When the dust settles....

by Nerd_alert19

Summary

Post season six wishful thinking. How I hope it ends.....if only.

Notes

Trying to get all of these season finale wishes out of my head before the actual finale wrecks me.

She pushed the sword in further with the last bit of strength she had left. She gripped the hilt tightly until she saw the light fade from her eyes and her body begin to dissipate. When every last particle that had been Izel disappeared like a black mist into the air, she finally relaxed her grip and allowed the sword to fall from her hands with a clatter of steel on the stone floor of the temple.

It was done.

Her limbs where trembling with exhaustion and she was close to collapse, but she couldn’t allow her body to rest yet. She had to know if he had made it. She needed to know who had made it.
She cleared her mind enough to look around the large open space of the temple chamber. She finally saw him laying on the ground where the monoliths had once stood. She rushed over to his limp form and turned him onto his back gently. Shaking fingers searched for a pulse, and the air rushed from her lungs in relief when she found one. It was weak, but it was there. She needed to get him to Simmons.

She wasn’t sure she would be able to lift him on her own. She hadn’t felt this weak and exhausted since she had been released from the framework. She wished she had that shot of epinephrin now. She needed to wake him, but she was so afraid that it wouldn’t be Phil that she woke up. It may not have worked, and he could still be playing host to Pachakutiq. She wasn’t sure she would survive finally losing the last shred of hope she had been clinging to these last few days. She was terrified to find out, but he needed help.

Softly she stroked her hand across his cheek and forehead.

“Wake up, Phil. Please, please wake up.”

She continued to caress his face as his eyes began to flutter. She held her breath as his eyes slowly opened, and he squinted against the glowing lights inside the temple. His eyes finally opened fully and locked onto hers with confusion. Her hand froze for a moment as fear gripped her heart. This wasn’t Phil. He didn’t recognize her. She had lost him again.

She started to lean back and pull her hand away, but he reached up and grabbed it. He watched her intently before bringing her hand back to his face and holding it against his cheek.

“Melinda” he breathed as his eyes fell shut again.

Phil.

As the realization spread over her that he was back and in control of his body again, the last shred of strength and control she had slipped; and she let go. All of the grief, fear, and brokenness that she had been pushing down since she lost him came bubbling out; and she pressed her face into his chest and gripped his shirt. The sob that tore from her throat was one made of exhaustion and joy tangled together. He was alive, and he knew her. She was overwhelmed with relief and gripped his shirt tighter as all of the emotions she kept bottled up since she began to hope that she could have him back rushed out in a torrent of tears and choked sobs.

She felt his hand softly stroke her hair and she picked her head up from his chest to find him
watching her. He looked exhausted, and she needed to get him to Simmons; but his hand reached up to press to her cheek and everything else paused. She slid her hand up his arm to press his hand against her cheek before turning her head to place a kiss against his palm.

“Phil” she breathed against the warm skin of his palm. Her eyes were closed tight, and her free hand moved across his chest to press against his heart. The steady rhythm beneath her palm made more tears slide down her cheek, and she felt his other hand reach up to brush them away softly with calloused finger tips.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. We’re okay. Please don’t cry, Melinda.” He spoke, and his tired voice sounded like the sweetest song to her ears.

“Please stop leaving me, Phil.” She begged and pulled the hand wiping her tears to her lips to press a lingering kiss to his knuckles.

“Who would ever want to leave you?” He said with that boyish smile he thought got him out of trouble, and her heart clenched at the sweet sight she thought was lost to her.

“Only an idiot” She replied and smiled. She finally smiled.

She could feel the dirt and grime caked to her skin. Her cheeks were streaked with dust and tears, and she knew she was covered in blood and bruises. She must look terrible, but Phil….he was looking at her with that soft awe and tenderness she saw in his eyes as he watched her sleep in Tahiti. He may not be the same version of himself that shared those moments with her, but that look was the same.

Being mindful of his injuries, she leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

“Welcome back, Phil.” She whispered as she pulled away. “We need to get you back to the Zephyr so Simmons can fix you up.”

“Hold on….just a minute. I need…” he trailed off as his hands slid into her hair to tug her back down to him. His lips were soft and warm against hers and the soft humming sound he made as she moved her lips over his made her heart race.

“I love you, Melinda.” He breathed as she began to pull away. “I should have told you years ago, but now seemed good too.”
She released a soft laugh and leaned down to press another kiss to his lips.

“I love you too, Phil” Anything else she intended to add was cut off by the sound of the team rushing into the temple chamber.

“May!” Daisy shouted as she rushed in.

“Over here, Daisy! We need to get him to the med bay.” May called out as Daisy located them and rushed over. She hesitated briefly as she saw Phil laying there with his hand gripped tightly in May’s.

“Coulson?” She asked with a note of uncertainty in her tone.

“In the flesh.” He quipped and May rolled her eyes.

“Ughh…the dad jokes are back too then.” Daisy groaned, but her eyes were wet and her smile was spreading across her face.

They each took a side and hoisted him up as they slowly started to make their way out. Mack met them halfway and offered to take a side, but neither woman was willing to release their hold on him so he just moved ahead of them to make sure the path was clear.

Simmons was waiting for them when they reached the ramp of the Zephyr, and they finally allowed Mack to help him onto the bed when they reached the med bay. Melinda pulled up a chair and collapsed next to him while Daisy hovered in the doorway. She was at least trying to stay out of the way, but Melinda wasn’t willing to be further than an arm’s reach away from him; and she dared anyone to attempt to move her.

Jemma declared him to be fine aside from the exhaustion and dehydration, and Melinda breathed a sigh of relief. As Jemma moved to check Melinda over, she tried to tell her she was fine and just needed a shower; but Phil’s look of disapproval made her bite her tongue. A few stitches and some antiseptic later, she was pronounced fine and told to get some rest as well. Daisy came and gave Phil a long tight hug as she promised to check on him later. She quietly followed Jemma out of the med bay, and suddenly they were alone again.

“Hi” he said with a smile.

“Hi” she responded as she slid her chair back to his bedside and took his hand in hers.

“Usually I’d complain about forced bed rest, but I think we’re both going to need it by the time we get back to base. I feel like I could sleep for days.” He spoke as he brushed his thumb over the back of hers.
“mmm…me too.” She nodded tiredly.

“I suppose they probably gave my old room away huh?”

“Yeah….” She answered. She hesitated a moment before looking up at him and continuing, “You know….I’ve been looking for a room mate…..”

“Is that so?” He asked as he nodded and tried to keep a serious face.

“Mmm hmm….think you might be interested?”

“I don’t know …..I kinda remember you used to snore….” He teased.

“Pshh….do not.” She scoffed.

He smiled and watched her for a moment before his look turned serious.

“We don’t have to you know….I don’t want to make you feel pressured. We don’t have to rush to…that. I’m patient.” He finished with a shrug.

“I’m not.” She said with a smile. A spark formed in her eye and her smile turned to a smirk as she said, “Plus….I hate to break it to you, Phil…..but you and I shacked up together for months. No need to be shy now.”

The look of shock and confusion on his face was one she would remember for a long time.

When Daisy went to the med bay later to let them know they were about to land at the base, she paused outside the glass doors to soak in the sight of them sitting there laughing together with hands linked on the edge of Phil’s bed. May had the biggest smile on her face, and Daisy thought she had never looked so beautiful. Coulson wasn’t the only one whole and healed now.

She backed away slowly and headed back the way she had come. May was a pilot, she’d be able to tell when they landed. No need to interrupt. They deserved this time together, and she was determined to make sure they had it.

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