The Arrogance of Youth

by englishrose2011

Summary

For a young speedster, the lure of becoming a superhero is too much.
In deciding to go against the rules and prove his worth, he sets into motion a near fatal series of events.

Notes

Thank you to M Daniels for beta reading, all mistakes are mine.
The disappearance of Leonard Snart

Two years later.

Team Flash had achieved a close working relationship with Agents Snart and Rory, while at the same time the Flash still battled the supervillains Captain Cold and Heatwave.

But for Joe West and his daughter Iris, it was too much. As far as they were concerned this was nothing more than an elaborate plan of Snart which would end in disaster when he turned on them and showed his true colors. In the end Barry Allen moved out of their house, and into his own apartment, just as Wally West, the lost son of Joe arrived back in Central City.

Wally was a speedster like Barry, but refused to listen to the other man. He was young and couldn’t wait to pull on the suit and become a superhero. The fact that Barry refused to allow him to face off against Cold and Heatwave and the Rogues, Snart’s crew, was a source of contention that slowly grew into a major wedge that was driven between him and Barry. It was around that time that he stopped coming to STAR LABS.

Central City

The Museum of Modern Art looked like a brick box but inside was large glass walls to allow an organic flow of art with high glass floored walk ways, adding to the sensation of flowing through the exhibitions or so the guide book said.

Captain Cold was thrown backward smashing through one of these glass walls. He landed on his back sliding along the floor leaving behind a smear of blood. Somehow he managed to roll onto his side and bring the cold gun up firing a stream of ice to try and slow the speedster down and get some distance between them.

But he missed only to be grabbed and thrown through a second wall in a shattering of glass the cold gun falling from his fingers. By the time his body came to a halt the speedster was on top of him, and a power punch to the head knocked him unconscious.

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Barry arrived on the scene minutes later. He could hear the alarms going off and he swore under his
“Barry,” He could hear Cisco voice coming over the comm.

“Get any footage I need to know what happened here.”

“Cold.” Cisco hazards a guess.

“Missing, but,” Barry strode forward stepping through the shattered glass wall and looking down saw the bloody smear and the cold gun laying among the blood and the shattered glass. He picked it up and charged it keeping it pointed towards the floor. The distinct whirling noise showed that it was still charged. Snart would never abandon the gun even if it was exhausted. Walking forward he saw there was about twenty feet of clear floor with just some blood spatter. The professional side of his mind noted. Continuing through the second broken glass wall he noted an even longer and thicker blood smear and then again it vanished. Raising a hand to his comm he said, “Someone took Snart. You best contract Rory, and then batten down the hatches.” He paused, “I am cancelling the rest of the patrol. Once I’ve had a look round pull all the CCTV footage and I’ll meet you back at base.”

Snart was missing and Barry didn’t want to even think of the fallout from that.

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Cisco looked at the feed from the museum then switched to that from the traffic lights and the ATM. He bit his lip, in one of the freeze frames he could clearly see the speedster with an unconscious bloody Captain Cold thrown over his shoulder. He looked across quickly at Caitlin, she had her attention focused on her screen. Taking a deep breath, he pressed delete and the footage began to be erased from the cameras.

He felt the whoosh of air as Barry arrived back at the cortex, “Any luck?” he asked his face showing his concern.

“Nothing, the feed had been scrubbed.”

“You have to find something Cisco. People don’t just vanish, there must be away.”
“I’ll try,” Cisco said, avoiding the look that Caitlin was giving him, and looking back at his screen.
Finding what is lost.

Seven days later

Snart had vanished a week ago and since then the Rogues and Team Flash had been beating the bushes to try and find him. If the odd warehouse had gotten torched by a pissed off Fire breathing dragon then they could understand Mick Rory venting his anger and frustration.

Finally in desperation Barry turned to Felicity at Star City. She was a former Black Hat Hacker who had made good and while Barry stood at her side she worked her magic. There was an indirect camera which had picked up the reflection from a large mirror on display in a shop. It was this camera which had shown Barry what he feared the most. Coming from the museum the picture was as blurred to hell but it showed the signature distortion of a speedster.

Felicity pains takingly plotted the speedster across the city using cameras from any source that she could hack finally losing him in a run-down part of town. A few minutes later she turned a puzzled face to him. “I ran a scan of the area, that building there….” she highlighted it. It used to belong to Harrison Wells before he moved to Star Labs.”

“Deserted?”

“That’s the thing. According to the records it’s still plugged into the grid. Someone is use it.”

Barry began to set a terrible sinking feeling about this, he swallowed hard, give me the address I’m going to check it out.”

“Should I notify control for you?”

“Err no, let me check it out first thanks, do you mind?”

Felicity nodded “My pleasure and I won’t tell anyone. Take care.”

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Barry slowed to normal speed as he approached the building guessing they might have sensors to pick up a speedster, that was what they had at Star Labs anyway.

But if this place was Well’s old lab then it was possible the security system would be based on the one they used. Granted, Cisco had been updating it, but would these people have the technology to do that? Already he was beginning to get a feeling that he knew who was behind this. He just prayed he was wrong.

Carefully approaching the building he paced out in his mind the distance and then accelerated one short sharp burst of speed to phase him through the wall without setting off any alarms.

The place looked deserted with filthy floors and cracked walls but it felt wrong like the dressing of a film set. Turning a corner he pulled back quickly just spotting the camera in time and that was only because he was looking for it.

“Cisco.” Barry swore, that was one of his inventions. Only problem was Cisco never worked in the first Lab. Joining after the move, also this addition to the security system was only implemented three months ago.

Now it made sense why the tech wizard was unable to find evidence of the other speedster he was working with them. Barry pushed the sickening disappointment and feeling of betrayal down, that could wait. He had to find Snart.

Once he got his head round the doppelganger complex, it was easy to speed just fast enough to avoid the cameras and made his way down to where he thought the pipeline was.

He couldn’t believe that after Ferris Air when they knew that they had been doing by imprisoning metas without trial was so wrong. That this team would still go ahead and do it.

From where he stood, Barry could feel the heat radiating from the cell.

Snart was sat on the low cot his back against the wall, his face was flushed and sweat was beaded across his forehead, his shirt and pants were plastered to his body.

“Len.” Barry hissed his name glancing round him, frightened that one of the team might discover him.
“Flash,” Snart’s voice sounded dry and raw.

“How are you?”

“Peachy, just peachy,” He made a shooing wave of his hand and closed his eyes and resting his head back against the wall.

He was horrified. Len had cuts on his face, bruising to his jaw and throat and he was nursing one arm against his chest, he could see bandages through the shirt. Snart was an ice dragon and this heat was torture pure and simple. What the hell were they thinking of?

Snart suddenly gave a laugh that was totally disturbing. “You’re not real Flash so fuck off, unless you can turn into Mick.” He gave another laugh that grated across Barry’s nerves. Something was very wrong with Snart. He had to get him out of there and fast. Good job fast was something he was very good at.

The next second Barry had phased through the wall of the cell, kneeling in front of Snart he put a hand onto his knee. “I am not a hallucination, Len.”

Snart opened his eyes and then with one finger prodded him in the chest and the laugh this time …. Well….. Barry didn’t want to think about it.

“Come on, let me help you up.” Barry asked.

Carefully he drew Snart to his feet, “I’m getting you out of here, all you have to do is hang on.” Quickly he wrapped an arm round his waist and held him close. With his other hand he cupped the back of the older man’s neck and gently pressed Len’s head down, so it rested on his shoulder. “Close your eyes,” he said, and then moved. This time he didn’t bother to keep to normal speed once he cleared the cell wall. He kept going until he was the other side of the city and back in at Star Labs and into medical yelling for Caitlin.

Dr Snow rushed into medical, and immediately began to bark out orders. Since Coulson had come on the scene, Team Flash her included had had to do some serious rethinking, about how they could work with Snart and Rory.
By the look of it Len had been hurt badly. They laid him on the examination table, she moved in front of him, gently cupping his face and tilting it up. His blue eyes were blown, he was still under the influence of something, and that made him even more unpredictable. She had learned very quickly that strong medication and Snart was not a good mix. But it was better if she kept up a stream of information so that he knew exactly what was going to happen. Even if he seemed to far out of it to understand.

