Most of the time, it's not a good thing when old ghosts come to light. Do you run or do you hide?

And what do you do if that ghost happens to be Grant Ward seeking his redemption?
“Great, just what we needed.”

Daisy sighed and leaned her head back against the wall behind her, grimacing as a loud explosion echoed out from the other side of the wall. “Why can’t we just easily deal with an Inhuman? Why do they have to freak out and fight back like this? Jeez, we can’t even catch a break. And it doesn’t help that it’s just me, Elena, a few other agents. This isn’t going to work out.”

The ground trembled again and she tried to stand up, causing her to lose her footing. She grunted as she hit the ground again, “Great, this guy causes tremors far worse than me. And he’s causing explosions from the palms of his hands? How… How does that even work?”

Daisy shook her head as she rose to her feet once more, dusting off her hands on her pants. “We’re really outgunned here for some reason. I can’t even get close enough to him to do anything. And Elena’s already hurt. What the hell are we supposed to do? It’s like he’s picking us off. We,”

“What? You hiding from me?”

Her thoughts trailed off as a figure came into view and she realized that it was the man that they were after. He sneered at her, the disfiguring scar on the side of his face drawing her attention. Perhaps it had been an unfortunate side effect of his powers. But, truly, Daisy didn’t want to know at all.

“No, I’m not hiding.” she stated coldly, flexing her hands at her sides. “Just taking a break, that’s all. Can’t always go full speed with things. Now, if you’d settle down and let us take you in, then things will be fine.”

The man scoffed, “Why the hell do you think I’d do that?” he asked, sparks flaring in the palms of his hands. “I’m not letting SHIELD take me in. I don’t need anyone’s damn help. I’m fine the way I am.”

“You sure about that?” she asked, taking a step forward and readying a hand. “We come to you peacefully and you flat-out attack us. Now, I’m just doing my job, unfortunately. I don’t want to have to forcefully take you in, but at this point we do have to arrest you.”

“Huh?” The man’s palms exploded again, a massive snarl forming on his face, “I’m not letting anyone arrest me. I didn’t do anything, you bitch.”

“Wrong answer.”

Daisy flung her hand out, sending a shockwave strong enough to knock the man back several feet. But he immediately rebounded, sending himself flying towards her with a blast from his palms.
“I’ll kill you, you know! No no one messes with me!”

Daisy send a few more blasts back, only for the man to counter them with blasts of his own. “You’re not making this easy.” she stated coldly, starting to accumulate energy between her hands. “Really, only for yourself. Now, we’ll definitely have to lock you up for trying to kill government agents. And I really don’t want to have to do that. And there’s still no telling of what you did before we got here. You’re shaping up to be a real piece of shit.”

“Then I’ll deal with this myself.” he growled, flexing his fingers. “I’m not letting you touch me. No one’s taking me in.”

“Whatever.” She released the energy, making it strike the man right in the middle of his torso. She watched with a slight smile as he flew back and hit the wall behind him with a crack. “Look, we’re done here.” she stated, slowly walking towards him. “We don’t,”

“P-Please get away from me.” the man stammered suddenly, his eyes glazed over and locked onto something behind her. His anger quickly had morphed into pure and utter fear. “You-You….”

“What? You afraid of me now?”

“Get away from me!”

She stopped as something in the corner of her eye caught her attention and she turned to face it, “Who?” Her stomach froze over as she came face to face with piercing orange eyes and the hue of fire burning from somewhere deep and dark.

“I-Is that… Robbie?”

The skull-headed being only stared at her, the flames burning off of its head sending embers high into the air. Daisy never would’ve thought she’d see another Ghost Rider. She remembered Robbie saying that there weren’t many others. So who was this one?

“Why does he seem so familiar?” she asked herself, staring that the being. The Rider was dressed in black jeans and boots with a jacket so dark Daisy couldn’t tell the color of. There were chains wrapped tightly around each wrist. It seemed to be holding himself up with an air of arrogance.

“I don’t know. Who is this guy? I don’t understand. Why does he seem so familiar?”

The Rider suddenly turned and looked at the spot where the man had been, its blazing eyes flickering in the sockets of its skull. “He’s dead.” it croaked, it’s jaw only moving slightly. “Got what he deserved. Vengeance.” It turned towards her, “Isn’t how this thing works?”

Daisy blinked, surprised that it could talk. Something about its voice sounded familiar, but it was so gravelly, so it was hard to place. But she couldn’t get over the fact that it had come of out nowhere and had killed her target.

“He’s killed before. No one knew. A thief. Justice.” the Rider continued, the chains on his wrists
clanking as he pointed at the pile of charred ash.

“So, you killed him?” Daisy asked, stepping forward. “Just like that?”

“It’s what I’m supposed to do. Keep balance by getting rid of the wicked. Nothing more than what you do.”

“I wasn’t going to kill him! I-”

The Rider looked back at her, “I know you weren’t. You never were one to kill. Not even that time with that kid. Whatever his name was.”

Daisy’s stomach flipped and she frowned, “What?” She stepped back, staring at the being, “What the hell are you talking about? You’re acting like you know me. You don’t. So stop acting like you do.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” The Rider looked away and Daisy watched as the flames on its skull snuffed out and the skin and hair started to reform. “Don’t tell anyone that you saw me. I’d like to keep this between us. Alright, Skye?”

The Rider turned around and smiled, Daisy suddenly feeling weak and sick to her stomach, “That a deal?”

“Ward?”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I know it's kind of weird and short, but bear with me here. It'll get better. But I probably won't update this a whole lot until a few other things are done. I just wanted to get this out there. I hope you enjoy! Please comment or leave a kudos!
Daisy’s mouth fell open and she stepped back a few steps, trying to comprehend the sight before her. “W-Ward…” she stammered, the ground shaking slightly beneath them. “How the hell are you here? What the fuck is going on?”

“Yeah, but not everyone stays dead.” He shifted and the chains on his wrists rattled. “I think you should know that by now.” With a sigh, he looked up at the sky, “It’s, uh, been a rough past few months. I’ve only been alive for about half a year now. So that means I was dead for a year. It’s, uh, very hard to explain. Again, I… I don’t have the time right now. I’ll explain eventually. Later.”

“I… I don’t understand. Your body was freaking destroyed in space, Ward.” she pointed at him. “You’re not supposed to be here.”

“Ward, you know I can’t just brush this off like nothing ever happened, right?” Daisy almost snapped, taking a small step forward. “Our worst enemy comes back to life and I suppose to treat it like it’s nothing ?”

“I really wish you wouldn’t call me that…” Grant shifted uncomfortably. “I’m not your enemy anymore.”

“Yeah? Then prove it.”

“I think that’s something that will take a really long time and a whole lot of explaining on my end.” He looked around once more as if sensing something, “And I don’t have time for that right now.”

“Huh? Why not?”

Grant blinked and remained quiet, waiting for his signal.
“Daisy! What’s going on?”

Daisy spun and turned to see Elena and two other agents running towards her, “I…” She turned back around towards Grant, but stopped dead in her tracks when she saw that he was no longer there. “Shit.”

“What happened to the guy?”

“Dead. Burst into flames.”

Elena frowned as she came to stand next to the woman, “Burst into flames? Killed by his own powers?”

“Yeah, not quite that.” Daisy sighed and shook her head, “Someone else killed him.”

“Someone else? Who?”

“A Ghost Rider.”

“Ghost Rider?” Elena looked around, as though she was trying to find what Daisy was talking about. “Like Robbie? Was it him?”

“No.” She paused, knowing that she didn’t need to mention that it was Grant. Maybe it was better if no one knew just yet. “I don’t know who it was. Came out of nowhere and killed the guy. Something about justice and then disappeared like that.” She looked at the pile of ashes, “Guess we don’t have to deal with him now.”

“Then what do we do now?”

Daisy frowned and gulped, “I don’t know. I don’t even know what the hell is going on anymore.”

(Later)

Daisy sighed as she flopped down onto her hotel bed, finally able to stretch out and relax after being chewed out by Coulson for about an hour. “I can’t help Ward’s an ass and not even death can deal with him. But a Ghost Rider? What the hell? Things don’t even make sense anymore…. Jesus. But at least I’m finally out of that damn uniform and I can relax for the night. Maybe a nice, hot bath. It’s just me and myself. I deserve some rest after all, right? I…. ”

Her thoughts trailed off as a loud whoosh sounded in front of her bed and she shot up, almost screaming out as there was suddenly a figure standing in the middle of the room.

“Ward! What the hell?!”

Grant smiled awkwardly from his spot, “I, uh, is this a bad time?” he asked. “Do,”

“Yeah, this is a bad time! No one’s supposed to be in here. And are you stalking me or something?!” Daisy stood to her feet and slowly approached him, “How did you know where I was?”
“I… I just wanted to make sure you were okay. And I thought that you maybe want an explanation to what’s going on.” He scratched at the back of his head, “I can come back,”

“No, I guess I want an explanation now.” Daisy crossed her arms, “Peace has already been ruined, go ahead.” She motioned with her hand, “Spill it. Can’t be all that complicated, can it? How the hell are you like Robbie?”

Grant frowned and sat down in a chair a few feet away; Daisy noticed that he no longer had his chains. “I don’t know who that is, but I assume by the way you’re talking he’s another Rider. If that’s the case,”

Daisy glared at him as she sat down on the edge of the bed, “I’m gonna need a little more than that.”

He rubbed the back of his neck, “Like I said, I was dead. I remember being stuck in Hive and then nothing for a while. Then it all comes back to light and there’s what I thought to be a monster in front of me offering me a deal. I take the deal and I come back to life in order to atone for my sins or whatever.” He leaned back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling, “So I took it. I wanted to make things right.”

“A deal? So you sold your soul?”

“Wasn’t much of a soul to sell anyways, so it didn’t matter.”

Daisy frowned, “You can’t save what’s not there.”

“Maybe not. But at least I’m making a difference.”

“What? By burning others at the stake?” Daisy glowered at him. “Then you’re no better than before.”

“I don’t kill innocents. That’s not the job. It’s about vengeance. Justice. I kill those who got away from the law. Killers. Rapists. You get the gist.” He looked back up at her, brushing the hair out of his eyes, “I accepted the Spirit so I could make things right again. I just never got the courage to get close to you again. I’ve been following SHIELD from a distance for about a month. Saved your asses multiple times and you didn’t even realize it. Sooner or later, you’ll learn to trust me.”

Daisy blinked, “You really think you can make up for all the shit that you did?” she asked coldly. “You were a monster.”

“And I know that. I don’t think that I can ever get forgiveness from anyone, but it doesn’t hurt to try. It… It makes me feel just a little better about myself at the end of the day.”

She remained silent, not sure of what to say. She was still having a hard time processing that Grant Ward was currently alive and well right in front of her.

“I put myself through hell to try to make things right. I managed to tame the Spirit already and have most of the control. But it’s hard. I don’t get a break.” he continued. “I never feel good anymore.”

“Then that’s why you look like utter shit.”

“Thanks. Maybe I need to scale things back a bit.” He sighed and ran his hands through his hair, “I don’t know.” He looked at her, “It’s a heavy burden. But I know it’s what is right. Just… Just don’t tell anyone. Please. This has to stay between us right now. Sorry.

And I’m sorry if I scared you back there. Hell, I… I’m sorry for everything that happened between
us.”

Daisy’s face fell and she noticed sincerity in his voice, but she still had a hard time believing it.

“I was a fool, Skye.” Grant continued, burying his head in his hands. “I didn’t realize what I had become. I should’ve stopped. I should’ve left you guys alone. But I didn’t and I got myself killed. You’re right, I was a monster.” He looked back up at her, fire brewing in his eyes, “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not the one that you need to apologize to.” Daisy looked towards the wall, remembering that Fitz (and Simmons) was on the other side. “You,”

She trailed off as another whoosh sounded and she looked back to see that Grant was gone, smoke wafting from the place he had been. “Figures.” she muttered. “Coward.”

She looked around the room once more before laying back on the bed and looking up at the ceiling, “God, just what on Earth is going on?

*Who, or what, is Ward now?*”

Chapter End Notes

I hope that this is making sense. It'll make more sense as time goes on and they start to get back together. And hopefully that won't take too long. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Daisy learns more about the new Grant.

The next month flew by in a practical flash to Daisy. Things were just far too busy for her to even stop and think about anything. But there was something different now, something always lurking in the shadows and watching her and the team.

She knew exactly who it was, but decided it wasn’t worth it to try and pursue him. But he was always there in the corner of her vision, either as a flash of flame or the shine of a chain swinging through the air. He was always there, though. Enough for the others to take notice and for Coulson to put out an order to bring the Rider that had been following them in. But Daisy knew that it wasn’t worth it. He would always be one step ahead of them.

And a part of her began to accept the fact that Grant Ward was alive and well, acting as their protector of sorts from the shadows. She didn’t like it, but she knew that there wasn’t any other way around it. He always came when things got tough and it unsettled her; it was like he had been watching their every move.

It was like Grant had deemed himself their protector, no matter if Daisy liked it or not. He never got close enough for her to say anything. They hadn’t spoke since that day in the hotel. He was now just a flame in the distance, but close enough to protect them from the threats they couldn’t handle.

But today was truly when things would start to change. And Daisy didn’t know that it would be for the better.

Daisy’s eyes widened and she looked over to see none other than Grant sitting in a chair a few feet away from the bed she found herself in. “Ward. So you have been following us.” A statement. Not a question.

Grant blinked, “I’ve been doing nothing more than making sure that you are safe. I get rid of the threats none of you are able to handle.” he stated.

“We’re more than capable of protecting ourselves, thank you very much.” Daisy growled, starting to move. She stopped as she suddenly felt dizzy and Grant frowned. “We don’t need you.”

“I know that you can protect yourselves, but you’ve gotten yourselves into some deep shit lately with all these Inhumans.” Grant answered simply. “I found you unconscious with no one around. I assume that you got separated from the others.” He sighed, “I brought you here to get you out of
harm’s way for the time being. You’re free to leave as soon as I can ensure that you’re fine.”

“I don’t need your help.”

“Yeah, but you have a mild concussion and some fractures in your lower arms.” He blinked again, “You heal fast, so it’s already getting better. But you don’t need to move that much right now.”

“You’re not a fucking doctor.”

“I can sense things that others can’t, Skye. You’re hurt, you need to rest.” He shook his head and leaned back in his chair, “But you’re not going to listen, are you? It’s just like when you were my rookie.”

“I’m not your damn rookie anymore, Ward.” Daisy almost snapped, glaring at him. “Stop living in the past. You destroyed that.”

Grant’s face hardened as he stared up at the ceiling, “I know that. I don’t need to be reminded of that every single day.” He paused and looked at her, “I’ve changed, Skye. I’m not that man anymore. Hell, I’m not even human anymore.

I turned myself into a monster in order to make myself better.” he continued. “But, sometimes, I’m not so sure about my choice. I still kill. I still hurt. Just for different reason. I didn’t make myself a better man at all.”

Daisy frowned and stayed silent as she studied him. He had cut his hair since the last time they had talked. His beard was still there, but had been trimmed to where it was neat. But that haunted and weak look was still etched deep into his eyes; it looked like he was trying to fight something off.

“I don’t know why you’re telling me this, Ward.” she stated. “It won’t help anything.”

“I know that. I’ll never change in any of your eyes.” he answered lightly. “But it helps to try. I want you all to be safe. I may not be particularly fond of the team, but that doesn’t mean I want them to get hurt. That’s why I always make sure you all are safe. I… I don’t want to fail you again.” He looked to the floor, “I don’t want to be that monster again. I’m not letting any of you get hurt.”

“You know, I’m gonna need more in order to believe that.”

“And this past month hasn’t been enough?” Grant asked, his face falling. “I’ve almost died twice. I know it’ll take a lot for me to make up for things, but that doesn’t count for something?”

Daisy frowned, not sure of what to think. There was something in Grant’s voice that was starting to get to her, but she couldn’t tell what. “You’re always hiding behind that skull, Ward. I’m the only one who knows who you are.” she stated. “You never get close anyways. I didn’t know you almost got yourself killed. Wait, or are you making that up?”

The air in the room briefly heated up and Grant stood to his feet, anger brewing deep in his eyes, “Why would I make something like that up?” he asked quietly. “I won’t lie to you anymore.”

“Then show yourself to the others.”

“It’s not the right time. I’ve still got to protect myself.” he answered. “So what if the skull is another mask? Heroes hide behind them, right? It’s just not the right time to reveal myself.”

Daisy went to bite back, but she decided to remain quiet. Maybe… Maybe Grant was right. Maybe he really was trying to change himself for the better. He had been protecting them for the past month
after all. She just couldn’t decide who he was yet. She needed more time to think.

Grant ran his hands through his hair and took a sharp breath to steady himself. He didn’t need to get himself worked up and letting it take control of him. Not in front of her.

“Look, I’ll just drop this subject for a moment. You need rest. You’re free to go in another hour or so. I just want to make sure that you’ll be able to get back to the others,” he explained. “Again, please don’t tell the others about this. I still want to remain in the shadows.” He paused, “How’s Fitzsimmons?”

“Huh?” Daisy frowned and narrowed her eyes. “They’re fine, what are you talking about?”

“They were almost killed last week, you didn’t know about that?”

Her stomach dropped, “What? I mean, they’ve been kind of quiet and distant lately. But, huh?”

He swallowed, “Those bodies they were investigating. And the guy who left them there came back to take care of his mess, and he tried to take care of Fitzsimmons as well.” He turned, “Don’t worry. He’s dead. I killed him before he could lay a finger on them.”

“Wait, you showed yourself to them?” Daisy’s head was spinning. He had personally rescued Fitzsimmons? Why didn’t they know about this? “I thought…”

“The skull’s a mask, remember? And besides, I told them not to talk about it. I didn’t want the incident being freaked out over. They’re okay. That’s all that matters.” He began to walk away, “Just rest some more. You can go after a while. I don’t want to talk anymore.”

Daisy could only blink and stare at Grant as he left the room. Why hadn’t Fitz or Simmons talked about that? So that’s why they had been so quiet and distant lately. But her head was still hurting from trying to comprehend the fact that Grant was changing. She still wanted to believe that he was still the monster he had been.

Maybe people could come back from the deepest hell after all?

But what if Grant had only driven himself into an even deeper one?

Chapter End Notes

So is Daisy's feelings towards Grant starting to change already? Hopefully, they are. And what kind of personal issues is Grant truly having? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
The Traces of Your Love

Chapter Summary

Things between Grant and Daisy truly start to change.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next two weeks came and were gone just like that. Daisy’s injuries had healed in no time at all since they were mostly pretty minor. Only the fractures in her arms took a little longer to heal. And, truly, things were starting to change for her.

Even though she hadn’t physically seen Grant in the past two weeks, she knew that he was there. It was like a warm feeling deep in her stomach and she just knew that he was watching; it was something that she couldn’t quite explain. And she had already begun to trust and accept this feeling. Grant’s presence was now something that was becoming welcome to her, just because she knew that she would be safe.

The Rider in the edges of everyone’s visions was starting to be something that was to be considered normal, but most of the team didn’t like the fact that a demonic entity was following them around endlessly. And Coulson, most of all, wanted an explanation for it.

“Coulson, I’m sorry. I didn’t see that Rider today. Maybe he wasn’t there.”

“Yeah? But Fitz saw him the other day and the past few times that we’ve been out on a mission. He had to be there.”

Daisy paused and bit her lip, “Haven’t you stopped to consider that all this Rider is doing is just helping us?” she asked, actually trying to vouch for Grant. She was still the only one that knew of the Rider’s true identity, but she fully intended on keeping it that way. “He hasn’t hurt us or even really approached us. How can he be of any harm?”

“Still, I want to know just who this guy is. If it’s not Reyes, then who is it? Why would a random Rider decide to follow us like this?” Coulson continued, his voice crackling on the other end of the line. “Next time you see him, try to bring him in. Risk assessment. That’s all.”

“You wanna hear my ‘risk assessment’?” she almost bit back. “He’s not a threat. That’s my gut instinct and I trust it.”

“Daisy,”

“Goodbye, Coulson. We’ll talk about this tomorrow when I get back to the base. Just let me sleep.” Daisy ended the call before Coulson could argue. She threw the phone on the bed with a groan and went to flop down on it when a voice stopped her.

“You’re protecting me.”

She whirled around and came face to face with Grant, a confused look on his face. She frowned, “Have you ever heard of privacy?” she asked coldly. “It’s been two weeks since you last showed
“You were on the phone. I figured it was nothing important since you sounded so irritated.” He blinked, dropping a black duffel bag at his feet, “It was Coulson, wasn’t it?”

Daisy took a step back and looked him up and down, “Yeah, what’s it to you?” she asked. “He’s just being a pain in my ass recently.”

“And you were vouching for me.” Grant stated in reply. “Why? You know, I thought you hated me. Why try to protect me from the very person that hates me the most?”

Her face fell and she sat down on the edge of the hotel bed to think for a bit. “It’s… It’s just that you haven’t hurt us, let alone really approach us in the last month and a half.” she began. “And Coulson’s been yelling at me to try and bring you in the next time I run into you.”

“And you’re not going to do that, are you?”

“Do I really have a reason to?” She sighed and looked up towards the ceiling, “All you’ve done is protect us. That isn’t a reason to bring you in. I can tell when all a person wants to do is help, even if you are doing it from a distance.”

Grant fell silent for a moment and Daisy could see the confusion brewing in his whiskey-brown eyes. She knew that he had no idea of how to comprehend the fact that her attitude towards him had changed drastically. And she didn’t want to admit it, but she really had begun to see him in a different light. A different feeling almost. But she didn’t know what it was. Not yet.

“Why?” he asked. “Why do such a thing after everything that I did?”

“I…” she trailed off. “I can tell that all you want to do is help, Ward. It’s not hard to see. After what happened the other week and with what you told me about Fitzsimmons, I figured that I should give you a chance. And you haven’t disappointed yet. I’ve got no reason to go after you like how Coulson wants me to do.”

Grant swallowed and slowly nodded, “That’s… That’s surprising. I-I didn’t think any of you would even begin to see me in a different light. Especially you.”

Daisy sighed and thought back to the Grant of the Framework and what he had taught her about this world’s Grant. About how Grant just never had the right person to guide him. And much they had failed him here. Now he had sold his soul to try and make everything right. Shouldn’t that amount to something?

“I can tell that you’ve changed, Ward.” she answered. “It’s hard to explain, but I can see it.” She looked him up and down again and her heart fluttered when she saw the soft light appear in his eyes. A small smile pulled at his lips and it warmed her heart even more to see him genuinely happy for once.

“If only the others could think like you. They wouldn’t accept me this easily.” he stated. “They’ll never do so. Even when the time does come for me to show myself to them. But it makes me feel a little better that at least you think differently.” He paused, “T-Thank you.” He turned to leave, but Daisy’s voice stopped him.

“Where are you going?”

He turned around and looked at her, “Back to my safehouse. It’s getting late and I don’t want to keep you. Just in case anyone decides to check on you.” he stated. “I don’t want anything happening.”
Daisy bit her lip once more and casted a glance towards the extra bed in the room. Elena was supposed to room with her, but something had came up and she had gone back to base earlier than expected.

“You can stay here. If… If you want.”

Grant blinked, “Huh?”

“There’s an extra bed.” she answered, pointing towards the bed. “You can stay if you don’t want to run all the way back to your safe house.”

“I can practically teleport, you know.”

“Uh, save you the trouble?” She looked at the bag at his feet, “And it already looks like you’ve got your stuff with you. I don’t mind if you stay. It’s not like we’re sleeping in the same bed or anything.”

He frowned, “It’s a nice offer, but are you sure that you’re okay with this?” he asked. “I don’t want to bother you or anything.”

“I’m the one making the offer, Ward. I just thought that I’d be nice and let you stay for a bit. Take a load off. You don’t have to always be the ninja vigilante.”

“I’m not a ninja.”

“You get the gist. But still, you don’t have to run so soon.” she stated. “You can stay if you want.”

He stood there silent for a moment, mulling over his option. He could either run back to his safe house and be alone or he could actually be in the same room with her for an extended period of time. With her actually beginning to trust him.

“Skye,” he paused once more. “Sure. I guess it won’t hurt anyone. But I’m out the minute I suspect someone’s coming close.”

“Look, you’ll be fine.

I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! She’s starting to like him again! That’s why I’m doing a time skip format until they properly get together again. Makes it go a little bit better on my end, but it’s still believable. Keep the comments and kudos (maybe a little more?) coming!
Chapter Summary

Daisy begins to suspect that there's something going on with Grant.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy woke sometime early the next morning, unable to fall back asleep. Her mind was too busy with being focused on the fact that Grant Ward was currently passed out asleep on the bed that was beside her. Why had she even offered for him to stay the night? She knew that it would only cause trouble for her in some way. But, as long as he disappeared before anyone could come, she figured that it would be okay for now.

But that was the catch, though. For now. How long before things would go south all because she started dealing with Grant again? A part of her felt like she was dealing with the Devil himself and she hated it. She had this feeling that whatever made Grant the way he was was a whole lot worse than what had been inside of Robbie.

Was that why he had looked so bad when she first saw him? Just what was going on inside of his head? Honestly, Daisy didn’t want to know. She’d rather have him keep his demons to himself. There were just some things that should just stay a secret in her opinion.

A shuffling sound behind her jerked her out of her thoughts and she turned over to see Grant walking past her, seemingly completely unaware that she was even awake. She frowned, sitting up as she swore that she could hear him muttering angrily underneath his breath.

“Why can’t you just let me fucking sleep for once?! It’s been this way for months! I barely even sleep anymore because of you!”

Daisy blinked, her stomach twisting into knots. Was Grant talking to himself, or something else? She swallowed and quietly slid out of the bed as Grant headed into the bathroom, “Who... Who is he talking to? Is it that ‘spirit’ he’s always talking about?”

She paused outside of the bathroom door, hearing him argue even more.

“Why do you choose the worst moments to raise hell in there?” he hissed. “Especially when she’s in there! I don’t want her thinking that I’m crazy! I especially don’t want to scare her. So why don’t you shut the hell up and give me some peace for once?!”

Daisy took a breath and stepped into the bathroom, seeing Grant staring at himself in the mirror. “Ward.”

He bolted up and scampered back, fear shining in his weak-looking eyes. “Please tell me she didn’t hear any of that.” he pleaded silently with himself. But the concern in her eyes told him that she had heard everything.

“What was that?”
“What was what?” he asked, trying his best to feign confusion. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She motioned towards him with a hand, “Whatever you were arguing with yourself about.” she stated coolly. “What the hell was that?”

Grant’s face darkened and he looked away, “It was nothing.” he stated coldly. “Don’t worry about it. It’s none of your concern anyways.”

“Not my concern?” she asked, crossing her arms. “You were having a full-on conversation with yourself, Ward. That’s something I can’t just forget about. Something’s wrong.”

“Why care about me now?” he asked bitterly. He looked up at the mirror and shivered as he saw the shadowy shape start to take form right next to his reflection. “You didn’t care before. Why start now?”

Her face fell, “W-Grant, what is going on with you?” she asked, his vibrations all over the place. “Of course I’m worried about you, you’re currently going nuts for no reason at all.”

Grant tightly closed his eyes as the shape beside him formed into a new shape. Himself.

He refused to look at its black, dead eyes. And he wasn’t sure of who the shadow was anymore. Hive? The Spirit? Or was it just a reflection of what was left of him? And, truly, he didn’t even want to know.

“Grant.”

He opened his eyes and slowly looked over to see Daisy right next to him, a gentle hand on his shoulder. “Skye,” He tried to calm himself by using the heat pooling from her hand, but he just couldn’t do it. Not even her touch could calm him down at this point.

Daisy didn’t even bother to correct him on that. Now wasn’t the time. “You’re scaring me.” she stated lightly. “What’s going on? Whatever it is, I can help. You,”

“I don’t need anyone’s help.” he stated coldly, pushing past her back into the darkened bedroom. “I shouldn’t be here anyways. I should’ve never come here. This was all just one, big fucking mistake. But of course I couldn’t stay away. I just need a break for once. I,”

“You better not be leaving.”

Grant blinked and turned around as Daisy turned the room’s lights on. He scoffed, “So what if I am?” he asked. “I’m better off alone. Or as close to alone as I can be right now. Like I said, I don’t need anyone’s help. I should’ve never come here.” An eerie light flickered in his eyes and he grimaced.

She took a sharp breath and studied the shining pain in his eyes, her heart twisting at the sight. Maybe she did care again and maybe she wanted to help. She just didn’t want him going on a path of no return. Again.

“Maybe I want to help, Grant. There’s obviously something going on with you.” she began, taking a few steps towards him. “It’s clear that you mean no harm anymore, so I’m not scared of you or anything of the such. But something’s bothering you. And it’s going to do you no good if all you do is run.”

Grant remained silent for a moment, the dark presence in the back of his mind heckling at him. He
took a deep breath and turned, “Do me a favor and forget that this ever happened.” he muttered. He slipped back into the bed that he had been in and pulled the covers over his head, “This is between me and myself. You’re not a part of my problem, so stay out of it.”

And with that, Grant fell silent. Daisy knew that he wasn’t asleep, but she knew that he wouldn’t talk for the hours to come. And she also feared that he would take the first chance to flee. She truly did want to help him, but she had no idea of how to do so when she didn’t even know what was going on with him.

Taking a sharp breath, she went over and sat down on the edge of her own bed, staring at Grant’s covered-up form. “But what the hell was that? He was okay just last night, now he’s acting completely nutty. Is that thing he made a deal with fighting against him or something? It worries me and I have no idea of how to help when he’s closed off and stubborn.

And I thought he said that he tamed it? Or is it just acting up? I just hope that it doesn’t drive him to do something that he’ll regret. But he’s already regretting something isn’t he? He’s probably regretting that he made that deal. But he was a desperate soul searching for a way to make himself better, so of course he took that deal. Anyone in that situation would.”

She sighed and pulled her legs up onto the bed and curled up, knowing that she wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep, “Grant, I don’t know what’s going on. You’re acting crazy and I have no idea of how I feel about you. Just promise me that you won’t leave and run. That’s the last thing that you need to do.

Just. Just please stay for once.”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I’m going the extremely angsty route again. But hopefully I won't keep that going for long. Especially that Daisy is fully realizing that she likes him again and truly wants to help him. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I Bleed, I Bleed for Love

Chapter Summary

Things truly change for Grant and Daisy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

And just as Daisy suspected, Grant was gone as soon as the morning came. He left without a single word to her. She had watched him grab his bag and disappear into a column of flame in silence, building pain in her heart. All she wanted to do was to trust him, but he was still hiding things from her.

She knew whatever he was hiding from her had to be big since it seemed to pain him so. But she also knew that if he didn’t want to talk, he wouldn’t talk to her about it at all. But she had a feeling that it had something to do with the Spirit that he had made a deal with. She remembered him saying something about ‘taming’ it, but that looked far from it being tame. Honestly, she really hoped that it wasn’t trying to take control of him.

And it probably would get to that point when Grant would finally say something about it to her. And that was if he showed back up again. Daisy feared that he would go back into hiding and would stay away from her. All she wanted to do now was help; especially since she knew that he desperately needed it at this point.

The rest of that day crept by and the hours slowly bled into days with no sign of Grant at all. There wasn’t even a flash of a flame or a chain out of the corner of her eye. It was like he had all but disappeared. She didn’t even have that warm feeling of his presence either. And she truly felt empty without it.

Why was he hiding like this? Daisy knew that his sole mission now was to watch over them and protect them. So why was he staying away from them, and especially her, like this? It didn’t bode well with her at all. She just wanted answers and she knew that she wouldn’t get them anytime soon. Honestly, all she truly wanted to know was if he was okay or not. She hated that he disappeared like how he did.

About a week and a half passed before Grant showed back up. Daisy was getting ready for the night in her room at the base before the whoosh of flames drew her attention. She spun around to see Grant stagger forward and fall to the floor with a thud.

“Grant!”

Daisy lurched forward and immediately went to Grant’s side as he struggled to pull himself up. She managed to help him up and lean him against her wall, “Grant?”

Grant grunted in pain and brought his arm towards his body, and Daisy could see that his wrist was at an unnatural angle. Blood ran down his face and bruises were peppered across his skin. He smiled as he could see her. “Huh, I can’t believe that it worked. I was just blindly teleporting. Didn’t really think I’d come to you.”
“You’re bleeding!”

“Yeah, it’ll heal in about a minute.” He looked down to his wrist, “But that’s a problem.” He grimaced, “I’ll have to set it.”

Daisy frowned, “You need a doctor.” she began. “You,”

Grant raised his good hand, “Yeah, no.” he answered. “That’s not going to happen. I can’t go to a doctor considering I don’t technically exist.” He took a sharp breath, “Give me a second.” He took his wrist and with a muffled grunt, he shifted it back into place. “Uh… There you go. It’ll be good as new in a minute or two. Now, help me up, if you will.”

With another frown, Daisy helped Grant up and got him to the edge of her bed before immediately scolding him, “What the hell, Grant?! I haven’t seen hide or hair of you for the past week and a half and you suddenly show up in my room hurt and bleeding!”

“Yeah, I knew that you’d bring that up.” He sighed, “Sorry about that. I just needed some time to myself after that little incident. I’m sorry if I scared you or anything. I had to work some things out and I didn’t know how to tell you that. I couldn’t exactly approach you until now. Sorry.”

She blinked, “Then… Then what was that?”

“I’m not exactly sure myself, so I really can’t explain it. But I will. In time.”

“That’s not good enough. You were fucking arguing with yourself, Ward.”

“You know that I’m not the most sane guy in the world, Skye.” Grant answered, looking up at the ceiling. “Things aren’t quite right in my head right now. I need some time to work things out before I really can give an explanation.”

Daisy crossed her arms, “Then why disappear like that? I mean, I’m glad that you’re okay, but you worried me when you up and left like that without a single word to me.”

He shrugged, an apologetic look in his eyes, “Like I said, I needed just a bit of time to myself. And then I got tangled up with busting up a demon gang for a few days.” He pointed at the spot on the floor where he had appeared, “That’s where I just was. Got a little too much for me to handle. So I had to flee.”

“A demon gang?” Daisy wasn’t convinced.

“Oh come on. You’ve dealt with aliens and gifteds before. The Riders are technically demons.” Grant stated with a groan. “Demons exist, Skye. And I have to fight them from time to time.” He paused and looked around the room, “And where am I anyways?” he asked. “I really wasn’t looking to where I was going.”

“You’re in my room. In the middle of SHIELD headquarters.”

Grant’s face fell, “Oh, that’s not good. Not good at all.” He stood to his feet, “I shouldn’t be here. I can’t.”

“I’m the only one on this hallway and Coulson’s gone on some kind of trip.” Daisy cut in. “You’re good. For now, considering that the others are either busy or asleep.” A slight smirk pulled at her lips that Grant didn’t quite understand.

“So what are you trying to say?”
“I’m saying that you can stay and rest for a little while. If you want.” she answered. “You don’t have to immediately run. Especially since you just came from some huge fight.” She took a few steps towards him, “You don’t always have to be on the run. Just rest for once. That’s all that I’m saying.”

Grant’s lips twitched and he raised an eyebrow, looking straight down at her, “I don’t think ‘rest’ is in my vocabulary,” he stated, noticing how she was eyeing him. “You should know that from our time as a team. I never rest. I have far too much to do.”

“Then you overwork yourself, Grant.” Daisy came another step closer to him. “That’s probably why things aren’t going so great for you. Take a couple of days off and rest. Something. You don’t always have to be constantly running around like how you are. You don’t always have to be the badass vigilante. Even vigilantes need rest.”

