Something new from broken pieces

by awriterinthedark

Summary

The team goes to rescue a new Inhuman. Turns out it's a werewolf. And he isn't the one who needs rescuing.

Notes

This is a Teen Wolf/Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. crossover. In this fic Stiles was kidnapped by Peter a day or two after the nogitsune and for simplicity's sake (and the fact that I hadn't seen any of season three when I started writing this and I don't want to change certain things) Fitz rescued Simmons from the obelisk. How did he do it? I don't know, You can use your imagination for that bit. He rescued her by using his wonderful powers of science and engineering. Also Allison is alive because I love her and she is awesome.

More tags to be added.
This is my first fic, so please be kind but do point out any mistakes I have made. Thanks for reading!

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"Skye, Mack, Lincoln, can you three come with me to my office? We've found another Inhuman."

Skye could not even begin to express how much she loathed that sentence if she was given fifty years in which to express her loathing.

The first time she heard it, it was a little bit exciting and scary, but in a nervous, oh-God-I-hope-I-don't-screw-this-up sort of way.

Now though... Now it's just a million different kinds of horrifying.

Whenever a new Inhuman popped up there seemed to be a massive trail of destruction in their wake. Often there are other people, police, different government agencies, sometimes well meaning citizens who were trying to face the recently powered person. It had yet to end well for any of them.

So far, every time Coulson had called them into his office to formulate a way to retrieve the new Inhuman, there are already people hurt and news crews reporting the situation.

Skye hates it. Hates watching the person stumble around in front of the cameras, destruction spreading around them like wildfire, pleading and begging for help, but no one being able to get close without being hurt.

She is eternally grateful for Lincoln. If he wasn't there to help, she isn't sure she would have the courage to help the new Inhuman's. She thinks about being the only Inhuman on the team, the only one who knows how the transition feels, it's too scary to contemplate for long.

Heaving herself to her feet with a quiet sigh, she forces herself to push the negative thoughts away and concentrate on helping the new inhuman and reducing casualties.

"What have you got for us this time Coulson?" Lincoln asks the moment the are all in the office and the door is firmly closed.

In reply Coulson presses a button on his computer, and the screen on his wall switches from blueprints of Lola's engines to a news station, twitter feeds and a couple youtube videos all showing the same thing. A young man is running down the street, his arms windmilling a wordless scream coming from his mouth while a giant thing chases him. Coulson pauses one of the clearer videos for a moment so that they can see the creature a bit better. It is huge, with glowing blue eyes, fangs, claws and is covered in black fur.

"What the heck is that?" Skye gasps. They've rescued half a dozen other Inhumans, but none of them have looked like that. She looks over at Lincoln to see if this sort of physical transformation is normal.

Based on the wide eyed and jaw dropped expression on his face she's thinking that it's not.

"Are you sure that's an Inhuman and not an alien?" Skye asks, stepping closer to the screen.

Coulson rewinds one of the videos, which shows a girl doing the splits while being cheered on by her friend behind the camera. In the background a man walks by, the man is holding onto the arms of the young man who had been being chased in the other video. Suddenly the boy jerks out of his grasp, punches him hard in the face and starts screaming bloody murder, kicks him in the groin, and the turns and runs.
The man had fallen to his knees, the girl who is holding the camera approaches him, asking if he is alright when the man snarls, his eyes turning an electric blue. He swipes a clawed hand across his face then pushes himself forward and starts to change. Fur ripples across his body like a wave while his muscles double in size, his face morphs as well, changing to look more like some deformed wolf's head. He snarls again and take off running after the boy.

"Well, that is absolutely horrifying but it doesn't answer the question if he's an alien or not. I can list a couple aliens that I know of that look like humans. Like, oh yeah THOR. Oh and Lady Sif. Oh and-
"

"Okay Skye." Coulson interrupts. "I haven't ruled out alien quite yet."

"Looks more like something from a horror movie if you ask me sir." Mack rumbled softly, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I know! Look at those claws!" Skye gasped gesticulating at the thing on the screen.

"No." Mack said, shaking his head and pulling his arms tighter around himself "I meant, it looks like a werewolf."
"A werewolf?" Skye said, a small laugh escaping her throat, even as she peered a little closer. "Huh, he's right. It looks like one of those cheap horror movie special effects."

"Well, he's obviously some sort of shapeshifter." Lincoln said stepping closer to the screen to examine the images on the screen. "Who do you want for this extraction, sir?"

"Skye, Mack and May, will go in and get the Inhuman, Bobbi and I will be on stand by. In case any medical assistance needs to be rendered or you need additional help." Coulson said, turning around and clicking a few things on his computer. "We'll debrief May and Bobbi about the newest Inhuman on the way there. FitzSimmons will be tracking him and will keep us updated while we're in the air."

"Alright. Taking the new plane?" Skye asked.

"Yep, lift off in fifteen, so move quick." Coulson replied, moving to grab his prosthetic hand from off his desk. Skye, Lincoln and Mack quickly filed out of the room.