“I am not going to try and remove your shirt, it’s easier to just cut it off.” She paused, and then picked up the shears and began to cut it off. Caitlin’s breath caught in her throat when she saw the heavy bruising that marred Snart’s body.

“Seeing something you like,” Len slurred in that monotones drawl that sent a shiver down her spine, a voice she was beginning to worry she would never hear again. She couldn’t help the flush that heated her face. Snart giggled in response to it and gave her shoulder a playful push.

Caitlin couldn’t help herself. She had found herself looking at Len’s body, not just the injuries, but the many tattoos that cover his skin. Usually he displayed very little skin, even during the hottest weather he always wore full length sleeves. So she was fascinated by the full sleeves on both arms and the patterns that covered his chest all done in black and grey. Cleverly done to help hide some of the horrific scars he carried from his father and the hard life he had led. She had to stop from herself from tracing each line and swirl with her fingers.

She managed a slightly strained “Err sorry,” and went back to work trying to ignore the fact that he kept brushing her hair back and stroking her arm, showing more emotion than she had ever seen before.

The big hand clamping down on her shoulder made her jump. She turned her head and saw Mick Rory stood there next to Barry.

“Thanks for bringing him back kid.” The big man said.

Barry nodded, “It wasn’t right it just wasn’t right,” his voice trailed away, his eyes fixed on Len, as Caitlin took a steadying breath and began to carefully cut through the bandages and peeled them away her mouth tightened into an angry line, but her touch remained firm but gentle as she examined the inflamed sliced flesh.

“We are going to have to get the glass out of the wounds, a broad-based antibiotic, and he is way too hot.” She stated.
“They had him in a hot cell.” Barry explained.

Caitlin muttered something under her breath that the younger man was pleased he didn’t hear, and then louder she said. “Barry, I need to you get as many bags of ice as you can, we need to get his body temperature down.”

Turning towards the door she spotted Cisco, so she added. “Cisco, I am going to need you to get me some iced water, and Mick, I’ll need your help. We can’t restrain him while I operate, and he can’t move, so….”

Cisco backed away, hands held up, “It’s Leonard Snart… he tried to kill my brother.”

Mick gave him a disgusted look “Fucking get over it, your brother didn’t lose any fingers because Len made sure he didn’t, just like Cat wasn’t really at risk of being blown up. I should know, I set the fucking bomb”

“Cat….” Cisco’s eye got a little larger like he hadn’t realized that Caitlin was allowing Mick Rory of all people to call her by her nickname.

“The bomb, was set in such a way that a middle aged detective had ample time to get me free and play the hero,” Caitlin said and to Cisco’s horror smiled at the pyromaniac dragon.

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Mick leaned over close and spoke to his partner coaxing him slowly and painfully onto his stomach and for the first time he saw the damage, “Cat?”

“I am going to spray the wounds with a local anesthetic which will allow me to work on him; I don’t want to use any oral painkillers because his system is already supressed. It would help his healing if he could change into his dragon form.”

Mick shook his head, “He won’t do that Doc.”
Cat mouth a “Oh,” understanding that there was a story in those few words that she needed to hear about later, then added “No matter. We can do it this way.” She leaned down so that Len could see her. “I am going to start to clean the wounds on your back.” She gently brushed her hand across his brow, “I’ll be as gentle as I can.”

She worked quickly cleaning his back of dried blood. Someone had attempted to remove the glass but had missed some of the deeper imbedded pieces and the wounds had started to get infected. So each had to be given special attention. While she worked Mick was making sure that Len was drinking the ice water that his body was now craving as Cisco kept up a steady supply of them.

All the time she was working Barry was bringing in bags of ice.

Now his back was finished she leaned over Len, lightly tilting his face so that he could see her, “I am going to cut away your pants now, I have to check on your leg injuries.”

“No,” he caught her hand, his head shaking, “No,” and she could see he was beginning to get distressed.

“Len, I have to do it. Your injuries need attending your need to trust me.” But he was still shaking his head and started to try and pull himself up and off the bed.

“I’m here Boss, I’m not going to let anyone harm you, and this is our girl. Remember our girl? Cat’s not going to hurt you.” He said at the same time as his big hands moved reassuringly over him.

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If Caitlin heard our girl she didn’t comment on it just lightly stroked her hands over his face and shoulders until Len relaxed. Only then did she cut through his pants and underwear removing them carefully, fearful of pulling against some of the dried blood that had seeped round the wounds.

She worked quickly on the wounds, as Mick kept up a steady stream of reassurance to his partner.

“Barry, I need you to put a layer of ice down in the tub so that he’s resting on it.”
Once she was finished Mick carried Len through and placed in him the bath tub. She carefully covered him with the rest of the ice, till slowly Len’s eyes closed.

“Len an ice dragon once his body has reached the right temperature it should start to heal. In the meantime he’s in a light hibernated state so we won’t have to reach absolute zero. e We just have to keep him nice and cold. Cat paused, “Don’t worry Mick, I think the worse is behind him now.” She patted the Fire Dragons hand.

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During the following hours, Cat came in and out checking his vitals. His temperature gradually beginning to return to what was a chilly normal for him. Looking across the tub, she met Mick’s gaze and frowned.

“One question?”

“Only one?” Mick said with a genuine smile now his partner was out of the woods.

“Why wouldn’t Len change into his dragon form. It would have helped him heal much quicker and no one would have minded.”

Mick signed and rubbed a hand over his face, “well, it was like this doll.”

His expression changed “Len’s father didn’t like that he took after his Ma’s side of the family. Called him a freak and beat the hell out of him so Len leaned to keep the dragon in him locked away. The first time he iced his dad he ended up in hospital puking blood. “Mick looked down at this partner with a gentleness that would have surprised most people, and rearranged one of the ice towels.

“Surely, the police, children’s services?……” Caitlin began and stuttered to a halt as she saw the look on the other man’s face.

“His father was a dirty cop, and had friends in the station and the mob so no one cared, and every time he came home drunk Len stepped between him and his kid sister, Lisa. Len’s medical file, shit Cat if you saw that…… it was a fucking nightmare. Lewis Snart made Len his personal punching bag, and the kid took it to keep Lisa safe.” Len moved in the ice, his head turning towards Mick’s voice. “It’s okay Lenny I’m here,” Mick took one of the ice water towels and gently wiped Len’s
face down making sure that he was resting easily again.

“How did you meet up?”

“Just one question doll.”

“Mick, please,” Cat said.

“Our girl,” Len’s voice was slurred and his eyes flicked and opened, one hand clawing out of the ice to reach for Mick’s.

“Okay Boss,” Mick leaned over his partner. “Rest easy and let me do the talking.”

Once he has sure his partner was settled again Mick continued. “We met in juvie and I got him out of a fix he was in. Some kids decided that he was easy pickings and when he fought back he tore into them with his claws. One of them pulled a shiv on him and would have gutted him if I hadn’t got to him in time.”

Caitlin opened her mouth as if to speak but instead gave him a nod of encouragement for him to continue.

“I aged out of Juvie and finished my time in Iron Heights. By then Len had just turned 19 and was thieving with his father. Poor bastard didn’t have a chance to say no. He also did other jobs on his own, all the money he got he used on Lisa, paying for her ice skating, High School books, food. He made sure she eat well every night even if he went short himself.

Mick’s hand tightened on the towel and his face grew ugly then he exhaled sharply “Len was selling himself when I caught up with him to raise extra money.” He gave her a fierce look to make sure she understood the level of trust he was giving her. It was then she noticed she had tears in her eyes she brushed it away and pulled herself up a little straighter.

“That’s why when I tried to cut his pants off he acted that way.”
Mick nodded. “Len don’t like to be touched.”

“I, we never knew.”

“You mean that Allen never looked at our files.”

“Barry brought them back here, but he only……. Mick, he only read the first part of the file, the sections concerning the robberies and prison breaks, not the personal stuff.”

“Maybe he should have,” Mick said gruffly.