He scoffed, “I don’t think you know me very well, do you?” he asked. “I mean, I can tell that you’re still mad at me, so that may be clouding your judgement or something. But I don’t need rest. I,”

“Just take a break for a while, it’ll do you some good.”

Grant blinked and he frowned as he saw the concerned look shining in Daisy’s eyes. He realized then that she was truly worried for him. And he hadn’t had someone feel that way towards him in a long time. “You’re worried about me. Aren’t you?”

Daisy blushed and shied away, “M-Maybe.” she stammered. “You’re throwing yourself around like a ragdoll, of course I’m worried.”

“Why?”

She looked at him, “It’s like I told you before, Grant. I can tell that you’ve changed. Things… Things are different between us now.” she answered. “I just don’t want you ruining that by getting yourself hurt. First, you’re acting weird and talking to yourself. And now you’re suddenly showing up in my room with blood running down your face and your wrist all twisted up.” She paused, noting that the blood on his face had already disappeared. She figured that it had burned away. “I have all the reason to be worried.”

Grant swallowed and didn’t know what to say. So that’s why she was so mad when he wouldn’t tell her the truth about what was going on with him. She was worried. His throat grew dry as he realized that she possibly liked him again and he didn’t know how to process that.

“So… What does that make us?” he asked quietly. “If things are different now.”

Daisy looked away, the blush on her cheeks growing in intensity, “I-I don’t know.” she stammered, completely flustered. She didn’t think that she would actually have a talk like this with him. “It’s, um, complicated. I haven’t figured that out just yet.”

“Hey,”

Grant suddenly touched her chin and turned her head so she could see him, “I’m sorry if I scared you,” he started. “I didn’t mean to so. I just had no clue of how to fix things right then. I needed time to think. I’m sorry.”

Daisy looked up into his eyes, “You… I don’t…”

Grant’s lips twitched and Daisy suddenly found herself connecting her lips with his. It was like a rush of heat raced through her bones, reestablishing that comforting warmth she had felt the week before.
He pulled away, “Shit, I shouldn’t of,” he began, but Daisy cut him off with another kiss, pulling his jacket off and reaching for his shirt. “Skye, we shouldn’t do this.”

“Yeah, we shouldn’t, but… I want this.”

Grant’s throat grew even drier as Daisy began to take his shirt off. He wasn’t sure of what to do as his mind began to go onto autopilot. Yes, he had always wanted this, but wasn’t sure of how to say that. He kissed her again and picked her up.

“I want this, too.”

Chapter End Notes

And screw a slow burn. I'm not in the mood for that with this fic. I don't want to draw them getting back together out since the conflict is a bigger problem. But I know that none of you will complain. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Burning, I Step into the Sun

Chapter Summary

Grant and Daisy have a talk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(The Next Morning)

Daisy woke slowly, grogginess clouding both her thoughts and her movements. She went to move, but froze when she felt something pining her down by her waist. Her eyes slowly drifted down to see an arm gently laid across her torso. She blinked as last night’s events quickly rushed into her mind.

“Oh yeah, that’s right. Grant and I…” She looked at Grant’s hand again, trying to process that they had slept together, “We actually slept together. Shit.”

Soft movements from behind her jerked her from her thoughts and Grant suddenly mumbled, pulling her closer to his body. Daisy tried to stifle a laugh as he buried his face into the crook of her neck, knowing that he was still asleep.

“It’s not like that’s bad in itself or anything. We both wanted it. And he’s been nothing but kind and caring to me since that first time he showed back up a few weeks ago. But what if someone finds out. I’ll get hell for keeping Grant a secret. And especially for sleeping with him on top of all that. Is… Is all of this really worth it?”

“Mmmm… Skye?”

Daisy’s breath hitched in her chest as Grant drew her closer again and pressed a sleepy kiss to the skin of her bare shoulder. He tangled his legs with hers as he began to stir even more.

“You awake?”

“Yeah. Just thinking.” She untangled her legs from Grant’s so she could turn around to face him. She was met with a warm, sleepy smile once she got herself situated against Grant’s chest. “I haven’t been awake long.”

“What’cha thinking about?” he mumbled, pressing another kiss to her forehead. Daisy was surprised that he loved physical contact so much, considering how much he hated it back when they were a team. But she figured that this was a little different for him; but she wasn’t going to question it.

“Nothing. Nothing at all.”

Grant shifted and raised an eyebrow, “You sure?” he asked. “Your voice doesn’t sound like it’s nothing.”

Daisy looked into his eyes and knew that she really didn’t need to skirt around the question with him. It was probably best to be truthful here. “You’re right. It’s just that I’m not so sure if we’re doing the right thing here.” she answered. “What do you think?”
“Huh? You mean us sleeping together?” he questioned with a slight tilt of his head. “Why wouldn’t it be? If you’re worried about what I am now or something along those lines,”

“It’s not about you directly.” Daisy cut in, slightly pulling away from him. “It’s about what will happen if someone finds out about this. About you being alive again. Someone will try to kill you again and I’ll get in trouble for keeping it a secret. And God knows what will happen if they find out about us being a thing again.” She sighed and shook her head, “Grant, I don’t want something happening to you just because we want to be close again. What are we supposed to do?”

“One, I’ll make sure not to pop up in the middle of SHIELD’s headquarters the next time around.” Grant answered with a smug smile. “This probably wasn’t the best place to have sex, considering no one knows that I’m alive. If we keep doing this, it’s probably best that I pop up whenever you’re off base.”

“What? Like a booty call or something?”

Grant blushed heavily and shook his head, “No, nothing like that. We just have to make sure that you’re alone the next time I come around.” he stated. “That way, there’s no chance of someone possibly walking in on us.”

“I do sleep with my door locked, Grant.” Daisy retorted. “But, you’re right. If… If we do this again, there has to be no chance of anyone else finding out. But I’m not always alone while on a mission. If it’s just one involving a team of Inhumans, there’s a chance that I’m bunking with someone else. If it’s one involving the whole team, I’m usually alone, considering that everyone else is all coupled up. Except me.”

Grant’s lips ghosted her ear, “Not anymore.”

She bit back another laugh, “Okay, that point aside, I’m still being serious.” she stated. “Absolutely no one can know about this, Grant. Mainly for your sake.”

“I can fight back, Skye. Coulson won’t even be able to get close to me.”

“Yeah, but still.”

He kissed her on the cheek, his beard tickling her skin, “Skye, you don’t have to worry about me,” he stated. “It’s nice that you are, but I don’t want you getting yourself worked up over me. Okay? I can fight things for myself. You have your own problems and I have my own. We can’t solve everything together.”

Daisy swallowed and rested her head against Grant’s bare chest once more, “I supposed that you’re right.” she replied. “But that doesn’t mean that I can’t worry, Grant. You finally came back. I… I don’t want to lose you again.”

A small smile pulled at Grant’s lips, “Don’t worry, I think I’m here to stay. I don’t see what could possibly get rid of me now.”

“Don’t get too cocky.”

“I don’t think,”

Grant was cut off as a sharp knock sounded at the door. He looked up, feeling a presence of heat standing behind it. Fear shown in his eyes as he looked at Daisy; he could sense that it was Simmons behind the door.
“Daisy? Are you awake yet? Coulson’s calling us for a meeting.”

Daisy’s heart leapt into her throat as she fought for something to say. “I-I’m getting ready!” she yelled, quickly slipping out of the bed. “Give me a minute!”

She turned to look at Grant and motioned for him to hide, “Go in the bathroom or something!” she whispered.

Grant blinked, sliding out of the bed, “I’m naked!” he hissed back.

“Well grab your clothes and get in there! She can’t see you!”

Grant muttered a few choice words underneath his breath as he quickly gathered up his clothes. He shot a fiery glare at the bedroom door as he slipped into the bathroom and quietly closed the door.

Daisy took a sharp breath and gathered up her pajamas from the night before and slipped them on, knowing that she didn’t have time for anything else. She stomped towards the door and opened it, giving Simmons a fake smile. “Yeah?”

Simmons narrowed her eyes, “What took you so long?” she asked. “And it’s not like you to sleep in this late. It’s 8:30. Everything okay?”

“Oh, everything’s fine. It’s just that Grant Ward is currently hiding in my bathroom stark naked and we had sex last night.” Daisy’s fake smile grew even more, “Ah, I’m fine.” she lied. “Just took me forever to fall asleep last night.”

“Well, Coulson wants us all in the briefing room in thirty.” Simmons answered. “Best you get showered and dressed!”

Daisy waved her hand dismissively, “Yeah, yeah. I hear you.” She turned, “I’ll be out in a bit.” Shutting the door behind her, she quickly made her way into the bathroom, finding Grant standing there awkwardly in just his boxers.

She turned the shower on before turning to face him, “There, she won’t hear us this way.”

“Skye, I can already tell that we can’t keep doing this.” Grant stated, crossing his arms over his broad chest. “You’re lying straight to your friends’ faces. Not like I care, though.”

“It’s to protect you. And it’s nothing big that I’m saying to her, anyways.” Daisy answered. “It’s nothing too bad. We’ll just have to do this elsewhere. We can’t get together in the middle of the damn base.”

Grant shrugged, “We’ll find some way around this.” he stated, taking a step towards her. Her wrapped his arms around her and drew her close, “Maybe one day I can reveal myself to them again, but now isn’t the time. I need to build up more of a good air around me.”

“What?”

“If I do more good things as the Rider, then maybe that will make me seem better when the time comes.” he explained, pulling away from her. “But it’ll take a while.”

“As long as if keeps you safe…” Daisy shook her head, “This is going to be tough, isn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Going behind everyone’s backs. Keeping up a relationship like this. Hell, no one knows that you’re
alive, Grant.”

“Yeah, that’s… That’s something.”

Daisy bit her lip as she watched Grant begin to get dressed and an idea popped into her head, “You know what?”

Grant stopped just as he started to zip up his pants, “Huh?”

“After I finish with whatever Coulson wants us to do, I can take some time off. Maybe a week or so.” she stated. “I’ll make it look like I’m going to take a break for a bit. We’ll meet up somewhere and I can stay for a while. That way, no one can bother us.”

“You sure?” Grant asked, buttoning his pants. “I mean, we technically just got back together. That’s kind of a risky move on your part.”

“It’s worth a shot.”

He shrugged, “I have a good safehouse a few states away that will work.” he answered. “If that’s what you want.”

“Honestly, I do need a break from missions for a while.” Daisy stated. “Maybe we can work on fixing things between us during that time. I just want a way for us to be together where no one can find us.” She looked at the still-running shower, “It’s a start.”

“Yeah.”

“I know that it’s risky, but we have to try something. I don’t want this to go to waste, considering things are different now.

We can’t let it get ruined already.”

Chapter End Notes

I would've made this longer, but my arm is bothering me, so I really can't type anymore. But I think that this is good enough for this chapter. Right? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Grant had left a few hours later that day, adamant on the fact that he didn’t want to be seen by anyone else. Daisy had promised that she would work to get those few days off so they could spend some quality time together. She just hoped that Coulson would accept her request for leave so suddenly and wouldn’t take days to decide on it. The burner number that Grant had given her was practically burning a hole in her phone; she was itching to be able to text him. But she knew that would get them caught in the end.

Daisy waited until the next day to approach Coulson about taking a week off, Grant’s last words to her still weighing heavy on her mind. “Don’t worry, Skye. I’ll make sure that you’re safe.”

She still didn’t bother to correct him on her name; she believed that he at least deserved to call her that. And, besides, she liked hearing him say it, it gave her a warm feeling deep within the pit of her stomach. A part of her believed that this was how it should’ve always been. Grant by her side, calling her Skye. And even if this was what they had now, she knew that it wouldn’t be normal for a long time. Hell, how could it be normal if one half of the couple was an Inhuman and the other was a man brought back to life by some demonic force? They could never be normal.

Daisy just hoped that they didn’t have to keep this a secret for forever and that Grant would find some way to redeem himself in everyone else’s eyes. But she knew that it would take some self-sacrificial act in order for that to happen, and that was the last thing that she wanted to be. She didn’t want Grant throwing away his life just to make others happy. That was the last thing that he needed to be doing at this point.

But for right now, Daisy just wanted to spend more time with him. She could tell that he would truly never hurt her again. Hell, he just wanted to make sure that she was safe and happy. He wanted the team to be safe, even if feelings weren’t mutual between them. And Daisy hoped that spending some alone time with him would solidify her feelings about him.

Once Daisy had worked up the nerve to head to Coulson’s office, she made sure that she could do it quickly. She knocked on his door and went in without even waiting for an answer. Coulson stood up and frowned at her as she came up to his desk.

“Daisy?” he asked. “Is there something wrong? You usually don’t come to me like this.”

She shook her head, “No, I just have a favor to ask of you.” she answered. “Nothing too big.”

Coulson raised an eyebrow, waiting for Daisy to continue.

“I’d like to request a few days off. Like a week.” she began to explain. “Just some time off to myself.”
“May… May I ask what this is about?” Coulson asked, sitting back down at his desk. “Again, is everything alright? I can’t remember the last time you asked for time off. Well, that’s considering we’ve only recently become a legitimate agency again. But still.”

“No, there’s nothing wrong. It’s just that I’ve been on mission after mission these past few weeks and I’m tired of being thrown around like a rag doll. I need some time to myself so I can rest and recover before going back into the field again.” She sighed and shook her head, “Just me, my van, and the open road. Like how it used to be.”

Coulson nodded slowly, “I see. You know, the reason to why I asked that is because you’ve been kind of distant lately. That’s why I’m concerned.” he stated. “You sure everything is a-okay?”

“Yeah. It’s just that I’m in a secret relationship with our old enemy, who is now a Ghost Rider. Oh, and I had sex with him last night. And now I’m running off with him for a week so we can spend some time together.” Daisy gave him a tight-lipped smile, “Never better.” she stated. “It’s just that I’ve been so busy lately and haven’t had a chance to catch my breath.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. We’re still having trouble recruiting people and you’re one of our best agents. So I kind of have to send you out on every big problem that pops up.” Coulson answered lightly, scratching the back of his head with his robotic hand. “Which happens to be about every few days now. And now that we’ve got that Ghost Rider running around and causing problems, I’ve got to send even more men out to catch him. Which is hard, considering he seems to disappear into thin air.”

Daisy’s stomach dropped and turned to ice, “What do you mean he’s causing problems?” she asked.

Coulson shrugged, “He’s killing our targets before we can even get our hands on him. Assaulting our agents. Arson. You name it. And reports say that he’s beyond violent.” he explained. “From what I can gather, he’s several times worse that Reyes ever was.”

Daisy licked her lips, “That… That sounds just like Grant.” she thought. “No wonder why Coulson hates him. He’s beating up SHIELD agents. But at least he’s not killing them. He probably knows just how much that would piss me off. And… And just imagine if Coulson really knew the truth.”

“Well, at least he’s dealing with the violent criminals.”

Coulson scoffed, “Yeah, while being one in the process. You have any idea how much the government is breathing down my neck and yelling at me to do something about this guy?” he asked. “It’s ridiculous. God, I hate these so-called ’vigilante’ types. They think that they’re doing something good, but all they’re really doing is screwing things up in the process. And how do these Riders come to be anyway? I know that they make deals with demonic spirits,” Coulson paused, remembering his own deal with the Rider he had made that time. But that had only been because Robbie had been there. “But, how are they chosen? How does that happen?”

Daisy tried her best to feign confusion in the whole thing. “Maybe we’ll never know. But if that guy doesn’t want to be caught, he won’t be caught. It’s not like you’re dealing with a normal human here. He’s practically a demon.” she explained, crossing her arms. “That’s a matter of fact.”

“Maybe you’re right, but I still like to be able to face him one day and learn the truth about him.” Coulson stated in reply. “Normally, I wouldn’t be so concerned about this, but he’s been following us a lot, Daisy. Honestly, he seems to be following you because he only pops up on missions that you’re on as far as I know. So I want to know what that’s all about.”
“Trust me, you don’t.” Daisy shrugged, “Beats me. He’s just another number to put into the pot of crazies that we have to deal with.” she stated. “Ugh. Grant, forgive me for saying that.” “That actually seems relatively normal for us. Honestly.”

Coulson sighed, “Yeah, I suppose that you’re right. It’s just another day for SHIELD.” he stated. He looked back up at her, “So, where were we?” he asked. “You wanting time off, right?”

“Yeah. If it’s not too much to ask.”

“Sure, I guess. I don’t want to overwork you anyways.” Coulson answered. “I’ll fill the paperwork out as soon as I can and you can take off tomorrow. That sound good enough for you?”

Daisy nodded and smiled, “Yeah, sounds great. Thanks.” she replied. “Some time off really means a lot.”

“Well, take it easy. You deserve the rest, Daisy.” Coulson began. “Like I said, I don’t want to overwork you. It’s probably best that you do get a few day’s rest. Give your body and your powers a break. Go up the coast or something.”

“I’ll figure something out, sir.”

“It’s not like I’m actually going by myself. I’m meeting up with Grant as soon as I can get out of here. I mean, it is probably rest. But I’m spending it with Grant, and you don’t need to know that. Not yet.

He can’t be found. Not now.”

Chapter End Notes

So I'm back with this! I probably won't update for another few days due to some finals I have this week. But I promise it won't be that long. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I Feel Fine, and I Can Smile

Chapter Summary

Daisy and Grant's week together begins.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

Grant looked up as he heard the bar’s door close, a familiar heat signature coming into his senses. He smiled, seeing Daisy walking towards him, a slightly-confused look on her face.

“Any reason to why you decided on a seedy-looking bar of all places?” she asked, sliding onto the stool right next to him.

“One, it’s far enough out that SHIELD won’t find us. Two, it’s close to the safehouse. And three, I happen to know the owner. Drinks are on the house.”

“Do I want to know how you happen to know the owner?” Daisy asked, raising a dubious eyebrow. “Let me guess, I don’t.”

Grant laughed softly and shook his head, “You probably don’t,” he answered. “But don’t worry, everything’s safe. Everyone here knows already not to mess with me. Guess it’s the air I give off or something. I don’t know. But we’ll be fine enough until we leave for the safehouse.”

“Why not go straight to the safehouse?” she questioned, studying Grant. It looked as though he hadn’t shaved since the other day and the hollowed-out look in his eyes had returned. Daisy hated to know the reason to why that was. It was probably due to the Spirit inside of him. Was it fighting him again?

“Well, I figured that we could get that drink we promised each other oh so long ago. And now is probably better than never. Right?” he smiled and turned to motion at the bartender. “Rocko, a drink for my girl.”

Daisy briefly blushed and regained her composure as the bartender asked what she wanted. “Just whatever’s your best beer.” she answered. She casted a quick glass at Grant’s glass of whiskey, “Don’t feel like anything too heavy today.”

The bartender nodded and quickly got her a bottle, returning to his work once she had the bottle.

“What? No whiskey or anything?” Grant asked, raising an eyebrow at the bottle of beer.

“I don’t feel like getting drunk today, Grant.” Daisy took a small sip, “And it’s pretty early and I’ve got other plans later.”

“Other plans?” A smile pulled at the corners of his lips. “I have a feeling that I’m going to like those plans.” He chuckled slightly as Daisy blushed and he took a swig from his glass, “How hard was it to get this approved by Coulson?” he asked, moving the subject on. “He give you a hard time about
wanting some time to ‘yourself’?”

Daisy shook her head, “Not really. He was quick to approve it, well after he went on a rant about you.”

Grant frowned, “About me?”

“Well, about the Ghost Rider.” Daisy clarified for him. “He really hates you. Mainly because you’re killing our targets and all that jazz.”

“Mainly? I’m doing my job, if that’s what you call it. Those targets are deranged criminals. I take them out before they can do any other harm.” Grant sighed, “I do it faster than most of Coulson’s teams can, no offence to you. I just feel more comfortable when I see to their deaths myself.”

“Only you would be saying that.”

Another smile formed on Grant’s face, “It’s not like I’m taking out innocents, Skye. Like I said, they’re all deranged criminals. They’re better off dead.” He paused and narrowed his eyes at her, “And why did you say ‘mainly’? Is there another reason to why he hates the Rider?”

“Apparently the rest of the government has been giving him shit for not taking you in.” she answered. “And because of all of the damage that you cause.”

Grant’s face fell, “The government’s after me?” he asked cautiously. “That’s the first I’ve heard of that. And I still have some underground contacts. You’d think that they would’ve told me at least something.”

She shrugged, “It’s the first I’ve heard of it as well. Coulson doesn’t like the fact that you’re following us around. And he’s starting to see some kind of connection between me and the Rider, considering you apparently only show up on missions that I’m on.” she explained. “Coulson’s smart, Grant. He’s gonna start realizing something sooner or later.”

“Well, hopefully it’s later.” Grant sighed again and knocked back the rest of his glass. “I’ll figure something out, you know me. I can’t believe he’s already noticed that connection. But he’s always been smart, so it’s not much of a surprise. But hopefully when things do come to light, I’ll be in a place where I can really explain myself.” His face darkened as he paused, “But I’m not. So that may be a while.”

“What,”

“I don’t feel like explaining it right now, Skye.” he cut in. “Maybe later.”

Daisy looked around before leaning in towards him so no one else could hear her, “Grant, is that thing fighting you or something?” she asked quietly. “You can be honest with me, I don’t want you hiding something that’s hurting you.”

Grant looked away from her and nodded slightly, “Yes.” he croaked. “But not here. I don’t want to talk about it here. This isn’t the place. And it’s… It’s kind of a lot to explain. So let’s wait until later, please.”

Daisy took a breath, “Yeah, as long as you promise to explain things, Grant.” She reached out and gently took his hand, careful not to startle him, “If there’s something wrong, I want to help. And I promise that. I… I don’t want to see you hurting anymore.”

He remained quiet and didn’t look at her. He tried to let her warmth settle his nerves, but it wasn’t
working. Especially when his mind was on the thing that lived inside of him. And he knew that he had to get out of here soon before it decided to take over. He knew that he could handle it better back at the safehouse with Daisy rather than a small bar full of people that he didn’t want to end up hurting. He took a deep breath in order to steady himself and looked back at Daisy.

“Can…” He shook his head, “Do you mind if we go ahead and head towards the safehouse?” he asked. “I rather not be around so many people right now. I hate to call this short, but…. You’ll understand later. It’s just better if it’s the two of us right now. Okay?”

Daisy thought for a second and then nodded, “Yeah. That’s fine.” she answered, slowly standing to her feet. She looked down at Grant, “As long as it makes things okay with you. Lead the way.”

“Sorry about this.” he mumbled, standing up as well. “I was really hoping to get a satisfying drink with you after all of this time. Sorry to cut it so short.”

“Grant, don’t blame yourself like this.” she stated softly, coming up to him and placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. She smiled as he looked down at her, “It’s not a problem. Really, it isn’t. Come on, let’s just get to that house. I can follow you there, alright?”

Grant nodded slightly once more and carefully wrapped an arm around her torso and drew her close, “That’ll be okay. And… And it’s not that far away from here. Maybe a few miles. So it won’t take all that long. Again, sorry about this.”

Daisy reached up and placed a finger on his lips, “Shh. Don’t say sorry again unless it’s for a different reason, Grant.” she stated. “Like I said, whatever this is isn’t your fault at all, okay? Again, let’s just get to the safehouse and we’ll be able to start to enjoy our week together. Just me and you.”

“It’s not really just me and you think, Skye.” Grant thought, feigning a convincing smile towards her. “That thing’s always there, in the back of my head. I’m never alone anymore. I thought I could control it and silence it. But I couldn’t. I never could.”

“Great. I’m really looking forward to it.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, there's a little bit more to show that everything with Grant isn't a-okay. But can Daisy help him with whatever's truly going on? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Grant and Daisy talk.

(Later)

“We should do this more.”

Grant took a sharp breath as he kissed the crook of Daisy’s neck once more, leading her into the hallway of his small safe house. “I’m being serious.” he continued. “I like this. I,”

“Grant, you better not be trying to distract me with the notion of us having sex so you don’t have to talk about what’s going on with you.” Daisy cut in, pulling away from him and glaring at him. She pointed back towards the living room, “I agreed to coming here early only if you were going to talk to me. I don’t want you hiding things from me anymore. I know that I may sound demanding, but I’m seriously worried about you.” She crossed her arms and sighed, “I don’t want you going off the deep end again.”

Grant frowned and turned around, his back to her, “I’m not going off the deep end, Skye.” he stated firmly. “Things are just…. Hard. Even if I explained them to you, you wouldn’t understand. You don’t have another being inside of your head.”

“No, I don’t. But that doesn’t mean I can’t find some way to help.” she answered. “I don’t know what that is, but there has to be at least something. At least explain to me what’s going on. That’ll be a start.” Her face softened and she took a step towards him, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder, “Please. Don’t run from this.”

He looked at her for a few quiet seconds before nodding stiffly, “Fine. But don’t expect me to say a whole lot. If it starts acting up, I’m running.” he stated. “I… I don’t want you getting hurt just because I can’t control it.”

“You won’t hurt me, Grant. I know you.” Daisy looked him straight in the eyes, “I know that you can control that thing. It’s not going to hurt me.”

Grant turned away from her again, “I’m not promising anything. The first sign of trouble, I’m running until things cool down.” he answered grimly. He began walking towards the living room, “That’s the only way I can ensure your safety.”

Daisy frowned for a second before following him into the living room, “Just what is that thing doing to him? He’s all over the place. One minute he’s wanting to explain, the next he’s finding a dozen different excuses to why he can’t. What’s going on with him?”

They sat down in two chairs facing one another. Daisy figured that this was the best way to talk. Just in case he started to freak out for any reason or another. She looked at him again, seeing both worry and fear starting to brew deep within his whiskey-colored eyes. She knew that he was afraid, but he
had to talk sometime.

Grant drug a hand over his face and leaned back in the chair, staring up at the ceiling, “It never shuts up.” he began quietly. He didn’t wait for Daisy to answer, “It’s always there screaming at me. It never says anything coherent. Hell, I don’t think it’s even saying anything. It’s just noise. Static almost. Like it wants to say something, but it can’t.” A muscle twitched in his face, “It wants control. It’s not happy that it was given to me.”

Daisy blinked, not sure of what to say, “So… It’s trying to take you over?” she asked. She could remember Robbie’s Spirit. It took control when it sensed someone it deemed worth killing. Just because it wanted to kill the person it saw as ‘wicked’. Was the one inside of Grant wanting to do the same thing?

“Well.” Grant didn’t even look at her. “I have enough strength and willpower to stop it. Most of the time. It wants out and I’m not sure of why. Maybe it’s not satisfied with my work. I don’t know. All I know that it’s not good. Skye,” He breathe and looked back up at her, “It’s a demon for God’s sakes. Spirits of Vengeance were made to kill those they deem wicked and full of sin. There’s no telling to what it would do if it got out of control. Way more would probably die than who I’ve already killed. That’s probably why they’re given hosts….

Hosts… God I hate that word.” Grant laughed darkly and shook his head, a dark, eerie light brewing deep within in eyes. “It sounds like I’m possessed by Hive all over again. I thought that I traded that hell for something better. But sometimes, I’m not so sure. Maybe I was better off dead.”

Daisy’s face fell, “Grant, you’re not better off dead. And you know that.” she stated. “Yeah, I know that you’re going through a hard time because of this thing, but that doesn’t give you a reason to die.”

But how I am proving anything when all I’m doing is killing? My targets may be horrible people, but that doesn’t mean anything in the world’s eyes. I’m still a murderer regardless. I’ll never be able to make up to anyone that way.” he continued, his voice pained. “Hell, even I know that a part of you still hates me for what I did. For what I destroyed.”

“Huh?” Daisy frowned and straightened up. “I don’t,”

Grant looked at her, fire burning in his eyes, “You may think you’ve forgiven me. But I can sense the hate in your heart.” His voice had grown cold and hollow. It didn’t even sound like him anymore. “You don’t want to know what I can see in you. What you’ve done. You’re far from innocent.” He cocked his head and Daisy was suddenly reminded of Hive, “You’re not that different than him.”

Daisy’s face fell and she stood to her feet, sensing something was wrong, “Grant, are you…. Okay?” she asked quietly. “You’re not….” she trailed off, not really sure of what to say. Hell, she didn’t even know what was going on.

“Daisy…” Grant suddenly grew quiet and the fire faded from his eyes. He blinked and looked back to Daisy, wondering to why she was standing up, “Wait,” He looked around the room, “What was I doing?” he asked. “When did you get up?”
“He… He doesn’t remember?” Daisy looked at him blankly. “Then that wasn’t him. He called me Daisy. He doesn’t know that name yet. How did that thing take control of him just like that? It was so subtle. So… Scary. Can it do it just like that? I don’t like this. Not at all. But I don’t think he even knows that it did that.

Then maybe there’s things that it did that he can’t remember. Maybe it’s done things he would never imagine himself doing at all. Hopefully I’m overthinking this. Maybe his fear is making it act up. Please let it be that.”

“Skye? What’s wrong?”

Daisy was jerked out of her thoughts and looked to see Grant frowning at her, worry in his eyes, “Nothing. I’m just thinking. That’s all.” she answered. She sat back down, “Don’t worry about me. You’re the one that we have to worry about.”

Grant shook his head and looked towards the floor, “I don’t like people worrying about me, Skye. Gets them to bad places.” he stated, completely forgetting about his memory lapse from earlier. “But back to what I was saying. I know that I can’t make up for what I did. So I don’t even know to why I took that deal. All it’s gotten me is trouble so far.” His shoulders slumped, “I’m tired, Skye. I can’t rest anymore. The only way to quiet it for at least a little while is it sate its desire to kill. And I don’t want to do that right now. I just want a break. Hell, maybe I got the short end of the stick and was given a defective Spirit. I don’t know.”

“Will… Will you be fine enough for this week?” Daisy asked, slightly gripping the arms of the chair. “It’s just a few days.”

He shrugged, “I don’t know. I feel a little better now that you’re here.” he stated. “Maybe I’ll be fine as long as you stay. Hopefully. I want to enjoy this week as much as you. And Hell knows I need it. Before the storm comes.”

“Storm? What storm?”

“SHIELD. I know that they’re going to find me out sooner or later.” he answered with a frown. “It’s only a matter of when at this point.”

“I can vouch for you, Grant.” Daisy stated firmly. “My word has to be worth at least something in Coulson’s eyes.”

“Honestly, it’s not Coulson that I’m worried about.”

“What?”

“I know for a fact that SHIELD’s not as innocent and heroic as they make themselves out to be. What happens when the Spirit sees something in their hearts that it decides it doesn’t like? I’m not going to be able to hold it back then. Most of them have at least attempted murder at some point. Against me. That’s a stain right there.” he explained. “And I know for a fact that Coulson’s not safe. He killed me in cold blood.” He looked back at her with a darkened expression, “I won’t be able to stop it if it wants to get rid of them. That’s why I try my best to stay away. It’s not that I’m keeping myself safe. I’m keeping them safe.”

“But you were around Fitzsimmons and nothing happened to them.” Daisy protested, trying to find some light in this. “Why’s that?”

Grant shrugged, “Fitz doesn’t have enough sin in his heart for it to even notice him.” he answered. “Simmons? I’m not so sure. Maybe I was in control then. I don’t know. Hell, I don’t even know
anymore. I just… I just want to be dead again, Skye. Then none of this would be happening.”

“Grant,”

“Skye, is there any way around this? I’m afraid that that thing is going to do something bad at some point. And I’m not going to be able to stop it. No one will.”

Daisy suddenly stood to her feet and walked over to him, taking his hand and forcing him to stand up as well. “I don’t want you saying these things, Grant. We’ll find a way through it. Together. We’ll find a way for you to control that thing.” she said. “No matter what it takes.”

Grant’s face fell slightly, “Skye, you don’t have to,”

“I love you, Grant Ward. And that means I’m not going to give up on you and let you suffer like this.” Daisy stated firmly, taking his hand once more and looking him straight in the eyes. “Especially if it prevents a disaster from happening. There has to be a way.”

Grant remained silent for a while before suddenly wrapping his arms around her and drawing her close, “Thank you.” he mumbled, pressing a slow kiss to the top of her head. “At least you care. Sorry if I’m all over the place.”

Daisy smiled at him and gently kissed him on his bearded chin, “Again, don’t apologized for yourself right now, Grant. You can’t help it.

But we’ll find a way through this. There has to be a way to control it.

And we’ll find it.”

Chapter End Notes

So, there's some interesting development about Grant and the Spirit here. It's only a matter of how much further that will go. And what will really happen when Grant and SHIELD finally cross paths again. Also, I'm kind of basing Grant's Spirit after the one Robbie has in the comics, even if that really wasn't an actual Spirit of Vengeance. But it gives you a feel to just how wild it is. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I Won't Let This Monster Around

Chapter Summary

Things are far from okay...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(The Next Morning)

Daisy woke early in the morning, unable to go back to sleep since the events of the previous day still weighed heavy on her mind. She suppressed a shiver as she remembered how seamlessly Grant had fallen into the Spirit’s control. It made her wonder just how often that thing controlled him. Grant acted as though he had control most of the time, but how much of it did he remember?

She figured there had to be a least a few times that Grant couldn’t remember at all. Everyone else acted as though he was a monster, but it didn’t sound that way when Grant described his actions. So was the government after Grant or were they really after the Spirit inside of him? What actions of the Rider were Grant’s and what actions were the Spirit’s? Daisy hated to know the answer.

She looked down to Grant’s arm, which was gently draped over her torso. They had never gotten around to doing anything the previous night. After Grant’s little ‘episode’, he had suddenly felt tired and drained, immediately wanting to go to bed. She wondered just how much he was suffering. She already knew that he was downplaying the magnitude of it since he didn’t want her to see him in pain. The last thing Grant wanted was for her to worry over him.

It was still extremely early; Grant wouldn’t be up for at least another two hours. Daisy’s mind was just racing far too much for her to even close her eyes. She wished that she could scrub that episode from her mind. She didn’t want to know that something was controlling the man she loved. And it especially didn’t help that he didn’t even know that it was going on like that. Grant just thought it was fighting for control. He didn’t know that it was already able to control him like it did.

Daisy shifted her body so she was lying on her back, staring up at the dark ceiling. Grant mumbled and shuffled in response, his grip on her tightening. Now, she knew that he would never hurt her intentionally. But she couldn’t trust the Spirit to do the same. Robbie’s Spirit had spared her, but what about the one that currently resided inside of Grant? This was seemed way more wild and vicious than the one that had been inside of Robbie.

But had it already spared her?

If it wanted her dead, she would already be dead by now. She and Grant had been chasing each other for weeks now. If the Spirit was going to kill her, she would’ve been dead weeks ago. Maybe it was showing restraint since Grant cared so much for it.

She shivered, the thought reminding her of Hive. The parasite had only show restraint around her because of the memories it had from Grant. In this case, it felt like the very same thing. And, truly, Daisy feared that Grant had been pulled from Hive only to be thrown into something much worse.
And it was only worse because Grant was alive this time around. He just didn’t know that he was actually being controlled. And that made Daisy’s heart ache even worse for him.

Movement across her stomach jerked her out of her thoughts and she looked down to see Grant’s arm moving towards his body. He shuffled and she suddenly found his lips on her neck.

“You’re up early.” he mumbled, shifting his body so he was closer to her. “The sun’s not even up yet. That’s rare for you.”

Daisy forced a smile, not wanting to tell him the truth to why she was up so early. She leaned over and turned the lamp on so she could see him. He smiled sleepily at her and took her hand, gently rubbing circles into her palm.

