do you want with my city?” Daredevil countered with his own question.
“I would have thought that would have been obvious, but you answer first,” Clint said.

“Who do you work for?” Daredevil asked, lowering his voice as if to intimidate them.

“We’re part of the Avengers though I assume you already knew that,” Clint said referring to their costumes. Daredevil looked at them with a vague look of confusion on his face before perking up at an unknown sound.

“I have to go,” he said.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Natasha said stepping towards him, but Daredevil didn’t miss a beat meeting her halfway there until they were inches apart.

“I don’t need a babysitter,” he growled. “Don’t try and follow me. I’ll know if you do.” Daredevil hopped up onto the fire escape jumping onto the roof.

“Are we going after him?” Clint asked. Natasha stood staring at the spot where Daredevil ran off.

“No let him go.”
The Widow

The darkness of Natasha's room surrounded her as she sat thinking, her thoughts constantly coming back to one man, the Daredevil. It was amazing how the man they had only met for a couple of minutes managed to steal the minds of members of the Avengers. Perhaps it was the mystery that surrounded him. The world had gone off the deep end, more than most people in the public knew. Now there was a man dressed as the devil running around the rooftops of Hell's Kitchen with powers not even SHIELD could pin down. Assuming of course that he had any.

Daredevil wasn’t the real devil, they knew that, but the man radiated a palpable darkness. His nights spent prowling the city for people to help. Or was it for people to hurt? The thoughts floated in her mind as she pulled out her black leather suit and buckled her belt. She had better things to occupy her time than the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen.

Young girls were going missing in New York City. Each week the number grew. The police concluded it had to be the new human traffickers that nosed their way into the district, but the evidence wasn’t adding up. None of the black market sites or auctions had shown any sign of the missing girls who were all around the age of twelve. Besides the ages, the girls all came from different backgrounds with nothing else to link them together.

At least that’s what they were lead to believe at first. The link lead back to the mothers. All of them gave birth in a small hospital on the outskirts of Hell’s Kitchen. A couple of nights ago while she was scouting the area, Natasha ran into resistance in the form of a young girl who picked a fight with her on a rooftop. She was good, too good. From then on it wasn’t difficult to deduce why these kids were being taken. Now the only questions that needed to be answered were: for what purpose? And by whom?

Now it was the Black Widow’s turn to find these answers. The girls were being marked at birth and the kidnappers didn’t care what the family situation was by the time they were of age. Most of the time, these kinds of people would take orphans or kids whose families simply didn’t care. That way there were no questions asked. Obviously, these people didn’t care how much attention they were getting which meant they probably had more power than anybody had realized.

Natasha needed to start at the hospital, look at the records to see who was marking these kids. Unfortunately, it would take a little more than a quick computer search to find the information she needed. Asking Tony to pull it up was out of the question. If the Avengers got involved in it, they would make too much noise. This was something that she needed to handle alone.

The hospital sat in a small building that was almost completely indistinguishable from its neighbors. It wasn’t state of the art as Metro-General, but it served its purpose to the people who needed it. That being said, Natasha had never seen a hospital that’s security even rivaled this one. There were guards posted on all entrances and exits around the building. The windows were bullet-proof and the locks were unpickable.

Taking out the guards would be easy, but too noisy and she wasn’t planning on anyone knowing she was there until it was too late. The windows were impractical. Even if she could manage to get them open, there was no telling what kind of alarm system was rigged up. Natasha went to the roof of the building to scout for any possible entrances. The door had a magnetic lock. Now that she could work with.

She took her tools from her belt and began to work on the lock, but before she could finish a soft click sounded from the inside and the door swung wide open. The hallway was consumed in a faint
red light, the siren blaring. Screams echoed from a long room down the hall that filled her ears. Nurses and doctors ran away, some falling on all fours. Their eyes screamed in terror as they ran, exspecting whatever their attacker was the pop out in front of them at any given moment.

Blood poured out of the nose and mouth of the man at the center of the fight. A man who also was wearing a red suit with devil horns on top of his head. Natasha launched herself in the middle of the fray, jumping onto one of the men and using the momentum to kick another. In the corner of the room, Daredevil fought two men, his response time impeccable despite the obvious pain he was in.

One of the men grabbed a knife from the table and lunged at her which she quickly dodged and grabbed his hand, twisting his arm into an angle most arms should never go. The two men Daredevil were fighting now laid on the ground, bloody and unconscious as he joined Natasha at the center of the room. Daredevil grabbed another man launching him towards her for her to finish him off. Natasha looked around the room at the scene. Ten men laid passed out with her and Daredevil standing in the middle.

**Twelve Hours Earlier**

“Mr. Mahoney, what can we do for you today?”

“Knock it off Foggy,” Brett said as he closed the door of Nelson and Murdock legal offices behind him. “I need to ask a favor.”

“I know Bess wanted me to come over earlier to set up the bed, but I told her already unless she wants Matt to do it-”

“It’s not about the bed Foggy.” Brett looked around the office as if for prying ears and whispered. “I need to talk to Daredevil.”

“Daredevil?” Foggy asked hoping his heartbeat wasn’t as loud as it sounded. “Why would we know how to contact a known vigilante who if we knew who he was, and we don’t, we would be obligated both morally and legally to turn over to the trusted NYPD?”

“Cut the lawyer bullshit,” Brett said. “We’ve known each other since we were kids Foggy. It’s not exactly hard to figure out you and Murdock got an in with him. I don’t know the extent of it and to be honest I don’t want to know. Just let him know I want to see him, okay?”

“Okay, Brett. If I knew how to contact him, and I’m not saying I do, I would probably tell him your looking for him.”

“Thanks Fog.”