“Maybe he should,” Caitlin said softly echoing what he said, as she reached out taking the iced towel from Mick and used it to soothe Len.

There was a sudden commotion in the Cortex, Mick was on his feet in an instant.

“You see to it, I’ll stay with him,” Caitlin stated.
The coming of SHIELD

Mick stormed out to see Senior Agent Coulson stood there and he took a steadying breath if truth be told he didn’t deal with Coulson. Len was the one who went toe to toe with the Senior Agent. He could be a hot head and he knew his temper wasn’t all unicorns and rainbows but also a lot of it was show playing the crazy pyro to the limit.

Coulson spun round on his heel and allowed his fangs to show, but his voice was level and pleasant. Mick knew someone was in for it. He took a sniff and sure enough Clint Barton was seated with his feet resting on Cisco’s desk, the werewolf helping himself to the other man’s Chinese takeway.

“Hi Micky.”

“Barton……….. shut it.” Coulson said, a hiss done on the word, mean that Coulson was pissed, but Barton just grinned wider.

Mick had only seen Coulson vamp out once and that had been when Clint had been taken by a hunter and had been near to death. There had been a camp full of hunters and him and Len had gone in with Coulson. It had been glorious. He had burned, Len had iced, and Coulson had vamped out tearing out throats with his fangs, breaking bones under his hands. He knew what the vampire wanted, and he didn’t get in his way.

“Len’s through there,” Mick stepped back as Coulson strode past him into the medical bay, as he followed on his heels.

Caitlin Snow all five feet six of her, was stood between Coulson and Len. Her face set in an expression of determination as she held a pair of scissors in hand.

“It’s okay Doll,” Mick reassured her, only then did she step aside the scissors clutched to her chest, still ready to use them.

Phil Coulson looked over her shoulder, “I think I like her.” Then he reached out a hand to cup Lens face, and his thumb lightly stroked the other man’s jaw. At his touch Len’s eyelids fluttered and opened. He was struggling to focus on the man stood over him.

“Leonard.” Phil Coulson said the name with a tenderness that anyone else would have found alien
to the coolly professional vampire usual persona. Len’s mind was still foggy from the drugs from
the prison but he would not be weak and helpless when an alpha stood over him. He lifted an icy
hand and tried to grip the side of the tub to pull himself up. But Mick had his wrist and shoulder in a
firm grip and helped him sit up a bit straighter.

Clint moved to the door way propping himself against the door jamb, slurping down the noodles.

“Coulson, Barton.” Len’s head rested on his partner’s shoulder as he tried to focus on the two men.

Clint waved his chop sticks at him in greeting, “You had the boss man worried. We just got in from
Chile…. I know Boss, shut up,” he said with a grin and dug back into the noodles.

Coulson didn’t turn around, “Barton work with Cisco, full specs of the prison they kept him in and
surrounding area, Protocol 11, free fire all targets are green.” Barton grinned broadly at the Protocol
11, with any luck, Phil would take to the field himself and that was always fun.

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“How long have you known it was this Team West?” Coulson demanded.

It was Cisco who answered stepping forward. “They didn’t know. I helped Joe and Iris set up the old
STAR Lab facility and upgraded the equipment.”
“Cisco,” Barry snapped.

“It was only supposed to be a backup when the Flash was in trouble. Then Snart vanished and I knew what had happened. I deleted the feed from the camera.” He saw the shocked look on Caitlin’s face.

“I just wanted to bide some time until I could get to talk to Joe find out what happened, get them to hand Snart back. But they wouldn’t listen. The story they were telling was all wrong. Then Barry came back with him…” he trailed off.

He gave a cry of pain as Caitlin slapped him across the face leaving a red hand print. “You knew he was in the heat cell and left him there.” She shook her head, “What the hell were you thinking?” She turned on her heels and went back to her patient to be greeted by an admiring look from Mick.

It was Coulson who broke the silence, “The first time we came here it was because the Flash nearly killed Agent Snart and now I am back here again because it is not enough to injure my asset, they tried to illegally imprison him and didn’t even understand enough to not nearly kill him with heat.” Coulson looked towards Barry, “Have I missed anything, Mr. Allen? “

“No, Agent Coulson, you haven’t missed anything else. Joe West is my foster father. He is a good man….” Barry trailed off. He shifted his feet and then tried again. “Joe is a good cop, he believes in the letter of the law and can’t accept this alliance.”

Exhaling slowly, Barry continued, “Please we can fix this, Wally just needs guidance, please. They don’t deserve to die for this.”

“You get them here, we will talk… “the threat was very plain to everyone who was listening.

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Once the others had left Caitlin was finally satisfied enough to allow Mick to help Len out of the ice bath and sit him on the examination table. Using towels they dried him off as she tried to avoid meeting the two men’s eyes.
Len slide an arm round her waist and pulled her close burying his face against her shoulder, making it plain he wasn’t going to release her any time soon.

“I need to dress your wounds Len,” Caitlin said softly at the same time as she brought a hand up to cup the back of his head. “I am not going anywhere,” and brushed her lips softly across his forehead.

Slowly he released her and pulled back, his blue eyes fixed on her face as if he was trying to imprint her…. oh god he was imprinting on her. Suddenly she understood. All the times when she had been out and she had seen the two of them, scaring off a mugger, buying her food, escorting her home, caring for her.

“Our’s” he breathed.

“Yours,” she said as she finally acknowledged the emotions that she had felt since the two dragons had come into her life.

She patted his face, and then with a deep breath, was all business again. “We need to get his wound dressed.”

It took both of them to get Len dressed in Star Labs sweats made all the harder by the fact the he refused to let her go, and since he had also latched onto Mick as well the three of them ended up sharing two pushed together bed in medical just so that Len would sleep.

It was 6.00 am when she woke after a surprisingly good sleep, to find that Len had turned over in his sleep and was clinging onto her. His good hand was wrapped in her sweater, as if he life depended on it.

“Right,” she breathed softly, “I can do this.” Carefully she started to ease the sweater out of his hand not wanting to wake him up in his present condition, the more he could sleep the better.

Finally, she managed to get out of bed, leaving the two dragons sleeping. But as she looked back she was sure she saw Mick’s eyes open a slit just long enough to see what she was doing before closing them again and pulling his injured partner into his arms.
As she took her seat at her computer Barry came over putting a cup of coffee in front of her. “How is he?” the Flash asked. He looked like he hadn’t slept all night exhaustion was etched on his face, but even so his concern was genuine.

“As well as can be expected. I am just going to check with one of my mentors, he might be able shed a bit of light on Len’s condition.”

“Where’s Cisco?”

“He went home to get a change of clothes about an hour ago. He should be back before Team West arrive. You know he really is sorry.”

“He should be, Barry, he knew where Len was and did everything he could to stop us finding him. The question is, is Cisco sorry about what he did or just that he got caught?”

She returned to her research checking her results on Snart against what was known about hybrid dragons. One thing had led to another and a Skype call with Dr. Miller from Guys Hospital in London took longer than she had planned, but it had confirmed some of her theories. Closing her note book, she decided to check on Snart and Rory.

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She had only just headed into Medical when Cisco arrived back, a supersized drink in his hand. Sucking on the straw he waved to her, but she ignored him. When she reappeared she was coming out of medical like a scolded cat Snart and Rory were missing and she was furious.

Cisco asked, “What’s the matter?

“Snart and Rory are missing? How the hell could you let them just walk out of here.” She demanded, glaring at the two men.

“I thought that would have been good news.” Cisco had said with a grin and then regretted it when Caitlin had turned her furious eyes on him.
“After you caused all this don’t you dare smile,” her voice dropped to a harsh snarl, making him take a step back.

Barry asked honestly puzzled, “Why would they run? I mean Snart is sick, and I would have thought Rory would make him stay put at least until he was cleared.

Caitlin gave an angry sigh of someone badly put a upon, “Of course those idiots made a run for it. Do you honestly think that Mick is going to let Len stay here when Team West are coming. Now, I want you checking ever safehouse those pair of idiots have ever used until you find them, I expect Snart back in my medical bay and I don’t care if you have to strap him down.” She glared at Barry when he didn’t move. “Well, what are you waiting for Mister.”