“Everything okay?” he asked quietly. “You seem… Weird.”

Daisy frowned, “What do you mean?” she questioned “Why do I seem weird?”

He shrugged and leaned his head back, “It’s kind of hard to explain.” he muttered. “It’s got something to do with your heat signature. I can sense those, you know. And yours just feels weird. I can’t explain it. Are… Are you worried about something?” he asked, turning his head to look at her.

“You can tell me what’s wrong, you know.”

She shook her head, “Nothing’s wrong, Grant.” she lied. She didn’t want to tell him the truth at all. Honestly, she didn’t want to tell him of what she suspected just yet. A part of her hoped that she was wrong about the Spirit, so she wanted to investigate it a little more. She just hoped that nothing would happen before she truly nailed it down.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, nothing’s wrong.” she repeated, giving his hand a light squeeze. “Okay, maybe I’m little worried about SHIELD possibly finding us. But it’s no big deal.”

“SHIELD’s not going to find us, Skye.” Grant answered with a small frown. “They have no idea of where my safehouses are. And they don’t even know that I’m alive. Hopefully they just think you’re taking some time to yourself.”

“Coulson’s already starting to see a connection between me and the Rider, Grant.” Daisy sighed, shaking her head slightly. “I’m afraid that he’ll end up investigating that. I probably can’t keep taking vacations like this. We’ll just have to meet whenever I’m off on a mission. I’ve got to find a way to break that connection.”

Grant turned his head, “And it doesn’t help that the Rider suddenly disappears right when you take a ‘vacation’, does it?” he asked, his voice hollow. “I hope that no one notices that.”

Daisy’s stomach dropped, realizing that Grant was absolutely right. He was spending the entire week here with her, noting an absence in the Rider’s presence. That could somehow be connected to her taking off.

“You’re… You’re right.” she croaked, unsure of really what to say. “If someone notices that connection, I’m screwed. Coulson’s already getting suspicious.”

“Then I can take off for a few hours tomorrow.” Grant answered, not looking at her. “I’ll find a target to take out. That’ll throw SHIELD off of the connection.”

Daisy blinked and looked at me, “So you’re just going to go kill a random person to protect us?” she
asked in disbelief. “Just like that?”

He shrugged, “Skye, at this point killing really doesn’t bother me anymore.” He answered lightly. “There’s so much blood on my hands that it really doesn’t matter if I add to it. And it’s not like it’s a random person. I target the wicked. It’s not that hard to find someone. I can just go into the nearest city and find someone.”

“Only you would say that….” Daisy trailed off and looked away. Sure, her hands weren’t clean, but hearing Grant talk about killing someone like it wasn’t a big deal just rubbed her the wrong way.

“Skye,” Grant reached out and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, causing her to turn and look at him. “It’s my job. Hell, I pretty much did the very same thing for SHIELD. I’ve always been an assassin. A killer.” He looked away and let his hand fall, “I can’t run from it. It always finds a way back to me. I… I don’t know any other life.”

“I just wish you didn’t act like it’s nothing. Yeah, they may be bad people, Grant, but that doesn’t change things.” Daisy replied. “You’re still killing people. Even if you’re hiding behind the face of a Rider. The skull doesn’t change anything.”

Grant’s shoulders dropped and he turned away from her, beginning to get out of the bed, “I know that.” he mumbled. “But it’s all I know, Skye. Old habits die hard. That’s why I should’ve stayed dead. It was a mistake to even bring me back. I just can’t seem to die.”

Daisy’s stomach flipped and she was immediately out of the bed, right by Grant’s side, “Hey! Hey! I didn’t mean it like that, Grant. Not at all.” she argued, trying to comfort him. She grabbed his arm by his bicep, “I’m not calling you a monster or anything. It’s just that I wish you could find a different way to make a difference or whatever you’re calling it. But I guess being a Rider isn’t the cleanest of jobs, right?”

“Skye, I just wish that that thing didn’t choose me.” Grant mumbled. He looked at her and a spark of fire flashed in his eyes. “All it’s done is make things worse. The only good that’s come from this is that I got closer to you. But I didn’t want to be a killer again. But I have to. I have to get rid of who that thing deems wicked. And I fear trying to get rid of it will only make things worse.”

“Grant, don’t act that way. Maybe there’s a way to get rid of it.” Daisy protested. “Maybe you can be normal again.”

Fire flared in Grant’s eyes and he turned away from her, something sending a shiver through her bones.

“Don’t. All it will do is create a monster.”

“Grant,”

Grant turned back towards her, his fiery eyes drilling straight into her soul. His face was devoid of all emotion. Just like the day before.

“I’m not a monster.”

Chapter End Notes

Unfortunately, I’m getting right into the heavy angst starting in the next chapter. You
shouldn't expect less from me. But maybe I won't make it all that bad. Maybe. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Daisy shied away from Grant as his blazing eyes drilled into her once more, immediately knowing that they weren’t his own. He continued to stare at her, cocking his head ever so slightly. She wasn’t sure of what to say, knowing that this wasn’t her Grant.

That thing had taken control of him again. Just like that. And all because he had gotten the slightest bit upset. So what would happen if he completely lost control of his anger? Truly, she didn’t want to know.

“Why won’t you talk?” It was Grant’s voice, but at the very same time it wasn’t. It sounded hollowed-out, forced almost. Again, it reminded her of Hive’s monotone manner of speaking. Maybe this was the voice of the Devil himself. Daisy wanted to convince herself of that.

“Get out of him!” she screamed, forcing herself to do so. She clenched her fists by her sides. “Why do you keep doing this?!”

‘Grant’ cocked his head again, “I don’t understand what you mean.” he stated. “And I cannot simply ‘get out of him’. He made the deal with me, so we’re bonded together. It takes a lot to break a deal such as that. So I cannot leave just like that. Even though I am afraid that I have chosen the wrong host.”

Daisy’s face fell, “What the hell do you mean by ‘the wrong host’?” she asked coldly, refusing to look him in the eyes. It was just like Hive all over again.

“I like a little room to play. And he does not allow that. All he wanted was the power to make himself better. He did not understand what it meant to make a deal with a devil.” ‘Grant’ smiled slightly and it was something that Daisy wouldn’t be able to scrub from her memory. “He fights me far too much for my liking. My last host was not like that. He loved for me to take control. But, unfortunately, that got him killed in the end.”

“Then maybe it’s good that Grant doesn’t want you doing so.”

‘Grant’ shrugged, “Maybe on his end, but not for me. I would love to break our bond, but that is beyond my power.” he stated emotionlessly. He looked her dead in the eyes again, “I am a devil possessing him after all. It’s not going to be a smooth road for him.

I like to have control every now and then. And he makes it extremely easy for me to do so.” he continued. “He isn’t strong mentally. Not at all.” He took a step towards Daisy, “He does everything he can to hold me back, but there is only so much that he can do. He fights so hard against me when you’re around. He’s so afraid that I’ll kill you. That I see you like the rest.”

Tremors shook Daisy’s fingers and she stood her ground, “And do you? Do you see me like the
“rest?” she asked, remembering that Robbie’s Spirit had not killed her. Would this one spare her in the same way?

He cocked his head again and grinned, “I do have to say that you aren’t innocent. You’re far from it.” he stated. “But there is something different about you. I can say that. There is something wanting to be good in here. And I also cannot kill you because of him. That would only make things worse on my end.” He stepped forward again and reached out, touching her chin. He smiled again as Daisy flinched underneath his touch. “So I have to spare you. For now.”

“Go to hell.” she spat. “And leave him the fuck alone. He doesn’t deserve any of this.”

“So you think. His heart is stained black with sin. It would take him a millennium to cleanse it. He thought that making the deal would fix things, but he’s barely even scratching the surface.”

“At least he’s trying!” she yelled, pulling away from his touch. “That should be worth at least something!” Tears started pooling in the corners of her eyes. “Just leave him alone and let him try!”

“He’ll be dead before he can even think to…..” ‘Grant’ trailed off and his hand fell, his expression falling blank again. His body shuddered and he blinked, confusion quickly settling into his features.

“Skye? What’s going on? When did I get up? Wait. Why’re you crying?”

Daisy’s face fell and she immediately flung her arms around him, not giving him any verbal response.

Grant quickly pulled away from her, “Skye! I’m being serious! What the hell is going on?” he asked, fear in his voice. He gripped the sides of his head, “Why does my head hurt? Skye, what did I do?”

She blinked at him, unable to say anything. And what could she say? He had no idea that that thing was taking control of him. And she wasn’t about to tell him that.

He looked at her for what seemed like forever and Daisy could see that he was thinking. Grant was seriously scared now. He couldn’t remember the past ten minutes and it was really starting to worry him. Had… Had it taken control of him?

“Skye, did it come out?” he asked, his voice merely a croak. “Is that why I can’t remember anything?”

All she could do was give him a nod in reply. She was still so shaken up by what happened, she couldn’t find the words to say.

Grant’s face fell and he turned around, “That’s what I was afraid of.” he muttered. “Turns out I’m not strong enough after all. Then that’s what happened yesterday. And then last week…” His voice trailed off as he began to walk away, towards the door of the house.

“Wait!” Daisy exclaimed, taking a step towards him. “Where are you going?”

“Outside. I need some fresh air. And some time to think.”

Grant quickly went out the door, slamming it behind him. Daisy stood in place for a bit, not sure of what to do. She knew that she should go after him, but she had no idea of what to say to him. But she at least needed to show that she was there for him, even with whatever had just happened. She wanted to scrub the last ten minutes from her mind.

Daisy went outside and found him in the driveway, slowly polishing his motorcycle. “You know, I
never told you that I like your bike.” she stated, figuring that another topic needed to be brought up.

Grant paused and looked at her, a thankful look in his eyes. He was glad that she had chosen not to talk about what had happened. He’d rather not think about that for a while. “I take good care of her.” he mumbled. “Don’t want anything happening to her. Considering half my power is channeled through her most of the time.”

“Her?” Daisy questioned, thinking of Robbie and his car, Lucy. Even the car had channeled hellfire through it, changing whenever Robbie had gone full-Rider. “You named the bike?”

He nodded slightly, “Her name his Rosie. Like my little sister.” he answered. “Thought it would be a good fit, even though I haven’t seen her in years.”

Daisy smiled at the gesture, “Aw, that’s sweet.” she stated, coming over to crouch down next to him. She placed a gentle hand on his knee, “Have you ever thought of going to see her again?”

“No. After what happened between SHIELD and Tommy, there’s no telling what she was told.” Grant began to explain, placing aside the rag he had and completely sitting on the pavement. “I couldn’t bear to look her in the eye. I consider that a lost cause now. I’m just lucky that I got to make up with you.”

“Grant,” Daisy began, sitting down next to him and letting him rest his head on her shoulder. “You can’t keep yourself hidden like this for forever.”

“I’d rather it be this way. Keep things a little bit better for me, even if everything else is going to utter shit. I was really hoping that this week would be a break for me. But I can’t even get that. I have to keep fighting to keep it happy. God, I should’ve never taken that deal.” he sighed, dragging his hand down his face.

“You didn’t know. You were scared and fighting for a way to make things right. Anyone would take that deal.” She gently took his hand, “Things will get better. We’ll find a way to make them better, okay?”

Grant slowly looked over at her and gave her a watery smile, but he didn’t respond.

Daisy smiled back at him, “Come on, let’s get off this hard-ass ground and actually eat breakfast. And get cleaned up. It’s still really early. The sun’s barely up yet.” she stated, standing up and reaching a hand out towards him. “We can keep it an easy day. Hell, we can stay in bed all day if you want. I… I don’t want you doing anything too hard. After what happened.”

“Yeah.” Grant gingerly took her hand and stood to his feet, wrapping an arm around her. He didn’t want to talk about the episode anymore. He just wanted to be with her.

“Let’s keep it easy for once.”

Chapter End Notes

So things are a little better. For now. I do have to throw SHIELD back in sometime. And that’s probably sooner than later. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
The Way Things Change

Chapter Summary

The vacation continues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

Grant tightened his grip on Daisy and drew her closer, gently kissing the skin of her neck, “You know, moments like this are probably my favorite.” he mumbled. “Nice and quiet. Just me and you. Even that damn thing seems to be asleep for once.”

“Maybe I scared it off the other day.” Daisy commented, craning her neck to look up at him. “I stood up to it.”

“I don’t think just telling it off would cause it to get scared. It is a demon after all, Skye.” Grant sighed and gently shook his head, threading a gentle hand through Daisy’s hair. “Maybe it just got tired for once. Maybe it’ll stay quiet just long enough for us to have a good day today. I managed to get through yesterday with it yelling the entire time. I just want it to be quiet. I do want to take you out to lunch later. I know this nice little burger joint in town I think you’d like.”

“I really didn’t think you’d be the type of guy to eat burgers.” Daisy commented with a slight smile, pulling herself out of Grant’s embrace and sitting up against the headboard of the bed. “’Cause, you know, you’re Mr. Fitness and all.”

Grant raised an eyebrow as he sat up as well, “It’s not like I eat them all the time, Skye.” he replied. “Just every now and then. And my metabolism is different now that I have fire running through my veins. A burger isn’t going to hurt me.” He smiled and looked at me, “You have seen my abs up close, after all.”

Daisy blushed and turned her head, “Fine.” she muttered. “But you sound so arrogant about that.”

“I try to milk what little good I have going for myself.” Grant stated, turning to slide out of the bed. He bent down to pick up his underwear and started to put them on, “So if I come off as a little arrogant every now and then, that’s why.” He stood up with another sigh, “I don’t have much going for me anymore. That deal ruined what little I had left.”

“Grant,” Daisy began, looking at him with a frown. He didn’t need to get like this again. A bad attitude would only cause the Spirit to come out again. And neither of them needed that right now.

“You know that’s the truth, Skye.” he breathed, not moving. “I ruined every chance I had at a normal life by taking that deal. No… I’ve never had a chance at a normal life. A family. Kids. It was never there. That was all ruined for me when I went with Garrett.”

Daisy quietly slipped out of bed and approached Grant, gently wrapping her arms around him once she got to him. “Don’t act like this, Grant.” she stated quietly. “Despite that thing in your head, I think things are going pretty well for you. I’m still gonna find a way to make them even better. It’s
the least that you deserve after all of the hell that you’ve been through. But you’re not going to get
that if you keep up this negative attitude about things.”

Grant sighed and looked down at her, the slightest of smiles on his face. But he didn’t respond.

“Come on.” Daisy stated, slightly patting him on the shoulder. “Get ready and we’ll go into town for
the day. You can take me on a ride on that fancy motorcycle of yours.”

“Her name is Rosie.” Grant shot back, heading towards the bathroom. “I’ve told you that. She’s not
just a motorcycle.”

Daisy rolled her eyes as she watched him disappear into the bathroom. She turned around and
gathered up her clothes, beginning to slip them on. She stopped halfway when her phone began to
ring. “Just who on Earth is calling me? Everyone knows that I’m on break and Coulson’s not
supposed to contact me unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

With a groan, Daisy grabbed her phone from the nightstand and answered it, “Hello?”

“Oh, good, you’re awake.”

“Simmons? I know that it sounds rude, but why are you calling so damn early? It’s like 8 in the
morning.”

“Oh, it’s hustle and bustle over here. Most of the team is gone on a recovery mission to pick up a
potential new Inhuman and Fitz and I are left here for a few hours. Thought I’d call to see how your
vacation is going considering you don’t sleep late anymore.”

Daisy frowned slightly, trying to figure out just how to give Simmons an answer since she didn’t
know that she was actually with Grant. “Oh, they’re just fine. I’m about to get back to driving
around. I’m in Tennessee right now.” Well, at least that wasn’t a lie.

“So you’re just driving around?”

“Yeah. Just me and the open road. I really needed it. I might drive through another state or so before
heading back towards the base. How busy is it there?”

“About the same. Coulson’s still about to blow a fuse over this whole Ghost Rider situation, thought.
Get this. It’s disappeared. There’s been no sightings of it whatsoever in the past few days. The
government is up his arse wanting him to send out a team to hunt it down.”

“Oh, that’s… Interesting.” Daisy bit her lip. “Well, that’s because the Ghost Rider is Grant Ward
and he’s been here with me for the past few days. But you guys can’t know that. Not yet. You won’t
know it until Grant is ready to.”

“Well, at least maybe it’s gone. That thing sure was violent.”

“Well, I…”

“Skye, who are you talking to?”

Daisy spun around to see Grant standing in the doorway of the bathroom, a frown on his face. She
quickly shushed him and mouthed ‘Simmons’ to him, which quickly caused him to shut his mouth.

“Daisy, who was that? Do… Do you have a man with you?”

“I met a guy for the night, so what?” Daisy deadpanned. “I can have a little fun from time to time.”
“But with a random guy? Isn’t that dangerous? And did he call you Skye?”

“Not going to give him my real name.” Daisy shrugged to herself. “And it’s not a random guy. But again, you can’t know that it’s Grant.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“Yeah.” Daisy looked over towards Grant. “But I’ve got to go, Simmons. I’ll see you later.”

“But.”

“Bye!” Daisy quickly ended the call and threw the phone aside, returning her full attention back to Grant. “Good thing Simmons didn’t recognize your voice!” she almost hissed. “I would’ve been in a hell of a lot of trouble!”

Grant shrugged, “I didn’t even know that you were on the damn phone until I got out of the bathroom.” he shot back. “And it’s not like she can really recognize my voice over the phone. I’m safe.”

“Yeah, but how much longer until you’re not?” Daisy asked, finishing putting on her clothes. “It’s only a matter of time before SHIELD finds you and you’re done for. What are you going to do then?”

“I’ll deal with it when we get to that. Until then, we just keep this hidden. It’s not that hard to keep a relationship a secret.”

“Yeah, maybe a normal one. But it isn’t when your boyfriend is the very being that SHIELD is hunting. They’re going to find you.”

Grant’s face fell, “I don’t think,”

“Grant, it’s going to happen sooner or later. That’s a matter of fact. We….

We can’t keep doing this like the way we are.”

Chapter End Notes

I know that it’s a little too short, but I’m not feeling so great and this was all that I could manage. But I’m getting to the climax soon, so it’ll get better soon enough. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Step Inside, the Violence

Chapter Summary

Things only get worse in the most unexpected way.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(A Couple of Hours Later)

“You know, when you said you take me out to eat, I really didn’t expect a diner of all things.”

Grant raised an eyebrow, looking around and shrugging, “It’s better to keep things low-key here, Skye.” he answered. “And besides, there aren’t any huge, fancy restaurants in this town. Everything’s pretty much either diners or small, family-owned places. Also, I figured that you didn’t want much since it is the middle of the day.”

Daisy eyed the massive burger that had been placed in front of Grant just a few minutes before by their waitress, “And I thought you were all clean-cut with your diet.” she said, pointing at the burger.

“What? I can’t cheat sometimes? And besides, my metabolism is like sky-high now.” he began to explain. “The whole being bonded with a demonic entity thing really burns a hell of a lot of energy. So I have to eat a lot. I don’t think one burger is going to ruin my diet, Skye.”

Shaking her head with a laugh, Daisy picked up her chicken wrap and took a bite. “Good to know that you have a sense of humor now.”

“How are you just seeing that?”

“Just making an observation, Ward. Trying to make small talk here.” Daisy sighed. “You were never very good at that.”

Grant narrowed his eyes, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You know very well what it means.”

Grant took a sharp breath and looked out the window, his eyes resting gently on Rosie in the parking lot. “I’ve just never had anything to talk about.” he muttered. “Nothing I’ve ever wanted people to know.”

“You’ve got plenty to talk about, Grant. You just have to find somewhere to start.”

“There are things that I’d rather keep to myself, Skye. Things you wouldn’t want to know.” Grant grimaced as shadows began to dance in the edges of his vision, a sign of the Spirit trying to mess with him. He shook his head, “That’s why I stray away from small talk.”

Daisy nodded slowly, “Then what do you want to talk about?” she asked. “Honestly, it can be anything as long as you’re comfortable with it.”
“What did Simmons want earlier? Why did she call?”

Her heart skipped a beat; she was honestly not prepared for him to ask that, “Nothing. Just checking up on me.” she answered. “Honestly, her calling so early was a little weird. But Simmons can be like that sometimes.”

Grant nodded, “Good. Good.” he stated quietly. “Anything else?”

“Apparently Coulson’s in over his head with the ‘Ghost Rider situation’.” she continued with a raised eyebrow. “The government is pressuring him to send in a team to bring you in no matter what. And that there’s been no sightings of you for the past few days.”

“I wonder why that is?” Grant asked with a slight smirk. “But still, Coulson’s not gonna be able to bring me in. That’s not going to work. I can promise him that. The first sign of a struggle, that thing will take control and things aren’t going to be pretty.” His face hardened and he looked down to his half-eaten sandwich, “I’m not going to be able to control it, Skye. Coulson will get killed all because he can’t learn when to back down. And, honestly, I’m not sure if I’ll regret it or not. He did kill me after all.”

Daisy blinked, her stomach lurching. Hearing such words come out of Grant’s mouth made her feel sick to her stomach. Was this the Spirit starting to warp his morals even further? Or was it just Grant’s ever-present hatred of Coulson starting to shine? Or maybe it was both. Daisy really didn’t want to know. But Grant was a trained killer after all. Deaths shouldn’t bother him, especially when it was someone like Coulson.

“But I don’t want it hurting the rest of them, Skye.” Grant continued, not waiting for her to respond. “Even though I may think Coulson deserves it, I don’t want the others getting hurt because of it. That’s why I want to stay away from them. Because I can’t promise that I can hold it back. I’ve told you that. Again, the first sign of any problem, I’m running. It’s only to protect you and them.”

With a sharp breath, Daisy nodded again, “That’s reasonable, I guess.” she stated numbly. “If it’s to protect them…” she trailed off and looked down. “Maybe this was a mistake. We really shouldn’t of have met up. We,”

“Hey.” Grant reached over and placed a gentle hand on hers. “Don’t blame yourself for anything that is happening. It’s not your fault and this isn’t a mistake. Anything that happens is on me, not you. Let’s just try to enjoy the rest of this week, okay?” he asked softly. “We’ve only got a few more days left. Let’s try to enjoy what we have left together for a while, right?”

Daisy nodded and exhaled a sharp breath, “Yeah, you’re right.” she stated. “We just need to enjoy what we have right now.” She reached for her wrap again and took another bite, “Because, honestly, I don’t know how long us can last. Especially considering the odds surrounding us.”

Grant’s face fell, “What do you mean?”

“You know exactly what I mean. You have a demonic spirit inside of you. SHIELD is after you despite not even knowing that it’s you.” Daisy answered. “There’s a lot going against us here.”

“Then we don’t worry about that just yet. I have learned to try and enjoy what’s going on in the present and not try to worry about other things.” Grant explained softly. “Well, I at least try to. Doesn’t mean that I always do. But I’m trying right now.”

“Guess I should too. It’s just hard to considering things.” Daisy took another bite of her wrap, watching Grant take a bite of his burger. “Hell, I took this week off in order to not worry about
things and here I am.”

“Guess I can’t blame you. We are trying to ignore everything around us. That doesn’t work sometimes. I can attest to that myself. And… And things are a little more dire right now than they ever have been. We just need to take things a step at a time and try to enjoy the rest of this week if possible. We’ll finish up eating and then maybe go around town for a bit before we head back.”

Daisy smiled at him, causing him to blush, “That sounds good. I could go for a little bit of shopping. Stress-reliever. I,”

“Daisy? What are you doing?”

She froze up and her stomach dropped as she recognized the sudden voice. Daisy looked up and saw both fear and confusion shining in Grant’s eyes. She knew that he couldn’t run without causing a scene, which was something he didn’t want to do. He was stuck here.

“Daisy?” Grant whispered. “Is that you?”

Daisy mentally slapped herself for being so stupid. That’s why Simmons had called, SHIELD had been trying to pinpoint her location since she had turned all trackers off.

“Wasn’t I supposed to have this week all to myself?” Daisy asked coldly, wishing that Simmons would just disappear right now. “Why’re you here?”

“Coulson’s worried about you. So he sent me.” Simmons answered, coming up to the table. “…she trailed off and froze in fear as she realized just who Daisy was sitting across from. A visible tremor shook the biochemist’s body as she tried to process the scene in front of her.

Grant sat there awkwardly, not knowing what to do. He stared blankly at Simmons, a deep hate starting to brew deep within his chest.

Simmons continued to stare at Grant for what seemed like forever before she spoke. Even though it was just one word, it was spoken with every ounce of malice and fear she could muster.

“Ward?”

Chapter End Notes

So now Simmons shows up because Coulson tracked Daisy down. How will she react to seeing Grant? Let’s just say that it isn’t good. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Grant stared Simmons straight into her eyes, his fear quickly morphing into pure, unadulterated rage. A practical sneer pulled at his lips, “What? You at a loss for words?” He tilted his head and blinked.

Daisy shot him a glare, but decided to remain quiet here. She didn’t want to make things worse. The last thing that both she and Grant needed was for the Spirit to come out. She knew that it wouldn’t hesitate to kill Simmons. And it didn’t help that Grant’s attitude was currently being controlled by his own anger.

Simmons gaped at Grant once more, “H-How?” she stammered. “You aren’t supposed to be alive! Coulson killed you! That warhead destroyed both Hive and your body!” She pointed a slender finger at him for emphasis, “You. Should. Be. Dead.”

“Jemma, I really appreciate you caring this much about me. I really do. But I think that you should go.” Daisy spoke up quietly, sensing something from Grant. “Tell Coulson that I’m okay. That I,”

“But why the hell are you with him?” Simmons croaked, anger and something akin to betrayal shining in her eyes. “He’s been alive this whole time and you kept it from us?!”

Daisy took a sharp breath and slid out of the booth, standing to her feet, “I figured that it was best that no one knew.” she answered. “Grant didn’t want anyone knowing that he was still alive. He,”

“Grant? So you’re on that good of terms again?” Simmons asked angrily, taking a step towards Daisy. “Just what the hell is going on between you two?”

“Honestly? That’s none of your business, Jemma. I’m more concerned about the fact that none of you could trust me long enough to take a week off.”

Simmons almost guffawed, “Well, it obviously seems that we couldn’t trust you one bit!” she exclaimed, drawing everyone’s attention to them. “You run off with our worst enemy without even telling us that he’s still alive? Don’t you think that’s something we all needed to know?”

Daisy blinked, “Well, by how you’re acting, you didn’t need to know.” she stated coldly. “He hasn’t done anything to you in over a year. Don’t you think it’s time to leave him alone? I think that’s in the past now.”

Simmons’ nostrils flared and she took another step towards Daisy, “He deserves to be locked away, Daisy!”
“He’s already died for what he did, Simmons. I don’t think you can punish a guy more than that. Isn’t that like double jeopardy? Can’t punish for crime a second time around.”

“That doesn’t matter here.” Simmons blinked, “Just what has he done to you, Daisy? You used to hate him. And what? Now you’re screwing each other?”

Daisy’s mouth dropped open, “What? No!” she exclaimed, even though that part was really the truth. “Things change, Simmons. Now, leave us alone. Please.”

Simmons snarled, “No, I will not. Just wait until Coulson hears about this. You…” She shook her head, “How could you do this to us?” She poked Daisy in the chest, causing anger to flare through Grant.

“You don’t tell me what the fuck to do.” Simmons hissed, trying to pull herself out of his grip, which was oddly hot. “You don’t have that right. You never have.”

“I don’t fucking care to what the hell you think.” Grant growled again, wincing as he could hear the Spirit start to scream from deep within his mind. He knew that it was trying take advantage of his anger to try and take him over. Even though he absolutely hated Simmons, he didn’t want her getting burned alive by the Spirit.

“So why don’t you do us a favor and leave us alone?” he continued. “Crawl back to that little base of yours and tell Coulson that absolutely nothing happened here. That you couldn’t find Skye at all.”

Simmons raised an eyebrow, “You want me to lie? I’m not like you.”

“Of all the fucking things you could say.” Grant’s lip curled into another snarl, “But like I said, crawl back to Coulson like the roach you are.”

“Actually, he’s not too far from here.” Simmons stated coldly. “Wouldn’t take that long. And it definitely wouldn’t take all that long for him to get here.”

Grant’s stomach dropped and he quickly dropped Simmons hand, “What the hell do you mean?”

“Do you really think that Coulson would just send me here all alone? Especially when it was him who was worried about Daisy? Coulson, May, and Fitz are not too far from here.”

Anger quickly flared in Grant’s eyes again, and he suddenly spun on his heels, “I’ve got to get the hell out of here. Before it’s too late.”

“Grant! You can’t just leave me here.” Daisy took a step towards Grant. “You,”

Grant stopped briefly, giving her a fearful glare, “You’ll understand, Skye. I don’t want anyone getting hurt.” Fear and panic laced his voice, all anger gone. “If they show up, I won’t be able to control it any longer. I’m sorry.”

And with that, Grant was out the door and gone, leaving Daisy and Simmons to themselves.

Simmons almost laughed, “Seems like he’ll still drop you at a moment’s notice, doesn’t it?” she asked mockingly. “He still only cares for himself.”
“No. He cares for everyone but himself.” Daisy muttered, turning her back on Simmons and beginning to walk towards the door. “Everything was perfect before you showed up. We were mending things. How about you do me a favor and get the hell out of here. Please.” Her voice was a practical mumble at this point. “Again, I appreciate that you guys care enough about me to come check on me, but you sometimes need to keep your noses out of my business.”

Daisy reached the door, not waiting for a response on Simmons’ end. Honestly, she didn’t care for what Simmons had to say. Not anymore. Stepping out into the parking lot, Daisy immediately froze as she saw a motionless figure standing by Grant’s motorcycle.

She could tell that it was Grant, but something was terribly wrong and Daisy knew just what it was. Light wisps of smoke curled from the skin of Grant’s head and there was a faint tremble to his hands. Daisy knew that there was little separating him and the complete control of the Spirit. It probably wouldn’t take much for it to come totally roaring out of him.

“What’s the matter? Why’re you frozen there?” Simmons came up from behind Daisy, trying to see what she was looking at.

“Simmons, how about you go back into that diner and let me handle things here.” Daisy practically whispered. “You don’t need to be here right now.”

Grant’s form waivered slightly, but he still didn’t move.

“What?” Simmons caught the back of Grant. “He finally lose his mind?”

Daisy swallowed, “I-In a way.”

‘Grant’ suddenly turned around, fire blazing in his eyes. He smiled slightly and took a few steps towards them, “I thought he said he didn’t want you near him.” he stated in the monotone voice of the Spirit. “Yet you still interfere.”

Simmons frowned, “What… What is going on?” she asked quietly. “What’s wrong with him?”

“Nothing is wrong with me.” he continued. “But I think you should ask yourself that. Your heart is oh so tainted with sin.”

Daisy’s mouth went dry, knowing exactly where this was going, but she decided to remain silent for a moment. Trying to figure out what to do.

The Spirit smiled again and stopped, spreading his hands out in front of him, “Tell me, Jemma Simmons, what makes you any better than him?” he asked. “Hm?

You’re all worthy of infernal punishment in my eyes. And you’re just the beginning.”

Chapter End Notes

Not quite what I wanted it to be, but it still works. So Grant's fallen under the Spirit's control again and it wants to kill Simmons already. And it's only a matter of time before Coulson shows up.... Keep the comments and kudos coming!
What's Inside My Head

Chapter Summary

"I confess I'm always afraid, always ashamed of what's inside me. I confess I'm always afraid, always ashamed of what's inside my head."

Confession (What's Inside My Head) - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Simmons’ stomach dropped as fear started to seep into her bones. She couldn’t find the words to give ‘Grant’ a response. She knew that something was terribly wrong, but she couldn’t place her finger on it. All she figured was that Grant had finally lost his mind.

The Spirt smiled slightly and spread his hands out in front of him, “I see that you’re at a loss for words.” he stated. “I figured that would be your reaction. Humans are so easy to terrify. But what I say is true, you are the beginning of the vengeance I plan to reap. Every last one of you. None of you are innocent.”

Simmons blinked and gaped, “I-I don’t understand.” she stammered. “I’ve done nothing wrong! What makes you think that I deserve to die?!”

“Oh, you’re so unbelievably naïve, aren’t you?” he almost laughed. “Your heart is almost stained black with sin. Just like the rest of them. You aren’t innocent like you think.” He took another step forward and peered into her eyes, fire blazing in his own. “You’re a liar. A murderer. That can’t be overlooked.”

“A murderer?! I haven’t murdered anyone!”

“Do you really believe that?” the Spirit asked, a flat tone in his voice. He paused slightly and looked briefly over towards Daisy, who was just staring at the scene in fear. She had no idea of how to react. The Spirit knew that she wouldn’t attack him because it would mean attacking Grant as well.

“Grant Ward. You planned to kill him and you ended up killing someone else in his place.” he continued. “Sunil Bakshi. Does that ring a bell?”

Simmons’ face fell, “I… That was an accident! He got in the way!” she exclaimed, not realizing that ‘Grant’ had referred to himself as another being.

The Spirit held up a finger, “But it’s still murder. No matter who ended up getting killed. He was innocent in that case. Brainwashed. He couldn’t help what happened, even though he wasn’t a good guy.” he explained. “I still see that as murder. A murder that got swept under the rug.”

“Oh, as if you’re so innocent.” Simmons scoffed, trying to hide her fear as the Spirit took another step towards her. “Stop acting like you haven’t done anything wrong.”
“Grant Ward may be a sin-filled being, but he already paid for them.” he answered. “I believe that there’s a human concept called double jeopardy. One can’t be charged for a crime they already paid their dues for. Grant Ward paid for his life and spent his fair share of time in hell.”

Simmons blinked, “His?” she asked. “Why’re you referring to yourself in the third person?”

“Because I am not him.” the Spirit answered, his eyes flaring red. “He is dormant right now. Not in control. So I am not him.”

“T-Then who are you?”

“I can’t tell you my name, but you can simply refer to me as a Spirit. I believe you’ve dealt with someone like Grant Ward before.” he continued with a slight tilt of his head. “So it shouldn’t be too hard to figure out.”

“Daisy, what’s he talking about?” Simmons asked, looking over to the Inhuman. “Spirit? Is… Is Ward the Rider we’ve been looking for all along?”

Daisy’s mouth grew dry and she nodded slightly, but didn’t respond verbally.

“So you lied to us the entire time?!” Simmons demanded. “About everything?!”

“I had no choice! I had to lie in order to protect Grant!” Daisy snapped, the ground slightly rumbling underneath them. “He’s been going through hell the entire time, he didn’t need SHIELD on his ass as well!”

“Why are you protecting him?!”

“Because I see that he’s changed! He’s at least trying to make up for what he did! You can’t hold that against him!”

The Spirit laughed, “I’m afraid that she’s right. Grant Ward sold his soul in order to make things right.” he stated. “He gave what little he had left in order to save himself. Even though I’m afraid it only made things worse for him.

You see, I can’t break the bond until I’m satisfied. How he operates doesn’t quite quench my desires, per se.” he continued. “I have to take control from time to time in order to get what I want. He is an unsatisfactory host.”

“So all he did was create a monster.” Simmons stated, turning back to face the Spirit once more. “That’s all I see here.”

The Spirit smiled and took another step forward, and he had Simmons hoisted into the air with one, swift movement of his hand, “I am not a monster. I am a tool for vengeance. I get rid of monsters. So I don’t appreciate that name.” He tightened his grip on Simmons' throat, “I will get rid of all of you. I have no taste for liars like you.”

Simmons looked towards Daisy for help, but the Spirit had Daisy frozen with one glare.