…

“You needed to see me?” A dark voice came from behind Bett’s ear as he stood outside the precinct clutching his mug to his chest.

“Sure took you long enough,” Brett said, taking a sip of his cold hot chocolate in a vain attempt to warm him up.

“I’m here now,” Daredevil said jumping from the ledge in front of Brett standing slightly in the shadows. “What do you need?”

“Last couple of months there have been these kidnappings all around the city. No one knew they were connected at first, but every parent had the same story. Took their twelve to thirteen year old
“Keep going.”

“I found out that these kids all were born in the same hospital. I know it’s a stretch, but it’s all I got.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Daredevil asked. “Why not report your findings and go yourself?”

“I tried, but when I told the captain about my suspicions he shut me down. Said if he found me anywhere near there I would be off the force.”

“So you think the police are in on it?”

“It’s possible. Nadeem named a lot of corrupt FBI agents, but I would put money on the fact that Fisk started getting to the police as well.”

“So when Fisk left,” Daredevil said. “These corrupt cops were left on the force.”

“Practically gift wrapped for whoever takes his place,” Brett replied.

“I’ll go check it out,” Daredevil said before walking out.

“Hey,” Brett called. “You know this was a one time thing, right? Next time I’m arresting your ass.”

“To think,” Daredevil smirked, hearing Brett’s heartbeat pick up while talking. “I was about to suggest you get a signal for the roof.”

Now

“I thought I told you I didn’t need a babysitter,” Daredevil said, panting.

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Natasha replied looking around the room. “I’m here on a lead.”

“They were waiting for me. One of the police officers must have heard Brett when we were talking. Tipped them off.”

“What do you know about this place?” Natasha asked him.

“Not much,” he sighed. “Apparently it’s connected to a child trafficking ring.”

“It’s not trafficking,” Natasha said making her way over to one of the computers. “I think they’re training them to become child soldiers. I ran into one of the girls on recon mission. She was brainwashed.”

“How do you know that?”

“I’ve been doing this a long time. The way she moved, the way she didn’t seem to hear me or see me despite fighting me. They were all tell tale signs.”

“What are you some kind of spy?”

“I thought everyone knew who we were by now,” she said. “Don’t you watch the news.”

Daredevil paused before saying, “Natasha Romanoff, the Black Widow.”

“I’m surprised it took you that long.” she remarked. “Are you going to stand there or are you going to help me?”
Daredevil walked over to another desk and titled his head slightly before opening up a couple of drawers. Natasha turned her attention back to the computer in front of her. She pulled out a round device and stuck it to the back. The thing buzzed for a moment before unlocking the laptop and she got to work. Color coded files lined the screen from top to bottom. Natasha clicked on a random one and began to search.

Matt crouched in the corner of the room listening to make sure that Black Widow was occupied with the laptop before slipping off one of his gloves and running his hand along the smooth lined paper. The drawer he had opened reeked of pen ink and leather. Luckily, the writing inside the journal he uncovered was written in ballpoint pen, just deep enough for his highly sensitive fingers to pick up on. It wasn’t nearly as easy or fast as braille, but it worked. Natasha had taken out all of the guys before he got a chance to tell her not to, meaning he couldn’t rely on his usual source of information.

This guy’s handwriting was horrible. The letters were all slanted slightly to the side with some words in cursive, which was almost impossible for Matt to make out with his fingers, and others were in thin print. He ran his fingers over the words multiple times before being able to make out what it said. He slipped his glove back over his exposed hand before walking over to Natasha.

“Read this,” he said, tossing the book in front of her. Her head turned side to side as she read what was in the journal.

“It doesn’t make any sense,” she muttered.

“They want to place them back into society. Planting them.”

“But why go through the trouble?” she asked still staring at the pages before slipping the small journal into her waistband. “Take a look at this.” Matt assumed she was referring to whatever was on the screen. He could hear the electronic buzz of the screen and took his best guess, hoping he appeared to be looking at whatever was on it. “What do you think it means?”

“I’m not sure,” Matt replied. It wasn’t a lie technically speaking, he really wasn’t sure what it was mostly because he couldn’t read what was on the screen.

Luckily at that time Natasha decided to whisper it out, “Project Lucifer.”

“You think it has to do with Hell’s Kitchen?”

“Well the name certainly makes sense,” she said, pulling out a flash drive and sticking it into the side of the laptop. “I’m going to take it back to the tower. It’s too encrypted, I can’t break it here, but Tony will be able to.”

“Are you sure you want to get the Avengers involved in this?” Matt asked, realising some of the malicious was evident in his voice. The Avengers were loud and brought danger. He didn’t need them in Hell’s Kitchen. They’d caused enough trouble there already.

“No, they won’t be involved,” Natasha said choosing to ignore his tone of voice. “At least not until I find higher stake info.” She picked up her stuff and put them back into her belt before heading to the window. “Tell me if you find anything.”

“How will I know how to contact you?”

“I think you’ll find a way,” she said before leaping down and making her way onto the street.
This chapter is mostly just conversation based. I needed to figure out a segue to lead to what I have had planned for later on in the story. Again thanks so much for reading and commenting it means a lot to me!

“So your an Avenger now?”

“No,” Matt replied a smile creeping up onto his face despite himself. “No, we just happened to be at the right place at the right time.”

Maggie smirked at her son, and she couldn’t help but wonder if he was able to notice. The warm smell of the coffee she was brewing radiated around the room where they sat. Since the death of Father Lanton, she had spent a lot of time with Matthew, perhaps it was God’s way of telling her she needed to be there for her son now. At least be there, in part, for all the times she wasn’t. “Well,” she said as she began pouring herself and Matthew a cup. “The way I see it there is no such thing as coincidences. I don’t think it was an accident that you two met the way you did.”