“Err, nothing…” Barry backed away, then flashed off to start his search.

“Cisco, I want you to run a face recognition program on all the ATM’s and traffic cameras,” again there was a hesitation, “well… are you waiting for an engraved invitation.”

Cisco shook his head and his fingers started to fly over the keyboard not daring to question her again.

But their luck was out, Snart had disappeared and Rory along with him.

Finally exhaustion crept up on her and Barry and Cisco ganged up on her to go home, promising to update her if they found out anything about the missing rogues.
When Catlin came out of the lab. The sun was just breaking through the clouds and it looked like it was going to be a good day. But she couldn’t even start to enjoy it, her mind was still focused on Len and Mick. She could understand Mick getting his partner out of medical because of Team West coming in, but on the other hand he had to know that it was best for Len to stay until had at least been cleared by her. Was it because he didn’t trust her? No that didn’t make sense. After the closeness she has felt last night there was no way that was the case, there must be something more. But what?

She shook her head as she took her keys out to unlock her car just then someone called her name. She looked across the roof of the car and saw Wally, Joe and Iris heading towards the back entrance to Star Labs. Their faces looked grim and she found that she didn’t have in her to talk to them. Maybe later but not now when Len was still missing. So instead she gave them a wave of the hand and then unlocked the door and got into the car.

She gave an annoyed huff of frustration. She had loved her last car. It was a little gem then a mugger had tried to rob her and it had resulted in a warning shot that had frozen her car and then Heatwave had tried to thaw it out or so he said…… right…… and the gas tank had exploded and you try telling an insurance company that Captain Cold had frozen it and Heatwave had accidently blown it up, and see if they paid out the premium. Central City it turned out was one of the few cities that insurance companies enforced a not only an act of god clause, but an act of superhero, supervillain clause. So, no pay out any time soon.

She found that she had no interest in what Coulson was going to do with Team West, she could learn about that later, but now she had more important things on her mind, their whereabouts of two stubborn dragons.

Harrison Wells Office

Senior Agent Coulson was sat at Well’s old desk when Team West came in. He closed his laptop and watched them enter he didn’t wave them to a chair.

Clint followed them in and noticed the young woman shiver and a slight smile twitched his lips. The temperature in the room was dropping and he caught the flash of silver in Coulson’s eyes. The master vampire was very close to the surface and in response without conscious thought Clint’s fingernail elongated into claws as his wolf like canine teeth slipped down into place. His tongue flicked across his lips and he could taste their fear in the air. His smile became wider as his eyes began to glow red.

“So in such a short time I find myself back in Central City and for the same reason. You have abused and injured one of my assets again, so I find myself asking what excuse is it this time? What can you tell me which will dissuade me from having you terminated?”

The threat at the end was more chilling because of the polite even tone that Coulson used which was scarier than if he had raised his voice. Anyone who knew Coulson knew all too well that the time to fear him was when his voice took this tone.

“Hey, mister, we were saving this city which is more than you ….” Wally said then he came to a stuttering halt when Coulson fixed him with a look.
Coulson had removed the mental cloak that allowed him to pass as human, and was giving Team West a glimpse of his true power as a Master Vampire. For the humans it was like waking up in the middle of the night and suddenly knowing that all your nightmarish fears are true.

It was Iris that spoke, “Catching Snart was an accident. We picked up the robbery when we were monitoring and Wally went to check it out. Snart attacked him when he was caught robbing the Museum. My brother only protected himself and Snart, he was hurt and we….” it was a day for the West family not to finish their sentences, as one look from Coulson and she trailed off.

“Is that what happened Wally?” Coulson asked.

Wally shifted uncomfortable under Coulson’s gaze, “I knew how dangerous Snart is and Barry will never let me go against him. So I thought, well I thought.” he took a deep breath “That if I could bring Snart in I could prove to everyone that I was better than Barry.”

“You’re just as good as Barry. There was no need for you to try and prove yourself, not against that man, he’s a cold-blooded killer,” Joe shook his head, one hand rubbing at his face. “You should have told me how you felt Wally, not risked your life against that animal.”

Wally looked down, “Sorry, dad.”

Joe’s hand dropped onto Wally’s shoulder to reassure him, “When he brought Snart in I put him in the pipeline, and called a doctor I knew to look at him. I was planning on holding him until I could get together enough evidence to have him convicted.”

Wally knew at that point this had gone along for too long. He took a deep breath and cut across his father, “I am the reason that Snart was there. I sent him a message from Barry asking him to meet me at the Museum…… I hit him before he knew what was happening and threw him through the glass exhibit ……… He was injured. Then when I saw what had happened I told Dad that he had attacked me first. I knew that whatever he said Dad wouldn’t believe him. That is the truth Agent Coulson. It was all my fault, Dad and Iris never knew.” He turned towards Joe, “Dad I am sorry I lied, I just lost control, got scared and panicked and Snart nearly died because of it. I am so sorry.”

Joe stepped forward, drawing his son close “What can we do to put this right?”

“Detective West, I have looked at your CCPD jacket. You’re a good police officer and from what your Captain said an honest and compassionate one. Yet you condoned putting my asset into a cell in your own private prison that nearly killed him and from what I understand this is not the first time you have condoned something like this I am referring to your time with Team Flash and the Ferris Air incident.”

“Snart and Rory are Agents SHIELD. Since our last meeting they have been instrumental in removing threats that could have resulted in interdimensional breaches that would have seen Central City and Keystone devastated with massive loss of life. They have also fought alongside the Flash and yet you called him an animal, and due to your son’s arrogance, and that is what it was, Agent Snart nearly died.

This time Detective you keep your badge. But Team West is on probation for the next three years during that time you will operate from STAR Labs Cortex, overseen by my agents. If you break the probation then you will find out just what SHIELD is capable of. There will be no second chances, and you will not like what I do.”
Joe looked at Wally and Iris, and then nodded, “We have an understanding Agent Coulson, but I do have to say one thing. All we have ever wanted to do is protect this city. At one time you could do it with a shield and a gun, now it’s super powers and weapons that I could never have dreamt of outside of science fiction. Mistakes were made and we will learn from them.”

“I am sure you will. But it seems that other people suffer while you learn. Coulson said and then continued, “Put your house in order Detective West and speak to Team Flash as you will be working with them. I would also suggest that you……” he looked pointy at Wally, apologize to Agent Snart.”

“But…..” Wally started to say.

Coulson cut across him, “See, you don’t learn, and that is what will kill you. Arrogance, stupidity and youth are the perfect ingredients for an early death. Apologize and you might live long enough to make a difference.”

Just as they were about to leave he asked. “Did you speak to the Arrow about Hawk, after our last meeting?”

Joe halted and turned back, “Barry spoke to the Arrow, he didn’t tell us a lot of what was said just the that Hawk,” he looked at Barton, “was a black op assassin and better than him. Barry give me the impression that it hurt the Arrow to say that. “

“That, Detective West is something that if you’re lucky you and your team will never find out.”

Once Team West had left Coulson looked at Barton thoughtfully, “Your view, Agent Barton.”

“Arrogance can get you killed, and that kid is well on his way to an early grave. Might still be depending on Snart when he’s fit and to be honest I can’t blame him if he does take action.”

Coulson looked thoughtful, “But I think that Dr Snow may be a deciding factor in that.” He paused, “Victor is on his way back from his mission in Alaska, have control divert him. I want Snart and Rory on a downtime, while their trio establishes.”

“Boss, you think that Doc Snow knows about it yet?” He grinned happily, remembering all too well the complicated dance he had had to claim his own mate crossing the Vampire and Werewolf divide and then adding Natasha to the mix.

“No. But nature needs time to take its course. We need someone to ride herd on Team West in the short term and given the number of meta criminals it should give Victor enough opportunity for recreational violence to keep him happy. Oh, and Clint, warn those young men about Lady Bird. I would rather Victor not decorate the Cortex with their guts.”