"Why is it that he hasn't had me go and help bring in the newest recruits? Does he mistrust me that much?" Lincoln asked.

"That's not it at all, Lincoln. It's not that he doesn't trust you, you're too valuable of an asset to risk in the field. You're the only one who really knows what happens to these people during the changes. You know, from an emotional point of view as well as an physical and biological point. You always seem to know what they need for their medical and mental health." Skye said, giving him a quick reassuring pat on the arm before she ducked into her room to grab her supplies.

On the plane she quickly stowed her gear and helped to get all the comms set up so that they can be in contact with Fitz and Simmons.

"-biology must be fascinating. Where does the fur come from, how can he gain so much mass in just seconds-" Is the first thing they hear when the comms come online.

"Bit like the Hulk." Fitz interrupts and Skye smiles as she listens to them talking about the Inhuman and goes back to tying the laces on her boots.

"Okay you two." Coulson interrupted, "Can you tell me where he's headed?"

"East." Jemma replied. "He's moving very quickly sir. On all of the surveillance footage that I'm able to get so far he's heavily blurred. If you give me just a moment-ah that's much better."

"Oh God, Jem look." Fitz's quiet whisper made Skye look up.

"Oh no. Oh nononono. Fitz help me, when did he grab- Oh God." Jemma muttered.

"What's going on?" Coulson barked, interrupting.

"Sir, he has an..a ho-hostage." Fitz whispered, so soft that the comms barely picked it up.

"Show me." Coulson ordered, striding over to the holo table.
"It's the boy from in the earlier videos. The one who punched him in the face and then ran. Sir, it
doesn't look good." A moment later Skye could see exactly what Jemma meant when the holo table
flickers to life, she has to agree that no, it doesn't look good. On screen the Inhuman catches the boy
around his waist with a clawed hand and flings him into the wall of building ten feet away. Skye
gasps when the boy crumples like a rag doll to the ground.

He lay still for a moment, clearly dazed, but when the Inhuman started moving towards him he
struggled upright. He had just made it to his knees when the Inhuman grabbed him and slammed his
head against the wall twice, knocking him unconscious. The inhuman slung the boy over his
shoulder, his features shifting back to that of a more human appearance, before he took off down the
street.

"When did this happen?"

"Moments ago sir. I don't know what-"

"We'll be there in just a few minutes. Keep tracking him for us. Skye, Mack he is now to be
considered extremely dangerous. I want him sedated and on this plane as fast as possible,
understood?"

"Yes sir." They both responded. They went to grab their I.C.E.R.s and wait near the door for May to
land.

"You ready for this Tremors?" Mack asked, glancing at Skye, who kept clenching her fists and
relaxing them repeatedly.

"Yeah. I'm fine." Skye said, a little bit too quickly. After a minute of complete silence she muttered,
"No. Actually. I'm not." Skye shifted, pulling on the braces on her arms that helped to direct and
control her powers.

"What's wrong?" Mack gently prompted.

"They...Every Inhuman that we've been rescuing so far...None of them have been, well, violent.
They're scared and reacting in a way that might seem violent but underneath it they're just scared.
This guy didn't seem scared. Like at all. It...it worries me, like a lot."

"Hey, we don't have the whole story here. Things might not be what they seem."

"Yeah..I know that. it just seems-"

"Brace yourselves, we're landing." May interrupted over the comms. Skye took a deep breath, trying
to push away the fear. Mack was right, they didn't know the whole story. They didn't know what
was going on. They would find out, but first she had to calm down so she didn't end up getting
somebody hurt.

The second the plane touched down, Mack and Skye were out the door.

Chapter End Notes

I know I said I'd update in a week. Sorry bout that. (Though to be fair I did warn about
my problem with keeping deadlines. :D It's a flaw that I'm working on.)
I don't know how many chapters this thing is going to have. but I am completly
incapable of writing something short. Sooo... This should be fun!
"Okay Jemma, where we heading?" Skye asks once they are clear of the plane.

"Head east for now." Jemma replied.

"Okay," Skye glanced at Mack, "Let's go." They started down the street, trying not to draw attention to themselves. Which was pretty easy because everyone seemed preoccupied with talking about the Inhuman who had passed by just minutes ago, or cleaning up the destruction a frightened crowd of people had wrought. Lots of overturned tables and chairs as well as several peoples purses and bags full of food or clothes.

"Simmons, how long ago did they pass through here?" Mack asked.

"Five minutes ago so you two should pick up the pace a little bit." Jemma urged. They started walking faster but refrained from outright running down the street or even jogging, so they wouldn't draw attention to themselves.

"Are local police on the way?" Skye asked, noticing a lack of sirens, which was out of the norm compared to how it generally was after a new Inuman was spotted.

"No, Fitz redirected them. But I'm not sure how long that will last so again, you need to hurry." Jemma informs them, then proceeds to direct them towards the edge of the city.

"We saw him...er-them go into an older apartment building. No- not that one, the other one." Fitz said when Skye started slowing down.

She pointed at the the apartment building across the street hoping that whatever camera they were looking through caught the movement.