“What, beating up doctors who are probably training child soldiers?”

“No,” she scoffed. “Fighting on the same side. As allies.” Matt sat there listening to her words. It had been so long since he fought alongside someone. Since Elektra died (the first time) he had forgotten what it was like to have people who understood what he had to do and why. Karen and Foggy were fantastic friends, but they didn’t understand. Not like Elektra did... not like Natasha could.

“I don’t need allies,” he said despite where his mind had been telling him to go. “Especially not ones who hide up in Avengers tower ignoring all the real people on the streets.”

“How do you know they’re doing that?” Maggie retorted. “The way I see it, without the Avengers we would have no New York at all.”

“Yeah, well where was Tony Stark when Wilson Fisk was corrupting Hell’s Kitchen from the inside out. Or Captain America when the Punsider decided to turn our streets into his own shooting gallery?”

“Didn’t you defend Frank Castle?”

“Just so he wouldn’t get the death penalty.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t judge these people before you know them. They aren’t obligated to pick every fight they see.”

“Well I certainly can’t work with them. Someone needs to fight for the real people who get hurt everyday.”

“Like you?”

“No, not like me,” Matt said caught between a frown and a chuckle.
“Well maybe it’s time you let some people in.”

“I have, Foggy and Kar-”

“Not just as Matt Murdock, but as Daredevil too.”

…

Tony sat at the back of the room as Cap droned on in front about something or the other, he had zoned out ten minutes ago. Intel had been dropped that a Hydra cell was being set up near Columbus, Ohio (for some reason) and they had gone to nip it in the bud. It had gone just as expected, they worked together saved the day, yadda yadda yadda. Of course they had to have their routine mission debrief when they all returned to the tower, each of which were becoming increasingly more repetitive.

Tony leaned his head back against the couch as a dark blue slipped out of the room in the corner of his eye. Suddenly, his body was at attention, turning his head around the room, scanning the faces of the people still in there and noticing a lack of bright red hair on the occupants heads.

Natasha walked calmly down the hallway, only looking back over her shoulder to make sure she wasn’t being followed. Tony’s personal computer sat in the lab which was a couple floors below them. If she used her time wisely then she could make it back before any of her teammates noticed she was missing. The cold flash drive sat heavily in her breast pocket, gnawing at her mind throughout the mission and the debrief. HYDRA was important, no doubt, but that’s not where her primary attention needed to be focused at the moment.

The thin computer sat on the edge of the large desk in the center of the room. Natasha hit the power button and the screen lit up. Natasha unclipped a disk like device from her belt and said, “Tony Stark” into it. Almost instantly, it started to shift, turning into an exact copy of his finger print.

“Welcome Mr. Stark,” the sweet british accent droned off from the speakers. Natasha grabbed the flash drive out of her pocket and plugged it into the computer and pulled up the decoding software. “Would you like me to begin decoding it for you?” FRIDAY asked.


…

“Good job everyone,” Steve said from the front of the room, indicating that the meeting was finally over. As the team walked out of the conference room, Tony noticed jean clad legs propped up on the coffee table, followed by a lean muscular woman in a red sweater.

“Have fun boys?” Natasha asked, moving into a sitting position on the couch.

“You can’t skip out on the debriefs Nat,” Steve said looking down on her.

“I wanted to change. Just because the costume is practical doesn’t mean it’s comfortable.”

“Everyone has to participate-” Steve began to say as Natasha noticed Tony staring at her from the corner of his eyes.

“Who wants pizza?” Tony chimed in quickly, already ordering the delivery on his phone. “Cheese and pep, right?” he said pointing to the people around the room.

“I’ll take mushroom,” Steve said, conceding to the fact no one was going to listen to him.
“Great, cheese, pep, and mushroom for the walking American flag.” Tony walked out of the room to the elevator and right down to the lab. Light glistened off the computer screen from the small window that faced towards the main area. It was completely spotless, and unless Pepper cleaned it, Tony didn’t remember ever taking the time to wipe it down. He pressed his finger onto the middle of the track pad before the screen burst into light.

“Hey, FRIDAY,” Tony said. “Who was the last person to access this computer?”

“You were sir.”

“Yeah, no I wasn’t, pull up the security footage from the last 15 minutes.”

“There is no security footage from the last 15 minutes.” Tony clicked his tongue against his mouth as she said it.

“Okay, pull up the memory from that same time.”

“That was deleted too sir.”

“Then pull up the backups.”

“There are no backups.”

“Then pull up the backups’ backups then!” He said exasperated.

“Pulling up the backups’ backups,” FRIDAY said while a small file popped up onto the screen.

“Project Lucifer,” he whispered quietly to himself. The coding was advanced, but nothing he couldn’t finish before dinner arrived.

Addresses, random dates, and school names filled the list in front of him. All of them appeared to be inside Hell’s Kitchen or just sitting on the border. No way this had to do with Daredevil, right? He was the one who told Natasha and Clint to check the guy out, surely she would have told him? Yeah, this is why he doesn’t trust spies.

“Pizza is here Mr. Stark,” FRIDAY’s british voice said from the speakers.

“Send it up,” he said powering off his computer and joining the others back in the main room. His eyes lingered on Natasha as she sat leaning in to talk to Clint. Steve and Bruce were lounging over in the corner, probably talking about some science that Cap missed out on while he was a popsicle.

“Pizza’s here!” Tony called out to the group just as the elevator beeped and the sweet aroma filled the room.

“M-Mr. St-Stark?” the pizza boy squeaked out, his eyes bulging as he stared around the room.