“Oh, happy days Boss,” Clint said with a grin he and the kitty cat were going to have so much fun.
Agent Kate “Lady Bird” Hall was working on her Stark phone, one of the perks of being a member of SHIELD was you got all the latest tech. She looked up at the loud bang as her partner dropped his go bag heavily on the table. His large frame took up most of the couch opposite her, his booted feet landed on the table with a thud as he leaned back arms folded behind his head with a fanged smirk.

Just then another agent quickly thrust a slip of paper at him. “Victor?” she made his name a question when she heard the low growling rumbling from deep in his chest.

“The Vamp wants us in Central City,” he snarled, his clawed hand deeply scoring the arm rest.

She gave a sigh but then couldn’t help smiling, “Mom and Dad are visiting my sister in Central today. I think I can still catch them before they leave, so maybe I can meet up with them.” Kate said, then hesitated to see what Victor was going to say.

He looked up from where he was studying his claws to look at her intensely. “Never met you parent’s frail, they good to you?” The alarm bells went off in her head. She knew of his own abusive childhood which although it was over 150 years ago, still colored the way he viewed family life.

“Yes” she put in quickly and firmly, making sure to keep eye contact with him so there was no mistake.

“Then I can’t see why not, frail.” He said as he waved her over to him. She closed her phone down and moved over to him. Reaching out he pulled her down, so that she was straddling his thighs. He ran powerful clawed hands up and down her back checking her out, a possessive act that he did after each mission. She leaned forward as he cupped the back of her head and drew her down against him, one arm wrapped round her waist holding her in place as he nuzzled her throat and hair, inhaling her scent.

This was their bonding time. Victor was a feral alpha mutant and among the apex predators, and he liked people to know who she belonged too.
The Lady and the dragons

Meanwhile Central City

Caitlin pulled up outside of her apartment. It was in a rent-controlled area that was in the middle of being gentrified and would in a few years be an up and coming area. Instead of risking the old elevator she took the stairs and was half way along the hall way to her apartment when Mrs. Collins the elderly lady, opened her door and looked out.

“Morning Mrs Mason.”

“Dr. Snow, out all night, I expected better of you.” the woman said with a tutting then closed her door. Caitlin shook her head, the woman was a law to her own and seemed to pride herself on keeping track of everyone on the floors coming and goings. Well at least she hadn’t tried to drag her into her apartment for a session on her latest ailments. No matter how many times she had tried to tell the old woman she was a research scientist and not a GP. The woman wouldn’t listen.

She had just come through the front door when she was grabbed and pulled back against a hard body. Her scream was silenced by a hand clamped over her mouth. She started to struggle but a gruff, masculine voice sounded in her ear.

“Sorry doll, didn’t want to startle you.” Mick released his hold on her and allowed her to step back from him.

“And what do you call that?” She snapped, her hand batting at his chest, as she took a deep breath and shivered, it was cold in the apartment what had happened to the …? it was then she saw the ice on the walls and frost coating the inside of her widows, and her words trailed off.

In the far corner of the apartment, Len was sat on the floor. A throw from her bed was pulled round him and he was rocking back and forward, his face pressed against it.

Mick crossed over to him and went down onto his knees, “it’s okay, Boss, Doc’s here now let’s get you back onto the couch.”

Snart tilted his head so that he could look at his partner, his movement was slow and sluggish as he shook his head.
“Had to let the ice out.”

“Sure, you did, Len, and the Doc don’t mind, Do you Doc.”

“Of course not.” She smiled as she knelt in front of him. She noticed that his blue eyes were now slit like a cat and that she could see dark blue and white scales on his throat disappearing down into the sweat shirt. All she did was try to move so that she was more comfortable because she had the feeling she was in for a long morning, when Len’s hand snapped out and caught her wrist. With a hissing snarl she was pulled she against him grunting in pain as she landed on him. His other arm wrapped round her waist as he buried his face against her neck and inhaled her scent. She shivered at the cold he was generating. But didn’t pull away, as the hissing became a distressed trilling noise.

“Mick, I don’t know what I am doing?” She said as she began to run a hesitant but reassuring hand up and down Len’s back all the time holding him close.

“You’re doing just fine Doll, let me go and get some food. See if we can get him to eat something.”

When he returned, he had a plate of raw steak which was cut into very thin strips. He sat down close by and put the plate on the floor. He took a couple of pieces and then nodded to Cait to do the same for Len.

Carefully changing her position making sure he didn’t think that she was running away. She picked up some of the steak and then held it so that he could eat it from her hand. Lifting her other hand, she lightly stroked the back of his head, feeling something inside of her stretching and her breath caught as he rubbed his face against her hand, Mick curled around her……. There was a connection between the three of them. What she had felt before when they had shared a bed in medical was
muted compared to what happening now. It was then she remembered the word she had spoken to reassure him, “Yours” it had seemed the right thing to say. Now she understood and she marveled that she didn’t feel frightened. It was as if something had filled that empty space in her life that Ronnie’s death had left.

Mick brought her attention back to the present when he spoke, his gruff voice soft, “Len’s Pa use to beat on him, if he showed his wings. If you asked he might do it now.”

“Len, please let your wings out, I don’t like to think of you hurting,”

“Yeah…. see Boss, Cait don’t mind the ice and she don’t mind your wings.”

It almost broke Cait heart when she saw the look that Len gave her.

“Let me help you, Len.”

Reaching out she slowly eased the sweat shirt off him, and then ran her hands soothingly over his back, gently rubbing between his shoulder blades over the areas where the wings would come from. “Mick, if you release your wings maybe Len will do the same.” She leaned over him, so her face was against his “It’s alright Len, please.”

Mick slipped out of his jacket and shirt and then his wings burst out of his back with a crack and then there was a second crack and a muffled cry of pain as Len buried his face against Cat’s shoulder.

Instead of wings there was distorted hacked bones. Mick knelt, his arms round Len and Cait, as his
wings wrapped around them so that both were shielded.

How long they sat together she didn’t know, but finally she had coaxed Len to eat all the strips of meat and the temperature was slowly returning to normal.

Len didn’t fight it when Mick eased him to his feet and guided him into the bedroom sitting him on the edge of the bed. Cait came in with her bag and quickly checked him over, with warm water she washed away the thin clear liquid that had oozed out from his back when the bony structure of his wings had broken out of his skin. Thankfully her stitches were still holding.

She helped Mick help him lay down on her bed and pulled the blankets over him, going to the bathroom she undressed putting on the large t-shirt and the baggy sweat pants she slept in and slide in next to him. If she had read the report correctly Len would sleep more soundly if she and Mick were with him. He was in an exhausted state, running on instinct.

Carefully Cait curled round him as he lay on his stomach allowing his horribly mutilated wings to fold onto his back. This way he could feel the warmth of her body pressed against his side and the soft gentle touch of her hand as she stroked it down from his neck over the scales. Mick climbed in on the other side draping one wing across them both, making gruff throaty sounds which Len replied to with a low sad trilling sound.

She decided there and then that she would call in sick and spend the day with the two dragons. There was a lot she had to find out and in the back of her mind there was an idea beginning to form. She tucked her face carefully against Len’s shoulder making sure not to press against the wounds and the cruelly hacked wings.

Just before her eyes closed she said softly, “His father.”
“Dead Doc, burning in hell, the key word is burning.”

“Did you do it?”

“Yeah”

“Good,” just one word but the emotion behind it made Mick preen and rumble in pleasure.

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At the same time.

Kate Hall entered the Hub. She was five seven, with dark hair twisted up in a bun with a couple of pencils sticking through it and a pair of glasses perched on her nose. The black leather jacket she wore had the black on black shield logo on the shoulder. Her shirt, slacks and trainers where black, over her shoulder she had a messenger bag. Her face lit up the moment she saw Clint Barton.

“Hi Hawk,”

“Birdy,” he drawled back, his rather intimidating resting face changing into a grin.
“Has Victor arrive yet? He took off as soon as we landed.”

“Not yet. You’re going to have to keep the Kitty Kat on a short leash. There are some guys here that he would shred in a heartbeat.”