"Yep, there you go."

"If this place falls down around our ears I'm gonna be really, really irritated." Skye whispered stepping into the ramshackle building. The smell was what hit her first. Damp and musty it smelled like there were a hundred different types of mold growing on the walls. Which probably explained some of the stains on them as well as the stains on the the threadbare carpeting. Half the lights in the building were either broken or flickering, so shadows jumped and skittered across the hallways
making Skye jump and skitter.

"Easy there, Tremors." Mack murmured, bringing his gun up as they started to sweep the down the hallway. Skye tried to settle down but she jumped and whirled when she heard a strangled cry from behind the door to her right. She glanced at Mack to see if he'd heard it.

"Okay," Mack mouthed quickly moving to her side, his I.C.E.R. pointing at the door.

Skye knelt and pressed her ear against the door, listening closely as she tried to identify if it was the Inhuman they had seen or if it was one of the apartments residents having a domestic squabble. A second after she had pressed her ear to the door she realized she probably wouldn't be able to tell the difference. She didn't know what the Inhuman sounded like, he hadn't really talked in any of the video clips that she had seen. Snarled and growled, but not talked.

“I'm sorry! I won't run again! I won't, I promise!” Skye flinched at the desperation in the young man’s voice.

“Your lying!”

“I wont run, I promise! I swear!”

“Repeating it doesn't it make true!” The second voice snarled. Skye heard what sounded like somebody being smacked, then a sharp gasp which was quickly followed by more apologizing and an animalistic snarl. Skye jerked her head away from the door, she had recognized that snarl.

“It's them.” Skye whispered to Mack. He nodded and motioned for her to move out of the way, once she was clear of the door, and on her feet with gun in hand, Mack reared back and kicked the door in.

The door crashed open, the sound reverberating throughout the hallway. Skye winced internally, hoping that any residents (if anybody did live in this rat's nest) either hadn't heard or wouldn't try/want to come and investigate.

Skye stepped into the room, Mack right behind her, her gun up and eyes quickly sweeping the room. She froze when she saw both men.

The Inhuman had the young man pinned to the floor, a hand around his throat and the other pressing down on his chest.

“Don't move!” The Inhuman snarled, giving the boy a rough shake as he turned so he could glare at them, his eye glowing an unearthly blue. “Take another step and he's dead.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Wow this chapter took me forever and I don't really have a good reason as to why. Sorry! Anyway, thanks so much for the kudos!!! Also, trigger warning for blood.

Skye and Mack stood frozen for a long moment.

Skye stared at the young man and realized that the cameras did not show how young he was.

It was obvious that he was a kid, a teenager, with short brown hair, large amber eyes and moles scattered across his face. He was pale and visibly shaking, even from a few feet away, trying to lean away from the claws that were digging into his throat.

"Peter, please!" The young man gasped, breaking the silence, his hands coming up to grab at the Inhuman's hand, his feet scrabbling briefly against the carpet as he attempted to buck the man off his chest. "Stop, please!"

"Shut up, Stiles!" The man growled his claws digging in to the boys throat hard enough to draw a few drops of blood. Stiles went completely still. “This is all your fault. You out me to everyone and now the police have come sniffing...You know what has to happen now.”

“No, Peter please, no!” Stiles squirmed and bucked trying to get out from underneath Peter only to curl into a ball wheezing when Peter stood up and kicked him in the ribs.

Skye tried to bring her gun up and shoot him the moment he was on his feet but everything seemed to have slowed down and she couldn't bring her gun up in time before he was in front of her, his claws inches away from her face. She pulled the trigger right as someone slammed into her, shoving her backwards.

Then she was on the floor, staring up at the Inhuman who's claws were dripping crimson onto the stained carpet. It took her several seconds to realize she hadn't been hurt.

Skye stared up at Stiles in amazement, she hadn't even seen him move from his spot on the floor, but somehow he had ended up in the spot she had been standing in. Some distant part of her brain realized that he had saved her life.

Stiles made a soft noise, what started out as a gasp but then turned to wheeze, and collapsed right next to Skye on the stained carpet. Skye saw Peter's eyes flick to her, then Stiles, then Mack before he turned and tried to run away.

He managed one step before Skye regained her wits, re-aimed and pulled the trigger twice in a row.

Mack did the same.

Peter stumbled, fell, tried to rise and got shot once more, the force knocking him to the floor. He didn't try and get up again.
Skye swore and her I.C.E.R. dropped from her shaking hand. Mack moved over towards the Inhuman and made sure that he was knocked out by gently nudging him with the toe of his boot.

“He's out.” Before the words were completely out of his mouth Skye had scrambled over to Stiles and gently rolled him onto his back. She swore when she saw blood pouring from deep cuts across his chest.

“Mack!” She screamed, her hands fluttering around the wound briefly before she pressed down and tried to stop the rapid flow of blood. She shuddered at the feel of blood and what definitely felt like muscle and bone beneath her fingers.