“Don’t. I may have spared you before. But I will take you out too if you intervene.”

He looked back to Simmons and sparks began dancing on the skin of his face. The skin slowly burned away to reveal the flaming skull and a sharp laugh echoed out, “I’m going to enjoy this. I,”

“W-What the hell?!”
The Spirit stopped and turned to see a group of people, about five in number, running towards them. The fire crackled violently from his skull in response.

“Coulson?!” Daisy exclaimed, turning to see that it was the team. They must’ve followed Simmons here. And, to be honest, she was glad that they had shown up. But she did fear for what would happen if Grant did regain control.

The Spirit laughed once more, “Oh, it must be my lucky day.” he stated, the familiarity of his voice confusing the others. Even though he wasn’t technically Grant Ward, he still had Grant’s voice.

“The entire ragtag team of liars has shown up. That has made my work about a thousand times easier.” he continued, tightening his grasp of Simmons. “Now I won’t have to search for you in order to kill you.”

Coulson paused, trying to take in the scene, “So the Rider has been after us this entire time.” he stated numbly. He looked over towards Daisy, “But why did he show up here?”

“No! I won’t let you take control now!”

“I am a Spirit of Vengeance. I take out those who I deem guilty. And you are stained with sin. I…”

The Spirit suddenly froze up and his voice took a completely different tone, “D-Don’t kill them.” he stammered. “I’ve decided. I don’t want them dead. Don’t kill them.” It was Grant.

“Grant,” Fitz asked, but he shut his mouth as soon as he realized that now wasn’t the time.

“Grant, please. Do it.”

Daisy hesitated for a second, “Grant, I’m not going to hurt you. Not like this. We can think of some other way.”

“D-Did she just say Grant?” Fitz asked, but he shut his mouth as soon as he realized that now wasn’t the time.

“We don’t need that right now. I don’t like that.”

May blinked, “What’s going on?” she asked. “What the hell is wrong with him?”

The Spirit suddenly froze up and his voice took a completely different tone, “D-Don’t kill them.” he stammered. “I’ve decided. I don’t want them dead. Don’t kill them.” It was Grant.

“Grant,” Daisy exclaimed, turning to see that it was the team. They must’ve followed Simmons here. And, to be honest, she was glad that they had shown up. But she did fear for what would happen if Grant did regain control.

“The entire ragtag team of liars has shown up. That has made my work about a thousand times easier.” he continued, tightening his grasp of Simmons. “Now I won’t have to search for you in order to kill you.”

Coulson paused, trying to take in the scene, “So the Rider has been after us this entire time.” he stated numbly. He looked over towards Daisy, “But why did he show up here?”

“Coulson! You don’t get it! He’s really-“

“Shut up.” the Spirit spat, throwing Simmons to the ground in order to silence her. “We don’t need that right now. I don’t like that.”

He turned to face the team, “Now, some of you I don’t recognize. So I think you’re spared. But there are a few of you still on my list.” he stated, seeing Mack and Elena with them. “Especially you, Phil Coulson. You’re the worst one here.”

“I don’t understand what you’re getting at.”

“‘I am a Spirit of Vengeance. I take out those who I deem guilty. And you are stained with sin. I…”

“‘There is no other way. I’m holding it back as much as I can. Do it now. Please. This is the biggest favor that you could do for me.’

“D-Did she just say Grant?” Fitz asked, but he shut his mouth as soon as he realized that now wasn’t the time.

“Grant,”

“Skye, please. Do it.”

Daisy closed her eyes and thrust her hand towards him, letting out a massive shockwave from her
palm. The shockwave hit Grant square in the chest, sending him flying back several feet across the parking lot. His head hit the ground with a resounding thud and the skin reformed on his skull, revealing his normal self.

Daisy was quick to run over to Grant’s side, making sure that he was only unconscious, which he was. She kneeled next to him and gingerly took his hand, hoping that the Spirit was dormant for now.

“Grant, we really need to find a way to get that thing out of you.” she whispered. “You can’t keep doing this.”

“Jemma!” Fitz yelled, running over to Simmons’ side to check on her, not particularly caring about the now-unfolding scene.

“So you’re trying to tell me that the Rider we’ve been chasing these past several weeks is fucking Grant Ward?!” Coulson snapped, coming up to the two. “How could you lie to us like this?!”

“Because of how you would react. Grant doesn’t deserve this.” Daisy answered angrily. “Now, leave him the hell alone and get out of here before it can wake up again.”

“No, I’m not leaving until he’s dealt with. I am not letting Ward become a problem again.”

“He’s not a problem!”

“He has a psychotic demon controlling him, Daisy! That needs to be dealt with before it can actually kill us!

Daisy frowned and looked away from Coulson, “I’m telling you, Grant’s not a problem. We’re dealing with this on our own. We don’t need your help.

Now get the hell out of here before he wakes up. I don’t want you fucking things up even more.”

Chapter End Notes

And there you go. The team has shown up, but Grant begged Daisy to knock him unconscious so the Spirit couldn't kill them. That's a change. And how much worse can things get? (And PSA: I am using lyrics now instead of actual chapter summaries. It works better that way.) Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Chapter Summary

"I gave you everything,
but you still need to feed.
And underneath it all, I'm screaming out."

Overtake You - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy gently pulled Grant’s head into her lap as if she were trying to shield him from the others. She tried to ignore Coulson as he angrily stepped towards her, malice shining bright in his eyes.

“I can’t believe you hid this from us, Daisy,” he stated coldly. “You can’t even trust us anymore?”

“This is Grant Ward we’re talking about. There was no way I was going to let you know that he was alive unless he wanted it.” Daisy snapped. “He knew that he would just end up getting killed again if you knew. It was better for the both of us if you didn’t know.”

A vein throbbed in Coulson’s forehead, “Our greatest enemy comes back from the dead and you don’t think that’s something we should know? After everything that he did to us, you just forgive him like that and put him above us?”

“I’m not putting him above you, but I’m about to.” She kept her gaze away from the older man, “I understand that Grant wasn’t a great guy, but I know that he’s trying to change. He already paid with his life, Coulson. Why can’t he try to make himself a better person? He gave everything he had left in order to do that.”

Coulson blinked, “So he sold his soul to a devil in order to do just that?” he asked sharply. “How is that making himself any better?”

“And how is that any different than the deal Robbie made? The deal you made?” she questioned in response. “It’s not. He took the only thing that was out in front of him at the time. He had just basically crawled out of hell, so of course he would accept the first thing offering salvation. You can’t hate him for that.”

He pointed a finger at the unconscious Grant, “And that thing controlling him? All Ward did was create a monster. He can’t ever do anything right.” he stated, casting a quick glance back towards the rest of the team. “We need to deal with this before it gets too out of hand. Before someone dies. I can’t let Ward be the cause of anymore deaths.”

Daisy glared up at him, “And you won’t touch him.” she practically growled. “You’ve got to let things go, Coulson. It’s in the past. Let it go. Grant doesn’t want to hurt anyone. It’s only that Spirit wanting him to do so. And we’re dealing with it. So we don’t need you sticking your noses in it. We’ll deal with it all on our own. So go. Leave us the hell alone before you can somehow make things even worse than they are now.”
“Daisy,” May began, taking a step forward from where she had been. “You can’t do this. You’re only going to get yourself hurt.”

“Look, I,”

“Not gonna hurt her.” Grant suddenly grabbed Daisy’s wrist. “I won’t let it.” He moaned and pulled himself up, leaning against her shoulder for support. “So just shut it. My head hurts anyways.”

“Grant!” Daisy exclaimed, surprised that he was already awake and seemed to be okay. But that was probably the Spirit’s doing. Which meant they needed to get out of here as soon as possible before it could come out again. She just had to find a way to get the both of them out of there without anyone getting hurt. Even though she really wasn’t liking the team right now, she didn’t want any of them getting hurt.

“Before you ask, I’m fine.” he grunted, casting a glare towards Coulson. “I think any broken bones have already healed. So you didn’t hurt me. And besides, I asked you to do it. It’s not your fault.”

“Grant, please.”

Grant placed a gentle hand on Daisy’s arm, “I’m fine. I just… I just have a few things I need to work through. But now’s not the time to be worrying about it.” he stated. “I’d just like to be somewhere safe. And that’s definitely not here.”

The vein reappeared in Coulson’s forehead and he took a harsh step forward, “Listen here, just because you,”

He was cut off as a pillar of flames suddenly consumed both Grant and Daisy, quickly dying down to reveal that they were no longer there. A quick sweep of the parking lot showed that the motorcycle that had been near was gone as well.

“What the fuck!” Coulson spat angrily. “We had him right there and he’s gone!”

“Sir, don’t you think that we should leave it alone for now?” Fitz suggested, walking towards him. “I know it’s Ward and all. But I think we need to leave that Spirit alone. Maybe we’ll get lucky and Ward will be able to deal with it so it won’t come after us again. But I don’t think we need to get involved. We can’t fight a Ghost Rider. We were lucky with Reyes.”

“He might be right, Phil.” May agreed with a nod of her head. “As much as I don’t like this, that thing could kill us all in under a minute. Probably mere seconds. We need to pull back. Don’t get us killed just because you want revenge.”

(Elsewhere)

Daisy stumbled forward as she suddenly appeared in their bedroom. She spun around to face Grant, looking for some kind of an answer.

“I didn’t want to stay there any longer, so I got us out of there. I wasn’t safe there and neither were you. There’s no telling to what Coulson would do since he feels like you ‘betrayed’ him.” Grant casually explained, turning towards the dresser. “Get packed. We’re leaving. I think we have enough
time. They don’t know where we’re at.”

She blinked, trying to process everything. Honestly, she was a little bit sad that she had to run from her team. But if it was to help protect Grant, then she would do it. She just hoped that she could mend things eventually.

“Fine. Let… Let me just wash up first. Won’t take me that long.”

Grant blinked and frowned, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just a little shaken up. But I should be asking you that.” Daisy came towards him and ran a gentle hand down his cheek, “That thing almost made you kill them and you’re acting like it’s nothing.”

“Trust me, I’ll have a major freakout later.” Grant stated coldly. “But we’ve got to get out of here first. My priority right now is to make sure that you’re safe. I don’t have time to worry about myself. Go. Get washed up and I’ll start getting things together. I have another safehouse a few states over that might work under things die down. But you might want to deactivate your phone so they can’t find us again.”

Daisy nodded slowly and quickly headed into the bathroom, leaving Grant to himself.

He quickly turned his back to the door, “See what you’ve fucking done?!” he exclaimed to himself. “I’m a wanted man again just because you can’t keep your hands to yourself!”

“You know very well that they all deserve to die. They’re guilty. I cannot simply just overlook that.”

“Yeah, but that doesn’t mean that I want them to die. You’ve ruined everything for me, you know. Why can’t you just go back to the cesspool you spawned from or something?” he hissed, looking at the floor.

“You know that I can’t just leave you. I can’t leave you until my desire for revenge is sated or there’s nothing left of you for me to even control.” it laughed. “You desire something that really isn’t possible. No… There is one way that ensures that you’ll get rid of me and I’ll stop my little ‘campaign’.”

Grant’s heart skipped a beat. There was really a way for him to get rid of this demon? Could he possibly return to his normal life? One where he could live happily with Daisy?

“Yeah?! And what’s that?”

“Your death.”

“W-What?” Grant’s stomach froze over and he could already feel a panic attack starting to set in. “My… My what?”

“You heard me. Your death. The only way for me to prematurely leave you is for you to be dead. I cannot possess a corpse. I require a living host, unfortunately.

So your only way out of this is either for you to end it yourself or for you to let me kill you. I’ll find a way to do it if you want this to end so badly.

You say the word and I’ll end it for you.”
And there is my classic evilness sinking back in with the fic. It's just a matter of how this goes. But if you really know my fics, you'll know how this'll go. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Save Me If I Become My Demons

Chapter Summary

"I cannot stop this sickness taking over. It takes control and drags me into nowhere. I need your help, I can't fight this forever. I know you're watching, I can feel you out there."

My Demons- Starset

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

Grant laid quietly in the bed, looking numbly up at the ceiling. Even though it had been two days ago, the Spirit’s words still weighed heavily on his mind:

“The only way for me to prematurely leave you is for you to be dead… Say the word and I'll end it for you.”

Both guilt and fear churned heavily in Grant’s stomach as he mulled over his options, “I… I don’t know what to do here.” he thought. “I don’t have much choice here. I don’t know of another way to get rid of this thing. It’s either live with him and possibly let it kill everyone I know or get it to kill me and end everything once and for all.” He looked over to Daisy’s still-sleeping form, “But could I do that to her? After everything she’s done to help me… Could I really do that? I… I don’t want to die, but if it comes down to it… I’ll let the Spirit do its thing. As long as it keeps the others safe and he keeps his word.

But can I really trust him? It’s a demon after all. Who’s to say that it won’t jump into another body and kill them that way? Or does a deal have to be made in order for it to take residence inside of someone? Hell if I know.”

Grant sighed and looked back up to the ceiling, “And we can’t keep running like this. I know that I can, but Skye definitely can’t. She’s giving everything she knows up in order to help me. I don’t want her doing that. I only took her out of that situation before Coulson could do something that he would end up regretting. I can’t keep dragging her through the mud like this. This… This all has to end soon. She needs to go back to where she belongs, and that’s definitely not with me at all.”

He continued to lay there for a while, trying to decide on whether to go ahead and get up to get the day started before they moved on to the next safehouse or to just lay here by Daisy for a little while longer. He knew that they needed to get moving again soon. Even though they had just gotten to the motel the day before, they needed to get moving before SHIELD somehow found them. Despite the fact that he and Daisy had practically disappeared into thin air, Grant knew that SHIELD would find one way or another to find them. He knew that they had eyes everywhere again now that they were once again a legitimate organization.
So he decided that it was probably best to go ahead and get up before someone ended up spotting them. He wouldn’t be surprised if Coulson put out an APB for them.

“Skye,” Grant said softly, gently shaking Daisy’s shoulder. “We need to get up and get going.”

“Hmmph.” Daisy groaned, turning around and swatting at him. She buried her face into the dingy motel pillow, “Five more minutes.”

“Normally, I would let that slide. But we need to get ready so we can head out.” Grant continued. “Before we’re spotted by the wrong person.”

Daisy huffed and turned back around to look over at him, “I don’t think five more minutes is going to do us any harm, Grant.” she stated. “I’d just like a tiny bit more rest before things go batshit crazy again.”

Grant sighed, allowing Daisy to bury herself into his side, “You know that rest really isn’t good enough here.” he said, turning slightly so he could press a kiss to the top of her head. “We’ve got to put a hell of a lot of distance between us and Coulson.”

“You know that SHIELD’s a government agency with eyes everywhere, right?” she asked. “No matter how much we cover our tracks, we’ll be spotted eventually.”

“Then we’ll just keep running.”

“Grant,” Daisy began with a sigh, sitting up. “I don’t want to keep running forever. I don’t think that I have it in me. I’ve done it once, I don’t want to do it again. We’ve got to find a way to get that thing out of you soon. Before someone gets killed.” she explained. “There has to be some way or another.”

Grant sat up and looked away, “Sometimes I’m not so sure. It’s a curse, Skye, it can’t be that easy to get rid of.” he stated solemnly. “I made a deal with a demon, after all. I’ll probably die before the deal ends.”

Daisy immediately frowned, “No, you’re not going to die.” she stated firmly, poking him in his chest to further prove her point. “There has to be a way to get that damned thing out of you.”

“What if death is the only way?”

“I… I lost you once, I’m not losing you again, Grant.”

Grant remained quiet for a while before slipping out of the bed, “Get ready, we’re leaving in a while.” he croaked, deciding to not dwell on the subject any longer. “I’d like to put some more distance between us and Coulson.”

Without looking back at Daisy, Grant slipped into the bathroom, closing and locking the door behind him. He turned to look at himself in the mirror, tightly closing his eyes as all the all too familiar figure took shape next to his own reflection.

“You’re considering my offer, aren’t you?”

“Why can’t you leave me alone for one fucking day?” Grant growled, looking straight into those black, dead eyes. “I just need a break for once. Please.”

The Spirit smiled and Grant shivered. Is this how it felt for the others to see Hive? To see someone that looked like him, but really wasn’t him?
“I’m inside of your head, boy.” it laughed, sneering at him. “I don’t think I can just simply leave you alone. But, you didn’t answer my question. Are you considering my offer?”

“I… I don’t know yet. I want to find another way.” Grant stated coldly, leaning against the counter and looking down to avoid the Spirit’s gaze. He spoke quietly so Daisy couldn’t hear him. “I don’t want to give into you just yet.”

The thing laughed once more and Grant tightly closed his eyes once more, “What did I tell you? Your death is the only way to sever our bond before the deal is fulfilled. Either you let me kill those bastards you are so intent on protecting or you let me kill you. There’s no way around it. It’s only a matter of time before you give into me. I just know it. You just need to decide on what you want to do. Before I get impatient and take matters into my own hands.”

“Wait, you… You can’t do that!” Grant hissed, glaring at the reflection. “Just give me time!”

“It’s only a matter of time before they show up again. You have until then.”

The reflection shimmered and disappeared from view. Grant growled and swung his fist into the mirror, causing it to shatter on impact. Blood started to drip from Grant’s cut knuckles, slowly dripping down the shattered glass.

Maybe there really was no other way out of this. It was either him or everyone else.

Maybe the only way out was to die.

Chapter End Notes

So it seems that there's not much of a choice for Grant. It's just a matter of when SHIELD catches up to him and Daisy.... Keep the comments and kudos coming!
"And I build it all up, just to watch it fall down.  
Nothing left to save, I'm letting go.  
And I'm digging all up what I've buried underground.  
I'm losing, losing control."

Losing Control - Red.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(A Few Days Later)

Grant moaned as he pulled his knees to his chest and leaned his head back against the frame of the bed. Tiredness and exhaustion weighed him down. Yet another sleepless night due to the Spirit’s screams and jeering laughter.

It was clear that the thing was driving him into insanity so he would give into it one way or another. The Spirit would eventually win by either getting to kill the team or taking Grant’s own life. And, truly, Grant saw no way around it. He knew that he would give into the demon sooner or later, even though it was destroy both himself and Daisy.

But he wanted out of this sooner or later. This had to end.

“*You’re still thinking about it, aren’t you?*”

Grant cringed and ran his hands through his hair, “And you’re still being a dick, aren’t you?” he retorted sharply. “Can’t you just leave me alone for once? I haven’t slept decently in *weeks* .”

“*Not until you give me what I want.*” it chided. “*Until then, expect me to be really restless.*”

With a sigh, Grant shut his eyes tightly to try and deter the growing headache. It was barely the asscrack of dawn, even before he normally got up. So he knew that Daisy wouldn’t be up for another hour or two. It was just him and the voice inside of his head.

*I still don’t understand why you still believe that there’s another way out of this. There isn’t. The only way to end our contract early is for you to die,*” it paused briefly before laughing slightly. “*It’s because of her, isn’t it? You delay your inevitable fate for her. You keep pushing through the pain all of this is causing you just for her. You’re afraid of leaving her alone, aren’t you?*”

“What does it matter to you?” Grant snapped quietly. “You’re a monster, you shouldn’t care about things like this.”

“And yet they used to say the same things about you. *I was once a human myself, Grant Ward. I had human feelings. I once loved. But I don’t anymore. Demons do not have the luxury of such trivial human emotions.*
But I guess that I can say that I do envy you in a way. I do miss some of it. I’ve been this way for a
couple of centuries now, so I’ve sort of forgotten what it’s like to be human.” it continued. “I guess I
am jealous of what little you have. In a way, it’s painful for me to watch. So, that’s why I’d like to
sever our connection as well, but there is still no other way around the two choices that I gave you.
You either let me kill those bastards you are oh so desperately trying to protect. Or you let me kill
you. There’s no way around it, Grant Ward. You must choose sooner or later.”

“I know that! Stop reminding me!” Grant screamed. “I don’t care how you feel, just leave me the hell
alone!”

He slammed a hand against the floor and pressed his forehead against his knees. Now he knew that
he would have a migraine that would last all day. There was no denying it.

“Grant? Is everything okay?”

Daisy sighed and ran a gentle finger down Grant’s chest, “It’s still yelling at you?” she asked softly.
“What does it want?”

“Nothing in particular.” he lied, not wanting to tell her what it really wanted. “It just likes to scream
bloody murder to keep me awake.”

“Grant, when’s the last time you’ve slept?” she asked, noting the heavy purple bags underneath his
eyes.

He shrugged, “I don’t know. I mean, I sleep in small intervals. But I haven’t slept well in weeks.” he
answered, standing to his feet. “It won’t let me anymore.” He turned to head towards the bathroom,
but Daisy was suddenly behind him to stop him.

“Grant, if you want to talk about it, we can. I think we’ve got plenty of time now that we’ve gotten
to the safehouse.” she stated, placing a gentle hand on his bare shoulder. “You can’t keep all of this
to yourself.”

He shook his head, “It won’t do any good.” he protested. “You wouldn’t understand anyways.”

“No, I don’t understand what you’re going through, but you can’t keep things to yourself. You can’t
keep being the silent, broody type here, Grant. You’re going through hell, that’s a lot weighing on
you. Coulson’s not here. I’m not going to judge you for what you say. I think you just need to talk it
out.”

“I’m not here for any kind of psychobabble bullshit.” Grant stated coldly, knocking her hand off of
his shoulder. “I don’t think opening up about my problem is going to solve anything, Skye. It best
that I keep some things to myself.”

Daisy’s face hardened, “This is exactly why you go through so damn much, Ward.” she stated
harshly. “You stay closed off from everyone else. Even me. It’s not like I’m going to do anything to
you. I just want to help find you a way out of this so you can be fucking happy for once. You’ve got
to open up sometime.”
A muscle twitched in Grant’s face and he suddenly slammed his hand against the wall behind Daisy, barely missing her. “I don’t think opening up is going to solve any of my fucking problems!” he screamed. “Opening up isn’t going to get this demon out of me! All it’s going to do is make me feel even worse! So what if I want to keep things to myself?!” His eyes flared red and small wisps of smoke started to curl off of the skin of his face, “There are some things that you don’t need to know.”

“Grant, watch yourself.” Daisy warned, fear slightly shining in her eyes. “Don’t let it get the best of you. This isn’t you.”

Grant blinked and took a few steps back, running his hands through his hair. He frowned as he saw the fear in Daisy’s eyes, “Skye, I… I didn’t mean to. I-I don’t know what’s wrong with me.” He quickly turned around, “Maybe I am better off dead after all. That way I don’t end up hurting anyone else.” He then disappeared into the bathroom, shutting and locking the door behind him.

Daisy stared at the closed door and bit her lip, “What the hell’s wrong with him?” she asked herself. “He’s hiding something from me. Just what is that thing doing to him? But, do I even want to know? Something’s really wrong and I’m afraid that he won’t tell me anything until it’s too late.

We may be safe for a few days, maybe that’ll let him calm down for just a little bit. But what happens when Coulson finds us again? I can’t keep protecting him like this. Coulson will find us sooner or later and that thing will probably end up taking control again so it can kill him.

Grant, please don’t drive yourself into a hole by keeping whatever the hell it is that you’re keeping from me. I can tell that you’re slowly losing control of what little you have left.

Just don’t hide things until it’s too late for anybody to help you.”

Chapter End Notes

So Grant's slowly slipping and losing himself. And Daisy's noticing. But can she figure out just what's bothering him before it's too late? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I'm Looking for a Reason

Chapter Summary

"Waiting for a blind ascent, to keep you from living.  
You've got a scar you need to mend.  
Ruined where you fell.  
If all we are is meant to fade.  
If it's all meaningless.  
If we just burn it down and nothing matters."

Still Alive (Looking for a Reason) - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(The Next Day)

Daisy watched Grant quietly as he came inside from being outside with his motorcycle for the last hour. Grant had been closed-off from her ever since his snap from last night and it was really rubbing her the wrong way. She really hoped that this wasn’t him spiraling into someone he wasn’t. Just what was that Spirit doing to him?

His eyes briefly met hers as he passed her, but he still didn’t say a word to her at all. Something flickered deep within his eyes as he walked towards the bedroom and disappeared out of view. Daisy grimaced as she heard the door slam shut and she knew that she needed to say at least something to him before it was too late.

Taking a sharp breath, Daisy headed towards their bedroom, stopping just right outside of it. She lightly knocked on the wooden door, “Grant? Are you okay?” she asked quietly. She really hoped that he didn’t want to move again soon. Even though she knew that Coulson was looking for them, she did check for that, she didn’t want to move when they had just gotten here the other day. But she feared that something entirely else was bothering him.

“Go away.”

Daisy tried her best not to storm into the room right away, she knew that it would be far from a good idea. “Grant, babe, you need to talk about whatever is bothering you again.” she stated. “I know that it didn’t go well yesterday, but you can’t keep acting like this. Being like this will only make things worse for you, especially if it’s what that thing wants.”

The door suddenly swung open and Daisy found herself face to face with Grant’s flaming eyes. Not good. He was already beyond pissed off.

“Why do you always chose the worst of times to decide to talk to me?” he asked angrily, poking her harshly on the chest. “I told you, I want to be left alone, okay? Especially after what happened yesterday. I can’t keep protecting you if you keep this shit up.” He took a step towards her, causing her to jump backwards. “I know that this is a bad time to be like this, but I can’t fucking help it.”
“Grant,”

“Why don’t you just shut your damn mouth?! Don’t you ever know when to shut up?!” Grant hissed, sending a horrible flashback of the Berserker Staff incident rolling through Daisy’s mind. “I just ask for one quiet day to myself, can’t I even get that?!”

Daisy immediately knew that the Spirit was at least controlling Grant’s anger. There was no way that Grant would say any of this to her on his own. That was just another reason to find a way to get that damned thing out of him. Before he ended up doing something he truly regretted.

She reached out and placed a hand on his shoulder, trying to send a calming vibration through him, “Grant, please.” she stated calmly, trying to not act afraid. “Remember what you said about that damned Spirit. It takes control of you when it gets an opportunity. This is one of those opportunities. So you better calm yourself before I have to do something that I really don’t want to have to do.” Her voice was low and stern. “I will find a way to knock you unconscious again if it stops that thing from taking control. And I know that you don’t want that, do you?”

Grant’s eyes flared and he slapped her hand off of his shoulder, “And maybe that’s what I want. Don’t you ever think about what I want?!” he growled. “Maybe I hope it’ll take control. And maybe I hope that you’ll have to kill me. Because that’s honestly the only way I’m going to get out of this shitshow!”

Daisy’s face fell, “Grant, you know that,”

“There’s no other way, Skye!” he snapped, pushing past her and storming back into the living room. He spun around and looked at her, a dark laugh escaping his lips, “Face it! The only way out of this is for me to die! It’s either them or me and I’m sure as hell that I’m the better option here!”

“And you know that I won’t let you do that.” Daisy stated, making her way towards him. “I’ve stuck with you this far, so I’m definitely not giving up on you now. We’ll find that alternative option.”

“And where the hell do you think you’re going to get it?” Grant asked darkly. “Call a fucking exorcist? I don’t think so.”

“Hell, maybe that’s what we’ve got to do. It’s surely a possible option. Didn’t you say that the damn thing was a demon?”

“That’s not the point! The only way for this fucking deal to end is for me to die!” Grant snapped, sparks jumping from his skin. “You know that! I’m tired of running around like a chicken with his head cut off hoping that Coulson won’t catch up. And you know that he’ll eventually. It’s only a matter of time before he shows back up and that thing decides that it wants to burn every last single one of them to a crisp. And I won’t be able to stop it.”

His shoulders slumped and his voice softened, “I’m tired of everyone else getting hurt because of me. It’s only a matter of time before someone gets caught in the crossfire. And I’m afraid that it’s gonna be either you or them. I can’t keep this up, Skye,” he explained. “I’ve got no fight left in me and it’s only a matter of time before it fully takes control again. There’s no reason for me to be alive anymore. Everyone will be better off when I’m dead. And happier, too.” He trailed off and looked away, his hands starting to shake. He could feel that thing slowly crawling its way back up his throat.

“Grant, you can’t do this to yourself.” Daisy whispered, walking towards him and gently wrapping her arms around him, hoping that it would help to calm him down. “Like I said, there has to be another way. We just have to find it. It’s out there somewhere.”
“And what if we can’t find in time?” he asked. She didn’t know that the Spirit had given him a deadline to make up his mind. And, honestly, he kind of wanted the thing to kill him at this point. But could he really do that to her?

“I think we have time. You,”

“Just give it up, Skye,” Grant stated, cutting her off. He pulled away from her, “My life is just one, big fucking ridiculous dream anyways. None of this is worth it. It’s not worth risking your own life for.”

“Grant, I’ve told you time and time again that you are completely worth it. We,”

“Go home, Daisy.” Grant said, the use of her real name taking her by surprise. “Go back to the team. They’ll be more than happy to see you back. You can’t keep following me around like this. Go back home.”

“Wait, I,”

“Go home. It’s over. We’re not doing this anymore.” He turned around and began walking towards the door. “I’m not putting you at risk anymore. We’re done. I’m sorry.”

He walked out the door, slamming it behind him. Daisy’s heart froze as she heard Rosie rev up and drive off, perhaps for good this time.

“Grant?”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, so it was only a matter of time before that happened. But I promise you that Grant's doing it to look out over Daisy and to protect her. He doesn't want her getting caught in the crossfire. At all. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Do I Look Like Your Hero?! 

Chapter Summary

"How can I face this monster? 
He's looking right through me again. 
Caught in the midst of the fire. 
Don't even try to pretend that there's even a single shred of hope left for me. 
This pathetic excuse of a plan will write my ending."

Right Now (We'll Stand) - Fades Away

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(A Couple Days Later)

“Just what the fuck are you trying to do?! Why can’t you just leave me alone for just a day! Why?!”

“Oh, you know very well to why I can’t do that. Time’s up, Grant Ward. You need to make your choice now before I get impatient and decide all on my own. And you already know to what my decision is.”

Grant hesitated, staring at himself in the mirror of the motel bathroom, “I-I don’t know just yet.” he stammered. “Just give me a couple of more days! Please! I’ve already ruined my relationship with Skye for you, why can’t you just give me this?!”

“I can’t keep stalling for what you want. You know that.” the Spirit chided, his laugh echoing out in Grant’s head. “I want to act today. I can’t keep letting those sin-filled bastards have the run of the world. I want to deal with them now. Your stalling isn’t doing anything to help them, you know. So make the decision. What will it be? Their lives or yours? This shouldn’t be too hard of a question since I know that you want to die so bad. So why haven’t you decided by now?”

“Because I don’t want to die by your hand!” he snapped, slamming his fist into the flimsy mirror. The glass shattered underneath his fist, cutting into his skin. “I’d rather kill myself than let you kill me.”

“And that can’t happen that easily, Grant Ward. You have to die by my hand for this to work. You cannot simply take your own life and end this all. All you’re doing now is stalling. Just what do you want? Do you hope that those fools will find some way to save you? Don’t you realize that they all hate you? They rather see you dead again before they will even think about helping you out. That girl’s love isn’t enough.”

A twinge of pain shot through Grant’s heart at the mention of Daisy. He knew that she would move Heaven and Earth in order to try and help him. But he also knew that it wouldn’t be enough. Nothing would be enough. 

The Spirit laughed again, “Seems like I struck a sensitive nerve with you. But what I say is true. That one girl cannot possibly do enough to try and save you. Your time is up. Everything ends today.”
Grant grimaced as his reflection in the shattered mirror shimmered and transformed into that of the Spirit. His black, dull eyes stared back at him and Grant then realized that there maybe had never been a Spirit all along.

Maybe the true demon was him.

The Spirit’s laugh rang out once more as Grant felt his throat began to close up, “You’ve waited far too long for my taste, Grant Ward. I’ve made my decision. You chose yourself over them and committed one of the greatest sins of all: selfishness. Greed. And this is the punishment you must endure.”

Grant froze up, “Wait, just give me a chance!” he pleaded. “I,”

“Like I said. It’s too late. Time’s up. I win.”

Grant screamed out but was abruptly cut off as his vision faded and he fell into nothingness. The Spirit laughed again as it took control and looked up at its reflection in the shattered mirror, its blazing red eyes staring straight back at it. It smiled and turned to leave the bathroom,

“I win, Grant Ward. You are such a weak and pathetic soul. You’re already paying for your sins, but they must pay as well. No one can escape a devil’s grasp.”

Daisy ended up going along with what Grant told her and headed back to the base and the team. Honestly, it was only because she couldn’t bear being in the safehouse by herself any longer. All it reminded her of was Grant.

Even though she was hurt by his choice to end their relationship and to go on by himself, she understood to why he made the choice. Grant didn’t want her getting hurt because of his problems. He knew that she would eventually get hurt by the Spirit and that was the one thing that he feared the most. He didn’t want her getting caught up in the crossfire when his time came. Even if he did chose for the Spirit to take his life, he didn’t want Daisy being around whenever that ended up happening. He just wanted to go quietly.

And Daisy was pretty much welcomed back at the base, other than for some harsh sentiments on Simmons’ and Coulson’s end. But she felt no shame for what she did. She knew that she had to help Grant; she just wished that the others could see that as well.

Fitz, Mack, and Elena were the most welcoming to her. May just didn’t really care, she was just glad that Daisy was away from Grant Ward.

Coulson was adamantly about tracking down and bringing Grant in. He didn’t want the man to be roaming around in the world any longer. Especially with him housing a psychotic Spirit of Vengeance. Coulson had no idea of what the Spirit could be capable of, and if Grant’s current kill list was anything to go by, the Spirit was beyond deadly. He just feared that it would try and track them all down again before they could get to Grant himself.

And maybe what he feared would happen sooner or later.

“Where do you think he is?”

Fitz looked up and blinked, turning his attention away from the small gadget he was fiddling with,
“Who?” he asked. “Sorry, I wasn’t paying attention at all.”

“Who else would I mean? Grant.” Daisy replied, slowly scrolling through a website. “Where do you think he is?”

“Honestly, I’d rather not know where he is.” Fitz answered truthfully. “I know that he himself may not want to hurt us, I trust your word on that, but there’s no telling to what that demon in him will want to do.” He shrugged, “I think it’s better off not knowing to where he is. But by how you make it sound, he’s somewhere to where that thing can’t hurt anyone else,” he continued. “But tell me this. What happens if that thing takes full control of him and Ward can’t stop it? What happens then? You know very well that it won’t hesitate in killing us. Hell, it wants to kill us.”

Daisy sighed and looked away, closing her laptop, “Honestly, I don’t want to know, Fitz. That thing seemed so convinced that the most of us were sin-filled monsters. I see its point, but there’s so use in killing us. If it comes, then we’ll have to stop it somehow. I don’t know how, but there has to be a way to stop it and get it out of Grant. I don’t want him getting hurt anymore than he already has been. How the hell do we get a demon out of someone anyways?”

Fitz frowned, “Exorcism? Is there like a Catholic priest somewhere that we can call?” he asked. “And I’m serious about that. Isn’t exorcism a real thing?”

“Grant laughed that off when I suggested that during our fight.” Daisy answered quietly. “It may be a way, but I don’t think we have the time to find someone who could properly deal with it like that.”

“We can’t call that Reyes guy about this? He is another Rider after all. And he seems to be a hell of a lot more stable and in control than Ward is.” the young engineer continued. “Maybe he could deal with Ward’s Spirit like how he dealt with those ghosts.”

“I don’t think that’s a viable option either, Fitz. I have no fucking idea to where Robbie went. He disappeared through a random portal, remember? I don’t think we could track him down in time in order to get his help. I don’t think we have much time to make a choice here. We have to find a way on our own. Can you build something?”