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Noon

Snow’s apartment

Cait woke up and found herself in Len’s arms. He must have turned over in his sleep and was wrapped round her doing a very good impression of an octopus. His face was pressed against the junction of her shoulder and her neck which by the look of it seem to be his preferred sleeping position. When she tried to move, he made a sleepy growling noise and clung on tighter, so she stilled frightened of aggravating his injuries.

Mick, she realized was missing. His absence was solved a few minters later when she heard saucepans rattling in the kitchen.

Caitlin couldn’t help but think how having Mick Rory in her kitchen and Leonard Snart in her bed felt so right it had all started months ago. Some people might have called it stalking but she had never felt frightened even when it was Heatwave and Captain Cold doing it.

The first time had been in the Charthouse Inn.
Caitlin Snow sat at the table and stared down at the drink the ice melting, she gave a heartfelt sigh. It hadn’t been her idea to go on the date but Iris West like all good friends had decided to spread her hard won happiness by getting her a date.

Peter Eden was the perfect date according to Iris, good looking and entertaining.

But it had gone wrong right from the start, the man was an opinionated idiot. He didn’t believe that Meta humans should be treated as people and that was just scratching the surface. She was puzzled as to how Iris could think that he was the perfect match for her. Oh, they would have words tomorrow.

After what she said to Peter the man had dumped her and left her stranded at the Inn. Now how was she going to get home.

It was then she started as the chair next to her was pulled out, she looked up and saw Mick Rory sit down, then looking up she saw Snart stood there, she patted the other seat “Take a seat Cold.”

“If your going to kidnap me, I am not in the mood.” She said dryly

“That’s rather cold of you doctor we made a deal not to target Barry’s friends and family, and we are men of our word.”

“I would believe that more Snart, if you didn’t smirk when you said that.” She made a point of peering at him at pointy, “and putting your hand over your heart is a real diva move.”

To the day she died she would blame the four gin and tonics for the fact that she high fived a very
amused Heatwave.

By the time it came time to leave the bar, she had seen a new side to both of them.

Snart had a killer dark sense of humor delivered in a dry Central City slum drawl which perfectly complimented Rory. She could understand why the two men were partners.

Mick drained his beer, “Fuck the bomb doll, don’t see why you take it personally? it wasn’t going to kill you.”

“Mick,” Caitlin “I was sat on a bomb, I could have been killed.”

He slammed his beer bottle down, “I allowed enough time for an overweight pig and that nerd to save you. Not my fault the Flash didn’t do it.” He got up and stamped off to the bar.

Caitlin’s mouth dropped open, “He’s really upset.”

“Mick likes you. He was the one that picked you he shows his affection with fire.”

“So, the bomb was him flirting?”

“You could say.” Len tapped her glass with a fingertip and the glass frosted up.

Caitlin suddenly gave a chuckle, “Why do I give the feeling this isn’t stalking Snart” she paused” Len,” …. trying the name out, and was greeted with a smile that lacked the normal smirk.

Mick came back with a new beer and a drink for them. Caitlin, looked at Len and then turned back to the resident pyro, “Cisco worked on the bomb afterwards and he said that it was a very well made…. Err thank you.”
She couldn’t help but smile as Mick all but preened at the compliment.

Of course, she hadn’t known then what she knew now. Those

Just then Mick walked into the bedroom with a tray of amazing smelling food.

First meeting…… They were dates. The dragons had been courting her.

“Morning Doc. Thought you might be hungry and didn’t want to disturb Len.”

She smiled “What did you make?”
The Cortex

Barry came in from the locker room rubbing his hair dry and leaving the towel hanging round his neck.

“Who’s that?” He asked Cisco as he looked with interest at the young woman seated at one of the computer terminals working.

It was Clint who answered, “That gentlemen is Agent Kate Hall, SHIELD tech communications specialist,” looking at the avid interest the two younger man had in Birdy, he grinned. This was going to be interesting.

He continued, “Kate and her partner are going to be monitoring you until Coulson can get a long-term team in.”

Clint tilted his head slightly and caught the scent, going smoothly to his feet. He catched the arms of the two younger men as they began to head towards her, and pulled them to one side. “Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,” at that moment Victor came into the hub.

“Creed,”

“Barton,” the big man growled, “Where’s the Vamp?”

“In the office,” Clint favored him with a grin.

Turning back to the younger men, Clint seeing their expression added “guppy fish at feeding time,” he paused “That is Agent Hall’s partner, Agent Creed.”

“He’s a meta” Barry said.

Clint shook his head, “you boys think one way only. Haven’t you learnt yet there are meta’s, inhuman, supernatural, legends, and last but not least mutants. Creed is a mutant with feral characteristics which means, boys that if you mess with his partner, he will gut you and eat your innards. He’s a tad on the possessive side.”

Creed paused at the door to the office and favored them with a smirk that showed his long fangs, and when he reached a hand out the long razor-sharp claws were another reminder.

“And he has excellent hearing.” Clint added helpfully.

Creed entered the office as the doors open Clint following him in, tapping the young woman on the shoulder in a silent invite to come with him.

The door closed with a silent hiss, as Coulson greeted them

“Creed, Hall.” He nodded.

Clint moved into his usual position just off to one side of Coulson. He was not only a Master Assassin he, along with Natasha was Coulson’s partner and bodyguard. Just because the man was a Master Vampire didn’t mean that he couldn’t die.

Victor Creed dropped his bag on the floor and then laid his sniper rifle across the table, “what the
fuck Coulson? what the hell we are doing here?”

“Creed,” the warning was in Coulson’s voice as it went subzero. His eyes changing as his fangs elongated as he leaned forward in his chair, razor sharp nails sliding from his fingertips, all pretense of humanity vanishing in a heartbeat.

The mutants hand shot out and caught Kate by the arm and pulling her behind him as he faced off his boss. Hunching forward he flexed his claws at the same time as Clint changed into his hybrid form.

Kate swore under her breath and placed her hands on her partners back, “Victor please,” then stepping round her protective partner, “Senior Agent Coulson, Sir, the mission was more difficult than had been expected and our break was promised. You know that Agent Creed has to decompress.”

Coulson hissed, and Kate suppressed a shudder. No matter how many times she heard it, that hiss on the in breath always scared the hell out of her.

“Things do not always run true to course Agent Hall. This assignment is important as it concerns two of our own, Agents Snart and Rory.”

“What the fuck are the dragons up too? Boss.” Creed pulled his claws back in.

Coulson eased back into the chair and waved them to a seat with his razor sharp long finger nails.

Clint was the last to revert to his fully human form, Kate noted. But when you got two alphas together and one of them was feral it was always going to be times when emotions ran high and it would verge on an old fashion pissing contest. But as usual they pulled back, when she was there.

“I would not have pulled you from your break. I am quite aware of your needs Agent Creed. But in this case we do have need of your skills. The meta humans in Central City are in the middle of a war against Team Flash and West. Due to the stupidity of Team West, Agent Snart was nearly killed, and is currently healing and bonding with his partners. In the meantime I need someone to run herd on Team West and to help out.”

“Terminate with extreme prejudiced” Creed said quoting the old wet work CIA creed.

“Try to bring them in alive if possible. But your main concern is to protect the citizens of Central City, oh and Creed, Don’t kill Team West or Flash, no matter how they piss you off.”

Creed just smiled. “I’ll try.”
Chapter Summary

For a young woman a mistaking in hacking leads to a new career and the most dangerous of partners, and a doctor finds a new family.

Snow’s Apartment

Cait sat with her back against the headboard snacking on the food Mick had brought. Len had slipped down so that his head was now on her lap one arm wrapped round her waist. She dropped a hand down petting him when he moved and then settled.

“I did some reading and if I am wrong, no harms done, but am I your treasure?”

Mick grinned, “You’ve been that from the start Doc.”

Len yawned and snuggled under her arm.