“That would be me,” Tony said, handing the boy a tip of one hundred dollars before placing them on the table. “Hey don’t stare,” Tony said quietly to him, noticing the kid’s wide eyes fixed on the red and white part of Cap’s costume. “It’s rude.”

“Oh,” he stuttered. “Of course, uh, thanks for ordering from Tommy’s?” The kid made his way back to the elevator, attempting to discreetly take his phone out to get a picture of them before the door closed on him.

“Did you get mushroom?” Steve asked, peeking in the boxes.
“No,” Tony replied. “No one likes it but you”

“Let’s not fight about pizza boys,” Natasha said, noticing Steve beginning to raise his finger towards Tony.

“Yeah Rogers.”

“I was talking to you Tony.” Everyone began to file around, grabbing their pieces before sitting around on the couches.

“You know,” Bruce began taking a bite of his plain cheese. “One thing I still don’t get is why HYDRA would go out of their way to set up a base in the midwest. Why not New York? Or Boston? Hell, even Washington DC!”

“Why are you saying it like it’s a bad thing they didn’t set up a secret base in our capital?” Tony asked. “Again?”

“The middle of country as a lot of important jobs,” Steve said, scrunching his forehead. “Agriculture, factories…”

“Yeah, but it still doesn’t make sense. After they were exposed, you’d think they would be trying to reestablish themselves in places of more political power.” The Avengers sat there, staring at each other. Of course what Bruce was saying was true, so why weren’t they hearing anything. All of their last missions had been in the midwest, Florida, or the plains areas. Sure it might have made sense a couple of years ago when HYDRA had almost all the power of SHIELD at their fingertips. Moving out west would have been a geographical and economic advantage, but now?

“It’s a distraction,” Tony said out loud. “They’ve been turning our heads, hoping we would be too focused out there to see what was going on under our noses.”

“We don’t know that,” Steve said, but there was no conviction in his voice.

“Yes, we do Rogers,” Tony replied. “Banner just said they have no reason to be out there. Why do you think it has been so easy to find where they were? We thought we were being smart!”

“It’s not your fault Tony,” Steve said, cutting to the heart of the issue. “They’re playing all of us.”

“Yeah, well, I should have seen it,” Tony said.

“We don’t know what HYDRA doesn’t,” Natasha said from the other side of the room.

“What?”

“They don’t know we know. If this is even the case. We know nothing for sure, we need facts, but we need to work on this quietly. Try to figure out what they are doing. In the meantime, we need to keep going after the false trails, as loudly as possible. Let them think we’ve fallen for the bait.”

“That’s true,” Bruce said. “They have no reason to expect that we know anything.” Tony sat staring at the table intently, trying to conjure up some thought, some memory, of the last couple of days that didn’t add up. That maybe could point them in the right direction.

“Project Lucifer,” he said out loud. Natasha froze where she was, staring at the man sitting across from her.

“Project what?” Steve said, leaning in.
“How did you find that?” Natasha asked, pushing down her anger.

“How were you hiding it?” Tony snarled at her. “You snuck out onto my computer behind my back. We are a team, you should tell me these things. What if it’s a clue? What if it’s about HYDRA?”

“It’s not HYDRA,” she snarled. “It’s not their m.o.”

“Well then what is it Natasha?” Tony snarled at her.

“It’s something I’m working on alone.”

“Yeah, well, I really don’t think you should be hiding anything from this team. Isn’t teamship suppose to be built on trust?”

“Like you stealing my files without asking me?”

“You’re the one who-”

“Guys!” Bruce said, quieting down the two warring Avengers. “As much as we all love hearing to you two bicker, do you mind telling us what’s going on?”

“Yeah,” Tony said. “Why don’t you tell us?”

Natasha glared at him one last time before jumping into an explanation about the girls, the files, and finally Daredevil’s involvement in the whole situation.

“And you just decided you wouldn’t share this with us?” Tony said. “I’m the one who asked you to watch Daredevil.”

“You did what?” Cap said as Tony immediately realised his mistake. “You wanted her to tail a dangerous vigilante? He’s a killer Tony!”

“Oh, please. We all know that was fake news.”

“That’s not the point.”

“That’s exactly the point,” Tony said raising his voice. “He has been running around in our backyard for years. I decided to take some initiative.”

“That’s not what we do here,” Steve retorted. “That’s the job of the law enforcement, not ours. We aren’t like men like him. We work within the confines of the law.”

“You really think the police were going to arrest or even look into the guy who gave them Wilson Fisk, not once but twice? He needed to be looked into, so I decided to look into him, and if you have problem with that then frankly I don’t care. I did what I needed to do.”

“I agree with Tony,” Bruce said quietly.

“Thank you.”

“If this guy is dangerous, we can’t just let him walk around. And if he turns out to be an ally then even better. I don’t think anyone here can judge him for wearing a mask.”

“There’s a difference,” Steve said.
“Is there Rogers?” Tony said. “I mean beyond all the legal stuff, what separates a guy like Daredevil from us. He helps people, sometimes a lot more people than we do. We’re all so focused on what’s happening up here,” he said gesturing to the glamorous tower around them. “We forget that there are a ton of people having problems down there, right now.” The silence after he said that was still, no one daring to say a word.

“The law’s not perfect, Tony,” Steve began quietly. “It never has been, and if I’d have to wager, it probably never will be, but it’s the best we have. We can improve it, we can work within it, but the moment we step out of the boundaries willingly is the moment we turn our backs on everything we stand for because if you don’t have faith in the law, in our justice system, then what’s even the point in all of this?” Steve picked up his shield from the table and left the room, an unnameable tension surrounding the members of the Avengers.
Where to?