Mack dropped down next to her and quickly tore off his bullet proof vest and then the shirt he had on underneath it. He wadded the shirt up, pulled Skye's hands away and pressed the shirt over the large wound.

“Skye, get the pod. He need's medical attention right now!” Mack ordered. Skye tried to get the beacon but her hands were shaking so bad she dropped it, twice. After the second time Mack called her back over to Stiles side. He quickly grabbed her hands in one of his and forced them to Stiles chest and the blood soaked cloth that covered the wound.

“Keep pressure on it. Just like that, perfect. Good job Skye, you're doing just fine.”

Mack quickly rose to feet, set up the beacon, and grabbed Peter by the back of the shirt and dragged him over towards Skye and away from the beacon so he wouldn't get crushed when the pod landed.

The moment the pod landed, mere seconds later, Mack quickly hauled Peter inside and dumped him on the floor before swiftly returning to Skye's side.

He slipped his hands underneath Stiles back and knees.

“Keep pressure on the wound, do not let go, we're gonna stand on the count of three, ready?” He waited for Skye's nod before he started to count.

“One, two, three.” On three he rose to his feet, as smoothly as possibly, trying not to jostle the hold that Skye had on the kid. “Okay here we go, keep a hold of him. Into the module, quick as we can.” Mack said, they turned and stepped into the pod the movements so smooth it was like they'd practiced it. Once inside Mack laid Stiles on the floor, stepped out and slammed the button on the wall that closed the doors and activated the propulsion system. He stepped back into the pod a split second before the doors slid closed.

While they were rocketing through the air, Mack caught on that someone was yelling into the comms, and from the sound of their voice had been doing so for quite a little bit.

“Were heading up to you guys now, gonna need medical assistance.” Mack barked into his comm unit.

“What the bloody hell happened down there!?” Fitz yelled angrily.

“Just make sure a med team is ready for us!” Mack ordered. A moment later his ears popped from the pressure as the pod continued to rise into the air. Mack spared the unconscious Inhuman a quick glance, checking and making sure that he was still knocked out before returning his gaze to Skye's pale face.

"You're doing great." He whispered to her as he reached over her to take the kids pulse. It was holding steady and Mack couldn't help a relieved sigh.
"Is he going to die?" Skye whispered, her arms were starting to shake because of how hard she was pressing on the kids chest.

"He'll be fine." Mack said quickly, "He'll be fine." Skye wondered if he was repeating his statement in the hope to make it true.

"Okay you guys, get ready for your landing." Mack heard over his comms right before the shadow of the plane darkened the pod briefly.

The moment the pod was inside the plane and the doors had opened enough for her to squeeze inside, Bobbi dropped down on to the floor next to them, wincing at the impact on her still healing knee.

“Okay, let's see what's going on here.” She said, flashing a quick smile at Skye and pulling her med kit a little closer so she could grab a handful of gauze out of it. A few more members of the med team squeezed into the pod and around the unconscious young man. “What happened?”

“Claws, I think, it happened so fast I didn't really see.” Mack murmured rising to his feet and stepping out of the way, knowing that he was no longer truly needed and was in fact a hindrance if the med team couldn't get to their patient.

“Okay, Skye, can you move your hands? I need to see what were dealing with here.” Skye shook her head, terrified that the moment she moved her hands the boy would bleed out.

“Alright, that's okay. Is it alright if I take over for you?” Bobbi asked, her tone gentle, as she laid her hands over Skye's, several packs of gauze in her hand.

“Okay.”

“Alright on the count of three I want you to move your hands up and off him, alright?” Bobbi waited a second for Skye to acknowledge her, which she did by giving a quick nod before quickly counting to three. The second Skye's hands were no longer in contact with the boys she pressed her hands over Mack's t-shirt with the gauze.

“Okay, good job Skye, scoot on back so Greg there can get in here and get him started on some O2. Thanks hon, you did great.” After that she proceeded as if Skye or Mack were no longer in the pod, a quick exchange of information was given, blood pressure, oxygen levels, and heart rate were the few things that Skye recognized. Mere moments later they had Stiles loaded on a stretcher and were moving quickly out of the pod and to the planes med center.

Skye stood in the middle of the pod, watching Stiles blood drip off her shaking hands onto the floor. Her head felt fuzzy and stuffed full of cotton while her stomach roiled.

It had all happened so fast. Her fuzzy brain seemed incapable of understanding what had occurred and kept replaying the moment that Stiles had collapsed over and over again.

How had he gotten in front of Skye so quickly that he managed to take a blow that was meant for her, when not even a full second before he had been curled up on the floor, on the other side of the room?

She stared at the blood on the floor and on her hands and might have continued to stand there for eternity if Mack hadn't come up and bumped her shoulder.

“Come on...Let's get out of here before he wakes up.” He said shooting a glance at the unconscious Inhuman.
“Okay.” Skye whispered, she forced her gaze away from her blood stained hands and quickly left the pod. She didn't check and make sure that Mack had sealed the pod properly, she didn't look behind her, she barely looked in front of her as she rushed to one of the bathrooms on the plane.