Fitz shook his head, “I’d have to be able to test it on someone like Ward to see if it works. It’s not like dealing with Hive. Hive was organic. This demon isn’t. It’s from hell for God’s sakes.” he explained lightly. “I don’t know what I could do without testing it on something. If you’re talking about not having time, then I definitely don’t have the time to build something. Sorry.”

“Then I don’t,”

“Daisy. Fitz. I need you in the command room for a bit. Team meeting.”

Daisy blinked and looked up to see Coulson standing in the door of the common room with his arms crossed, a stern expression on his face.

“What’s going on?” Fitz asked, standing to his feet. “What happened?”

“Seems like Ward’s gone on a crazy spree again. Eight more people found dead. All by the same method.” he stated darkly, keeping his gaze away from Daisy. “We need to come up with a plan in order to bring him in.”

“Coulson, you know very well that it’s not him doing that!” Daisy protesting, suddenly standing to her feet. “I don’t think Grant wants to kill anymore! It’s that damn Spirit making him do it!”

“Daisy, right now Ward and that Spirit are one in the same. I’d like to stop the both of them before
“It’s too late.” Coulson’s voice was cold and dead. He really didn’t want to be talking about this to Daisy. “Before too many more get killed. Or that thing ends up coming for us. I don’t,”

“I really appreciate your enthusiasm for trying to find me, but I’m afraid that it’s already too late and you can’t do a single damn thing about it.”

Coulson’s body froze up and he saw the fear bleed into Daisy and Fitz’s eyes. They were staring at something behind him. He quickly spun around and backed up, seeing Grant Ward standing in the hallway behind him.

No, not Grant Ward. The chilling smile on his face gave that away. The Spirit was standing right in front of them. They had waited too long to make their move.

The Spirit clapped slowly, walking into the room, “I must say that your hatred for Grant Ward is truly an incredible thing. I didn’t think that one man could hate so much. It’s refreshing.” he chided. “But, unfortunately, that ends today. Grant Ward failed to make his choice in time and sadly I made it for him. I’ll be dealing with all of you today.”

Fear poured from Daisy’s eyes as she took a step forward, “What the hell did you do to Grant?” she asked angrily. “Where is he?”

“He’s not dead if that’s what you’re asking,” the Spirit stated firmly. “I wouldn’t be here if he were dead. That would sever our bond. He’s only sleeping. I made him dormant until I can kill all of you. And this truly shouldn’t take long. It just seems that we’re missing a few. Anyone associated with you must die as well. That’s how I work.”

Daisy snarled and the ground rumbled beneath them; she was ready to attack. But the Spirit simply stopped her with one finger.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you, especially if you want him to leave this unscathed. Now stay still, this won’t hurt for very long.

You all must pay for your transgressions. There is no protest to this.”

Chapter End Notes

And there you go. I’ll leave it here. I’ll just say that the next chapter is the big climax of the story.... Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Chapter Summary

"I tried to hold you.
I tried to keep you,
love you,
save you....
But you're gone!
I tried to save you, but you're gone...."

The Mask Slips Away - Red.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Coulson slowly stepped away from the Spirit, trying to avoid its blazing gaze, “I-I still don’t understand to why you think we must die.” he stammered. “Just what have we done that is so damn wrong in your eyes?”

The Spirit sneered and took a menacing step towards the man, “You really just don’t get it, do you?” it asked coldly. “Your hands are stained with so much blood that it isn’t funny. You think that you’re innocent because you claim to stand on the side of good, but that doesn’t mean a single damn thing to me. Good and evil are relative terms. They coexist with one another. But they must be balanced.

That is why demons such as me are sent out to deal with the bad when they get too much.” it continued. “And I’ve decided that you throw that balance off. So you must be dealt with.” Its hand shot out and grabbed Coulson by the neck before anyone could react, “And you’re first. You aren’t the good man you think you are. And that disgusts me.”

“You think that you’re doing justice by killing all of these people, huh?” Coulson choked out as the Spirit’s hold grew tighter around his neck. “Then that makes you no better than what you claim us to be. I-”

He was cut off as the Spirit growled and further tightened its grip, “You have no right to say any of that. I am justice. I am vengeance,” it hissed, throwing him to the floor. “And I will deal with each and every one of you personally.”

“What the hell is going on here?!”

Daisy looked up to see May standing in the doorway, and she was glad that Mack and Elena weren’t at the base at the moment. But this was still bad news.

“May! Run before,“

“Shut up.” The Spirit kicked Coulson in the stomach with Grant’s steel-toed boot to silence him. It turned and smiled at the sight of May as her eyes shrunk in fear, “Seems like one more has joined the party.” it teased. “You sure have made my work a whole lot easier.” It waved a hand and a wall of flame surrounded them, trapping them in the close confines with the monster.
Daisy watched with bated breath, trying to figure out just what to do. She didn't want to make a wrong move and have someone die. Or have Grant get hurt because of the Spirit. She knew that she had to be careful with making any kind of move and she could tell that May was thinking the same thing.

Really, no one wanted to move yet. There was no telling to what the Spirit could do. And, truly, no one could think of a way to deal with it. They hadn’t gotten that far yet.

The Spirit sneered again and turned its attention back to Coulson. Kneeling down next to the fallen man, it roughly rolled him over so he was on his back and staring up at the ceiling. The Spirit placed a hand over Coulson’s chest.

“You know what I think would be a proper way for you to die?” it asked coolly. “The very same way that Grant Ward died.” It applied a little bit of pressure to Coulson’s chest, causing the man’s eyes to shrink in fear. “I call it poetic justice. I bet you wonder how it feels to have the life crushed out of your chest while the light fades helplessly from your eyes. The very same way that he felt that day.”

Coulson struggled against the weight of the Spirit’s hand, but found that he couldn’t move. It was like its hand weighed a ton. “Y-You can’t do this.” he stammered. “What kind of monster are you?”

Daisy watched in fear as the Spirit started to press down even harder and she could hear Coulson grunt in pain, “Wait!” she exclaimed, taking a brisk step forward. “This is wrong! You can’t kill us like this!”

The Spirit leaned in close and applied even more pressure to the man’s chest, “I’m not the monster. You are.” it whispered. “You all are.”

Daisy gulped, “First you fuck Grant over and now you want to kill every last one of us. Tell me, how are you even some agent of justice or whatnot if all you cause is destruction?” she asked, her voice faltering. “Just what the hell are you?”

“I do no more than is necessary to do my job.” it answered, grinning once more. “But I am no monster. Like I said, you are the monsters.”

Just give us a chance!”

“I do not give second chances. I believe once a deed is done, there is no making up for it. Even Grant Ward did not get a second chance. He is simply the vessel I chose to do my work. He never even left hell, for he is still burning in it.” the thing continued, taking another step closer to Daisy. “Redemption is a myth.”

“Look, you,”

Daisy was suddenly cut off as the Spirit’s hand shot out and grabbed her by the throat and hoisted her into the air.
“Daisy!” Fitz shouted but was silenced by a single fiery glare from the demon. Everyone just stared in fear, too paralyzed by their terror to do anything.

The Spirit smiled, “And perhaps you’ll soon meet him again in hell where you both belong. The all of you. I,”

It stopped as its other hand suddenly shot out and grabbed the wrist of the hand that was holding Daisy. It frowned and its face went slack.

“I-I can’t let you do this.” Grant’s body suddenly stumbled back, dropping Daisy to the ground. “I can’t let you kill any of them. I’m not like that anymore.” Tears were pooling in the corners of his eyes. “I accept your deal, demon.”

Daisy’s eyes widened as she rose to her feet, “Grant?” she practically squeaked. “Is that you?”

Grant’s eyes drifted to Daisy’s as tears flowed down his face, “I’m so sorry, Skye. Please forgive me.” he sobbed. “But this is what I have to do.”

His face went ridgid again and the Spirit took control once more, “I knew that you would cave in sooner or later!” it laughed, both of Grant’s hands dropping. “I’m glad that you came to your senses. For this is a welcomed farewell. We are both finally free.”

Grant dropped to his knees, tears splattering to the floor, “Do it. Kill me.” he muttered. “I can’t take this anymore. Kill me, you monster!”

“You were always a crybaby.” the Spirit laughed. “From here to eternity.”

Daisy looked around at the others, seeing confusion on all of their faces. She looked back to Grant for an explanation, “Grant, what the hell is going on? What are you,”

Grant looked back up at her one last time, “I’m so sorry. I love you, Skye. But this is what I have to do.”

He suddenly threw his head back and screamed out in pure agony as bright red flames burst out from every possibly place on his body. His pain-filled screams echoed out in the room as the flame wall around them died away. Daisy yelled and suddenly tried to run towards him, but May shot forward and held her back.

“Daisy, you can’t!” May argued. “You’ll get hurt!”

“I don’t care! Let me go!”

“Daisy, it’s not worth it!”

May continued to hold her back as the ground began to shake underneath them and she eventually had to let her go.

Grant’s body continued to shine like a hellish beacon for what seemed like an eternity before the flames died away and his body fell face-first to the concrete. Well, what was left of his body.

Daisy’s eyes widen in fear as she realized that his body was burned beyond all recognition, no life left in him whatsoever.

He had given everything he had left to keep the demon from killing them.

Now there was nothing left of him.
The ground lurched violently beneath them, sending the others to the floor as Daisy flung herself at the charred and ruined body, sobbing as she did so.

Grant Ward had truly met a demon’s end.

Chapter End Notes

And I'll leave it at that for this chapter. And I really do recommend listening to the song in the summary to get the full effect of this chapter... Keep the comments and kudos coming!
If You Love Me, Let it Die

Chapter Summary

"Your eyes stare right through me,
ignoring all my failed attempts to breathe life back into your veins.
But I can't start your cold heart beating.
You're so far gone, but I'm not leaving.
When all I know is you."

Let It Die - Starset

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Grant! Grant, what the hell did you do?!?”

Daisy flung herself at Grant’s burnt corpse, the ground rumbling beneath her. Tears sizzled against the still-steaming rock that had taken the place of Grant’s skin. She looked back up at the others, fear and grief shining in her eyes, “Why are you just standing around?!” she demanded. “Someone go get Simmons! Or someone!”

“D-Daisy,” Fitz began slowly, a tremble in his voice as he looked at the charred remains. “I don’t think there’s anything left. There’s no way that… There’s no way that he survived that.” He gulped as Grant’s body cracked and his arm fell away from the rest of his body. “He’s dead…. Again…”

“Shut up!” Daisy screamed, the ground trembling violently. “Don’t you dare say that! He still has to be there! Somewhere! He can’t be dead now!”

May took a breath and walked over towards Daisy, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. She averted her eyes from Grant’s corpse. Even though she despised the man, she hated that he had gone that way. Why had he put himself through such a cruel fate in order to save them from the Spirit? She thought that he hated everyone but Daisy.

“Daisy, he’s gone.” May whispered quietly. “That thing burnt him to nothing. It must’ve taken its anger out on him rather than us. I think he got the death meant for all of us. So he died four or five times over. There’s nothing left in him.”

“No, there has to be some way. We were going to find him a way to get rid of that damn thing.” Daisy sobbed, holding Grant’s severed arm that had cracked away from his body. “But… But he wanted to die. He swore that there was no other way. Was… Was this the deal he was talking about? What kind of fucking deal….”

She trailed off as she broke down into sobs once again.

Their entire journey, their entire fight, had been all for nothing. Grant had given himself up in the end to protect them from being killed by the very demon that inhabited his body. Now there was nothing left of him and he could be no longer be saved.

Grant Ward had met his final death and Daisy knew that there was no way to bring him back this
Coulson swallowed, looking at Grant’s forsaken body. He honestly had no idea of what to say. He hadn’t expected Grant to selflessly give himself up like that in order to protect him from the demonic Spirit.

Why had their greatest enemy given himself up like that?

What had happened to Grant Ward hating every last one of them?

Coulson continued to stare at the charred corpse, unsure of what to do or say. Mainly because he didn’t want to set Daisy off here. Not now. And he was glad that Mack, Elena, and Simmons were off base.

Fitz bit his lip, “Maybe… Maybe we can give him a nice burial or something.” he stated quietly. “I know that he doesn’t quite deserve it, but I guess that it’s the least that….” He trailed off slightly and shook his head. “I guess that it’s the least that we could do after… After that.”

He was still having a hard time processing the fact that Grant Ward of all people had just sacrificed himself in order to protect them. Had that been who he really was all along? Fitz really wasn’t so sure of things anymore. But he was definitely sure that Grant was no longer the monster that Coulson made him out to be.

More tears fell onto Grant’s blackened skin. “I don’t want him to be around here.” she muttered. “I don’t want him being around SHIELD, even in death. He doesn’t deserve to be around any of you. But… But there’s nowhere for him to go. He has no home. The rest of his family hates him.” Daisy clutched his severed arm even harder, “He doesn’t belong anywhere.”

May looked away, casting a brief glance towards Coulson, “I… I’m sure that we can find somewhere.” she stated quietly. “I…”

“I don’t want any of you touching him.” Daisy spat. “It’s your fault that he was ever in this mess. If… If we had just given him a chance long ago. None of this would’ve ever happened.” She placed his arm next to his body and stood up to glare at them, “We were all so fucking stupid. He needed up and we ultimately failed him. All we did was create an even bigger monster in the end.”

“Daisy, you know that,” Coulson began, but a sharp and angry glare from Daisy silenced him before he could finish.

“Don’t even get me started, Coulson. You were the ones that pursued him anyways. Maybe that thing would’ve left you alone and we could’ve found him a way out of that deal.” Daisy continued. “Then Grant could’ve been happy.”

“Daisy, look, you’re upset.” May began, slowly raising her hands. “But that’s no reason to get mad at us right now. Calm down and we’ll find a way to deal with this. We’ll find somewhere to bury him. But now’s not the time to get mad. You….” She trailed off slightly, looking at Grant’s body, “He wouldn’t want you like this, would he? He’d want you to stay calm, right?”

Daisy’s shoulders immediately slumped, “I… Yeah… Yeah, he would.” she muttered. “Especially after that. Especially after what he did. I don’t need to be like this.” She kept her gaze away from all of them, “Maybe…. Maybe we can bury him right outside Afterlife. You know, in that huge field. That way he’s close to my home, but he’s also safe. I….” She wiped the tears from her eyes, “I just want him to be happy. Even in death.”

May nodded slowly, “I’m sure that it can be arranged. But we might want to do it before there’s not
“Surely within the next day or so.” She glared at Coulson, “And I’m sure that Coulson will be fine with it. There’s nothing else to clean up here. I’ll gladly fly there.”

Daisy managed the smallest of smiles at May, “T-Thank you.” she stammered. “I… I’m sure that he’ll appreciate it.”

Fitz blinked as the two continued to talk some more, his eyes drifting to Grant’s charred body. He frowned as he noticed something glowing on the surface of the blackened rock, “What is?” he muttered, taking a step forward. He stopped once he noticed that the source of the glow was a small flame budding from between what used to be his shoulder blades.

“Uh, guys?”

The others stopped and turned around, freezing as they saw the flame burning from Grant’s body. The flame slowly started to grow, spreading all across his body.

“Grant?” Daisy asked, walking forward as she noticed the rock starting to crack and fall away. She started to get close, but stopped and jumped back as the flames flared from Grant and completely surrounded him.

The hellish sight continued to burn for what seem like an eternity before it died down and snuffed out, revealing Grant’s completely unscathed body laying unconscious on the ground. He looked as though the original flames had never consumed him.

Daisy’s heart skipped several beats as she flung herself forward towards Grant’s body, “Grant!” she cried. “Grant!”

“Holy shit.” Fitz muttered. “What the hell just happened?”

“And he’s naked.” Coulson mumbled with a wrinkle of his nose.

Daisy quickly grabbed Grant’s hand and felt that his heart was actually beating again, and strongly at that. He was just unconscious. She brought his hand to her lips and began sobbing again, not sure of what to say or do.

But he was alive.

Something had brought him back to life. Again.

But what had brought him back to life? And, honestly, Daisy was afraid to find out. But all that mattered right now was that he was alive.

That’s all that mattered at this point.

Chapter End Notes

And y'all should've known that I wouldn't keep him dead for long. There's just the matter of how he came back to life again. And how he possibly could be different. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Chapter Notes

Daisy was quick to order everyone else to take Grant to the med bay so he could be checked out. She couldn’t even begin to wrap her head around the fact that he had somehow come back to life. Again. How many times did this make for him?

Once Grant had been situated in a bed, Daisy started barking orders at the med agents to get them to do every possible test on Grant to see just what was going on with him. And Coulson didn’t like it one bit.

“Daisy, it isn’t your place to order my agents around.” he stated coldly, wrinkling his nose as the agents began working on Grant. “I think he’s fine. He should be able to leave once he’s awake. I don’t want him here again.”

Daisy scowled at him, trying her best to keep her powers under check. “And I solely intend on making sure that happens. He doesn’t need to be around here anymore, only for his sake.” she stated coldly. “There’s no way around it.”

“And you know that we have no way of knowing of what brought him back.” Coulson continued, distaste strong in his voice. “And, truly, I don’t wanna know what that was. Because you know that every time he’s been ‘brought back’, it’s only meant bad news for us. First it was Hive and his world domination campaign. Then it was that Spirit and it’s quest to kill every last one of us now.

Just what could he be possessed by now?” he asked, crossing his arms. “Hell, he could be a demon himself by this point. That’s highly likely by now.” Coulson casted another hesitant glance towards Grant’s unconscious body before looking back to Daisy, “I don’t like this one bit, you know that. There is no telling to what he is now. That makes him a threat.”

“And he’s not a threat unless you act like he is.” Daisy answered angrily, pointing straight at Coulson. “Just leave him the hell alone and he should be fine. All he wanted before was to be left alone. Just me and him. And you didn’t let him have that.”

“He was possessed by a murderous demon, Daisy.” Coulson stressed, beginning to walk away and out of the room. “We had to intervene. And I’m starting to regret doing so at this point.”

Daisy rolled her eyes as Coulson left the room. She took a seat a few feet away from Grant’s bed to let the med agents finish their work. It only took them about another hour to finish up, only because they couldn’t find anything wrong with him other than dehydration and weakness due to the Spirit’s control. But they did happen to say that a few bodily functions weren’t exactly in the normal human range, but they had found that it wasn’t adversely affecting Grant at all. It was like whatever had happened to him made it normal for him.
And that’s what scared Daisy the most.

Perhaps Coulson was right. Just what was Grant Ward now? What had brought him back to life. Coulson had made a good point about something bad coming from every time they thought Grant had truly come back to life. What could come from this time around.

Grant was truly the man who couldn’t stay dead. There was always something waiting around the corner to bring him back and that’s what was unsettling to Daisy. The past two times had been due to some kind of monster. The first was thanks to an Inhuman god brought to life, and Grant hadn’t been truly alive there. And then the second was thanks to a demonic spirit who Daisy still couldn’t decide if it had been good or evil. Perhaps the Spirit had been corrupted and didn’t know how to level its judgement of others. But, still, it had been bad on Grant’s end there as well.

Now he was the man reborn from flame. A burning flame had been the signal of his rebirth. Almost like a phoenix of sorts. But what had Grant been reborn into? Truly, there was no telling at this point. Grant had to wake up before Daisy could make any decisions.

All she knew that something was different about him, but the med agents couldn’t figure out to what that was. But that something different was the key. He wasn’t human anymore.

Once the med agents had cleared from the room, Daisy had moved her chair right next to Grant’s bed. She carefully took one of his hands and began to gently rub her thumb over his knuckles. She remembered that his hands had been scarred from his plight as a Rider, but now they were as clear as they could be. There wasn’t a single mark on him. Like his entire body had been remade from scratch.

She looked at him and gently laid his hand down with a sigh, “Please wake up soon, Grant.” she whispered. “I don’t know what happened to you, but you don’t need to be here any longer. It isn’t safe. The others hate you so much, despite all that you’ve been through. It’s best that we leave again. And, maybe, we can really get that time to ourselves now. No Spirit driving you insane. No SHIELD. Just us. You just need to wake up and show that you’re okay. I want everything that has to do with that Spirit to be gone.”

She sighed and leaned back in the chair, figuring that Grant wouldn’t wake anytime soon. It was just far too early after everything that had happened for him to wake up. And, honestly, this was probably the first time he’s really slept in weeks, even if he was technically unconscious. As long as it was the rest that he desperately needed, Daisy was fine with him sleeping for a while. He truly needed it in her opinion.

“Just where do we go from here?” she asked herself, staring up at the ceiling. “Do I really want to leave everything behind again just to help him out? But things probably won’t be okay for me as long as he’s here. He doesn’t need to be here. And since there’s no telling to what happened to her or what he is now, he really doesn’t need to be here. Coulson doesn’t need another ‘reason’ to have him either imprisoned or killed. Again. Grant truly needs to be far away from here.”

Taking a sharp breath, Daisy sat back up in the chair and looked towards Grant’s peaceful form. When had been the last time she had seen him this peaceful and quiet? Honestly, she couldn’t remember. But it was nice.

She gently took his hand again and began rubbing gentle circles onto his palm. She found the action soothing for her, especially with the steady beeping of the heart monitor behind her.

Honestly, it was nice just being with Grant and Grant alone. There was no yelling, well at least this time around. No blaming of her. Just nice and peaceful quiet.
She continued to rub circles onto Grant’s palm until a sudden, jostling movement from the bed pulled her attention away from his hand.

“Mmmm. Skye?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for it being short, but I was a little short on ideas for this. But it should pick back up now that Grant's starting to wake up. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
All That Was Good Has Died

Chapter Summary

"Looking at my own reflection when suddenly it changes, violently it changes.
Oh no, there is no turning back now.
You've woken up the demon in me."

Down With the Sickness - Disturbed

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy jolted up as Grant began to sit up in the bed. He rubbed at his eyes and looked around, frowning as he realized that he had no idea of where he was. He looked back over to her, “Skye? Where the hell am I? How… How did I get here?”

Daisy blinked, knowing that he had no recollection of what had happened. Even his self-sacrificial move. “You’re in the medbay in the Playground, Grant. You’ve been unconscious for a few hours now.” she began to explain slowly. “What. What do you remember?”

Clear panic shone in Grant’s eyes and he tried his best to remember what he had been doing last. But it barely came to mind. “I… I think I was in New York dealing with a target. Then everything goes black.” His face fell and he suddenly felt sick, “It took control, didn’t it?”

She nodded slowly, “Yeah. It… It tried to kill us. Said something about you failing to come to a decision.” she tried to explain. “It… It wasn’t good.”

“Then it’s gone, right? How the hell am I here?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, how the hell am I still alive? If you guys are still alive, then there’s no why that it’s goal was satisfied. He clenched his fists, “The only way out was for me to be dead! I had to die to get rid of it!”

Daisy swallowed, “You… You did die.” she croaked, sitting back down into the chair. “You didn’t want it killing us, so you told it to take you instead. And you died.”

Grant looked at her with fear in his eyes, “Then how the hell am I here?”

She looked away from him, “We don’t know. You were dead and burned. Some kind of fire consumed you and then you were alive again. Like some kind of damned phoenix. We don’t know what happened to you and we sure as hell don’t know what brought you back. Again.”

Grant laughed sadly and pressed his palms to his eyes, “I just can’t stay fucking dead for once, can I?” he asked. “The universe doesn’t want to fulfill my wishes. Keeps finding over the top ways to pull me out of the damn grave.”
“Grant,”

He just glared at her and turned away, remaining silent. Grant had truly been wanting to die all along, no question about it. And he still couldn’t get what he wished for.

“Looks like Lazarus has woken up after all.”

Daisy grimaced and looked up to see Coulson walking into the room, “You’re one to talk. And what the hell are you doing in here?” she asked. “I don’t think it’s good for you to be in here right now.”

Coulson ignored her and looked straight at Grant, “I want you out of here as soon as possible.” he said coldly. “As soon as you’re able to. I don’t like the fact that you’re still here, especially when we have no damn idea of what you are.”

Grant looked at Coulson and snarled at him, “What the hell is that supposed to mean?” he asked in a practical growl. He looked towards Daisy for an answer, but Coulson beat her to it.

“You’re not human, Ward.” Coulson answered, crossing his arms. “Not anymore. Nothing about you is human now. Whatever the hell brought you back to life did something to you. That’s why I don’t like you being here. You’re a liability.”

“Liability my ass.” Grant hissed, tearing the IV out of his hand and sliding out of the bed. He began to stalk towards Coulson, “Just say you hate me. That’s the only reason to why.” He stopped and smiled, “Or, are you actually afraid of me? After everything I did to protect you. I gave my fucking life to stop that damned demon and this is how you act?”

“We don’t know what the hell you are, Ward. There is no telling to what you’re capable of now and I hate that.” Coulson continued. “Seems like you’re well enough to walk, I want you the hell out of here.”

Grant snarled again and his eyes suddenly turned a bright, foreboding red, “Say that again.”

Coulson gulped, taking a huge step back, “You may think you killed that demon, but I think the real demon is you now.” He turned around, “I want you the hell out of here. Now.”

The Director was blocked as Grant suddenly appeared in front of him, “You don’t tell me what to do,” he growled. “No one does.” He smiled as Coulson shrank back in fear, “Oh, what’s got you so damned scared?”

“Grant, stop this. Now.” Daisy spoke up, taking a hesitant step forward. Had Coulson been right about Grant truly being a demon now? Something was definitely wrong with and she hated to know just what it was. So what had brought him back to life?

Coulson swallowed, “I am not afraid of you, Ward. I did kill you after all.” he stated, taking another step back. “You don’t scare me.”

“You killed me because you were scared of me.” Grant chided. “So stop this bullshit and leave me the hell alone. Maybe I want to go anyways. Even though I didn’t want any of you to die, that doesn’t mean that I like you. So fuck off.” He turned towards Daisy and motioned for her to follow him, “Come on, Skye. We’re going. I’d like to be able to our time together for once. Without anything happening.”

Before Daisy could even respond, Coulson was back in Grant’s face, “Oh, she’s not going with you. I’m already upset with her for before, so she’s definitely not going with you this time around.” he snapped. “I don’t want her around you.”
“And you don’t make her decisions for her. If she wants to come with me, she’s coming.” Grant growled, his eyes flaring again. He smirked, “If you don’t want her being around me, then you definitely don’t want to know what we do in the bed.”

A vein popped in Coulson’s forehead as Daisy stepped forward. “Grant, whatever the hell it is that you’re trying to do, stop it.” she stated. “You just woke up from being dead. Give it a break. The both of you.” She crossed her arms, “And why the hell are you so damn snarky, Grant? What the hell is going on with you?”

Grant pointed at Coulson, “You get rid of him and nothing will be wrong.” he growled. “He’s in my fucking way.”

“I’m in no one’s,”

“Shut up!” Grant hissed, his eyes momentarily going completely red. The mirror behind him suddenly cracked, causing both Daisy and Coulson to jump.

Daisy looked to see that the mirror had cracked all the way across in a clean line. Her heart jumped into her throat as she realized that it had somehow been Grant’s doing. But how?

She turned back around and grabbed Grant by the arm since he looked as though he was prepared to jump Coulson, “Grant, come on. I’m taking you to my room where no one else can invade.” she stated quietly, not wanting to anger him. “You need to rest for a while. Just until we can figure out just what the hell is going on.” She shot Coulson a glare to shut him up before he could even say anything in protest and began to lead Grant out of the medbay, receiving various stares and glares from other agents.

She managed to get him to her room without a problem and quickly closed the door behind them, turning around to face him, “Just what the hell is your problem?” she asked coldly. “I know that you hate Coulson, but that was out of line. Even for you. What is going on with you?”

Grant promptly turned away from her and began to walk across the room, “There is nothing wrong with me, Skye. I feel fine.” he stated firmly. “I don’t even know what the hell you’re talking about. Coulson was the one out of line. I simply fought back.” He clearly didn’t know about his eyes or the mirror breaking. Did he even remember Coulson telling him that he was no longer human?

“Yeah, but still. You aren’t acting like yourself. And it’s not because you just came back from life.” Daisy continued, staring at his back. “Something’s wrong with you and I don’t like it, Grant.”

“I’ll tell you again, there’s nothing wrong with me. I just want to get the hell out of here.” Grant suddenly clenched his fist as though he was in pain. Daisy’s stomach dropped as she swore that she saw something move underneath his tight-fitting hospital shirt. His spine? Something else? Hell, Daisy didn’t want to know at all.

Just what the hell was wrong with him?

“What the hell was that?” Daisy thought, staring at Grant in horror as he continued to keep his back to her. “It… It looked like his spine was shifting. Is his body still reforming? Maybe that’s it. Maybe I have nothing to worry about.

Or do I?”

Chapter End Notes
Now I really don't know what I'm trying to do here, but trust me. I guess this can be considered a 2nd arc or something, but it won't be as long as the first. And you should know by now that I always throw several major wrenches into the storyline. That's my trademark. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Pry the Darkness From My Eyes

Chapter Summary

"Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in? This doesn't look like home, this doesn't look like home. Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in? I'll tear apart the town then sleep, and sleep alone."

A Tale of Outer Suburbia - Hands Like Houses

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Later That Night)

Daisy sighed, shutting her computer and leaning back in the couch. She had left Grant to sleep in her room, making sure that she had locked it so no one but her could get in there. Grant had passed out soon after his outburst towards Coulson.

She still couldn’t get the image out of her head of Grant’s spine shifting underneath his shirt. Then there was the incident with the mirror. Just what had happened to Grant when he came back to life? Just what was he now?

Honestly, she hated to know because she didn’t want to believe that Grant wasn’t anything other than human. She knew that he didn’t deserve whatever the hell it was that was going on now. Grant had already been through hell and back, he didn’t need to go through hell again.

She figured that she needed some time to rest by himself while she tried to figure out just what the hell was going on. But, truly, she couldn’t even begin to guess what was going on.

“I just don’t see how this can get any worse.” she thought, closing her eyes for a bit. “Something’s happening to Grant. I know that Spirit did something to him. That it turned him into something else. I just don’t know what and that scares me.”

Daisy continued to sit there for a while before Fitz came running in with a yelp. She shot up, looking at Fitz for an answer as she saw the fear in his eyes, “Fitz, what’s going on?” she asked, coming to her feet as the young engineer came over to her.

“M-Monster!” he stammered, pointing towards the door. “T-There’s something out there!”

“What do you mean?” she asked, her heart skipping a few beats. “What kind of monster? Are the science types messing with something again?”

Fitz vehemently shook his head, “No! It was near the kitchen! I was going to get some water and… And I saw this big hulking shadow go down towards the hall! It definitely wasn’t human at all!”
Daisy’s face immediately fell, “Then what the hell would be in the base without setting off any alarms?” she asked quietly. “There’s no way that something could get in without doing so.”

“U-Unless it came from the inside.” Fitz stammered, looking back towards the door. “That’s the only way.”

“Then… Grant? No, there’s no way. There’s no way, but… But it makes sense. But how?”

Daisy immediately spun around and grabbed Fitz by the wrist, “Come on, show me where it was.” she exclaimed, her heart practically in her throat. “We need to figure this out. Now.”

Fitz yelped again as Daisy drug him down the hallway towards the kitchen, “Daisy, slow down!” he exclaimed. “I’m not built for speed!”

“I really don’t care about that right now. Sorry, Fitz. But I’ve got to find out what’s going on. I have a really bad feeling about this even though I really hope that he was just imagining things again.” she thought, turning the corner that led to the kitchen. “Because I don’t want my suspicions to be proven right.”

They stopped right outside the kitchen door and Fitz looked around nervously.

“Look, there’s n-no one here.” he stammered, holding his hands close to his chest. “Maybe I was just seeing things and there’s nothing to worry about. It’s late at night and I freaked out. Coulson needs to work on getting better lighting in this damn place.” He turned to leave, but Daisy grabbed his wrist once again to stop him.

“Not just yet, Fitz.” Daisy said quietly, looking around the area again. “I still want to look around.”

The young engineer gulped, “Why? There’s nothing here. Like I said, maybe I was just seeing things. What the hell would you even think was here?”

“You wouldn’t understand.”

Fitz frowned as he watched Daisy walk down the hallway. She froze as she saw a dark mark on the wall and immediately headed towards it, staring at it once she reached it.

“Daisy?”

Daisy touched the mark and frowned as dark soot stained her fingers as she pulled her hand back. “It’s soot. Like something was burning here.”

He blinked, “Burning? Why the hell would something be burning in the middle of the base?” he asked, coming towards her. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“Not to you.” she thought, rubbing the soot between her thumb and her index finger. “But something’s wrong here. Really wrong. I.”

“Skye, why’re you staring at the wall?”

Daisy’s head shot up and she turned around to see Grant frowning at her. “Grant?” she asked, quickly dropping her hand so he couldn’t see the soot on her fingers. “What are you doing up?”

He shrugged, “Wanted something to drink. Just woke up a little over ten minutes ago.” he replied, scratching at the back of his head. “I heard Fitz yelp earlier, is everything okay?” he asked, looking towards the engineer.
Fitz swallowed, “The lights are just playing tricks on my eyes is all. Thought I saw something.”

Grant nodded slowly and he looked back at Daisy, “Is that why you’re here?”

“Well, just wanted to make sure that it was nothing. Which it was.” she lied. She knew that Fitz had actually seen something, but she still had no idea to what it was. But the fact that Grant was up and around while the ‘incident’ had occurred really scared her. Was the thing that Fitz saw related to him?

“Good.”

“Anyways, how are you?” Daisy asked, trying to move the subject on. “You feel any better?”

“Not really. Still tired. I just want to get the hell out of here.”

Daisy sighed, “Guess we’ll have to see what we can come up with in the morning.” she began. “I don’t need you and Coulson going at each other’s’ throats again. We’ll figure something out.” She took a deep breath, “Just go back to the room and try to go back to sleep, I’ll be there in a minute, okay?”

Grant shuffled his bare feet and nodded slowly, “Okay.” he mumbled, still clearly tired. “Still tired.” He scratched the back of his head, “Just want you to come soon.”

Fitz took a breath, “Well, now that everything’s cleared up, I’m going to go back to bed.” he stated. “Hopefully I’ll be fine now.”

“Night, Fitz.”

His heart skipped a few beats in response to Grant, “Uh, night.” He was the only one other than Daisy that Grant showed any kind of kindness to. It was clear that Fitz was still dear to Grant in a brotherly kind of way.

Fitz quickly took off, leaving Daisy and Grant alone.

“Why’re you up anyways?” Grant asked, looking back towards his girlfriend. “Something wrong?”

“Ah, I just couldn’t sleep. Too much on my mind.” she answered lightly. “A lot happened today with you waking up and all.”

“Yeah, I… I guess that was a lot for you to process. I’m sorry about what happened with Coulson.”

“Look, you don’t have to apologize for that. He was the one going after you. You just fought back.” she explained. “We’ll get out of here as soon as possible. I promise.”

Grant raised an eyebrow, “We? You’re going to leave them again?”

“I want to help you, Grant. You’re going to have a lot of trouble adjusting to a new life. Especially without that demon in your head. And besides, I’m happier with you than I am being here. I want that peace and quiet for once.”

“Yeah, I do, too.” Grant sighed and turned around, “I don’t even know what’s going on anymore. I just wish that I stayed dead. Something bad always happens when I come back to life.”

Daisy went to question him but he started to walk away. She froze as she saw the back of his shirt. It was all charred and burned. How didn’t he notice that?
Did… Did he still have powers even though the demon had vacated his body?