Mick watched amused to see Len allowing her to fuss him. Normally trying to help Len when he was sick or hurt was to be shot. But in the Cortex that first time he had allowed Cait to give him water, to clean and dress his wounds and here he had released his wings for her and allowed her to feed him. Their treasure in human form, their mate, Dr. Snow. “

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STAR Labs

Kate was getting her computer linked to both the Cortex and SHIELD central, but at the same time keeping an eye on her partner, Victor Creed. Sabretooth was a dangerous man and his temper was deadly.
It was hard for her to think that she had been working with him for three years now. It had all started when she had taken a gap year between High School and University. She had been 18 and full of ideals. One of which had ended up with her hacking Stark Industries for a splinter group her would-be-boyfriend ran.

She had been arrested and taken away by a pair of Feds in a blacked-out SUV. They hadn’t answered any of her questions, just taken her to some unknow destination. Once they arrived she was manhandled out of the vehicle and taken through stark white corridors into an office.

Seated behind the desk was a man in his late forties to early fifties, dressed in a black suit and tie that made him look like an accountant. The other agents had pushed her into a seat opposite him and then he had dismissed them.

“Katherine “Kate” Hall” aged 18, former High School Student on a gap year before starting university.” He smiled at her pleasantly, then his voice got colder, as he added “Pity, shame, not going to happen.”

She gave a gasp as she saw his fangs. The slight flash of them that sent a shiver down her spine, and fear settled like a heavy lead weight in her stomach.

“You’re a mutant,” her voice was a scared whisper.

“No Kate, I am vampire, and my associate, Agent Barton, is a Werewolf. We are the Dark Side of SHIELD” He nodded towards the man in black stood near the door, making her jump as she hadn’t heard him come in. “We make sure the Supernatural, Mutants and Inhuman obey the law. If they brake it we make sure that it’s last thing they ever do. You are an expert hacker and since it would be a waste for you to sit in prison I can offer you a deal.”

Kate said, “I would get probation I….” that was as far as she got.

“No Katie,” Coulson drawled, “When you hacked Stark Industries you penetrated a Security level which was deemed to have potentially endangered national security , that would lead to 20 years in prison.”

Kate could feel the color draining from her face. “But I never…..” she trailed off as with a sickening jolt she understood how much trouble she was in.

“But the Red King said….” she tried to explain then stuttered to a halt at the look Coulson gave her as he shook his head and asked.

“So are you interested in joining SHIELD or should we continue you journey to holding?”

Kate bit her lip. She was about to insist on her lawyer as she had seen in the films but something told her that Coulson would have an answer for that.

“How long would I have to work for SHIELD?”

“Good kid, that’s the first sensible thing you’ve said since you came in.” Barton drawled,
Coulson gave a huff of annoyance “Eight years. But with an option to continue if you wish.” Coulson looked towards the other man and there was a slight tug of a smile on his lips “you might not think it now, but Agent Barton was in you place once and he’s still with us.”

“Yeah right,” Kate muttered under her breath.

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One year later

She was seated in the control op van, shivering with cold, typing away on a keyboard. She brought up the information that the handler was requesting, already his asset had had to deviate from the mission twice which meant that she was kept busy.

Glancing across at Agent Maxwell she couldn’t help but compare him unfavorably with Coulson. She had worked with him for the first six months and had soon learned that he was in a league of his own and hearing him on the radio with Agent Barton had been an education in its self. Maxwell had made it clear from the minute she stepped in the van that she was a last-minute replacement for a much better tech, and she should keep her mouth shut unless he asked for data.

His asset was already in place when she had arrived so she had never seen him. The first time she had heard the hash hoarse voice come over the radio she had felt a shiver go down her back and then a hot flush that made the sweat bead on her forehead. She shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

She jumped as the loud crack of gunfire came over the radio followed by screams of fear and pain, and the roaring of a great cat, then a deathly silence, except for heavy breathing. A few minutes later the harsh voice was back “Where’s the fucking exit two and four are brown.”

Maxwell snapped at her “You heard the man. Data sweep for exit five.”

Suddenly there was a loud explosion and the control van rocked violently, Maxwell slumped forward and then onto the floor, his blood splattering the walls of the van. Kate found herself on the floor her arm hurting and blood running down her face. Her head was ringing. She crawled over to Maxwell as gun shots peppered the side of the van. She stifled a scream as his blood-stained hand caught her wrist and pulled her close blood bubbled from his lips. “Get the hell out of here kid, take the backup comms and take exit three. “

“But the agent?”

“Forget him…………, escape exit……… three.” He used his grip to pull himself up, “get out…………. now.” His grip suddenly faltered as he made a gurgling hacking sound and his body fell back down onto the floor.

Getting out of the control van was hard work, as another explosion rocked it. She used the floor escape panel and crawled out all the time smelling petrol. She was just clear when another explosion sent it up in flames blowing her down into a ditch. She kept crawling when she heard the horse voice in her ear from the emergency set she carried.

“Exit 5 is…”

Taking a deep breath, she spoke quickly keeping her voice down as in the background she could hear people approaching the burning control van.
“Exit 5 is blown sir, exit three is the only one still open.”

“Cut the sir crap, who the fuck is this?”

“Comms, Ladybird, Sir, your handler is dead.”

She winced at the snarled words. “Birdy exit 3,” he drawled dismissing her news of his head handler without a pause.

“Yes, that is still clear but Hydra is moving towards it from the south.”

Kate couldn’t suppress a shudder at his chuckle. The next three hours she spent heading to Exit 3 avoiding Hydra troops but at the same time she got an overwhelming feeling that there was something out there some sort of predator stalking her.

It was with great relief that she saw the SHIELD jet waiting for her. The recovery team rushed out and manhandled her aboard the door shutting behind them. “The asset he’s still out there we have to wait for him!” She exclaimed.

“No Agent, we get the hell out of here now.”

Just as he said that there was a loud banging on the side of the Quinjet and then the sound of claws ripping into the metal and the scream of a large predator only fading as the Quinjet cleared the trees.

“What the hell was that?” Kate demanded.

“Speak to Senior Agent Coulson,” The medic told her, refusing to meet her gaze.

“Well, do you at least know who the asset was? …. I thought I would check up on him when I…..” She ground to a halt when the men with her exchanged a look and one glanced at the door to the Quinjet.

But they wouldn’t be drawn in to answer any of her other questions.

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Once the Quinjet landed she was hurried off and into medical. She was just about to leave when the alarms went off bathing the hallways in red lighting. Heavily armed Agents rushed past her heading towards the Quinjet landing area.

As she continued two agents arrived to escort her to Coulson’s office. “Am I under arrest?” she asked, worried suddenly that she had done something wrong. Surely she couldn’t have been blamed for leaving the asset behind. Perhaps that creature got him, she knew they shouldn’t have left him. Maybe she should have done more.

“Not that we know of Agent Hall, we are here to make sure that you get to his office. We have a rogue agent on the loose.”

It was then she heard the growl. Spinning round she saw a man in black tactical uniform. He ran towards them then dropped down onto all fours and began to bound down the corridor. The security guard snapped at her “Run!” then turned back and began to fire. She saw the man hit the side of the wall and then bounced off it and up before he hit the opposite wall and then back down again. The security guard saw that she wasn’t moving and gave her a hard push, “Run! you stupid bitch run!

Kate ran and it was when she heard the screams, she didn’t dare look back. At the elevator she began
to punch the buttons, “Open, open.” She could hear the pounding of feet “please open.” Just then it did, and she threw herself in and then pushed the button for the door to close.

She saw the man throwing himself towards the door all claws and teeth. But luckily it slammed shut on him, She heard the impact and then the elevator was rocketing up the shaft.

When the door opened. She looked around the corner carefully to see if the hallway was clear. The place was in lock down. She hurried to Coulson’s office and pounded on the door, breathing a sigh of relief when it opened, and she all but tumbled in.

“Take a seat Kate,” Coulson said as he handed her a cup of coffee “I am sorry that this had to happen like this, but Agent Creed is rather impulsive.”

“Agent Creed?”

“Your asset?”

“Mine? I don’t understand, Sir.”

“It appears you made quite an impact on Agent Creed. Creed is a feral mutant and he has bonded with you. We hoped that by evacuating your out of his way that it might have alleviated the situation, but it seems that it merely increased his need. “

“That thing was….” She trailed off.