The taps of Matt’s cane echoed off of the brick of the building that lined Hell’s Kitchen as he made his way over to Fogwell’s gym. The moment he opened the door, the familiar smell of sweat filled his nostrils, bringing him back to the time when he went there with his dad. Everytime he entered the gym, he could almost hear Battlin’ Jack Murdock’s fists connecting with the bag. He could almost see his dad standing on his feet as he lost, bruised and bloody.

Matt felt his knuckles burn under the sweaty fabric as he hit the bag. The constant sound of his fist against the worn leather pushing him into his calm rhyme. Every muscle strained with each hit as the clutter that filled his mind began to evaporate. The events of past weeks filled him, forcing him to wonder how they were all connected. A mysterious man shows up to their offices, saying he intends to sue Stark Industries. It turns out that his whole story is fictitious, but Matt can’t find out his motives. At the same time he finds out he’s being tailed by the Avengers. Then Black Widow and him stumble upon the same case.

He knew God had a plan beyond what any man could see, but it all failed to add up. It was as though he had a three sections of a puzzle that couldn’t fit together, the entire picture alluding him. The smell of Matt’s suit came from his duffle bag in the corner and surrounded his senses. The heat from the recently set sun still lingered around him, forcing him to keep hitting the bag instead of leaping over the rooftops.

As he continued his workout his mind traveled back to the Black Widow, not for the first time that day. “I think you’ll find a way,” she had said when he asked how to contact her. He wondered if she was slipping on her costume now, waiting for him to take to the rooftops. It was dangerous, the concept of working with an Avenger. Especially a highly trained agent who could find out who he was, but he didn’t get the feeling that she cared about his identity out of the mask. He had gotten lucky the last time when he was able to play off seeing the paper and the screen, but was it worth the risk of that same luck turning on him this time around?

“Foggy, Foggy, Foggy,” the digital voice of Matt’s phone called out from his bag, halting his thoughts in their tracks.

“Hello?” Matt panted into the phone.

“Please tell me that I didn’t just interrupt you breaking someone’s nose.”

“No, no, I’m at the gym,” he said, sitting on the edge of the ring. “What’s up?”

“Wilbur Day? You know the client who is also a sleazy asshole apparently?”

“Yeah, what about him?”

“I just got up the phone with him, and he wants us to speed up the case. We can’t stall this forever Matt.”

“I know that Fog, just give me more time-”

“I have given you time, Matt. We’re supposed to be ethical lawyers. You know, actually trying to win our clients case in a timely. I can’t do this alone, and if you’re going to keep stalling then I’m going to have to recommend our client to find new legal counsel.” The silence held over the line at Foggy’s ultimatum. Despite his teddy bear appearance and demeanor, he could be a shark when he wanted to. He could even intimidate Matt. Of course, that’s what makes them such a good team. No
one ever expects the blind man and his friendly partner to be hard hitting lawyers in court.

“Okay,” Matt sighed. “I’ll come over in a couple of hours and we can work on the case, but there’s something I have to do first.”

“Fine,” Foggy said. “But try to make it over before one o’clock. Marci and I are going out anyways so we won’t be back till about eleven. Preferably without any life threatening injuries.”

“Okay,” he replied. “I’ll be over as soon as possible.” Matt hung up the phone, and moved to the locker rooms to get on his Daredevil costume. He didn’t have much time to spend now, and he didn’t need to get anymore on Foggy bad side than he already was. No matter how much they accepted Matt and his pastime, it would never be easy having a vigilante as a business partner.

The cool evening air lifted Matt up as he flew over his city, listening for the small fast steps of the Widow. It was early, of course it was, but he could only hope that she would be out, waiting for him. The smell of disinfectant began to make its way to his nose as he approached the small hospital from the other night. The perch held him above it as he tilted his head, listening for the small, but sturdy heartbeat he had come to know in their short period of time together.

Thirty minutes later, the smell of leather and spring flowers made their way to him as Natasha approached from behind. “I know you’re there,” he said, and her muscles immediately relaxed.

“Of course you do,” she said walking up to him, her shoes lightly tapping along the brick. She wore no perfume on her, but the one she wore early, maybe a day ago, still lingered over her skin and seeped into her costume combining with her natural scent to create a soft distinct aroma.

“What do you have?”

“You first.”

“I don’t have anything,” he said innocently.

“I know people,” she said walking up to him, inches away from his face. “You don’t really strike me as a man who doesn’t have a plan.”

“Are you trying to seduce me?” he smirked at her, feeling her hot breath on his skin.

“I’m merely saying,” she said slowly, stepping away from him. “That you know more than you’re letting on. Didn’t your mommy ever teach you to share?”

“Well, I’m sure as much as yours did,” he replied making her pause. He could practically feel her gaze trying to dissect him.

“The files don’t say much. It’s mostly just a list of dates, addresses, schools all in Hell’s Kitchen.” Matt paused, listening intently to her surprisingly hard heart beat that stayed steady the whole time. He heard her reach into her pocket and throw a piece of metal at him that he caught and quickly realised it was the drive. “I copied it so you could take a look.”

“Thanks,” he said pocketing it. “I checked out the property records on the hospital, and I couldn’t find anything. Whoever these guys are they know how to cover their tracks.”

“Yeah well I have a feeling that this isn’t their first rodeo. There is one more thing, how much time do you have?”

“Depends, is this thing a lead?” Natasha didn’t have to answer because she leaped over to the next
building slowing down to make sure Matt could follow. His feet hit the concrete roof with a quiet thunk as he admitly sprinted towards her, jumping over and below the objects in the way. In kind, she picked up her pace, cutting him off at his path’s exit to which he simply used the wall next to him to vault over her. Not missing a beat, she ran at his side, taking up the lead only to show him the way.