Her eyes were then drawn to the wall where the dim lights had casted Grant’s shadow against the bricks.

But it wasn’t Grant’s shadow at all. It didn’t even look human at all.

Daisy stepped back in horror as the shadow continued to slide across the wall as Grant walked away. Even though the shadow was clearly coming from Grant, it didn’t look human at all. Daisy couldn’t even begin to describe it. It was just like Fitz had said, big, hulking, and definitely not human at all. Its head appeared to be distorted with something coming out of it and what looked like to be wings jutted out of it’s back as far as Daisy could tell.

The only word that could describe it was demonic.

“No… There’s no way.” Daisy quickly looked back towards Grant. “What the hell happened to him? What the hell brought him back? Wait… Maybe… Maybe the Spirit was never really a Spirit. But was was it, then? What the hell happened to Grant?”

Daisy continued to watch the demonic shadow as it disappeared once Grant turned the corner.

Maybe the shadow was just a mere reflection of Grant’s true self.

Chapter End Notes

And basically the story from here on out will probably be heavier with the angst than the first part was, if that’s even possible. So just a warning there. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
When the Shadow Comes Alive

Chapter Summary

"Lies are spoken when the venom crawls inside.
Faith is broken when the fire fills our eyes.
Love lies hopeless when the hate becomes the high.
Pain is chosen when the devil comes alive."

Save Yourself - Breaking Benjamin

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

“God, I don’t even know to where I left my damned bike!”

Daisy grimaced as Grant stomped around her, well their, room. He had been like this ever since the previous morning. He was nothing but a walking mass of anger and it vividly reminded Daisy of the Berserker staff, but worse. Now the fact of that no one knew what he was was weighing now. Every time Grant snapped at something, the image of the demonic shadow flashed across Daisy’s eyes.

She knew that the shadow and Grant’s rage were intertwined.

“Grant, calm down and just take a breather. We’ll find your bike sooner or later. It’s probably still at the last place you were at before the Spirit took you over.” Daisy said calmly, gently raising her hands. “It’s not worth getting angry over.”

Grant whipped around and snarled at her, even though he didn’t mean to, “And how do you plan on doing that?!?” he growled, his eyes flaring. “Coulson won’t even let me leave this goddamned room! And I thought he wanted me out of here two days ago! What the hell happened to that?”

“The sci agents stepped in. You know that. They convinced Coulson to keep you here until they can figure out just what happened to you when you came back to life.”

Grant’s eyes flared again, “Look, I know that there’s something wrong with me, but that doesn’t mean I want to be kept here like a damn lab rat! And you know very well that’s what I am now. It’s been two days and I’m already so sick of tired of being poked and prodded. I’m not some walking science experiment. And I don’t care to know what happened to me. I just want to leave. I want to be where I don’t have to care about anything other than us. I want to go.”

“I’m trying to make that happen, Grant.” Daisy answered, sitting down on the edge of the bed and looking firmly at him. “But apparently my word doesn’t mean shit to Coulson anymore. He’s ignoring me. Guess running off with you counts as betrayal in his eyes.”

Grant almost snorted, “Guess Coulson wasn’t prepared for his star agent to abandon him like that. He probably never thought that you would so-called ‘betray’ him like that. You know that he thinks you could never do wrong in his eyes.”
Daisy frowned and narrowed her eyes, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You know very well what I mean. To Coulson, you could possibly never do wrong. He defends you no matter what. So of course he’s fucking upset that you ‘betrayed’ him like you did. It makes me sick. He expects you to follow every little order that he gives out and doesn’t know how to react when you act out of line.” Grant explained, not meeting Daisy’s gaze. “Honestly, he reminds me of Garrett.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Garrett expected me to do whatever the hell he said. Coulson’s the same way with you and the team. He just doesn’t use physical manipulation to do so. Coulson’s psychological and emotional in nature. He gets in your head and plays with it. It’s ‘oh, how could you do this?’ if you even happen to hurt him in the slightest way possible. He always acts like it’s your fault instead of his. And, you know, I used to respect Coulson. I really did.” Grant laughed darkly, “Funny how things turn out in the end.”

Daisy blinked, “I never saw it like that.”

“Should look at things from my point of view, Skye, really changes your perspective. But I think whatever it was that was used to bring him back to life really fucked him up in the head. He’s not the same righteous hero type anymore. He’s pretty much a madman that can’t see his own flaws. He’s not a hero. Not anymore.”

“Grant,”

“Just think about it. Coulson thinks that anyone who strays from SHIELD’s ideologies is Satan incarnate.” Grant continued flatly. “He thinks that good and evil are two clearly defined things, when they really reflect one another. He thinks that anything good resides in this narrow niche that no one’s supposed to stray from. He’s got to wake up from that delusion. Nothing’s that black and white anymore.”

Daisy looked away and stood to her feet, “I don’t know what to think about him, Grant.” she answered. “I know that he’s changed. But I just don’t know how to describe him. But it’s like he refuses change. He thinks you’re the Devil himself even though you sacrificed yourself to protect us from that monster. I just wish that he’ll see that you’re not the bad guy anymore.”

“And he never will.” Grant cut in gruffly. “I’m always the monster in his eyes. He needs someone to blame for him problems. A scapegoat. And that’s just what I am to him.”

“Daisy. I want to see you. Now.”

It was Coulson.

Grant’s eyes immediately flared and Daisy had to hold him back. “Grant, no. I can deal with him.” she told him sternly. “Stay in here. I don’t want you going after him. You need to stay calm.”

“Stay calm for what?!” he hissed. He looked towards the door, “Fuck off! She doesn’t want to talk to you!”

“I don’t care to what you have to say, Ward. I want to see Daisy. Now.”

The door swung open to reveal a scowling Coulson. He had overridden the door lock. He looked
towards Daisy, “My office. Now.”

“I’m busy right now. Can’t this wait until later?”

He crossed his arms, “No, it can’t. And you’re not busy. I see that. I want you to come with me and leave him behind.”

Grant was suddenly between Coulson and Daisy, “She’s not going anywhere without me.” He growled, fire seeping from his eyes. Daisy frowned, her heart skipping several beats as she saw his spine shift underneath his shirt. What was happening to him?

“I don’t think that you control her, Ward.” Coulson answered. “And aren’t you due for more testing in the labs?”

“I’m fucking sick and tired of testing.” Grant hissed, taking a step towards the Director. “I’m not your fucking lab rat, you know. I want out of here.”

Coulson stared straight at him, “I don’t care to what you want, you’re just getting in my way now, Ward.” he answered coldly. “You’re being tested because we don’t know what the hell you are. You were brought back to life after being possessed by a goddamned demon. And you are far from human. That’s all we know. You are a monster. Nothing more, nothing less.”

A yelp sounded out as Coulson suddenly found himself hoisted in the air, Grant’s hand around his throat. “Don’t you ever call me that.” Grant snapped, his voice sounding oddly distorted. “No one calls me that. I am not a monster.”

“Then… Then let me the hell down.” Coulson choked out. “You,”

“Grant! Let him go! This is senseless!” Daisy cried, running forward. “You are not thinking clearly right now. Let him go and just calm down. Please.”

“Listen to her, Ward. I don’t think,”

“Shut up!” Grant screamed and something shattered from behind Daisy, and she was honestly afraid to turn around to see what it was. “I’m not listening to you! Just shut your fucking mouth! I-”

Grant was cut off as he suddenly dropped Coulson and he fell to his knees, clutching at his chest. Coulson scampered away, trying to figure out just what was going on. Daisy frowned, feeling Grant’s vibrations become extremely erratic, like he was in agony.

“Grant?”

He groaned and clawed at his heart, “Skye.” he moaned. “Hurt.”

Daisy blinked, realizing that his heart had stopped. It wasn’t beating. She began to run towards him, but froze as she saw his spine begin to shift again. Something was wrong, terribly wrong.

“Skye.” Grant moaned again, his free hand clawing at the floor. “Can’t breathe. Hurt. I….” He fell silent and his body suddenly shuddered. He looked up blankly before jumping up and running out the room.

Daisy immediately ran after him, leaving Coulson alone in the hallway. The man’s eyes trailed to where Grant had been and his stomach completely dropped. There were gouge marks in the floor where Grant had clawed at it.
But… But how was that possible? Coulson looked towards where the two had run off towards with growing fear. Something was terribly, terribly wrong.

“Grant! What’s wrong?!” Daisy called out, running after Grant. She turned the corner soon after Grant did and stopped as he found him at the end of a dead end hallway. “Grant? What the hell is going on?” she asked, taking a few steps towards him. “What are,”

“What the hell did it do to me?”

She blinked, “Huh?”

Grant’s head shot up and he looked at her with glowing-red eyes, “What did it do to me?” he croaked. He moaned and clawed at his heart again, and that’s when Daisy noticed the demonic shadow behind him again. But it quickly faded as Grant screamed out in agony.

“What?”

“Get away from me.”

Daisy quickly stepped back as she sensed a new, twisted vibration coming from Grant and it quickly terrified her. Her eyes widened fear as Grant screamed out again and he began to change.

And that’s when the shadow finally came to life.

Chapter End Notes

And all I really have to say is that I originally did not intend on going there, but I did. Adds to the angst and drama. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Damnation

Chapter Summary

"Hell has broken free tonight.  
No pale deception anymore.  
You awoke him, now he will feed on the lies.  
He demands your sacrifice."

Sacrifice - Disturbed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy backed away in terror as the shadow loomed over her, a growl escaping its lips. “Grant?” she croaked, placing a hand over her mouth. “There’s no way. There’s no fucking way.”

The ground lurched beneath them, the shadow taking a step towards her. Its red eyes flared and Daisy could sense waves of fear emanating from its massive stature. She held her ground just so she could get a good look at it, even though she was absolutely terrified.

She had just seen a monster rip its way out of Grant’s skin. A monster that bore no resemblance to Grant Ward at all. Daisy could almost describe the monster as dragon-like in a way. Its skin was composed of blackened scales, which were most prominent on its arms and legs. Long, sharp horns jutted out of the top of its head and a long, whip-like tail drug the ground. Its wings were massive, but it kept them close to its body. Its head had two more wing-like projections on the sides as well. And it was at least eight feet tall as well.

Honestly, there was nothing left to tell her that this had once been Grant Ward.

The ground lurched again as it took another step towards her, a soft whine echoing from its chest. It was clear that this thing, this demon, was beyond scared. Of course it was scared, it had no idea of what was going on.

“Grant?” Daisy asked once more, trying to show that she wasn’t a threat in case it decided to lash out. “Is… Are you still in there?”

Another whine sounded and Daisy took that as her answer. The thing was still Grant, it just didn’t look like him. Just what had that Spirit done to him? Or the real question was, just what the hell had brought him back to life?

“S-Scared.” Grant stammered, his voice deep and distorted. “H-Hurts.”

Daisy swallowed and took a small step towards him. She still didn’t want to freak him out. There was no telling to what he was capable of now. “It’s okay, Grant.” she whispered. “I don’t know what the hell just happened, but we’ll figure it out. Just… Just try your best to stay calm and we’ll find a way to turn you back. I… I don’t know what the hell this is. We,”

“What the hell was that screaming?!”
The air suddenly heated up around them and Grant growled, bearing his, well, fangs as a figure appeared from around the corner. Daisy whipped around to see Coulson and May come into view, the both of them completely freezing in fear as they saw the demon standing behind her.

“What… What the everliving fuck is that?” Coulson asked, pointing at Grant. “What the hell is that?”

Daisy slowly raised her hands as Grant growled once more, “Look, this doesn’t need to get worse.” she stated calmly. “Just don’t make any sudden movements. He… He doesn’t need to get angry.”

May frowned, “He?” she asked. “Daisy, just who or what the hell is that thing?”

“He’s not a thing.”

Coulson’s face fell as he put two and two together. Suddenly, Grant’s ‘little’ episode from earlier made a hell of a lot of sense. “It’s Ward, isn’t it?” he questioned coldly, turning to look at the demon. “He really isn’t human after all, then.”

Daisy stepped between the two, “I’m trying to figure out what’s going on, Coulson. But, yes, it’s Ward.” she answered. “I don’t know what the hell happened, but I would definitely like to know.”

She swallowed, “Just don’t say anything. Or do anything.”

“Don’t do anything?” Coulson questioned. “Ward’s a fucking monster, Daisy! How am I supposed to sit back and do nothing when Ward’s a literal demon? This? This is why he should’ve stayed dead. Now we’ve got a major issue on our hands.”

Daisy was suddenly knocked to the side as Grant flung past her, pinning Coulson to the ground. Another harsh growl sounded out as Grant loomed over the Director, the expanse of his wings blocking out the light from above.

“Not… Not a monster.” he hissed, his face awfully close to Coulson’s. “You are.”

Coulson swallowed as May whipped her gun out and pointed it at Grant, “Do you really have the audacity to say that now, Ward?” he asked quietly. “There is nothing human about you. Demons are monsters and that’s exactly what you are. That Spirit really fucked you up, didn’t it? This is why I wanted you gone. This is why the sci agents treated you like an experiment. You are a devil. There’s no changing that, Ward.”

“Fuck. Off.” Grant growled, grabbing Coulson by the throat and making sure that his claws sunk into the man’s skin. Grant rose up and hoisted Coulson into the air. May stepped forward to fire, but immediately dropped her gun as the metal grew hot. Grant glared at her and cocked his head, “Don’t.”

“This is why we warned you, Daisy!” Coulson managed to scream. “Whatever was brought back wasn’t Ward! An even bigger monster took his place. You,”

“Shut up.” Grant squeezed Coulson’s throat, causing him to be cut off. “I want… I want you dead.”

“Grant! Stop it!” Daisy suddenly appeared in front of him. “You may hate him, but you aren’t like
this! Don’t sink to his level. I… I thought that you didn’t want to kill anymore. You’re contradicting yourself here, Grant. Please. Put him down. I don’t know what the hell happened to you when you came back, but that doesn’t mean you have to resort to being a killer again. This… This isn’t you.”

The look in Grant’s eyes softened as he looked down at Daisy, “I… I….”

“This isn’t you, Grant. It’s far from it. Please… Please come back.”

“I don’t…. I can’t-”

Grant was cut off as a gunshot rang out and his head whipped around to see a gun hanging from Coulson’s hand. A roar ripped from his chest as his face distorted in rage and he slung the older man to the ground, a loud crack echoing out as Coulson hit the concrete. Grant snarled as he pulled a blood-coated bullet from his gut.

He went to stomp his foot onto Coulson’s now-unconscious form, but Daisy suddenly flung her hands out, sending out a massive shockwave that hit Grant square in the torso and sent him flying back until he hit the wall several feet behind him. His head hit the brick with a loud crack and he slumped right to the ground.

“What the hell was that, Daisy?!” May demanded, running straight for Coulson’s fallen body. “Ward could’ve killed him!”

“Like I said! I don’t know what the hell is going on! Grant’s just scared and Coulson made it worse! I could’ve calmed things down if Coulson didn’t go and shoot him!”

“Okay, maybe Coulson did take it a little too far there, but that doesn’t mean a single damn thing here. Honestly, I was kind of vouching for Ward’s change in heart recently, especially with him sacrificing himself for us. But… But I don’t know what to think now. It’s clear that whatever brought Ward back changed him. He’s not human anymore, Daisy. He’s a demon. And he’s a threat.”

Daisy swallowed, “Look, we’ll deal with this once we get them situated. Get them both to the med bay and,”

“No. I want Ward in the Vault. There’s no negotiation there, Daisy.” May practically snapped. “He’s unstable and needs to be contained.”

“But,”

“Like I said. No negotiations. I am calling a team to transport him to the Vault.”

Taking a sharp breath, Daisy said no more. She quickly made her way over to Grant’s fallen form. Luckily, he had no visible changes to his human form. Anything demonic about him hid underneath his skin. Which probably made things worse in a way.

She gently took Grant’s hand, “I’m sorry, Grant.” she whispered, hearing May bark orders into a phone. “I don’t know what the hell happened to you. But I can tell you this: You may be a demon now, but that doesn’t mean that you’re a monster like they think you are. We’ll find a way through this. I promise.”

But, truly, she couldn’t promise him anything when she didn’t know to what had happened to him. Was he still even the same Grant that had died? Had the Spirit completely killed him? Maybe he was just different now.
Or maybe he was just a demon in Grant Ward’s skin.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, things just keep going downhill don't they? But I promise that I won't keep them bad for too long. It's time for some happiness in this story, right? And if you need a visual of Grant's demon form, kind of think of a dragon-like Devilman. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Nothing Left to Save, I'm Letting Go

Chapter Summary

"I feel a change in the atmosphere.
I never thought that I’d end up back here.
Divided, alone, afraid.
In a breath my chains reappear."

Losing Control - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It didn’t take too long for the team May had requested to show up and forcibly haul Grant off back to Vault D, all of which Daisy found extremely ironic. Grant was nothing more than SHIELD’s prisoner once again. All because of something that he couldn’t help.

And Daisy wasn’t even sure if that monster even had been Grant. She knew that there was no way that he had been in control. Normally, Grant would listen to her, but she couldn’t even get through to him this time around. So, Daisy knew that, somehow, Grant was not even in control at all. But she also refused to believe that Grant had transformed into that monster. She had a hard time processing that Grant wasn’t even human anymore.

So, just what was he now?

Daisy ended up waiting a while before heading to the Vault, knowing that she needed to give everything some time to settle before she tried dealing with Grant again. She just hoped that she would be let inside.

Approaching the Vault, she found that there were no guards stationed outside, which she found really strange. She had figured that May would’ve put at least a couple of guards outside the door, but Daisy guessed that no one wanted to be around Grant after what he, or the monster, had done to Coulson.

Coulson was still unconscious in the med bay with a fractured skull, a broken wrist, and a few broken ribs. All from the force of Grant throwing him into the concrete. That made Daisy wonder to just how strong Grant was now that he was no longer human. But that also made her worry to just what he was capable of. She was afraid that what he had shown was nowhere near the maximum force of his strength. Or his rage.

Daisy quickly unlocked the Vault door using a bug from her phone and quietly slipped inside, shutting the door behind her. She didn’t want to know what kind of trouble she could get into if May knew she was down here. May’s attitude towards Grant had been changing since his sacrifice, but Coulson was way more important to her, of course. So that one incident had been enough for her to absolutely hate Grant Ward all over again.

Daisy found Grant still unconscious on the cot behind the laser grid barrier. Her heart lurched, hoping that she hadn’t hurt him when she had sent him flying. But was he unconscious from shifting
back from that monster or from her shockwave? Honestly, she didn’t even want to know.

She quickly deactivated the barrier and slipped inside the cell area, reactivating the barrier behind her as a just in case. She still didn’t know to what Grant was capable of yet.

She found herself sitting on the edge of the cot, careful not to disturb Grant. She didn’t want to startle him in case he ended up freaking out in the enclosed space. Even though she trusted him enough not to hurt her, she didn’t trust that thing he had turned into. Not one bit.

“Grant, I’m sorry for what’s happening,” Daisy whispered, keeping her back to Grant. “I wish that I could help, but I don’t know how. There’s no telling to what happened to you between the time you died and the time you came back. But something did. And I want to find out just what that was. So, just maybe, we could get rid of it before it comes a true problem and ends up killing someone. But I don’t even know where to begin.”

She sighed and looked towards the ground, trying to avoid reaching towards him. Again, she didn’t want to end up startling him at all. Truly, she didn’t trust all of him at this point. There was no telling to what that monster could or would do to her.

“Again, I’m so sorry, Grant. I… I just wish that I could stop whatever the hell is going on. I,”

“Nnggg…. Skye?”

Daisy froze up, turning her head to see Grant slowly starting to sit up. He pressed at his temples as he frowned.

“God, where am I?” he asked. He looked towards her, “Skye? How….” He looked around and Daisy could sense him start to panic as he realized just where he was, “How the hell did I end up here?”

Daisy blinked, “What… What do you remember?” she asked softly. “What’s the last thing….” She trailed off, not sure of how to continue.

Grant swallowed, “I… I remember Coulson. A-And a gun. And slinging Coulson to the floor….” His face twisted up as he struggled to remember. “And you…. You attacked me.” He sounded so hurt as he scooted away from her. It was clear that he didn’t know of what he had turned into. Not one bit.

“Grant…. I had to. You were…. You weren’t yourself. I had to stop you from killing Coulson.”

“What do you mean?”

“You… You weren’t even you, Grant. You were something else entirely. Whatever brought you back did something to you.” Daisy looked away, not sure of what to say. How was she supposed to explain this?

“You and Coulson had kind of gotten into it earlier and you just snapped and freaked out.” she continued. “You ran out from our room and when I found you…. You weren’t you anymore. Or you were becoming far from it.”

Grant’s face fell, “What are you trying to say? That I turned into something?”

Daisy nodded numbly, “Yes, you did. And I’m not sure of how to describe it either. It’s… It’s something that you would have to see all on your own to be able to understand it.” she replied. “I’m just saying that it was far from you.”
He looked away, not really processing what she was saying, “Then what did I do? I remember Coulson and a gun. Then flinging him into the floor.”

“You had Coulson in a death grip and he shot you. You flung him to the floor in retaliation. He’s… He’s in the med bay right now. Unconscious. With a fractured skull and a few other broken bones.”

Grant didn’t flinch, “Good. He deserved it.”

Daisy’s mouth fell open, “Grant! I know that you hate him, but that’s uncalled for!” she exclaimed, standing from the cot and backing away from him. “You almost killed him! Hell, there’s even a possibility that he might not even wake up!”

Grant blinked and looked at her blankly, “And I thought that you said what attacked him was far from me?” he asked. “So why are you blaming me for what happened?”

“No… I-I’m just saying that you should have the smallest thread of sympathy.”

“And why should I? That man despises me, Skye.” Grant stated coldly, standing to his feet as well. “Hell, he’s killed me before. Why should I care to what happens to him? I hate him. He doesn’t deserve any of my sympathy. Most of you don’t. I only care for you and Fitz. The rest can burn for all I care.

Look around you, Skye,” he continued, motioning towards the barrier. “This is how much they care for me. They cage me like some kind of animal just because something happened to me that I can’t control. I should’ve run before now. Hell, I should’ve never sacrificed myself. Maybe I should’ve let the Spirit do his work.”

“Then I would be dead, too.” Daisy stated, crossing her arms. “And that’s definitely not what you want.” She paused slightly, “Just what has happened to you, Grant? You’re far from who you used to be.”

A grim smile pulled at Grant’s lips and he laughed darkly as he sat back down on the edge of his cot, staring at his bare feet.

“Maybe because he did die. I… I don’t even know what was brought back.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I'm gonna try to keep this part of the fic fairly short if I can so Grant can actually be happy for once. Hopefully I can make that happen. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Chapter Summary

"I saw the Devil today and he looked a lot like me. I looked away, I turned away. Arms wide open, I stand alone. I'm no hero and I'm not made of stone. Right or wrong, I can hardly tell. I'm on the wrong side of Heaven and the righteous side of hell."

Wrong Side of Heaven - Five Finger Death Punch

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

Daisy looked up as Fitz came into the room, a frown on his face. “What’s wrong?” she asked, closing her laptop. “Something happen?”

“It’s… It’s Ward. He’s not quite right in the head, is he?” Fitz asked, coming over and sitting in the chair adjacent to her. “Something’s going on with him.”

A frown immediately formed on Daisy’s face and she straightened up, “W-What do you mean?” she stammered. “Did he do something?”

“Simmons found him outside of Coulson’s medbay room just staring through the window. There are supposed to be guards stationed outside of the medbay to keep Ward out.” Fitz began to explain slowly. “But he somehow got through. Still, he didn’t do anything other than stare through the window. He ran off as soon as Simmons got near. She’s trying to spin it as though he’s plotting to kill him. But, honestly, I do kind of believe her, Daisy. Something’s not right with him. Especially with whatever the hell it was that he turned into the other day.”

Daisy’s stomach lurched, “Yeah, I do think something’s going on with him.” she answered. “But I don’t know what to do about it. We still don’t know what the hell it was that brought him back. But it did change him. Even Grant suspects that he totally wasn’t brought back.”

Fitz frowned, “What do you mean?”

“He told me the other day that he wasn’t sure to what was brought back. Now, I really don’t know to what that means, but it sounds like he knows that it’s not fully him or something. But something turned him into that monster. But there’s a part of me that’s afraid to know just what that is. I feel like he was supposed to stay dead after that thing killed him. Something’s not right here.”

“But whatever he is now, he’s clearly got a thing against Coulson. I’d keep him away from the medbay if I were you.”

Daisy sighed, “Fitz, I’m not even sure if it’s safe for him to even be here anymore. More for us than for him.” she stated. “I’m afraid he’ll end up doing something even worse to someone if he gets out
of hand again. I don’t think the other day was the full extent of his rage, Fitz. There’s no telling to what could happen if he fully lost himself. I fear that there’s a bigger monster somewhere inside of him that we won’t be able to stop. He needs to be out of here before said monster can even happen.”

Fitz bit his lip, “And how do you plan on doing that? Are… Are you going to leave us again?” he asked. “Especially when Coulson’s hurt?”

“If it keeps us safe and keeps Grant as close to human as he possibly can be now, then I’ll do it. I’m sure that I can find somewhere for the both of us to be that will be some kind of haven for him. Maybe somewhere where he can begin to learn more about what he is and then try to tame that thing inside of him. There’s no telling to what he’s capable of now. I don’t want him showing his full potential, Fitz.”

“Well,” Fitz drew in a sharp breath and nodded. “I suppose that you’re right. He can’t stay here and there’s no way in hell that he would leave without you. That man has an unhealthy obsession with you, Daisy. It’s going to get you in trouble eventually.”

“He’s not going to hurt me, Fitz. You know that.”

“That’s not what I,”

“What are you talking about?”

Fitz’s mouth immediately shut as he looked up to see Grant standing in the doorway of the common room. He blinked, deciding not to say anything else. There was something burning deep within Grant’s eyes that froze him in place.

“Oh, nothing.” Daisy answered for him, standing to her feet and walking over towards him. “Just two friends talking is all.” She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, “Where were you?” she asked, even though she knew the answer.

He shrugged, “Our room.” he clearly lied. “Since it seems that it’s the only place I can be now. Everyone looks at me like I have horns growing out of my head or something.”

“Well, everyone knows by now that you were the one that attacked Coulson.” she answered truthfully. “They’re probably a little afraid of you.”

Grant snorted, “Maybe that’s a good thing. As long as it keeps people away from me, then I’m completely fine with it.”

“You’re not taking this seriously.”

“And why should I? Shouldn’t I at least try to find some light in all of this, right?” He looked behind Skye and noted that Fitz had fled the room out the other door. His heart sank slightly, Fitz was one of the only people he didn’t want being scared of him. “I’m literally in a living hell right now, Skye. I’m trying to find something good about this. If people are afraid of me, then so be it. I don’t want them bothering me anyways.”

“Grant, do you even realize to what you turned into?”

“Yeah, I saw the footage. I found it yesterday on Fitz’s tablet when he was out of the room.” Grant answered. “It was… Something….”

“Grant,”
“Look, I don’t need your pity, Skye. I know that there’s something wrong with me. I know that that thing turned me into a monster.” Grant cut in, his voice cold and hard. “I’m not even sure if that thing was really a Spirit or not. Maybe it turned me into this just to fuck with you all. If it couldn’t kill you, why not create something that could? Something that was equivalent to all the sin that it saw.”

Daisy’s face fell, “Grant, don’t do this to yourself.” she stated calmly. “You’re not.”

“Skye, I barely even understand to what I am anymore. When I look in the mirror, I don’t even see myself anymore.” He took a sharp breath and ran his hands through his hair, “I don’t know who I am, Skye. I am nothing more than that demon’s creation. Nothing more, nothing less.

I was supposed to stay dead, Skye.” he continued. “I was going to end it any other way. I didn’t plan on it acting on its plans so soon. I died to save you; I wasn’t supposed to come back to life. There’s no telling to what it did to me. Now I’m some kind of monster. I think who I really was is still dead. Like I said, I don’t know who or what I am anymore.”

“Look, Grant,” Daisy quickly took Grant’s hand and ran a gentle thumb over his knuckles. “It doesn’t matter to what you are now. We’ll get through this. Even if it means taking you away from here in order to help you. But you know who you are. You’re Grant Douglas Ward. You may not be human anymore, but that doesn’t change who you are. You’re still you. Even if you do happen to be a demon now.”

Grant frowned and pulled his hand out of her, “You may see me as Grant Ward still, but I don’t.” he stated coldly. He turned around and began to walk away, flames beginning to burn from his eyes. “I don’t see him in me. Not at all.

I’m not even sure if Grant Ward exists anymore.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I don't have much to say about this chapter. Other than that Grant need one, big hug. And a puppy. But I promise that things will be better. Sometime. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
"And this is all the pain of breaking fragile truth.
And this is pure desire calling out, reaching for you.
Shattered, need you more than ever.
Crawling to you fractured."

Fractured - Red

Chapter Summary

Grant awoke with a start to a barren and black landscape, something red and hellish burning somewhere in the distance. He frowned, turning around to find absolutely nothing around him. Funny. He swore that he had just been in bed right beside Skye. So where the hell was he now?

“Can’t seem to get your bearings, can you?”

The shadow hovered in place, choosing to remain as a figureless blob, “We’re in the deepest confines of your mind, Grant Ward. Or what I also like to call hell.” it replied. “Where your true self decides to dwell.” The Spirit started to form into a person and Grant’s stomach dropped as he realized that it was him. But, at the same time, it was also not him.

Long, black horns jutted out of the top of its head, curving towards the back. Its ears ended in well-defined points. A black, scale-like material covered its skin from its elbows to the tips of its fingers where they ended in sharp claws. A thin, dragon-like tail drug the ground behind the Spirit as it took a small step towards Grant. Truly, it reminded Grant of a dragon of sorts. He wasn’t sure of how else to explain it.

“W-What do you mean?” Grant stammered, taking a step back. “What’s going on? I’m supposed to be free of you, remember? My death broke the deal.”

It smiled, revealing wicked-sharp fangs, “I’m a demon, remember?” it teased. “You can’t get rid of me that easily. I change the deal as I see fit, which is now more of a curse.”

Grant’s face fell, “Huh? Curse?”

The Spirit smiled again and it snapped its clawed fingers. Chains suddenly shot from out of nowhere and grabbed Grant by the wrists, hoisting several feet into the air. “Grant Ward, cursed to be a monster because he betrayed the ones that called him ‘friend’. Cursed to live as what others saw him as. A monument to all of his sins and to the sins of those around him.” The Spirit came closer and pointed at him, “Cursed to live in his own hell forever.”

Grant snarled at him, “What I did was not my fault!” he almost screamed, struggling against the
chains. “It was-” The chains jerked him violently, causing him to be cut off.

“You wouldn’t be here if it weren’t your fault. Yes, others led you astray, but you still had control in some areas.” the Spirit replied coldly. “What you are now is only a culmination of what you have done.”

“You’re lying. I know it.” Grant stated, staring straight at the demon. “This isn’t because of what I’ve done. There’s more to it than that.”

The Spirit’s smile returned. “You are good, you know that?” it cooed. “You are indeed cursed for your betrayal. You know, betrayal is seen as one of the worst sins. And many who do so are damned to become demons themselves. But like I said, you are a monument to both your sins and the sins of others. You are a self-fulfilling prophecy of sorts. Everyone believed so much that you were a monster, that you truly became one in the end. You are their demise and I was merely the catalyst for it. I am glad that I was able to find you, Grant Ward.” It came towards him and stopped a mere foot away from him, “It’s because of people like you that demons like me exist. It’s only a matter of time before you fall to your true self.”

Grant swallowed, staring the monster straight in the eyes, “You really aren’t a Spirit of Vengeance, are you?” he asked, his voice small. “Are you?”

“No.”

Grant woke with a start, his arm lashing out as he let out a growl. He quickly brought his knees to his chest, trying so desperately to forget that dream. Had everything that had been said really been the truth? He really didn’t want it to be, but what else could it be?

Was he really cursed because of what happened three years ago? Or was it just a ruse from what remained of the demon?

“Grant, what’s going on? Are you okay?”

Grant looked over to see Daisy sitting up and reaching for the bedside lamp. He shielded his eyes as the light illuminated the room to reveal a very worried-looking Daisy. “I’m fine. Nothing’s wrong.” he lied. “Bad dream. I don’t even remember it.”

Daisy frowned as she looked at the headboard behind him, seeing that there were large gouge marks in it. Like it had been clawed at. “Grant,” she began, pointing at the claw marks. “I don’t think that’s nothing. Something’s bothering you. You can tell me what it is, Grant. I’m worried about you.”

“I already told you, Skye, it’s nothing.” Grant almost hissed, sliding out of the bed. “It’s nothing to worry about. It was just a bad dream and I don’t even remember it. Stop being so damn pushy with me and get your nose out of my ass.”

Daisy’s stomach fell, “Grant, I am not being pushy. I’m just worried about you. We still have no damn idea to what happened to you and there’s still something seriously wrong with you,” she argued. “I want to know what’s wrong so I can help you. I don’t want to lose you again.”

“And don’t you ever think about what I want?!” Grant spat, turning around to glare at her, fire spewing from his eyes. “I don’t want help. I don’t want to live. I just want to die. There’s no fucking way out of this damn curse, Skye. I can’t keep living like this. You only want to help me because you’re too afraid to let me go. You’re selfish. You’re holding onto something that you know that you
I’m a monster, Skye. Nothing more, nothing less.” he continued, something dark and sinister brewing deep within his eyes. “The only way out of this is either for me to be dead or for everyone else to be dead so no one can bother me again.” His body was starting to tremble with the force of something. “I should’ve stayed dead. No, I’m still dead. This is hell. I’m not who you think I am anymore, Skye. He’s…. He’s still dead.”

Daisy quickly slipped out of the bed, “Grant, you are still very much alive. That demon did something to you and we need to figure out what it is before something bad can happen.” she stated quietly. “I know that you are hurting, but we will figure this out. Together. Don’t let that fear control you. You-”

“Damn it, Skye! Shut up!” Grant screamed, he spun around and slammed his fist into the wall, the concrete shattering on impact. “There… There is no way out of this! You’ve got to get out of this damn little fantasy of yours. Before you only disappoint yourself even more. There’s…..” He trailed off and groaned, leaning against the shattered wall for support. “I…”

“Grant?” Daisy asked softly, trying not to startle him. She froze as she could feel his heart stop again. Just like when he had first transformed into that monster. “Are you….”

“Skye, run. Take the others and run. Please.” Grant begged, trying to grab at the wall. “I don’t feel so good. Can’t… Can’t fight it. Please.” The concrete continued to shatter beneath his strength. “It hurts, Skye.”

Daisy’s eyes widened as she saw something black start to slowly appear on Grant’s arms. Grant groaned again and she knew that she had little time left to run.

“Skye… Please…. Don’t wanna hurt you…”

Grant moaned again and Daisy knew that she needed to run. She didn’t even look back as Grant let out an agony-filled scream that soon morphed into a monstrous-sounding growl. She ran out the room, hoping that she could find the others before it was too late.

All hell had finally broken loose.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, at this point I'm not even sure to what I'm doing here. But I'm gonna try to resolve things really soon. With a very happy ending as well. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I'm Waking Up the Ghost

Chapter Summary

"Under the skin, the soul of the guilty.
Under the surface, lonely lies.
Under the weight the sin is eating me alive.
No mercy, no forgiveness.
Condemned to my own hell..."