She hurriedly shut the door, turned on the water, thrust her hands into the sink and started scrubbing.

Bobbi found her there, Skye looked up when the bathroom door opened and froze when Bobbi slipped in beside her and turned off the water.

“You’ve been in here for over an hour now. I think your hands are clean enough.” Skye nodded and grabbed the paper towels that Bobbie handed to her to dry her hands off.

“Sorry.”

“Don't be. I did the same thing when I lost someone the first time.” Skye bit her lip and looked down at the floor, feeling tears start to well up in her eyes.

“He didn't make it?” She whispered past the lump in her throat.

“What? No oh my- Skye, I'm so sorry! He's fine! He's stable. He's going to be just fine.” Bobbi told her, wrapping her arms and around her shoulders and giving her a reassuring squeeze.

Skye felt as if a horrible weight had been lifted from her shoulders and the sick feeling in her stomach slowly started to dissipate.

"Really? He's going to be okay?" She couldn't help but ask.

“Really.” Bobbi said pulling away from the embrace. “So, did you manage to get the kid's name before he got he nearly got torn to shreds and you shot him full of dendrotoxin?” She asked her voice carrying a gently teasing tone.

“What? I shot him!?” Skye asked, her voice rising close to a shriek.

“Yes, I honestly think it might have saved his life. The sedatives in the I.C.E.R. Slowed his heart rate down enough that he didn't bleed out before getting here. He's currently getting fluids and is definitely going to need a blood transfusion but I'm sure that he'll make a full recovery.” Bobbi was quick to say.

“Oh thank God.” Skye had to lean against the wall for a second due to the dizzying wave of relief that washed over her.

“Stiles,” Skye informed Bobbi when she had recovered her equilibrium. “The Inhuman called him Stiles.”
Hey everyone.... So I know that I haven't added anything to this in.... Well in a very long time. But I want you to know that I am not going to abandon this fic. (it's a bit of a challenge for myself to finish it.)
The past few months have been really rough for me. My mom got sick and actually wound up in the hospital for a few days. She's doing fine now but it really took a huge toll on my mental health.
I really really really want to continue writing this, so please be patient with me because I'm still struggling right now but I'm going to try and get some things written and edited over the next few days.
I might not end up posting anything for this fic but I'm almost done with a quick little fluffy fic for The Flash. If anyone is interested in that.
I'd like to offer a very very tentative maybe to a new chapter for this story in the next couple of weeks or maybe sooner.
But I can't promise anything.
Anyway, thank you everyone who has left kudos, bookmarked and left a comment. You would not believe how much it has helped these last few months to check my mail and see that people have left kudos. I think it's one of the best feelings in the world.
So, Thank You so very very much.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

So.....I seriously thought that I would be posting this a lot sooner. But I didn't because of life, anyway I apologize for the huge delays that keep happening between chapters!! I'm working on writing more and faster, so please please please be patient with me!!
Medical disclaimer here! I am not nor ever will be a medical professional of any sort. Any medical emergencies/experiences/treatments I write about are ones that I have researched but are not something that I've witnessed, experienced or had to treat myself!

“Do you want to go check on him?” Bobbi asked. “See for yourself that he'll be okay?” Skye nodded and they moved towards the med bay, picking up speed when they heard a series of very loud and violent sounding crashes come from that area.

Skye skidded around the corner half a second before Bobbi, so when she froze Bobbie wound up running into her back.

“Oops. You okay?” Bobbi asked peering around the young woman to see what had frozen her to the spot.

The medical room was wrecked, it looked like a tornado had briefly touched down in the small room.

Machinery and medical supplies were littered in many broken pieces along the floor. Skye stared in horror at the heart monitor which was lying on it's side, the screen broken and the wires trailing out of it casing, it was actually sparking. The overhead lights flickered several times in rapid succession before blinking back on and staying on but flickering slightly.

Skye's gaze was drawn to the gurney, which had originally been in the middle of the room (so that it could be accessed from all sides) but was now pressed against the side wall.

Stiles was sitting up on his elbows, his eyes flickering wildly around the room while his chest heaved frantically as he tried to draw in air.

Bobbi saw Stiles, swore and ducked around Skye so that she could get to him and help him calm down.

“Hey, hi, it's okay! You're safe!” She said, trying to be soothing as she rushed to his side.

Stiles jerked back, wheezing and struggling to push himself into the corner, his eyes shining with fear.

“No, no don't do that. It's okay. I know your scared but you need to calm down okay, everything's going to be okay.” Stiles frantically shook his head, tears filling his eyes, his breathing stuttered and then wheezed harder as his arms gave out and he fell back against the mattress.

“Okay, this seems worse than just being freaked out, are you having trouble breathing?” Bobbi asked, when Stiles nodded his head rapidly she raised her head and called for Greg. “He can't
breathe!” She yelled. Seconds later Greg was rushing in and stepping carefully around the medical equipment that littered the floor.