As the two dark figures moved over the rooftops in a fluid dance, the smell of fish and water began to make its way into the air. As the smells got stronger, Natasha began to slow down, her steps more paced out and deliberate instead of the light fun they had earlier. They were getting close to their destination. The Jets game blared from a television below them. The same building also let out the unmistakable odor of stale beer and pizza from the same bar Foggy had insisted on bringing Matt on multiple occasions while they were in college.

“What are we doing here?” he asked, turning his focus to the space across the street.

“Well if I deciphered the time tables correctly than there should be a trade-off going down right about now.”

“Why here? We’re close enough to the docks, why wouldn’t they go there?”

“Apparently some guy at the docks kept attacking them. Kinda short, snarky, think he was wearing a devil suit?” she joked to him. For a moment he had the urge to tell her how she sounded just like his mother or Karen, but he held back, still listening for the sounds indicating it was time for them to move. “There it is,” she said. Matt cocked his head, but he could only hear the sound of tires against asphalt. “It’s the black van” Natasha told him when he asked where it was.

Matt searched out his senses for the car, but there were at least three van sized vehicles in the area directly in front of him. He could hear Natasha beginning to creep up to the edge of the roof. Matt froze, and feeling of dread began to take over him. He still didn’t know where the truck was. Beside him, she rapped off instructions for him to follow. Before he knew it she was rushing off to the side, leaving him sitting down on the roof.

The soft taps of her light footsteps mingled with the sounds of the busy evening as he strained his ears to keep track of her. The smell of the bar below him attempted to overwhelm his smell, blocking out any chance of detecting gunpowder. Matt took in a deep breath, he could not allow himself to panic. Slowly, he moved his hands under the sides of his helmet and lifted up the material from over his ears. He tilted his head listening for Natasha’s light breathes.

When he finally located her, he shifted his senses to the right, to scope out the van she was next to. His ears strained to listen to the innards of the van, but it sounded hollow. The only sounds making there way to him was the sound of the driver’s rapid heartbeat. Still positioned on the roof, Matt could hear Natasha slip towards the back to the rear doors purposely keeping out of the drivers eyesight. Hopping from the building to street, he ran over to the driver’s side and pulled the man out of the van, half his body hanging out of the window.

“What the hell are you doing?” Natasha leaped from where she was crouching as she screamed at him. “This wasn’t part of the plan!”

“There’s nothing in the back of the van,” he growled, directing his words at her but focusing his tone at the man he was holding. “Who are you meeting?” The man Daredevil held by the throat squealed about just trying to make a honest living which was met by a punch to the face. “Don’t lie to me,” his voice dipping even deeper and rougher as he said it. The anger out of him seemed palpable, and Natasha sat watching him, not missing the small smile that seemed to be tugging at Daredevil’s lips. “Trust, I’ll know if you do,” he continued. “Now I’ll ask you again. Who are you meeting?”
“I don’t know, I swear to god. I have no god damn clue!” Despite fear that were seeping out of his pores, the man’s heartbeat stayed the same, even calming down as he said it.

“Then why don’t you tell us what you do know.” Natasha picked up the man’s face to look him in his tear filled eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, sure.” Daredevil loosened his grip, and the guy reached into his pocket and pulled out a thin piece of paper. Without thinking, Matt grabbed the paper from his hand and didn’t even pause to fake a glance before handing it to Natasha. Luckily she simply grabbed the paper without question.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“That’s where I was suppose to take the guy. I don’t know anything else. I was just supposed to pick him up here. They said he would come to me. I swear.” She reached to grab the man, but Matt grabbed her hand and whispered that he was telling the truth. She stared at his covered eyes before pulling it back with the same force Matt took it with.

“I think I should make a call,” she said to him.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This chapter is going to be split into two parts so they remain a similar length as the others.

“This last thing I need is the Avengers involved in my city!” Daredevil yelled at Natasha as they stood face to face on the rooftop above the pizza bar. In her hands, she still held the address the driver had given them just ten minutes earlier. The building it indicated was hosting a gala that was being attended by the top one percent of New York City’s wealthiest citizens. It wouldn’t be difficult with a man like Tony Stark on their side, but that had forced her to reveal to Daredevil that the other members of the Avengers were privy to their little excursions. Honestly, she had had full intention of telling him, but she didn’t think that now would be the most opportune moment, all things considered.

“This isn’t your city. It’s our city. The Avengers have connections.”

“Yeah, connections to a lot of destruction.”

“There would have been more if we hadn’t have intervened.”

“This coming from the team that has a giant green monster.”

Natasha’s angered flared as she looked at the man in front of her. The bottom half of his face visible under the mask was completely flushed with rage. “They are good people,” she said changing the subject back. “What would be your alternative? Tony has connections, We can get in there without any civilians getting hurt.” Even with his eyes covered, she could see his emotions flash across his face. For a man whose life had to be based on secrets, she had noticed he didn’t have much talent at hiding his facial expressions.

“Fine,” he conceded. “Call him.”

“No need,” Nat ticked up her eyes behind Daredevil to see Tony’s suit lowering behind him. Daredevil viably jumped back at the sight (or was it the sound?) of him. “What?” he asked her. “You really think after everything you said last night I wouldn’t follow you? Anyways, I already got the six invitations, though I don’t think a devil suit is going to be very appropriate.”

“What do you mean six invitations?” Daredevil asked, surprisingly maintaining a semblance composure.

“Well Thor is god knows where right now, and I don’t think we’ll be needing Wanda or Sam for this kind of mission. Primarily recon I would assume.”