Waking Up The Ghost - 10 Years

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Daisy practically held her breath as she raced down the hallways away from her and Grant’s room, Grant’s twisted scream still echoing inside of her head. She knew that this time would be way worse than the first, only because he had snapped due to an argument with her. Even though it didn’t stem from anything she did. A part of Grant was still upset with her, and there was no telling to how that would translate in his new monstrous form. And, truly, Daisy didn’t want to know. She just wanted to hide until this was all over.

But, honestly, was any of them safe from Grant now?

Grant would probably end up doing one of two things. He would either go after her, or he would go after Coulson. Assuming that he still blamed the Director for everything that was wrong with him now. Either way, it wasn’t going to end well.

Daisy pushed her way into the lab, sealing the door shut behind her.

Fitz looked up with a frown, “Hey! We were airing this place out! One of the assistants spilt something earlier.” he began. “We-”

“There’s no time for that!” Daisy snapped, cutting him off. “It’s Grant. We… We need to hide. Now.”

Simmons looked up as well, “Ward? Why would you need to hide?” she asked. “I-I understand us, but not you.” Fear was starting to seep into her voice already. “Daisy, what’s going on?”

Daisy swallowed, pushing past them and motioning for them to follow her, “He… He woke up from a nightmare and snapped at me when I tried to reassure him. He was already beyond all reasoning at that point.” she began to explain hurriedly. “He… He transformed again. I ran off before I could see it because he told me to run. That he couldn’t hold it back. He told me to take you guys and run. I don’t know how much time we have.”

“W-What about Coulson?!” Simmons stammered as Daisy pushed them into a supply closet and locked the door behind them, even though she knew that it wouldn’t do much good for them in this case. “Ward’s probably going to go after him again! And he’s bloody unconscious!”

“Is May with him?”
“I-I think so.”

Daisy nodded slowly. “I’ll send her a text.” she said, beginning to lower her voice to a mere whisper. “I don’t need to be calling now. It’ll alert Grant if he’s nearby. He may usually like me and Fitz, but I wouldn’t put it past him now to tear us apart in addition to you. This is why I should’ve taken him away from here days ago….”

“Daisy, don’t blame yourself for this.” Fitz whispered back. “You were doing the best that you could. But Ward’s a demon now. We don’t understand his biology at all. Hell, there’s no telling to how things process in his mind now. He may be thinking more like a demon and less like a human at this point. And I think that’s he’s the first true demon we’ve faced. Everything else was just demonic spirits or whatnot. He’s a living, breathing demonic entity.”

“I… I don’t know.” Daisy muttered, typing out a quick text to May, hoping that she would get it in time. “I know that that Spirit did something to him when he came back to life. I think that Grant knows. That’s why he freaked out and snapped when I told him that we would find a way out of this. He knows something that we don’t. Maybe it had something to do with that dream he had. But I couldn’t get anything out of him before he snapped and told me to run.”

“Then what could it have been to make him freak out so badly?” Fitz whispered. “I,”

He was cut off as Daisy suddenly flung her hand over his mouth. She placed a finger to her lips, indicating for them to be quiet. She then pointed to the door. Loud, thudding noises could be heard from outside in the lab. Daisy knew that it was Grant walking around, because he was the only thing heavy enough to be making those noises. She estimated that he was somewhere 700 pounds or so his in demonic form.

Her heart skipped several beats as she swore that she heard his voice.

“Skye? Skye, where are you?” Grant asked, his voice gravelly and twisted once again. “Sorry. I’m sorry. Just wanna talk.”

“Daisy….” Simmons warned softly.

“I know. I know. It’s not completely him. I… I don’t trust him one bit right now.” Daisy spat back in a hushed whisper. “But he’s still upset and confused.”

“Skye, I’m tired.” Grant continued, his footsteps still thudding out. And they seemed to be getting louder now. “I wanna go. Don’t want to be here anymore. I hate them all. I want them dead. But… I don’t want to kill them. Help me.”

Daisy waited with bated breath, hoping that he would calm down soon. If he didn’t, armed agents would soon arrive to try and kill him. All because she had warned May about him. That would only make things worse.

“I shouldn’t of told May about him!”

“What?”

“She’ll send a practical army after him to kill him! He he finds out that I’m the reason to why, he’ll lose it even more!”

“Then kill him!” Simmons hissed. “I think he’s better off dead anyways. What’s the loss?”

Daisy grimaced, “Uh, the man I love?”
“Daisy, I think you lost that a long time ago.”

She looked away from Simmons and returned her attention to the door, not wanting to talk about it any longer.

“Skye? Skye. Wanna talk. Don’t hide. Please.” His footsteps were growing louder and Daisy could really feel his skewed vibrations at this point. He really didn’t feel human at all. “I know you’re there, Skye. You’re in the closet with Fitz and that bitch.” He spat out that last part. “I don’t wanna burn down that damn door.”

“I’m going to go out there.” Daisy whispered, placing her hand on the doorknob and reaching to unlock it with the other. “And don’t even protest. Waiting could make things even worse. I need to try and make things better. Just stay here. You two don’t need to get involved.”

Daisy slowly stood and gently opened the door. She froze as she was met with Grant’s monstrous form. He loomed over her, snarling as she walked out. But his eyes were on Simmons, not her. He didn’t want Simmons around her at all.

“Grant,” she began, facing him. “Please.”

He blinked, his eyes a burning red, “Why did you run from me? Why did you hide?” he asked. “Why are you afraid?”

She swallowed, “You told me to run, Grant. You told me to take the others and run.” she replied. “This wasn’t my decision. It was yours.”

He cocked his head in confusion, not remembering any of that, “I did not tell you that.” he growled, his wings bristling behind him. “I did not.”

“Well, you did, Grant. Your mind is muddled. You’re not thinking clearly.” Daisy stated softly. “You need to take a breath and try to calm down. Please. This isn’t going to get us anywhere. Calm down and we’ll work on finding somewhere else to live. Somewhere where no one will bother you again and you can either work on getting rid of that curse or learning how to live with it. This isn’t the place for you.”

Grant bared his fangs, but he did not respond. He took a step forward, looking down at Daisy. His tail flicked angrily behind him as his already-muddled mind tried to process things.

“Grant, please. I love you. You know that. I would never intentionally hurt you in anyway. If that’s what you’re thinking,” she continued softly. “I am just trying to help you. There has to be someway out of this. We just haven’t found that yet. But the first step in finding that is to leave here. But we can’t do that like this. Please.”

“Your begging isn’t going to do anything, Daisy!” Simmons hissed from behind. “You-”

“Shut up!” Grant roared, the flames in his eyes flaring. His burning gaze turned towards the biochemist, “Don’t you ever talk like that to her again! Never!” He pushed past Daisy and reached into the closet, roughly pulling Simmons out by her throat.

He raised her into the air, her legs flailing, “I don’t wanna have to kill you.” he growled. “But I will. And there will be nothing left to save. Nothing but the blood staining this damned concrete.”

Simmons kept her mouth shut, knowing better than to say anything that would end up angering him even more.
Grant bared his fangs and threw Simmons aside, “You don’t.”

He was cut off as a loud bang sounded out and a sharp pain lanced through his gut. He roared again and spun around to see May with a bunch of agents standing behind her. All armed to the teeth with weaponry that could very well kill him.

May raised an eyebrow, “You called, Daisy?” she asked. “And don’t worry, Coulson is safe. That area is on lockdown.”

Grant’s shoulders slumped and he turned to look at Daisy, “You…. You called her?” he asked, his voice low. “Why would you do that?”

Daisy raised her hands, “Grant, I only called her to keep Coulson safe.” she stated calmly. “I didn’t expect this!”

“You’re no better than the rest of them.” Grant growled, turning away from her. “Go fuck yourself.”

Daisy’s heart sank, knowing that his trust of her had been utterly severed. And it was possible that it couldn’t be mended at this point.

May’s face hardened and she stepped behind the line of agents, “Take him out. He’s a threat, so show no mercy.” she commanded. “We should’ve done this a long time ago. Fire when ready.”

Grant’s wings bristled as he flung himself towards the agents, bullets starting to rain out. Daisy flung herself back into the closet, pulling Simmons with her.

“Oh, Grant. That really isn’t you, is it?” she asked herself, hellfire starting to burn bright. “What the hell happened to you?”

Chapter End Notes

And yeah, there you go. But I promise that things will be better soon. Sometime. And I’m sorry for the wait on this. I decided to put all my fics on a brief hiatus to help with ideas and such. But I should be back now! Keep the comments and kudos coming!
"Knocked off my feet, the earth moved beneath.  
The edge of a dream and a nightmare.  
I opened the door, fell through the floor.  
I slipped through the cracks into nowhere."

Out From Under - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy watched in horror as Grant tore the head off of one of the guards, throwing it aside as he eyed May. It was clear that he intended this to be a slaughter. If he got his way, no one would be left standing. Not even her.

And that’s how she figured that this wasn’t even Grant Ward. This was nothing more than the curse taking hold, slowly consuming him until there was nothing left but the demon. Was this the ‘Spirit’s’ way of killing them, even though it was no longer inside of Grant? It had done the worst thing possible by morphing Grant’s harbored rage towards the team into a monstrous weapon of sorts. And it had already pulled the trigger.

Daisy knew that the nightmare Grant had woken up from earlier was the trigger. She just hated to know what he had seen. Because he had been enough for his full rage to be unleashed. And now there was nothing that could stop it now that his trust of her had been severed.

“You aren’t laying a single fucking finger on me.” Grant hissed, flinging the guards out of the way so he could get to May. “You already shot me. Now it’s your turn. I’m tired of you. I’m tired of all of you. I’m tired of being beaten down again and again, so it’s time for that to end. I am stronger than all of you combined.” He smiled, showing his wickedly-sharp fangs, “I am almost a god.”

Daisy’s heart sank, realizing just how much the curse had warped and changed him. There had to be some way to get rid of it. She had been hoping that there was a way for him to live with it, to hone and control it. But, at this point, was it really a good thing for the demon to stay underneath his skin?

What would happen if he was allowed to continue on this path?

“You are no god.” May stated as stone-faced as ever, looking Grant dead in the eyes. “You are nowhere near one, Ward. You may think yourself invincible and all-powerful, but you’re just weak. A coward.”

Grant growled and huffed, smoke blowing out from his nostrils, “Such daring words.” He swept his foot out and had May on the ground and pinned before anyone could react. “But what will you say when I crush the life out of your chest? No, that’s not right.” He smiled and shifted his clawed foot closer to her throat, “What will you say when I crush your larynx like you did with me? What will you say when no words come out of your mouth?”
May grimaced and struggled against Grant’s weight, “I had no idea that you were this psychotic, Ward.” she stated with a smirk. “You’ve really lost yourself.”

Grant snarled and went to crush May’s throat with a stomp, but a shout from Daisy stopped him dead in his tracks.

“You’re afraid of me, aren’t you?” she screamed, taking a tentative step towards him. “I know that you hate them, but you wouldn’t do something so extreme to them. You aren’t a monster like this. Grant, you,”

“Stop talking for once. That’s all you ever do. If you really cared about me, you would leave me alone.”

He continued, the ground shaking beneath them as he took a step forward. “You’ve just left it alone, Daisy. Like everything else. All you do is ruin things. This is your fault.”

Daisy swallowed, “Grant, you should listen to yourself. You would never say things like this. That curse is messing with your head. Grant,”

“Maybe that’s not who I am anymore.” he spat, cutting her off with a sharp and fiery glare. “Hasn’t that thought crossed your mind yet? Grant Ward died a long fucking time ago.”

He loomed over her, his bulky figure almost blocking out the light from above. Her heart was beating almost a hundred miles an hour. Normally, she would trust him with her life. But now? Now she wouldn’t put it past him to rip her heart straight out of her chest.

This wasn’t him anymore.

She had no idea of who or what he was.

Grant smiled as he sensed her fear, “You’re afraid of me, aren’t you, Daisy?” he asked mockingly. “Afraid that I’ll kill you in the worst way possible. And maybe I should. It’s your fault that I’m even in this mess right now. You should’ve stayed in that damned closet and you should’ve kept your mouth shut.”

“Grant, this isn’t you.” she repeated, trying to hold her ground. “What the hell has happened to you? You love me. You would do anything to keep me safe.”

“Not anymore.”

Her heart lurched again, “Grant, what happened to wanting to run? Wanting to get the hell away from here? All you wanted was to find somewhere peaceful to where we could deal with this together. You are letting this thing consume you,” she began slowly. “You are becoming the very thing that you fear. I know that you want them dead, but you aren’t a monster like that, Grant. There is a way to stop this. You may not see it, but it’s there. Just come back to me. Please.”

He blinked and continued to stare at her, as though something was trying to process inside of his head. His tail bristled behind him and Daisy couldn’t tell to what was going through his head. She knew that he himself didn’t want to kill her, it was whatever curse that had taken hold of him telling him to do so.

Daisy swallowed and took a cautious step towards him, “Grant, you can fight this. You don’t have to become a monster.” she stated gently. “There’s still a good man in there. You don’t have to prove
that thing right. You may be a demon now, but you aren’t a monster. You can fight this. We’ll find a way to get rid of it. Don’t fall to it.”

Grant kept looking at her like she was something that he couldn’t figure out. There was a voice deep within his head urging him to get things over with and kill her. But the rest of him didn’t want to.

Wait, what was he even doing here? Why was he even threatening her like this? This wasn’t him. How did he fall this far?

“Daisy, you need to get the hell away from him!” May yelled, pointing a gun at Grant. “We need to kill him. Now. Before this gets out of hand. He’s already killed two of our agents. We don’t need anymore deaths. This blood is on his hands.”

Grant gripped at his head as he suddenly couldn’t figure out what to do, “Don’t!” he screamed. “I wanna be left alone!” Flames flared from his skin as he fell to his knees, pressing his hands against the concrete floor for support. Tears pooled in his eyes and fell to the ground, staining the concrete below, “This isn’t me.” he sobbed, his wings bristling. “I… I don’t know what I’m doing. I don’t want anyone to die, but it wants to kill. I-I can’t fight it. That thing ruined my life. I just wanted to die, but this is what I got in return. All I wanted was death, but I got turned into a monster instead.”

Daisy’s heart fell as she realized that he was clear-headed again. Well, as close to clear-headed as he could be right now. He was scared and hurting. That ‘Spirit’ had turned him into something that he couldn’t understand or control.

Grant looked up at Daisy, tears streaming from his eyes, “Skye, help me.” he pleaded, clutching at his chest. “It hurts. I don’t know what to do anymore.” His eyes suddenly rolled back into his head and he fell with a massive thud to the ground. Daisy remained frozen, watching as he shifted back into human form.

She ran over to him and managed to sit him up, allowing him to lean against his shoulders. She froze again, seeing some strange blackened mark etched upon his chest. But she didn’t bother to question it, there was no time right now.


She nodded slowly, gently running her fingers through his ruffled hair, “We’ll go back to the room, as long as it’s not destroyed. I’ll let you sleep.”

“Daisy, that’s not happening.” May barked, coming towards them. “He need to be locked-up. Now. We can’t let that happen again.”

“No.” Daisy almost spat. “You’re not going to cage him like some kind of damned animal. I’m going to let him rest for a while and then we’re leaving. I promised him that we would find somewhere peaceful to live while we find a way to deal with this. I’m not letting him get hurt anymore.”

“Daisy,”

“I told you what I’m doing. He’s not being locked-up or anything of the sort. Now find him a fucking blanket or something to cover him up with. And get Fitzsimmons out of that storage room.” Daisy stood and slowly helped Grant to his feet. She grabbed a sheet from a bench as she led Grant away, knowing very well that no one would do what she had said. She handed it to Grant, letting him cover himself up with it.

“Sorry.” Grant muttered as they headed out into the hall. “Sorry.”
“Grant, sweetheart. You don’t have to apologize for any of that. That wasn’t you. And it never will be.” Daisy reassured him. “I know that it wasn’t you talking in there. It’s that demon. We’ve got to find a way to get rid of it.”

“And what if we can’t?”

“Then we’ll find a way for you to live with it. To control it. There has to be one way or another to deal with it.” She sighed, “It’s out there somewhere.”

“What if the demon really is me? What if its thoughts are really mine?” Grant asked, keeping his gaze low as they walked. “But I just don’t know it?”

“Grant, they’re not your thoughts. That demon hates me. You love me. I know that.” she whispered quietly. “That curse is warping your thoughts and turning them against you. None of it is really you, Grant.”

“I hope you’re right.”

Daisy sighed and kept on leading Grant back to their room, “I promise, Grant. We’ll find you a way out of this. But our first step is to leave here.

It’s not safe here anymore.”

Chapter End Notes

So things start to get much darker as Grant can’t control his newfound demonic instincts. Can Daisy get them out of there before May decides to do something about Grant? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
"Caught in the darkness, I go blind. Can you help me find my way out? Nobody hears me, I suffer the silence. Can you tell me it's over now?"

Shadows - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

(Later That Night)

Grant stared at himself in the mirror, his eyes locked onto the hellish mark that had been etched upon his chest. He still couldn’t find the words to describe it ever since he had awoken a couple of hours ago and all he knew was that it was the mark of whatever curse that demon had placed upon him. A ghastly reminder of what he was now. And he wanted it gone.

“I know that Skye said we would leave first thing in the morning. But… But is it really safe for me to leave with her? After what I did earlier?” he thought, staring at his hollowed-out eyes. “It’s not safe for her anymore. I should just go by myself and find a way to end it all. I can’t keep living like this. It hurts…. I don’t want anyone getting hurt because of what I am.”

His eyes drifted down to the pair of scissors that he had laid on the counter earlier. The very same pair of scissors that he planned on jabbing into his chest to cut out that hellish mark. But, could he really do it? What if stabbing himself was the very trigger the monster needed to come roaring out again? But, he couldn’t keep going with that brand on his chest, marking him as that demon’s dog.

He had to get rid of it.

Taking a sharp breath, Grant grabbed the scissors and turned the point to his bare chest. He touched the point to the blackened mark, grimacing as the mark seemed to burn him.

“I’ve got to do this.” he thought. “It’s not going to get rid of that demon. But I don’t want to be marked as one. I want it gone. I don’t care how much blood I spill. Maybe it’ll do me a favor and end up killing me in the end. I’m sorry, Skye. But… But this has to be done. There’s no other way.”

He let out a grunt of pain as he dug the tip of the scissors into his skin, warm blood starting to trickle down his chest. “I can’t be constantly reminded of the hell I’m trapped in. I’ve got to do this. I’ve got to…”

“Grant, what… What the hell are you doing?”

Grant froze, turning his head to look at the now-open bathroom door to see a horror-stricken Daisy standing there. When… When had she opened the door. Blood continued to trickle down his chest, the point of the scissors still buried in his skin.
Daisy’s eyes drifted to the pair of scissors as she tried to comprehend just what he was trying to do. “Grant, what the hell are you doing with those?” she croaked. “P-Put those down!”

But, Grant just dug the scissors deeper into his skin, “Y-You don’t understand, Skye!” he stammered. “I have to do this! I have to get rid of it! I don’t want to be marked as that damned thing’s dog!”

“Grant, all you are doing is hurting yourself! Please, put them down before you do some serious damage.” Daisy stated sternly, slowly walking towards him. She would never trust him with sharp objects right now, knowing that he was near-suicidal. Where had he even gotten them anyways?

“And maybe that’s what I want!” Grant snapped, the scissors starting to tremble in his hands, cutting him even more. “I don’t want to be alive anymore, Skye! I-I can’t keep living like this. Let me go. Please. It’s not worth it anymore.”

Daisy took a breath and her hand suddenly shot out, wrenching the scissors from Grant’s grasp. He easily let go of them since he wasn’t prepared to fight for them. Daisy threw them in the sink, Grant’s blood still dripping off of them. She pointed at the toilet, “Sit.” she ordered. “Now.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m going to clean that damn thing up, you dumbass.” she almost snapped, pushing him down to sit. “You may heal fast, but you still have blood all over you.”

Grant blinked, remaining silent as he watched Daisy kneel down and reach under the bathroom cabinet for a first aid kit. She stood back up and opened the kit, taking out some gauze and peroxide to clean the messy, ragged wound. He hissed in pain as she poured the liquid over it.

“I don’t know what you were intending on doing here.” she began quietly, wiping at the blood. “Cutting that mark off isn’t going to do a single damn thing for you other than hurt you. We’re definitely leaving here when the sun rises in a few hours. We can’t risk staying here any longer. You need to be somewhere quiet and calm.”

It wanted something that could slaughter every last one of you without anything getting in the way.” he continued. “I just want to get rid of it, Skye. But there’s no way out of it other than my death again.”

Daisy took a breath and threw the bloodied cloth aside, “Grant, I’m telling you, there has to be another way out of this. Even if it means you just accept what you are and try to learn how to control it.” she stated softly, taking his hand. “And I’m willing to help you do just that, Grant. But our first step is getting out of here before someone can hinder us. If May gets her way, you’ll be locked-up again. And that’s the very last thing we need. We have to get out of here as soon as possible.”

“Skye, I… I don’t know if I have the strength to keep going like this.” Grant whispered, leaning his head on the top of Daisy’s. “Everything hurts. And I barely even know what’s going on anymore. My mind’s a mess. I’m not who you think I am, Skye.”

“I know exactly who you are. You’re Grant Douglas Ward. You may not be human anymore, but
you’re still who you’ve always been.” Daisy rebutted. “You may not know it, but that’s who you are. It just may take some time for you to figure things out, Grant.”

Grant swallowed and slowly rose to his feet, towering above Daisy, “That’s… That’s not going to be easy for me. You know that.” He looked to the side as Daisy stood as well, “You don’t understand what.”

“I know that I don’t understand.” she stated, cutting him off. “There is no way that I could ever even begin to understand what you’re going through. But, I can help you get through this. Even if it takes years to do so. I… I won’t leave you, Grant.”

Grant reached an arm out and wrapped it around her, pulling her close, “Please. You’re all I have left, Skye.” he muttered, sadness lacing his voice. “I don’t want to lose you, too.”

“I promise, Grant. I won’t leave you.”

He stared behind her, keeping her in his hold, “I just want a normal life, Skye. But there’s not a chance of me having that with the way I am.” he began. “A family. No matter how big. I’ve… I’ve always wanted a son. Hell, even a dog. But… But that’s all out of reach now. No, it’s never been in reach. I’ve never had that chance.” He grimaced as his mark burned again.

Daisy looked up at him, “Even though most of that might be out of reach, but we could at least try something, Grant.” she said softly. “We could at least try to live a quiet life. But we have to do with this first.” She pulled away from him and pointed at the mark on his chest. “There has to be one way or another to deal with it. Even if it means you learning how to control and live with it. There’s a way out there.”

Grant swallowed and kissed the top of her head, feeling that cold, familiar darkness brewing in the back of his head. Right now, he just wanted to sleep the remaining time they had left here. There was no telling to what would happen once they left.

“I… I just hope that you’re right.”

Chapter End Notes

So Grant continues to spiral and Daisy still swears to help him. But how will they find a way to deal with the monster? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Chapter Summary

"I can't help but to fall into the sky.
Will you be there with arms open wide?
All I want is to crawl in a corner and die,
When I can't feel you inside."

Fall Into The Sky - Fight the Fade

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Early That Morning)

“Skye, are you sure that this is a good thing to leave like this?”

Daisy looked up as she was zipping up her bag. “Yes,” she stated simply. “We need to get out before someone can stop us. May will be up in about an hour, that gives us plenty of time to gather the rest of our things and take one of the cars.”

“And you have no regrets over leaving everyone without another word to them?” Grant continued, slinging his bag over his shoulder. “I mean, there’s still Fitz, right? Do you really want to leave him like this?”

“Look, I’m sure that Coulson will wake up sooner or later. And Fitz, Mack, and Elena will understand my reasoning behind this, Grant.” she answered. “It’s best if you’re away from here and you need someone with you. There is no way that you need to be left alone at all now. And I’m going to make sure of that.”

“You know, you don’t have to do this, Skye.” Grant looked away, not really sure of how to explain things. He didn’t want her risking herself just to help him. She didn’t deserve to get hurt because he couldn’t control himself. And he felt as though the best way out of this all was his death. But there was no way that he could convince her of that.

“But I want to do this, Grant.” Daisy turned around to face him, looking him straight in the eyes. “And you can’t tell me otherwise. You need to let someone help you for once. You may not see a way out of this, but it’s out there somewhere. Even if it takes years to find it, I’ll stay right by you, Grant.

Maybe we’ll be lucky and it doesn’t take long to find a way to deal with that thing, but who knows.” she continued. “But I’m not going to run. And I’m definitely not going to let you run either. There has to be a way out of this and we’re going to find it. Even if you don’t see it right now.”

Grant took a sharp breath, “And how long do you plan on hiding from SHIELD?” he asked. “There definitely will be hell to pay when Coulson wakes up. ‘Cause all he sees me as now is that monster. The monster that tried to kill him. And he’ll probably send teams to take me in. I’ll be lucky if he just has them kill me, Skye. But knowing him, he’ll want the worst form of torture for me.”
Even if I manage to either control the monster or get rid of it entirely, Coulson’s still a huge threat to the both of us.” he continued, his grip tightening on his back as the mark on his chest began to burn. “He’ll come for us eventually. He already feels as though you betrayed him because you sided with me. And he will find a way to make us pay for what he feels is wrong.”

Daisy swallowed and nodded slowly, “I understand that, Grant.” she began, turning around and picking up her own bag. “But if he comes, I won’t fight. I don’t want to fight him of all people. But, I will find a way to defend us. You have already died for what you’ve done wrong.” She walked up to him and pointed to where the mark was on his chest, “This? This isn’t something you should suffer more for. You’ve done nothing wrong here.

It’s that thing, that demon who has done everything wrong.” she continued. “Coulson needs to see that. You can’t be punished for something that you’ve already paid your dues for. You need a way out of this before it’s too late. I just wish that he would see that.”

“Yeah, but that monster, who he swears is completely me, was the one that slung him into the wall, sending him into a coma.” Grant swallowed and shook his head, “He’s not going to take all of this lightly, Skye. Especially when we’re running like this.”

Daisy smiled slightly, “But it’s better than staying here, Grant. I don’t want to know what will happen if you stay here. This is for your sake and theirs.” She paused slightly, “I just hope that they’ll understand that. As long as we have a safe place to stay, I think that we’ll be okay for a while.”

Grant scratched the back of his head with his free hand, “Well, that safe house that we were at is still good. You went back to SHIELD on your own and I was in a completely other state when that thing took me over and came here.” he answered. “If that’s where you want to go back to. Better than trying to scramble to figure something else out. And it’s probably still the most comfortable out of all my safe houses.”

Her smile grew more, “Yeah, I think that’s fine, Grant. And it’s still several miles from the next town, so that’s a little bit more safety on our end.” She nodded again, “And you definitely need comfort in this case. It’ll help you.”

“Do… Do you think that we can try and rest for a few days before we start trying to find a solution to this?” he asked, pointing to himself. “I-I need some kind of break before I start trying to deal with it in any way.”

Daisy shrugged, “I guess that it won’t hurt since we’ll be away from SHIELD.” she stated. “And, honestly, I need a little bit of a break, too. It’s… It’s been hard recently. I’m not going to lie. Whatever it is you are now, it’s hard to deal with. It’s hard to process. And then trying to defend you from the others…. It’s too much. I just need a break from it, Grant. I’m sure that you understand.”

Grant nodded slightly, “Yeah, I guess. But like I said, you don’t have to do any of this for me, Skye.” he repeated. “I… I don’t think that it’s good for you to worry like this. Not at all. If you want to stay. Stay. I’m not going to fight whatever you choose, but I still think that it’s best for you to stay here, Skye. I just want you to be safe. I don’t want that thing hurting you.”

“Grant,” Daisy placed her hand against his chest. “I want to do this. Whatever you say isn’t going to change my mind. I love you enough to risk everything to help you. Don’t you understand that?”

He looked down to where her hand met his chest, “Maybe… Maybe I don’t want you doing that.” He gently grabbed her wrist and moved her hand away, “Skye, I love you. I do. I don’t want you getting killed because you chose to stay with me. Don’t risk everything for someone like me.
She looked straight into his eyes again, “Like I said, nothing you say can change my mind at this point.” she shot back. “I want to help you. And you need to let me or things will just get worse. Please let me do this, Grant.”

Grant stared at her for several long seconds before sighing. “Fine. But if you think something is going to go wrong, I want you to run far away from me, Skye.” he stated. “Please. I couldn’t live with myself if you got hurt all because you wanted to help me.” His eyes shone with a weakened light, “Promise me that.”

“Grant, I promise.”

He nodded and reached for her hand again, “Now, let’s actually get out of here before it’s too late. I don’t want things being ruined now.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so with this, I'm going to start speeding things up so I can finally end the story. Which will be a good thing since there won't much much more angst. So hopefully that can happen soon. Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I Broke These Chains

Chapter Summary

"These things you say, they don't hold me.
I'm not your slave.
No way, I'm stronger than before.
I will break, breaking free, coming alive."

Breaking Free - Skillet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(A Couple of Days Later)

“You know, the more I think about it, the more I question to why all of this is happening to me.”

Daisy blinked, turning her head to see Grant staring up at the ceiling. She frowned as she drew the covers over her bare chest, “What do you mean?” she asked. “Why do you think it’s happening to you?”

He shrugged, “That’s it. I don’t know. I know that part of it has to be retribution for everything that I did before I died.” he began slowly. “But this? This I don’t understand. Suffering while being the Rider made sense. I was trying to make up for my sins. So, suffering through all of that makes sense. But I’ve died again since then. I thought that dying, sacrificing myself to keep it from killing you, would end everything for me. So, why am I still suffering now. What did I do to piss that demon off? I fulfilled its deal. What does it want now?”

“Honestly? There’s no telling.” Daisy answered, continuing to look at him. “I don’t understand it myself. If your death meant the end of the deal, one that the demon itself was so desperate to get out of, then why didn’t it leave you alone?” She pointed at the demonic ruin on his chest, “Why turn you into a demon as well and leave that thing on your chest. What does it want from you?”

Grant sighed, closing his eyes, “Maybe it still wants the team dead. I don’t know. That’s what I’m afraid of. Running isn’t going to solve anything if that’s what it wants. If it could find a way to control that monster and use it to kill everyone else, it would. I don’t know why it continues to fuck me over. There has to be something that it wants. And I intend on finding just that so I can destroy it. Even… Even if it happens to be myself.”

Daisy’s stomach immediately fell and froze over as she sat herself up on an elbow so she could look at Grant better, “Grant, you already know what I’m going to say about that.” she began slowly and sternly. “The way out of this isn’t your death. You know that. You already died to try to get rid of that demon and it only made things much, much worse for you. Dying isn’t going to make things better.”

“I… I know that!” Grant clenched his fists and drew in a very sharp breath to try and steady himself. He didn’t need to be getting upset at her of all people. “It’s just that’s the only possibility I see. But it’s also very possible that that demon will only resurrect me again and again to keep fucking with
me. I just don’t know how to stop it. I made a deal with a devil to make things better, but it only made them much worse. I just wish I knew how to get out of it. That thing isn’t done with me and I’m afraid for what it has planned next, Skye.”

“Grant, I’ll say it again.” Daisy reached out and placed a gentle hand onto his chest, causing him to blush slightly. “There has to be some way out of this. I know it. I know that we’re dealing with a demon here, but there has to be a way to break that deal. No matter what, we’re going to find that way. But your death isn’t the answer, Grant. I know that for a fact. Even if it takes years, we’ll find it.”

Grant drew in another sharp breath, continuing to look towards the ceiling. He wished that he could believe her. He really did. Even the past couple of days since they had gotten to the safehouse had lulled them into a false sense of security. Everything had been so quiet and calm. Grant didn’t trust it one bit and was afraid that either the monster or SHIELD was lurking around the corner. He just wanted peace for once. He just wanted the chance to feel like a normal person and live a quiet life alongside Daisy. That’s all he wanted. But he knew that he would probably never get the chance to do so.

“You know, I want to believe you.” Grant stated softly, turning his body so he faced her. “I really, really do. But every part of me is screaming at me. Yelling at me that something’s going to go horribly wrong. Something far worse than Coulson in a coma. And I’m afraid to know just what the hell that possibly could be.”

“Maybe you’re just overthinking things, Grant. Maybe things will be okay from here on out, even if you have to live as a demon. You’re tough. I’m sure you can find a way to deal with something like that.” She gave him a soft smile. “What was that you told me once about being a survivor?”

A small smile pulled at Grant’s lips, “Hell, you know that was so long ago, Skye.” he began. “I don’t even remember the rest of it. But you know, I think I said that after kidnapped you on the Bus to take you to Garrett…” He trailed off and shook his head, “So, I really don’t think that applies here.”

Daisy carefully took his hand and slowly began to draw gentle circles into the palm of his hand, “I think it can. You survive no matter what, Grant.” she stated. “This… This isn’t an exception to that. You’ve been through hell and back multiple times, and yet you’re still here. That has to mean something, right? You’re still alive for a reason. And maybe you’ll find that reason some day.”

The smile on Grant’s lips grew just a bit more and he leaned over, kissing her on the lips. “Honestly, my only reason for living is you.” he answered. He swallowed as he loomed at her, ”Maybe she's the only reason I have. Is she the reason to why I'm still alive? I can’t lose that. I can’t let that demon take her away.” He smiled, “And I don’t want to lose that reason. I couldn’t bear to lose you, Skye.”

Heat quickly rose to Daisy’s cheeks and she found herself speechless as Grant propped himself up and loomed over her, leaning down to kiss her again. “You’re not going to lose me, Grant. I’m going to desperately try my best to stay right here. You know that.”

“You’re too good for me.”

He lowered himself down towards her, kissing a trail from her neck downwards.

“Way too good for me. I don't want to lose you.”

(Later, Elsewhere)
Grant’s eyes flew open and he found himself back in the barren and black landscape that the demon used to visit him within his dreams. He spun around as a crackling laugh echoed out, finding himself face to face with the demonic and twisted version of himself, its lips pulled into a fang-filled grin.

“What the hell do you want now?” Grant growled, clenching his fists at his sides and feeling the flames right underneath his skin. “Can’t you leave me alone? Not even for a few days? I want a fucking break, you know. You’re getting on my damn nerves.”

Its smile only grew, “You know that I can’t, Grant Ward.” it chided. “I’m here to stay. I’m your own little curse.”

“And why the fuck am I cursed anyways?” Grant asked. “I’ve died twice. That should be enough to pay for everything that I’ve done, right? So, what is it exactly that you want?”

“I’m not going to tell you that.” it pointed a clawed finger at him. “What makes you think that I’ll tell you something like that? I want you to keep on guessing, and suffering the whole entire time you do so. Until there’s nothing left of you but the monster you really are.”

Grant’s face fell, “Tell me one thing, though. Just who the hell are you?” he continued. “Why do you think it’s so damn funny to completely ruin what little I have left? Who are you?”

It smiled again, “Now, now. I can’t tell you that. It would ruin all of the fun here.” it answered with a sharp laugh. “And you wouldn’t want to know anyways.”

A growl rumbled in Grant’s chest and his hand suddenly shot out, grabbing the demon by the neck. The demon’s eyes widened as Grant shifted into what it currently looked like, mirroring its image.

“If you won’t tell me. I’ll tear it out of you.” Grant spat, his horns gleaming in the low light. “The real you has to be in there somewhere, right?” A determined light started to shine in his eyes, “Time to stand up to you once and for all. I’m tired of you fucking with me.

Time to take my damn life back.”

Chapter End Notes

So, Grant is finally standing up to the demon. But can he reveal just who the demon really is? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Release the Panic

Chapter Summary

"'Cause you're trapped in the countdown.
And your days are numbered.
Don't you know that you're done for?
Right now, lights out, let your panic out!"