“Alright, what's going on now? Can you tell me if it hurts anywhere? Your throat, your chest?” Stiles waved a hand over his chest weakly before letting his hand flop back down to his side, his concentration on trying to draw air into his lungs. Which, from the amount of gasping and wheezing he seemed to be doing, was obviously very difficult.

“What do you have asthma?” Greg asked as he slipped his stethoscope off his neck and pressed it against Stiles chest. “Doesn't sound like it. I think he's got a collapsed lung.” Greg muttered to Bobbi. “I need to get the built up air out of his chest. Hey kiddo, you just hang on, we're gonna get you fixed up.” He pulled away from the bed and then glanced at the destruction of the room, a stream of obscenities slipping past his lips as he saw the mess.

“I can't find anything.” He whispered his eyes widening in increasing alarm the longer he looked. “Bob try and get him to calm down or he's gonna pass out!” He called as he knelt and quickly began shifting through the mess on the floor. “Get on oxygen mask on him if you can!”

“I need to find the oxygen mask in order to get it on him!” Bobbi snapped, and Skye watched in growing horror as they had to frantically search through the mess on the floor for the supplies. Her gaze flickered to Stiles face in time to see the kids eyes roll into the back of his head and his chest stop moving.

“He's not breathing!” Skye screamed and both doctors heads jerked up.

Bobbi threw herself to her feet, and screamed that they needed help, before she started mouth to mouth. She swore and readjusted Stiles head, then swore again when she couldn't establish an airway. She tried again and couldn't help the cry of relief when she saw the young man's chest rise. Skye gasped when she was pushed out of the way by two other doctors who quickly slide into place around Stiles, glanced around the destroyed room, swore and then started looking for supplies among the wreckage.

Skye forced herself to look away. The kid was dying and nobody could do anything about it. She couldn't watch him slip away. She couldn't.

So she turned around and sat on the floor, burying her face in her hands and focusing on her breathing. She tried to block out all the desperate sounds that were coming from the room and focus on something else, anything else.

She didn't know how long she sat there but she heard the sounds in the room dying down and curled up tighter knowing that he was dead. He was dead and it was her fault.

“Skye?” Bobbi’s voice in her ear before a hand gently touched her shoulder. “Skye, are you okay?”

Skye shook her head no and impossibly managed to curl up a little tighter, her knees pressed against her chest, her face pressed against her knees and her arms wrapped tightly around her shins.

“Skye, he's okay. He's getting oxygen now. He's not dead, it's okay. It's okay. Look, come on, look he's going to be okay.” Skye tentatively lifted her head and glanced at Bobbi’s face, trying to gauge if the other agent was lying to her or not. Deciding that it didn't look like she was, Skye made herself uncurl and pushed herself to her feet. She took a deep breath before turning and facing the room again.

The equipment was still on the floor and one of the doctors was slowly picking things up and
straightening the room out.

“What the heck happened in here?” He muttered as he picked a box of gloves up and put them back on the counter where they belonged.

Skye forced herself to look away from the carnage and towards the small figure in the bed.

Stiles was on a ventilator.

Skye felt her lungs freeze for minute as she stared at the machine that now had to breathe for the teen, it hissed and beeped softly and Skye shuddered. She startled slightly when Bobbi rubbed a hand gently over her shoulders.

“It's just for now. He's going to be okay Skye, I promise.” Bobbi murmured to the younger girl soothingly.

Skye stared at Stiles for a long moment, taking in the ventilator, the chest tube, the various wires and the soft cloth restraints on his wrists, that were there so that he wouldn't try to pull out the ventilator when he woke up.

“Okay. Okay.” Skye ran a shaking hand through her hair and cleared her throat. “Did anybody see what tossed the room?” She asked, tearing her gaze away from the teen on the bed.

Everybody shook their heads or replied in the negative. Skye ran her hands over her hair once again before nodding, turning on her heel and striding down the hall.

“I'm going to look over the camera footage, see if it caught anything.” Skye called over her shoulder. “Let me know what you find!” Bobbi yelled after before turning to help the other doctors clean up the room.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

“Hey, Fitz.” Skye greeted the young engineer as she slipped past him and into the control room.

“What was th-th-the c-commotion earlier?” Fitz asked, following her to the desk and watching as she pulled up footage of the medical room.

“Uh, the kid we brought in, Stiles, he had a collapsed lung. He's okay now apparently, but they've got him on a ventilator. Also, the med room got super trashed and I'm trying to figure out what happened.” Skye said, as she rewound the footage that was captured by the camera in the corner of the med room.

“Oh wow.” Fitz breathed in shock when he saw the damage that had been done to the room. He repeated himself, with a more surprised tone when they saw how the damage was sustained. Skye rewound the footage and watched it again.

On screen Stiles was waking up from the dendrotoxin, he blinked blearily, his sleepy gaze slowly taking in the room. He seemed to realize where he was and sat up with a gasp, his hands outstretched like he was warding off a blow and everything in the room appeared to pick itself up and hurl itself against the walls. Then he wrapped an arm around his chest, his expression pained, barely a second later Skye slid into the room, followed by Bobbi.
“Well,” Skye murmured rewinding the footage once again. “It seems pretty obvious to me that he's an Inhuman.”
“Telekinesis.” Lincoln declared, his gaze riveted to the screen. Coulson made a soft humming noise behind him and rewound the footage for the third time. “It's honestly not that rare of a gift. He'd be the fourth or fifth person that I personally have seen with this power.”