Just then there was a hammering on the door, “Barton, if you’re ready?”

Kate jumped. She had been so scared she hadn’t noticed Agent Barton in the room until he stepped out from the corner. Her breath caught in her throat. She knew he was a werewolf, but it was the first time she had seen him like this.

Barton’s was just under seven-foot-tall. He was walking on powerful hind legs bent backwards at the knee and felt her blood run cold, he was a thing of nightmares.

Coulson knock on the door release and Agent Victor Creed entered.

“Oh shit,” she breathed.

Creed all but matched Barton in height and built with dark closely cropped hair and stubble on his face he looked to be in his late thirties or early forties. The moment he spoke she recognized the hoarse voice. It was the asset.

“Names Creed, frail,” he clocked his head slightly on the side.

Coulson pressed the comm, “Have security stand down. I have the situation in hand,” he ordered then leaning back in his chair.

“Agent Hall, Agent Creed, I believe you have already met.” Coulson said.

Creed tilted his head slightly as he studied her from head to toe. She could feel the heat flushing her face. “She’s a cub Coulson. What the fuck are you doing putting a cub in the field with that asshole Maxwell?” he accused.

“Agent Hall is an excellent hacker. She was acting as support tech on your mission. It is thanks to her that you got out.”
Creed turned back to her and she instantly took a step back to get out of his reach.

“The cubs got nothing to fear from me. But I don’t like people keeping us apart”

Kate found her voice, “I was told that you had bonded with me Agent Creed, I don’t believe that”

He turned back to her with that tilt of the head and smile that made a shiver go down her spine. He openly scented her but she refused to look away. There was no way she was going to be prey to him.

“Agent Hall deserves an answer Creed.” Coulson said.

“I’ve been looking for my mate, Hall, and you’re her, but you’re just a cub, my cub, which gives you five years to decide what you want,” His lips quirked into a smile that showed his long canine teeth, “or you can learn how to kill me.”

Creed reached out to her and Barton growled low and deep throated, a warning. Creed pulled back and smiled at the werewolf, “You think you can take me down, Baron?”

Clint moved forward, “Even you can’t survive decapitation Creed. Remember that,” Coulson said.

“I have things to discuss with Agent Hall, your dismissed Agent Creed.”

“Sir,” Creed snarled and then left, only then did Kate let out a shaky breath.

It was after that that Agent Victor Creed became her personal headache, who turned stalking into an art form.

She had found out that Creed had first met Coulson 110 years ago when the Senior Agent had been working as an enforcer for the Vampire Council. So the two men had serious history together. Coulson had confirmed that Creed was a feral alpha, and that brought with it its own problems. She had been made to sit down and read his complete file complied by more alphabet agencies than she knew had existed. She had been pale and shaking when she had finished. She had wanted to run then but in her heart she knew that Creed would hunt her down.

From the file she had learned that Victor Creed was intelligent, a highly skilled mercenary soldier and elite assassin as well as a cold blooded psychopathic killer with a reputation for sheer ruthlessness, which was hard to stomach. His speed and reflexes were inhumanly fast, his fangs were tiger-like and he had claws on his hands and feet, which like his teeth he could retract at will which has earned his code name Sabretooth. He also had enhanced healing which meant that after he had reached his prime in the late 1880’s he hadn’t aged a day so he was pretty much immortal.

Kate arrived at Coulson’s office after her reading marathon and he took one look at her and waved her to a set.

“I can imagine you’re here about Creed?”

“Yes Sir, with all respect, I have questions. “

“Being partnered with Creed I can understand that. So, what would you like to know?”

“Agent Creed was calling me his cub, I don’t understand.”

“I have spoken to his brother.” He saw the surprised look, “His younger brother is Logan known as Wolverine. “
“He’s an X-man.”

“Exactly. He said that Creed has you designated as a cub, and that is the safest thing to be. A cub can get away with saying and doing things that would get an adult killed and eaten.”

She felt her stomach clench. She had read bits in his files about cannibalism, but somehow, she had hopped it was wrong.

“He really has eaten people.” She took a deep breath.

“You read the reports.” Coulson was watching her very carefully.

“I know, it’s just hard to believe. Sorry, Sir.”

“Logan explained that Cubs are to be protected and tolerated so you will be safe in the eye of the storm that is Victor Creed. He also asked how old you were. I told him, and he said that when you are 25, you will be considered a mature female by Victor, and will be subjected to some intense feral courting, as he sees you as his mate.”

“What…. I thought he said we would be bonded,” she put her hands to her face, “of course a mate, bonded all the same thing it’s just the wording is different.”

“His mate Agent Hall.” Coulson had given her a ghost of smile, cats bring the humans they love dead mice, with Creed that was going to translate into the dead bodies of America’s most wanted when he starts courting you.”

“I don’t suppose my contract with SHIELD will be over by them.”

“No but I believe we can build in an exit strategy if it’s needed. In the meantime I think that you should be trained to act as he handler. That will keep him calmer if he had you with him and I believe that you have the talent to do that job.”

Just then she came back to the present with a start as the alarm went off. There was a rush of air and the Flash and Kid Flash stood in front of her.

Her fingers flew over the keyboard, as she began to sieve through the date coming in, as Cisco was throwing it up onto the screen.

“You will meet Agents Creed and Barton at the source of the disturbance, you will not engage until then.” She told them, “The police are on route but they’re going to need your help.”

Wally shot a look at Barry and then started forward only to vibrate in the air as Creed caught him by the throat. None of them had heard him come in.

“Stand still West or he’ll drive his claws through your throat.” Coulson said almost matter of factly as he walked in from the office.

Wally stilled in the deadly grip, breathing harshly.

Coulson moved into the center of the Cortex ignoring him, “Lady Bird, I want a run down, now.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Fire and Ice but not our Agents,” she said as she tapped into the raw information that Cisco was bringing up. “Not even their weapon signature, the ice is no way near absolute zero, and the heat gun, no wave affects. We have a couple of copy cats.”
“Creed, Barton on site, Allen with them.” Coulson paused “West take a seat.” He added as Creed released Wally and he hit the floor with a thud.

“Well gentlemen, what are you waiting for.” He allowed himself a ghost of a smile. “Oh, and Creed I want them alive and breathing.”

Creed gave a rumbling growl and then strode out with Barton at his side and Barry following with a worried look on his face.

“Err …. Guys, Guys…” he gave a whistle as he saw the sniper rifle thrown over Creeds shoulder, then looked at Barton “a bow, really? Arrow said…….” Then he hurried after them still firing off questions.

0-0-0

2 Days later.

Snows Apartment

Caitlin was sat with Leonard Snart’s head on her lap his body curled up on the couch, she reached over and tugged the throw round him and ran a soothing hand over his head. He was finally on the mend. Mick had done the right thing and got him out of medical, she understood that now.

Just like she understood the way that Len liked to curl round her like some over grown snow leopard. He was all but purring.

Both men considered her apartment to be their new safe house, their first true nest. Looking across the room Mick was working on his heat gun, checking and cleaning it, pausing only to take a swallow of his beer.

Her dragons…. Mick a fire dragon, Leonard an ice dragon……her dragons, a feeling of contentment swept through her.

Sometime later there was a knock on the door. Mick waved her to a seat and picking up the heat gun moving to cover the door as he opened it slightly, then stepping aside to let their visitor in before quickly closing it behind them.

Caitlin recognized the woman from pictures she had seen Lisa Snart. The other woman went immediately to her brother, and then reaching out her hand gently stroked his face. “Hey, Jerk face,” her voice showing a tenderness that few ever heard.

Leonards eyes opened, “Hi train wreck,” he said fondly.

“Doctor Snow,” Lisa said, “so you finally came around. I got to thinking they would never make a move on you. There’s only so much moping a girl can put up with before she decides to kick some sibling ass.”

“No need for that. It worked out,” Catlin said as Len sat up a little more but instead of moving away it was only to get more comfortable leaning against her shoulder. He was not ready yet to leave her.

“It looks like your part of the family now Doctor.”

“Caitlin,” she interrupted the other woman, my name is Caitlin, sister.”
The End

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