Release the Panic - Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The demon’s lips curled into a smile, “Taking your life back?” it asked mockingly. “What life is that? You have nothing left, Grant Ward. There is absolutely nothing to take back. You should know that. What you have left belongs to me and me only. What you are doing is futile at this point.” It blinked, watching as the morphed Grant bristled in fury. It knew that it wouldn’t take much to send the man into a blind rage; it had to be careful here. Even though this was a dream for Grant, it was real for the demon.

“I want you gone.” Grant spat, his black horns gleaming in the hellish light. “I want you out of my life. Then, maybe I can rekindle whatever I have left. But I want to be left the hell alone. I want to be able to live in peace with the woman I love. I can’t do that with you in my fucking head.”

“Live in peace?” The demon almost broke out in laughter. “You don’t understand your situation, do you? You’re a demon. There’s no peace for you anywhere. Even if I were to leave you, there’s no reversing your situation. You’re stuck as a bloodthirsty demon for the rest of your life. There’s no taking that back. You may look like a normal human being, but there’s a monster under your skin. Waiting to break out and kill whoever’s around. Do you really think you can live in peace with such a burden? Here’s my answer: You can’t.”

Grant swallowed, his tail bristling in anger behind him, “I know that you’re just trying to get into my head.” he stated coldly. “The root of my problem is you.” He pointed at the demon with a long, pointed claw, “Get rid of you, the major problem is gone. I may be a demon now, but I can live with that. I have someone willing to help me through it. But, I want you gone, you bastard, whoever the hell you are. I’m tired of you stomping around in my head.” He shot forward and lashed out at the demon, “Get the hell out.”

The demon jumped back, flames starting to crackle around it, “If you want a fight, I’ll give it to you, son.” it laughed. “But don’t expect to win this. You’re weak. Weak and pathetic.”

Grant’s stomach froze over, something familiar in the demon’s words. Just who the hell was this demon? Was it someone he knew? But, Grant just couldn’t place a finger on it. And did he even want to know who it was? There had to be something twisted behind all of this. The demon had to be someone he knew for it to hate him so damn much. But just who could that be?

“I’m not weak. And I’m definitely not pathetic.” Grant spat out, his lips curling over his fangs, something else that he couldn’t get used to. “I’ll tear you limb from limb, and then maybe you’ll
show me just who you are.”

“Now, that’s definitely something that I’m not going to tell you, son.” the demon chided, something unknown glowing in its eyes. “And I don’t think that you really want to know. I’ve already told you that.”

“Do you think that I really care to what you say?” Grant asked, flinging himself towards the demon again as it jumped to the side. “I want to know who the hell you are. And to why you want to torture me so much. There has to be more to it. It’s not just because you happened to come across me. There’s something so much more behind all of this. And I’m going to tear it out of you before I kill you. I want you gone.”

The demon laughed again and stepped back, Grant’s eyes widening as it transformed fully into the monster. “I don’t think you’ll find the strength to do so. You were always weak and afraid from the very beginning. You may be a killer in real life, but you can’t find the strength to kill your own fears. To face them. You let others control you.

Everyone you ever knew controlled you and you didn’t fight back against it.” it continued, stretching it wings out wide behind him. “But, you can never face them. You don’t have the courage. You were always afraid, Grant. I tried to turn you into a weapon and I failed with you. Failed with you big time.” It smiled, showing wickedly-sharp teeth. “Love made you weak. You cared for others way more than yourself. Caring makes you weak, Grant. You should’ve remembered that. I’m disappointed in you.”

Grant’s stomach fell, recognizing the demon’s words. “W-Wait, Ga-” But he was cut off as the demon slammed into him, sending him flying back through the hellish landscape. Grant moaned and sat up, seeing the demon looming over him.

“I should’ve taken care of you long ago, boy.” it stated coldly. “You failed me. You betrayed me. You cared for that damn team more than you did me. And I still don’t understand to why. I would’ve won if you hadn’t faltered. You piece of shit.”

Grant blinked, a faint shake starting to take hold of his body, “I-I don’t understand what you’re talking about.” he stammered, stepping back. “Stop trying to get into my head. You’re a monster. Nothing more, nothing less. What you say doesn’t mean a damn thing to me. You should know that. I don’t know who the hell you think you are.”

The demon’s smile grew even more, “Oh, I think you already know a part of the answer. You are only partially right to who I am.” it sneered. “But I don’t think you’ll ever find out the rest of the answer. You challenged me and I’m the only one getting out of here. You hope to live without me. But I’m not leaving you alone so easily.”

“No, I’m the only one getting out of here.” Grant straightened up, stepping forward as he began to shift into the very same monster as the demon. “We’re on even fighting ground now. I may not know what you want of me, but I don’t care at this point.” His wings bristled behind him as though he was prepared to take flight. “I want you dead and out of my life. For good. I don’t know how to kill a demon, but I guess that it doesn’t hurt to fight fire with fire, right? And if I’m stuck like this for the rest of my life, then I should learn how to embrace it. Use it to my advantage. And I’m going to kill you with it.”

The demon’s eyes flared, “I’d like to see you try.” it growled, taking a tentative step towards Grant. Flames flared off of its skin, “You think that you’re going to wake up and everything will be okay. You fell asleep screwing that girl of yours, thinking that everything was right with the world for once. But it’s far from that. You are a monster, son. There’s nothing human about you. Everything
human died when you came back as that.” It pointed at him with a sharp claw. “What are you going
to do when your demonic instincts start to kick in. What are you going to do when you want to kill
just because? That girl of yours will run far, far away and you’ll have nothing left. And you will be
nothing but a vessel of hell, only existing to raze and kill. Is that what you really want? Is it?”

Grant snarled and suddenly disappeared, reappearing behind the demon, grabbing it by the neck and
hoisting it into the air, “One, that isn’t going to be me. I still have a human heart. I have a human
soul. Just the body of a demon. I can control myself. And Skye isn’t going to run from me that easily.
She loves me. I know that she’s going to do whatever it takes to help me through this. Even if I am
stuck like a monster like this.” He let out another growl, tightening his grip and sinking his claws into
the demon’s neck, “But I will kill you. And you will be the last thing I ever take life from. I swear by
it. I am not a killer anymore.”

The demon smiled again, but chose to remain silent. Almost mocking Grant with its smirk.

Grant threw the demon to the ground, “I will kill you. And knowing just who you are will make this
even better.” he growled, flames licking at his skin. “Even if you claim that I’m half-right.

But you’ve been haunting me for far too long. It time to send you back to hell, right where you
fucking belong.”

Chapter End Notes

And I'm so sorry for the wait on this, but I've been dealing with a lot lately and haven't
had the time to. Even though this chapter doesn't do much, it does partially reveal the
identity of the demon and shows that Grant has pretty much come to terms to being a
demon. Good, right? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
I Am Still Alive

Chapter Summary

"Is this where the story ends? Are we just beginning? Live the lie and we'll pretend we're fighting for something If I lose the world I know, If the night, it comes for me If tomorrow fades and nothing matters....

I am still alive...

Still Alive- Red

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The demon sneered, seeing the demonic form of Grant looming over him, “This is quite appropriate, isn’t it?” it teased. “You fought against this fate for so long, but you’re finally embracing it. You’re finally the demon you were always meant to be. The demon I always saw in you.”

Grant swallowed and shot his foot out, pinning the demon to the ground with his claws, “Tell me one thing.” he barked. “Who are you? You won’t give me a straight answer and I don’t like it. And I have a bad feeling to who you are.”

A nasty grin formed on the demon’s face, its fangs gleaming in the hellish light, “I told you, you know who I am. Well, at least a part of who I am. Of who I used to be.” it stated, not even fighting against Grant’s strength. It knew that he would soon falter. Its smile grew even more as Grant’s face fell, “Go on. Say it. You know just who the hell I am.”

“Garrett.”

“Well, I used to be. I have his memories, his personality. But I am not completely him. Not anymore.” Garrett smiled. “You can probably guess the reasons to that.”

“What? A man so evil that when he died, he was twisted into an utter monster?” Grant suggested, trying to keep his cool. Knowing that the demon was Garrett by even a slight bit made his blood boil. The man responsible for ruining his life when he had been alive was still ruining his life now. There was little holding him back from tearing Garrett’s throat out. “I see why you could no longer be considered yourself. Funny how things end, huh?”

“Pot calling the kettle black.” Garrett hissed and Grant suddenly found himself flying through the air. “See how it ended for you, son? See how horribly it ended? I find it quite poetic.”

Grant huffed as his back hit the ground, Garrett landing on his chest, “You don’t understand what I’ve gone through, do you?” he screamed, fighting against the demon’s weight. “I’ve died three times now! Three! I’ve been trapped inside my own head while an alien parasite threatened to take over the world! I’ve fought for control of my own body all because you don’t know how to leave me alone! I’ve suffered so damn such! Why can’t you just stop?!!"
Garrett smiled again and brought a clawed finger right to Grant’s throat, “You know why, Grant. You know the answer to that.” he crooned. “This is your retribution. This is your hell for everything that you did wrong. The Devil has a funny way of doing things.”

“What? By sending you back into my life? I-I never had a chance to think for myself!” Grant argued, staring straight into the demon’s eyes. “What I did wasn’t totally my fault. You beat me down and controlled me. So did my family. I can’t be blamed for everything.”

“You can’t put all of the blame on us. You are still partially at fault, right. You should’ve known that killing someone is one of the worst things you could do, but yet you kept doing it. Even long after I was dead.” Garrett moved his finger, drawing blood on Grant’s throat. “And this is how the Devil chose to punish you. By having your worst fear haunt you.”

“Then what about the Rider? What was that?” Grant asked, his wings shifting underneath him. “I thought that was a chance at redemption. How the hell did I get paired with something like you?”

“That? I can’t answer that. Mainly because I don’t even know myself. I don’t know how the Rider came to be. I only offered you a chance at redemption so you could easily accept me. But I soon got bored. I am a demon after all, I thrive off of violence and death. You didn’t fulfill my need, but you soon led me straight to the greatest jackpot of all. Coulson and that damned team of his.” Garrett’s smile grew even more, “But I knew that you would sacrifice yourself for them. And it only led to more suffering on your end. All which I basked in. An ending worthy of a monster like you. But I should’ve killed them when I had the chance. Maybe I’ll do that once this is all said and done.”

Grant snarled and flipped Garrett over onto his back with a massive burst of strength, “I may hate them! But I sure as hell don’t want you touching them!” he roared, fire beginning to seep from his eyes. “Stay the hell away from them!”

Garrett almost laughed, “You say that, yet you left Coulson in a coma.” he stated. “Which is it? Do you want them dead or not? I could just do it for you so there’s no more blood on your hands. So what is it that you want of them?”

“If I want them dead, I’ll do it myself. But I want you dead and gone.” Grant spat, his hand shooting out in a blinding flash, digging right into Garrett’s chest. “You are the only thing I want dead right now. And you are the last thing that I will ever kill. I swear by that.” Flames started to burn off of him, “Is it possible for you to die by fire?”

Grant grinned, “Hellfire?” he asked with a tilt of his head. “Hey. I think that would make a cool nickname for me. I’ve heard it before, but I think it suits me way better.” His smile grew even more and he leaned in towards Garrett, his faces awfully close to the demon’s face, “And I don’t care to if I’m a demon or not. I still have someone that loves me for the way I am. I may not be human anymore, but… But, maybe being a demon isn’t so bad. If staying this way means I get to kill you once and for all, then I’ll gladly accept it, you fucking bastard.”

Garrett’s tail lashed out, but only merely scraped the side of Grant’s face, cutting the brimstone-like skin. Grant’s smile grew even more and he dug his hand inside of the gaping chest wound, closing his claws around the demon’s twisted and blackened heart.

“You wouldn’t dare do something like this, would you, Grant?” Garrett asked teasingly. “You’re
only proving that you are are in fact a demon, son. Do you really want to prove that right? Do you really want to add to your so-called 'curse?'”

Grant let out a sharp laugh and started to squeeze Garrett’s heart bit by bit, “Do you really want to know the answer to that? Do you?” he crooned, leaning in close to the demon again. “If I had the chance, I would kill you over and over. And I would never get tired of it. Good thing I think this is the last time you will ever die.”

And with that, Grant crushed Garrett’s heart, a painful grunt sounding from the demon. Garrett looked up at him, the light dying from his eyes, “You really are a demon after all.” he mumbled, as Grant stood above him.

Grant swallowed and looked down, watching as Garrett started to melt into nothing, “Do you really think I care, you bastard?” he muttered, turning around and throwing the demon’s crushed heart to the side. He stalked off, his tail dragging the ground.

He stopped after a little bit and looked up to the hellish red sky, “I did it, Skye. I conquered it.” he announced. “The demon’s gone. You don’t have to worry anymore.” He looked down to the ground, frowning as he saw his demonic reflection in what seemed to be a puddle.

“But was it really worth it?” Grant blinked, stretching his wings out, adding to the demonic image. “Am I stuck like this?

Can… Can I really live like this?”

Chapter End Notes

I know it's a little short, but I'm not great at writing long fight scenes. But it's done. Grant's defeated the demon in his head. But is that the solution to his problem? Keep the comments and kudos coming!
Towards a New Beginning

Chapter Summary

Grant awakes as a new person.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daisy woke up the next morning to find the bed void of Grant. She frowned, seeing that the sheets on his side were singed and torn. She remembered him tossing and turning sometime during the night, but what had warranted something like this from him?

“Grant?” she called out, slowly rising from the bed. “Where did you go? You’re still usually right beside me. And it’s still early. Everything okay?”

“I’m fine, Skye. Don’t worry. I’m just in the bathroom.” Grant suddenly appeared in the room by the bathroom door, smiling gently at her. “I had to take a piss.”

Daisy scrunched her nose up, “Uh, ew?” she stated. “You didn’t have to tell me that.”

Grant’s smile grew even more as he came around the bed towards her, “Well, you asked me where I was, and I was being truthful.” he answered, wrapping his arms around her and drawing her naked body close. “How are you?”

She swallowed, “Good, but are you okay?” She pulled away from him and pointed at the burned and torn sheets, “What’s that about? You were tossing and turning sometime during the night. Is everything okay?”

Grant frowned and looked towards the bed. Has his dream confrontation with the demon, well Garrett, done that much outside of his mind? He was just glad that Daisy didn’t seem to be hurt by it.

But… But what could he really call it? He knew that he had dealt with Garrett once and for all, but did he really want to tell her just who the demon had been all along? Grant really didn’t want to put her through that right now. All he knew was that he was rid of the demon and perhaps had control of himself. But he didn’t want to test any of that right now just in case. For today, he just wanted to spend a nice, quiet day with the woman he loved, not worrying about anything else. The truth could come later. This would be a quiet celebration of things on his end.

“Bad dream?” she asked, trying to get his attention. She studied him, noticing that he seemed to have a different air about him. But she wasn’t quite sure of how to explain it. And the mark on his chest seemed to be dull, lacking of that intense blackened color that it had been the night before. And she could also swear that his ears were more defined at their points.

So, what had happened?

Grant nodded slowly. “Yeah, you could say that. But it was just a dream.” he lied and Daisy could see right through it. But she decided not to ask him about it. It was best in this situation to let him say something first. She didn’t want him getting upset at her for any reason whatsoever.
“You okay?”

He reached out and gently drew her naked body towards him again, “Trust me, Skye. I’m fine.” he muttered, kissing the top of her head. “I’m completely and utterly fine. You don’t have to worry about me, babe. But I do appreciate it, though. Really.” He pulled away from her and his smile grew, “God, you’re gorgeous.” His eyes lingered on her bare breasts, causing blush to quickly rise to her cheeks.

Daisy decided to not ask Grant about the dream, even though she knew that he was keeping something from her. He just seemed to be in such a great mood and she didn’t want to end up ruining that. She couldn’t remember the last time he was actually in a genuinely good mood. There was no way that she was going to ruin that now.

“Alright, you’re getting a little horny here, Grant.” she stated, crossing her arms over her chest. “Either we get back in that bed or I’m going to go take a shower and put some clothes on. Which is it?”

Grant blushed as well and sheepishly scratched the back of his head, “I… I like the first option if that’s what you want. Not going to force you to do something that you don’t want to do, Skye.” he answered. “You want that?”

Daisy raised an eyebrow, “I wouldn’t of had brought it up if I didn’t want it, Grant. You know that,” she stated. She pointed at the best, “You seem to be in an overly good mood and I don’t want to waste it, okay? Mainly because I don’t actually feel like getting in the shower yet since it’s still like 7 in the morning. I want a little more time with just you.”

Grant’s blush grew even more to the point where Daisy thought that he would literally combust. He quickly led her back into the bed, slipping his sweatpants off and clinging to her body. “I love you, you know. Don’t forget that.” he whispered. “You’ve helped me through so damn much and I could never even begin to repay that, Skye. I wouldn’t even know where to begin.”

“Grant,” Daisy pulled away from him again and looked at him, threading her fingers with his. “Please, be honest with me. Where is this coming from? You were in such a bad mood yesterday and now you’re acting like everything’s different. Did something happen while you were asleep.”

“I’ll… I’ll find a way to explain soon enough, Skye.” he answered. “I just don’t know how to right now. But trust me, I think things are going to be okay from here on out. I still have to work through things and figure out just how to control what I am now. But… But I think things will be easier.”

“Is this about that demon? What happened?”

“Skye, trust me. I’ll tell you soon when I’m able to really say just what the hell happened. But things, I believe, are going to be much better.” he continued, pressing his lips to her forehead. “It’s just that a lot happened and I don’t know how to explain it all. But it’s not in control of me anymore. It’s gone.”

Daisy’s mouth fell slightly open, “It… It is?” she asked quietly. “Are you sure? It’s gone?”

Grant nodded slowly, holding her closer, “It’s gone, Skye. It can’t control me anymore. It’s just me in here. It’s just me and you now.” he whispered. “After all of this time, it’s gone. It can’t come back.”

“Does that mean… Does that mean that you’re human again?”

“No, it doesn’t. What little humanity I had left died when I came back to life. I’m still a demon,
Skye.” Grant began slowly. “I’m not human at all. I just look human. But there’s nothing human left inside.”

“Grant, that doesn’t matter. You’re still you, even if you happen to be a demon.” Daisy stated quietly, pressing her palm gently against his chest. “I still love you regardless. And you will find a way to control yourself, sweetheart. Even if it takes a long time. I’ll stay right here beside you and help you through it all.”

Grant sighed and turned over onto his back, staring up at the ceiling, “I just want a normal life, Skye. Controlling what I am is the first step. Then getting a dog.”

Daisy blinked and looked over at him, “A… A dog?” she asked. “That’s quite a big jump, isn’t it?”

“I wanna stay here, Skye. I wanna make this place our home. I’m tired of running,” he continued. “This is what I want and I know that you want it, too. It’s what we deserve after all this damn time, right?”

“Yeah, but you wanna start with getting a dog?”

“Hell yeah.” He smirked, “I want either a German shepherd or a Labrador. Doesn’t matter. Would make this place seem a little more like a proper home.” He turned back towards her and his smile grew, “Wouldn’t it?”

“I… I guess. Grant, this is just a lot to take in right now. A home?” She swallowed, “It’s kind of hard to believe that we can finally live in peace. But… But a home sounds really nice. A home with you. I couldn’t ask for more, Grant. I really couldn’t.”

Grant blushed and kissed her, drawing her close to his body once again, “Me neither. All I need is you, Skye. Both you and I know that. All we need is each other. And that dog.”

“Yeah, and that dog, too.”

Chapter End Notes

And with this, there are probably two or three chapters left with a really good ending. But it’ll be all worth it when y’all read it! Keep the comments and kudos coming!
A New Light

Chapter Summary

Grant and Daisy talk some things over.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Two Days Later)

“So, you’re saying that the demon was really Garrett all along? Please tell me that you’re kidding.”

Grant drew in a long breath and shook his head, mindlessly pushing around the scraps of pancake on his plate, “I’m not. Well, at least a part of it was. Perhaps it was just messing with me, but I don’t think so. But still, a part of that demon was Garrett himself.” he answered with a slight shrug. “It sounded and acted just like him, so I’m surprised that I didn’t realize it sooner. I could’ve saved myself so much damn trouble in the end.”

Daisy blinked and frowned, pushing her plate away, “Grant, you didn’t barely even have time to think for yourself.” she stated quietly. “You’ve been through hell and back several times. I’m surprised that you’re still alive at this point. How many times have you died now?”

“Three, but I don’t see the point. It’s my fault to why I’m like this. Should’ve stayed with having my brother execute me…” Grant trailed off and looked down, not waiting for Daisy to answer. “I thought that I could do this, Skye. I thought that conquering that demon would cure everything. But how am I supposed to live like this when I don’t even feel human? Everything just feels off and I don’t know how to explain it.”

“Grant,”

“Skye, at least you’re still part-human. There’s nothing human about me anymore. I’m pure demon.” Grant cut in, giving her a saddened look. “I still have control of my flames and my strength, but what about that other form? Can I still turn into that? What will happen if I try to do so? There are so many unknowns with me now, Skye. And that’s what is scaring me.”

Daisy swallowed and nodded slowly, continuing to look at Grant from across their kitchen table. Grant’s mood had fallen in the past day ever since he started to come to terms with what he was. She assumed that his elation from finally killing the demon had worn off and reality was hitting him hard. Very hard. But she wasn’t going to let him give this up.

They finally had everything to themselves. There was nothing after them anymore and they were free to finally live a good life if Grant’s demon self didn’t cause any problems. Daisy knew that they would have to start working on getting him to harness and control it before it could even start to get out of hand.

“Grant, we’ll get through this. I can promise you that. If you can take on and kill a demon that had been controlling you for the past few months that actually ended up being John Garrett himself, you can do this. You’ve died 3 times now. I don’t think anything can stop you at this point.” Daisy gave
him her best smile, “You’re a survivor, remember? Now you’re some kind of invincible demon.”

Grant raised an eyebrow, “And how is that a good thing?” he asked. “Tell me how being a demon is a good thing. I’m just lucky that I’ve still got my good looks.” He frowned and poked at his slightly-pointed ears, “Well, some things have changed. I’m just glad that I didn’t grow permanent horns and a tail.”

Daisy sighed and rolled her eyes, “Well, let’s see…” She tried to figure out a few good things to Grant’s current situation that wouldn’t upset him. “You’re super-strong. You’ve got those cool flames. And you can fly.” She tried to smile again, “I think those are some pretty good perks. Plus, I can say that my boyfriend is as hot as hell.”

“Really?” Grant grimaced and shook his head. “Now you’re just being cheesy, but I do appreciate it, though.”

“Okay, Grant. We’ll make this work somehow. We don’t have to worry about SHIELD. No other demons trying to control you. Nothing. I can work on restoring your identity and we can get normal jobs for once. Yes, we’ll have to be careful with what we do considering things, but it’s our first chance at a somewhat normal life. Nothing’s after us anymore.”

Grant drug a hand down his beard, noting to himself that he needed a trim. He sighed again, “I just hope that you’re right, Skye.” he stated. “For once in my life, I would love a mundane life. No action. No gunfire. Just a pure, normal life.” He looked down to his hands and flexed them, feeling the hellfire burn underneath his skin, “I don’t know if all of that is possible for a demon, but I guess that it doesn’t hurt to try.”

Daisy’s smile grew, “Now you’re getting somewhere, Grant. I promise that we’ll make things work.” She looked around them and nodded, “And I think this place is a pretty good start. It may be a safehouse, but we can sure as hell make it a home, right? I know you’ve got plenty of money stashed just about everywhere. That’ll work.”

“They’re called caches for a reason, Skye. They’re supposed to be stashed everywhere.”

“Whatever, you know what I mean.” She took a breath and nodded, continuing to study him again. “Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Fitz called this morning. Coulson woke up last night.”

Grant straightened up and his stomach grew cold, “H-He did?” he stammered, wondering just what that meant for him. “So?”

“Coulson doesn’t remember much from when you attacked him. Apparently, it’s all hazy for him.” Daisy began. “Now, I don’t know if that means he’ll want to come after you or not. But I imagine Fitz can get him to lay off of it. Maybe even Simmons or Mack will say something to him. But, Coulson seems to be fine overall, he just still needs time to heal. But, Simmons thinks that he’ll be okay.”

Grant’s shoulders slumped with utter relief, hoping that it meant he was in the clear. “Look, I may not care much about him, but at least I didn’t end up killing him.” he stated in response. “I,”

“Grant, you were under that demon’s influence. It wasn’t you at all.” Daisy cut him off with a sharp glare. “You aren’t at fault for what you did when that demon, Garrett, whoever the hell it was, was in your head. You’ve got to tell yourself that.”

“Yeah, but still.”
“Look, that’s in the past now, Grant. Coulson’s okay.” Daisy continued softly. “You don’t have to worry about it now. We’ve got everything in front of us. SHIELD’s in the past, we don’t have to go back. Not at all. We… We can leave it all alone and just fend for ourselves.”

“But, is that what you really want, Skye?” Grant asked, looking back towards her. “Are you really wanting to leave it all behind for my sake. They’re your family, I don’t think you want to abandon that.”

“And you’re my family, too, Grant.” Daisy smiled once more, “I’m sure that they’ll understand that this is what we want to do. We just need a while to ourselves so we can start on that new life and start on training what you are now. They’ll understand. I’m not completely abandoning them like you think. I’ll keep in touch. But, for a while, it might be best to sever ties for a bit. Just until things are calm again and we can make sure that you’re alright.”

Grant took a sharp breath again and nodded, templing his hands together, “If that’s what you’re okay with doing, then I’m okay with it. I just don’t want you losing contact with them all because of me.” he stated. He swallowed, feeling the familiar burn of fire go down his throat, “Are you sure this is what you want? You can go back now and I won’t be upset.”

Daisy reached across the table and put a gentle hand on his, “Grant, I’m sure. I’m staying with you. I… I don’t want to leave you again. Especially not now.” she answered, her voice a soft whisper. “We’ve got a long way to go and we’re just getting starting.

I’m not going to leave your side.”

Chapter End Notes

And with this, there is only an epilogue left that will be set a few years into the future. So, I hope that it'll be an ending fit for this! Keep the comments and kudos coming!
“Fitz, you really sure that this is a good idea? I mean, we really haven’t heard anything from them in the past five years. And there’s a good reason for that, you know. What makes you so sure that now is the time?”

Mack raised an eyebrow, “I hope that you’re right. We haven’t seen them since they left. And there’s no telling to what Ward’s like now.” he stated lightly. “But go ahead. We’re already here. And we need to go ahead and do this before Coulson and May get suspicious.”

“Yeah.” Fitz held his breath and rapped lightly on the door. A few seconds passed before a sharp bark sounded and the engineer glanced nervously at Mack.

“Max! You too fast! Come here!”

“Uh…” Fitz blinked at the door. That surely didn’t sound like Grant or Daisy. It sounded a whole lot alike a small child.

The door swung open and the two engineers found themselves staring down at a three and a half foot tall toddler. A black German shepherd puppy sat dutifully at his side, who seemed to be a few months old. Something shone in the boy’s whiskey-colored eyes as he wrinkled his nose at them. Fitz frowned, noticing that the boy’s ears ended in well-defined points.

“Who you?”

Fitz gulped and looked at Mack briefly before looking back to the toddler, “Uh, is your mom and dad home?” he asked. “Are they here?”

The little boy wrinkled his nose again, “Mommy says I can’t talk to strangers.” he stated matter-of-factly. He pulled at the Captain America hoodie he was wearing, “Max can’t either.”

“Adian! What did I tell you about opening the door?”

“No?” the little boy turned around as Daisy suddenly appeared from around the corner. “But Max barking.”

“Yeah, but….” Daisy trailed off as she realized who was at the door. She straightened up and pulled
back her hair, “Fitz. Mack. What… What are you two doing here?” She leaned down and gestured for Adian to come towards her. The little boy happily ran into her arms, Max yipping behind him.

Fitz gave her a smile, “Uh, come to see old friends?”

A slight smile pulled at Daisy’s lips and she held Adian close to her chest, “Well… I…” She swallowed, “Come in. Just don’t stand there with the door open. The puppy will get out. I don’t need Grant chasing him again.”

The two engineers nodded and came in, gently shutting the door behind them. They followed Daisy into the living room, stepping over toys as they did so.

“Sorry for the mess. Adian’s been full-speed all morning.” she stated. “Haven’t had a chance to clean up yet. He doesn’t stay with one toy long. He throws them aside whenever he gets bored with one and moves straight to another.”

“Oh, that’s fine. We were kind of unexpected anyways.” Mack sighed and nodded, watching as the little boy continued to stare at him. He noticed that there seemed to be an nonhuman light deep within the boy’s eyes.

“Mommy?” Adian began as they sat down, pointing at Fitz and Mack. “Who they?”

“Oh, they’re old friends of Mommy and Daddy.” Daisy answered, pointing to them as well. “That’s Leo Fitz. And that’s Alphonso Mackenzie. We call them Fitz and Mack.”

“Fizz and Mack!”

Daisy smiled and shook her head, “It’s Fitz, Adian. There’s a ‘T’ in there.” she explained. “His name is Fitz.”

Adian smiled, “No, I wanna call him Fizz!” he exclaimed. “So he Fizz!”

A small smile grew on Fitz’s face, “Oh, Fizz is okay, Daisy. You don’t have to correct him like that.” he stated. “It’s fine.”

“Oh, well. I guess that it doesn’t hurt anything.” Daisy sighed and readjusted Adian in her lap. “Fitz, Mack. This is Adian Leo, our three year old pride and joy. Say ‘Hi’, Adian.”

Adian waved one of his small, chubby hands, “Hi. You got my name.”

“L-Leo?” Fitz’s face fell slightly and he blinked. “His… His middle name isn’t Leopold, is it?”

“No, it’s not.”

Fitz and Mack looked up to see Grant standing in the doorway of the room, his arms crossed over his broad chest. They took in the sight of him. His closely-trimmed beard made him seem more brute-like than they remembered. A demonic light still shone in his eyes as he studied them.

“His middle name is just Leo.” Grant continued, coming over and sitting down next to Daisy, smiling as Adian crawled over into his lap. “Nothing more, nothing less.”

“B-But my name?” Fitz stammered again, still staring at the three year old. “Why?”

Grant shrugged, “Dunno. Neither Skye or I have many decent male role models we could name him after, so you were the only one that we could think of.” he answered. “And, I thought that it fit him pretty well.” He ruffled Adian’s jet-black hair, “And it seems to like it.”
“Ah… Ah…” Fitz didn’t know what to say. He knew that Grant still saw him as a friend, but he didn’t know that he meant this much to him. “That’s… That’s nice.”

Grant smiled, knowing that Fitz really wasn’t going to respond. He nodded, “So, what brings you by?” he asked. “Coulson isn’t after me for any reason, is he?”

Mack shook his head in response, “No, he isn’t. He dropped it a long time ago when he knew that he wouldn’t be able to catch you.” he answered. “Fitz decided that it had been long enough and he wanted to visit. So I offered to come with him.”

“It’s not too, uh, soon, is it?” Fitz asked, meekly scratching at his cheek. “I wanted to give you two plenty of time to adjust and all.”

“It’s been five years, Fitz.” Daisy gestured around them. “I think a lot has changed. And, we have adjusted greatly to everything. It… It wasn’t easy for a while. Grant had some, uh, trouble coming to terms with what he is and learning how to control it so it wouldn’t control him.” She decided to leave the part out about the demon being Garrett. They didn’t need to know that and that wasn’t something she was going to bring up in front of Adian. “That took a few months. And then I found out I was pregnant with him about a little over a year after we got here.” She pointed towards Adian, who had gotten down off of his father’s lap and was on the floor playing with Max.

“Things have been pretty well since then,” she continued. “Some things are hard, considering what Grant is. But we get through them. We always do.”

Adian chose that moment to look up, “Mommy, I need to pee.” he announced. “Go with me?”

Daisy blushed and raised an eyebrow, “Adian, you can pee by yourself.” she stated. “It’s not that hard. Just remember to flush, okay?”

Adian wrinkled his nose, but stood up anyways, “Okay.” He looked at his puppy, “Come on, Max. Go potty with me.” He ran off towards the bathroom, the black shepherd hot on his heels.

“He talks really well for a three year old.” Fitz commented, looking back at Daisy and Grant once Adian had disappeared.

Grant sighed, “Yeah. He’s really smart. Like really, really smart.” he answered. “He’s already reading really well and outranks everyone in his preschool. At this point, he’s only enrolled in preschool for the socialization. He has some trouble because he’s hyper and gets bored really easily. I wouldn’t be surprised if he ended up skipping grades or something when he’s older. But, he’s still practically a baby, though.”

“Is he…” Mack trailed off, figuring out just how to ask the question. “Is he like you?”

Grant blinked, understanding what the engineer had meant, “Yeah, in a way.” he stated in response. “He’s half-demon, half-Inhuman. We assume the demon side is what’s making him super smart. He heals fast and seems to be faster and stronger than your average kid, but that’s about it. No flames. No demon form. The only visible difference to him is his ears.

He’s a handful sometimes, though.” he continued. “He’s… He’s got my rage problem and gets very upset if things don’t go the way he wants them to go. He can end up destroying a lot if he’s not calmed down quick enough. But, he’s normally a pretty sweet kid.”

“I guess all kids have their quirks, right?” Fitz tried to force a smile. “But he’s got good parents.”

Daisy rubbed the back of her head, “Well, we’re trying. It’s not like raising a half-demon, half-
Inhuman child is something you can find in a parenting book.” She laughed slightly, “But like Grant said, he’s a good kid. He’s just—”

“Mommy! I went pee pee!”

She frowned as Adian came back into the room, Max right behind him. “Did you flush and wash your hands?” she asked as the little boy stood in front of her.

Adian nodded, “Yeah! Max there too!” He turned back around and faced Fitz and Mack, “This is Max,” he announced, pointing at the puppy at his feet. “He is my puppy. He is a German shepherd.” He bent down and stroked Max between the ears, laughing as the puppy barked and licked him on the hand. He ran back over to Grant and jumped into his lap.

“See?” Grant raised an eyebrow. “Full of energy. But, I wouldn’t ask for anything else.” He gently wrapped his arms around Adian, causing the little boy to giggle again.

Fitz looked over to Mack before smiling. This Grant was a stark contrast from the one he had last seen five years ago. But in a good way. Truly, he was glad for him. Grant was no longer suffering and finally had something he could cherish.

Was it worth all the pain that Grant had gone through? That was something Fitz would probably never ask him, but he knew the answer to already. It looked as though both Grant and Daisy had everything that they could ever ask for.

“Fizz,” Adian began, looking straight at Fitz, a warm light shining in his eyes. “Wanna play Legos?”

Fitz blinked, “Uh, I guess. I mean, we’ve got some time. We don’t have to be back until later.”

Adian smiled, “Yay! I wanna build the quinjet!” he exclaimed, jumping off of Grant’s lap and running off. “We gonna build it!”

Daisy sighed and rolled his eyes, “He’s a hellian sometimes, but we love him.” she stated. She reached out and placed a hand on Grant’s thigh. “But, he’s what makes everything we’ve been through worth it, though.

We… We couldn’t ask for more.”

End

Chapter End Notes

And that’s the end of that! I hoped that you enjoyed! I’m currently working on finishing up another fic and a new one will be posted in the next week or so. Please leave a comment or kudos!

End Notes
Just an idea between me and another friend on Tumblr! Find me there @gears-of-ward!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!