“He's also the youngest Inhuman that we've come across so far. If Peter is his father…” Skye trailed off for a moment, not daring to voice how much she hoped that wasn't the case, even if that meant that Stiles had most likely been kidnapped by the older Inhuman. Or it was possibly some sort of romantic relationship that had turned abusive? Oh God, that could be worse than the kidnapping theory, Skye thought. Because Stiles looked like he was still under eighteen.

“Dear God, don't let that bastard be his father.” Bobby prayed, a slight growl in her voice. “When we were getting all the blood cleaned off of him we saw that the kid had more cuts and bruises and scars than skin. It looks like this isn't the first time that Stile has been clawed open either based on some of the scarring.” She informed her teammates.

Skye shook her head, trying to get he thoughts back on track and not think too much about what the poor kid had gone through, and continued, “He's got to have some family somewhere that's worried about him or would take care of him. I mean...He looks like he's still in high school, Coulson. We can't have him staying here full time or at one of the Inhuman sites we have set up either, he's far to young.”

“I have to agree with you there Skye, we need to find family of some sort.” Coulson tapped his fingers against the tabletop and squinted at a secondary screen, which showed Peter in one of the containment rooms that they had set up for Inhumans who still hadn't adjusted to their powers, he was just starting to stir.

“May, you and Skye should go and talk to Peter, see if he can give us any information on where we can find some of Stiles family. The kid would probably like to see a familiar face when he wakes up again.” Coulson said.

“Yes sir.” Skye said eager to get some answers.

Skye and May rose from their seats and headed towards the containment room.

* * * * *

Skye watched as Peter stirred briefly and then relaxed into the bed.

“Is he sniffing the air?” Skye muttered, peering hard through the glass.

“Looks like it. You ready?” May asked, the question was apparently rhetorical because she was already punching in the code to open the door. The door slid open with a soft hiss and Peter opened his eyes and sat up, squinting for a moment as his eyes adjusted to the bright light.
“Hello.” He said, a small smile on his lips. “What's going on? Where am I?” He asked looking around the room briefly. His gaze quickly took in the bed he was on, the small desk and the door leading to a tiny bathroom.

“You're at a S.H.I.E.L.D facility. I'm Skye, this is May. What's your name?” Skye said briefly pointing towards herself and May before she brought her arms around her chest to fiddle with her bracers, which she'd put on before they had come into the room. Just in case the inhuman tried to attack again. May also had an I.C.E.R. holstered at her waist for the same reason.

“Peter. I thought that S.H.I.E.L.D had been disbanded?” He asked staring at their uniforms with a raised brow.

“That's not important right now.” Skye said, waving a hand as if she could just brush away the subject. “Can you tell us when you experienced terra-genesis? Um, there would have been a hard rock like thing surrounding you like a chrysalis, and coming out of it you might have noticed you had gained certain...abilities. Like being able to shape shift into some sort of wolf like creature.”

“No...I don't think that's ever happened to me.” Peter said with a small laugh. “How did I get here? I can't remember.” He asked looking around the room again before scooting to the edge of the bed.

“While you were unconscious at the time so that's no surprise.” Skye muttered under her breath.

“You were brought in with a young man named Stiles, he's currently receiving medical care and we need to know if he has any allergies to any medications. Do you know if he does?” May asked, surprising Skye when she didn't just ask about family right away, but she understood that any medical information that they could get would probably be a good idea. May's gaze was riveted to Peter, watching him for any reaction to the kids name.

“Stiles is here?” Peter asked in reply. “What happened? Where is he? Can I see him?” He asked rising to his feet quickly, his voice filled with concern. Skye frowned, there was something about his concern that seemed just a little bit to forced and insincere.

“You can't see him at this time.” May informed him, Peter glared at her a small growl rising out of his throat for a moment before his face went back to looking concerned, the glare had been very quick, a blink and miss it sort of expression but Skye had heard the growl all to easily.

“He's currently in our medical bay because you tried to claw him to ribbons.” Skye informed him. Peter's mouth twitched in the briefest of smirks before he pressed a hand to his chest raising his eyebrows in disbelief.

“I would never hurt Stiles.” He lied. May raised an eyebrow at him, honestly his acting wasn't too bad but she was a trained operative and if he was trying to fool her he was failing spectacularly.

“Yeah...I don't believe you.” Skye said crossing her arms over her chest and rocking back on her heels. “Not even a little bit. We've seen Stiles scars. So, again, does Stiles have any allergens that we need to be aware of?”

“Not that I know of.” Peter said with a shrug. “Also, what scars?”

“What's your relationship with Stiles?” May asked pointedly, ignoring Peter's question altogether.