“No,” Daredevil said while Tony paused to breath. “Hell’s Kitchen is my territory. I don’t need any help.”

“I didn’t see you tell that to Natasha. Besides, I’m pretty sure Hell’s Kitchen belongs to the city of New York,” Tony as though he was completely immune to what the other man might have to say. “How about you guys meet me back at the tower and we discuss the plan there?”
“Absolutely not,” Daredevil replied.

“I had a feeling you would say that,” Tony said and tossed a small device to the other man. “That’s one of our comms. I’ll leave your invitation at the side of the building so you can pick it up. Just put that in your ear. See, you don’t even have to reveal your identity.”

“That being you haven’t been running facial recognition on me from the moment you landed on this roof.”

“Fair point, but for your information I haven’t. I wanted to but I’ve been told I have to get better at the whole ‘privacy’ thing. Anyways, see you in hour?” Tony added before giving a brief wave like salute and launching back up into the sky of New York City.

“Yes, he’s always like that.” Natasha added before Daredevil could even turn back to her. “They can help. Trust me.” Daredevil sighed and placed the comm in his pocket.

Two Hours Earlier

“Who was that sweetie?” Marci asked draped over the couch with her laptop.

“Just Matt. I needed to talk to him about the Day case.”

“The one who’s trying to sue Tony Stark?” she asked lifting her eyes from her briefs to look at her boyfriend.

“Yeah…”

“What’s wrong Foggy-bear?”

“It’s just that…” he said, his voice beginning to trail off. “You know what, it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is we are going to have a great time tonight.” As he said it, Foggy made his way over to the couch and plopped next to her before leaning in. “We are going to have a great time with your friends tonight.”

“I thought you hated rich-people galas.”

“That’s not the point,” he said dismissing her last statement. “We are going to go, and your overly-rich friends are going to love me. We aren’t going to talk about court dates, briefs, or Tony Stark.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” she said leaning in the last couple of inches to touch her lips against his. “I’m going to go get ready.” Marci stood up to go into their bedroom, leaving Foggy sitting alone on the couch thinking about how perfectly lucky he was to find someone so damn perfect.

It was funny looking back on their earlier years now, knowing what was going to happen. He had always secretly hoped that him and Marci would work it out, but he learned his whole life that guys like him didn’t get girls like her. Okay, maybe that sounded a little cliche, but it was true! Marci was stunning, beyond stunning, and besides that she was so perfect. Yes she could be a little scary every now and then, but she had big heart. Matt had always said it was almost big enough to match his, once you got past her piranha like first impression. Not that Matt ever had that much luck with girls before Karen. Okay, Foggy knew they weren’t technically together, but you would have to be blind not to see the undeniable chemistry between the two. Which actually explained a lot.

Matt’s only real luck in college had been the Elektra girl, and the more Foggy learned about what really happened between the two the more he was sure it was purely bad luck. Not that Matt talked about her that often, but Foggy could still remember the bruises and scrapes Matt would come back
to the dorm with after a night out with his girlfriend. At the time... well at the time Foggy wasn’t sure what to make of them, but he was beginning to get a better idea of that now.

It sometimes amazed him how he and Matt could be so different, one could just look at their history with girls to see that difference. Foggy managed to discover the most amazing, heartfelt, beautiful woman who certainly had a dark edge, but not a murdering people dark edge. Thank god. He didn’t think that he needed anymore of that in his life. It was through Elektra that Foggy had first seen the dark side of Matt, the “devil” as he once heard Matt call it. The woman had a way of bringing out his demons, and the scary part was that Matt liked it. He liked having the part of himself unleashed, and it was something that Foggy had hoped he would never see again. He didn’t after she left either, that is until the night where he stumbled in with Matt lying half dead with a lot less blood than should normally be in a human body.

Of course, it was undeniable that Matt had loved Elektra and he still did in a way, but it wasn’t the type of love Foggy had grown up around. It wasn’t healthy. Love shouldn’t be based off bringing out the bad in people but the good. That was love. That was what he and Marci had. That was what Karen and Matt had too, even if they were both too stupid to see it clearly.

That was just his opinion though, and as important and correct as he thought they were, he wasn’t likely to share them with his friends. From now on, their lives were their business. Tonight all he had to be was a loving boyfriend to Marci. Not a cut-throat lawyer, an accomplish to vigilantism or anything in between. Not that he hated that part of his life. Matt was like part of the family, hell his mother practically adopted him from the moment she found out Matt didn’t have any other family. Karen was amazing too, he wouldn’t trade anything for the life he had with them. When push came to shove though, Foggy Nelson was always going to be Foggy Nelson. He had never killed anyone or beaten anyone, hell he couldn’t even get himself to set up a mouse trap in his apartment when he first moved out. Sometimes he just wanted to be normal, and yes a part of him threw up at that thought and was shrouded in a cloud of shame, but it was true. He needed that every now and then, and that’s what Marci gave him. Of course he knew if he voiced any of this to her she would probably slap him and tell him he shouldn’t live in New York if he wanted “normal.”

Almost as is she had heard her name from his thoughts, Marci walked out of their bedroom in stunning red dress with matching lipstick that hugged her curves in all the right spots. “Are you almost ready to go?” she asked, but Foggy was still sitting on the couch taking in the sight of her. “What do I have something on it?”

“No,” he said quickly. “You just look so beautiful.”

“I know,” she replied without a pause. “Let’s head out, we don’t want to keep them waiting.” The couple walked out to the base of their apartment building where their uber was waiting to pick them up.

Matt’s fingers quickly ran over the braille tags in his closet and whipped out the only nice suit that he had: the one Elektra had given him. He tried to ignore her smell that was still laced in the fibers and threw it on before running out to the cab that sat in front of the building. Before going to the gala, he had briefly considered leaving the cane and glasses at home as he had done when he visited the prison a couple months ago, but the odds of him running into to someone he may know was too risky. Especially now that he had the intentions of maintaining his life as Matt Murdock and not only as Daredevil.

As the car began to slow down, the smells of champagne and caviar was already making their way into his nose. By the time they pulled up in front, he could clearly hear the chuckles of couples and
live music coming from inside the hall. Matt handed his driver a couple of bills and told him to keep
the change as he directed him to pull up in the alley next to the building. Grateful to leave the smelly
cab, he stepped out into the cold night air and put the comm in his ear. Natasha had reliability told him
they shouldn’t be visible once he put them in so he had to trust her word, which surprisingly he was
learning to do with more ease as time passed.

He sniffed briefly to catch the scent of the paper invitation Stark had promised to leave him and
found it next to the wall in a concealed container. The indents left from the ink were too shallow for
his fingers to read (unfortunately, unless it was written in pen, most things were) and hoped that it
was legitimate. He quickly slipped it into his back pocket before going around the block quickly so
not to be seen coming out from the side alley.

The cosmic irony of him ending up working with the Avengers now didn’t escape him. Of course, if
it wasn’t for the Chitauri invasion and the subsequent destruction of Hell’s Kitchen, Union Allied
would have never stepped in. Wilson Fisk wouldn’t have been able to rise to such power in the
underworld so quickly. He may never have met Karen, and he may never have become Daredevil.
At least not in the way he was now.

The anxiety that had been lingering in him since Stark’s appearance on the rooftop had yet to fade.
He was sure that the moment he walked in that they would probably spot him. Being of course he
was coming alone and would soon look as though he was talking to himself because of the earpiece.
It was not his intention to get involved in the Avengers. Especially wanting to maintain some
semblance of the life he had managed to build himself outside of his suit. It wouldn’t be fair to Foggy
if he were outed by his association with the team. He thought about the possibility of his friend’s
potential disbarment because of him more than he would like to admit.

“Invitation please,” a young woman chimed off beside him as he got near the entrance. He fumbled
in his pocket a moment before sticking it out in her general direction. She barely glanced at it before
opening the door for him.

Most likely it had seemed as though the party had been going on for at least an hour now. The smell
of steak and fish from dinner still lingered in the air from when they had eaten dinner. Matt searched
around with his senses for a discreet place to mingle. He knew he was there before the Avengers,
and he had done that on purpose. The more he could blend in the crowd, the harder it would be for
them to pick him out.

“What the hell is going on?” he demanded in a whisper.

“Try to make it short then,” Foggy replied. Matt tried to give Foggy a brief rundown of his time with
Natasha and then Tony Stark showing up, and he didn’t have to see to invision Foggy’s eyes
widening at each word.

“The Avengers?” He exclaimed, the fangirl creeping into his voice. “You, my best friend, is working with the Avengers? Have you met Captain America? What about Thor?”

“No, I just told you. Only Natasha and Stark.”

“Black Widow. You are on a first name basis with the freaking Black Widow!”

“Not exactly first name,” Matt said and reminded his friend about his secret identity. “If they find out…”

“Yeah, I guess Tony ‘I’m Iron Man’ Stark probably isn’t the best secret keeper. Why don’t you just hang out with me at the bar. That way you don’t look too suspicious.”

“What about Marci and her friends?”

“Honestly, I’ve been trying to get away from them for the better part of an hour now. I think Marci will understand.” For some reason Matt kind of doubted that, but left it to himself. Foggy grabbed his arm and ‘led’ him to the bar. They both ordered a glass of the cheapest wine, which still managed to be expensive, and made light conversation.

Before the comm even buzzed five minutes later, Matt heard multiple people entering the building at different times. “Everyone in position?” Tony Stark’s voice came over the the airwaves and a myriad of voices responded to them. Most of them were easy to recognize, Natasha obviously, Captain America, Hawkeye or Clint that he had briefly met, and one more male voice that he couldn’t place. “Anyone seen Daredevil?” Matt brought his hand up to his ear and hoped it looked like he was scratching his head before tapping it and saying, “I’m here.”

There was a brief pause over the line, and he could imagine the different members looking around the crowded gala for him before Stark replied saying good. “You all know the deal,” he began probably about to repeat the plan for Matt’s benefit. “We don’t know what we’re looking for, but it will probably be a small group of people. Nat and I were able to decipher more of the ledger. If we did it correctly then it should be a group of about 3 or 4.”

“Yeah, that won’t be hard to find here,” Clint interrupted.

“Please save snarky comments for the end Barton,” Tony said back. “All we need to do is keep your eyes and ears out. If you see anything, don’t engage, we don’t need any civilian deaths on our hands. Tell the rest of us, and we’ll isolate them. Everyone understand?” There were vague replies of acknowledgement before they all went quiet. Matt reached out his senses to try and locate them in the building. Tony was easy to find because of the plethora of electronics buzzing all over him. The same buzzing noise that Matt had heard the first night Clint and Natasha followed him still remained around Clint, which Matt could only assume now was a hearing aid of some sort. Captain America as well had a hard steady heartbeat, but it wasn’t as loud as the other man that he didn’t know yet. Natasha of course was the easiest to find. Her scent was so distinct even with the absurd amount of perfume she wore right now.

Cap and Stark were both hovering above him on the second floor with the mystery man. Natasha and Clint however both were on the main level like him. Matt could hear their skin against each other where they held hands and the laugh Natasha kept producing from her mouth even though nothing was said. They were pretending to be a couple, smart.
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