“I don't see how that's any of your business.” Peter said somewhat haughtily.

“Well, he currently can't tell us anything and we're wondering if you have any business making medical decisions for him or if we should be contacting someone else. Like a family member. You two don't look like you're related.”
“Maybe he’s adopted.” Peter replied raising an eyebrow.

“Is he?” Skye asked slightly irritated. Peter hummed noncommittally and appeared to be thinking about the pros and cons about claiming Stiles as his adopted son.

“No. He’s not. I’m sure that you’d want to try and verify it somehow if I said he was.” Skye nodded, and Peter continued “He’s a runaway. I know him through my nephew and I was leaving town and he asked if he could come with me. Said he needed to get away from everything for a little while. Other than that we haven’t spoken much. That was just a couple days ago. I’ve been trying to give him some space, he seemed to be really upset.”

“Okay. That sounds plausible but then why do we have footage of Stiles attacking you and running away? Why were you beating him up when we caught up with you? Why did you attack us when we entered your residence?” Peter visibly froze and Skye could see the cogs and wheels in his brain frantically whirling as he tried to come up with some excuse. The expression only lasted a split second though.

“I’m sorry, I have no clue what you’re talking about.” Is what he finally settled on. “I don’t remember doing any of the things you’re accusing me of.”
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Oh wow...two chapters in one day?? Maybe this will make up for me not having posted anything on this fic for so long?? No? Didn't think so.
Anyway, I am currently writing the next chapter but due to the fact that I don't currently have internet and am having to upload this using the coffee shops wifi....Who knows when I'll be able to post the next chapter?

There was something tickling his nose.

Stiles pried his eyes open and blinked blearily up at the ceiling. He shut his eyes because the light was way too bright and felt like someone was stabbing knives in his eyes.

Something was beeping and whooshing near his head and he tried to peer through his lashes to see what was making the noise but even through his lashes the light was too bright. He shut his eyes again with a small huff. Which reminded him of the weird tickling sensation. He groaned softly and tried to raise a hand to brush away whatever was tickling his nose, only to feel a sharp tug in the back of his hand.

“Whoa, no you need to leave that alone.” Someone said, grabbing his hand and pressing it back down onto the stiff plasticy feeling sheets and startling him into opening his eyes again. The light was still too bright and his eyes watered but after a minute of stabbing pain he was finally able to focus on his surroundings.

It looked like a hospital room. Bright white and clean with various equipment surrounding the bed.

Stiles stared at the heart monitor, watching the lines rise and fall as he tried to figure out what had happened to land him in the hospital.

He could tell that he was on some good pain meds based on how heavy his limbs felt and the way everything seemed like it was wrapped in a layer of fog and then wrapped tightly in cotton and his thoughts were really difficult to keep in a straight line.
Which was pretty normal considering his ADD but it seemed to be even worse with the meds the were giving him. He wiggled his fingers and then his toes wondering how much damage Peter had caused this time, because if the werewolf had actually had to take him to a hospital it had to have been pretty serious.

The slight shifting caused pain to flare sharply in his side making him gasp and then pant shallowly for breath. He tried to search his memories, tried to remember what Peter had done to cause this much pain but he couldn't remember. Honestly the last thing he remembered clearly was breaking away from Peter in public.

Stiles was quite proud of that. He had gathered some black pepper in a small baggie and kept it in his jacket pocket, waiting for the right opportunity to use it and when the opportunity had finally risen, he had shoved the small amount of the spice up Peter's nose, kicked him as hard as he could and than ran away, screaming for help.
Stiles couldn't help but groan softly when he realized that whatever had happened after that, it had landed him in the hospital.

Speaking of, (or maybe thinking of?) he wondered where Peter was. Ever since the werewolf had kidnapped him, he'd been practically glued to Stiles side, especially in public, so that Stiles couldn't ask someone for help or inform anyone that he'd been kidnapped.

He stared at a corner of the room, not understanding why Peter wasn't standing there lurking.

“Hi. Um, I didn't think you'd be waking up for another hour at least.” Someone commented and Stiles abruptly remembered that he wasn't alone. His gaze slowly shifted to where the voice was coming from.

At his bedside a young woman, who looked Asian American, with short black hair was sitting in what looked like a uncomfortable chair and smiling gently at him.

She didn't look like a nurse, he thought, at least she wasn't wearing scrubs and she didn't have a stethoscope either. Also she didn't give off the same sort of air that Melissa did, the I'm-a-medical-professional-shut-up-and-let-me-help-you sort of vibe.

“I'm Skye, you're safe now, okay? Um, do you, do you need some water?” Stiles nodded, now that she had brought his attention to it his mouth was super dry and swallowing felt like he had shards of glass stuck in his throat.

Skye got up and filled a glass with water, added a straw and carried it back over.

“Okay, here you go. Small sips, alright? Now, even after you drink this you shouldn't talk, okay? You had to have a tube down your throat to help you breathe for a couple days.” Stiles eyes widened at the confirmation that his injuries were rather serious. Skye pressed the straw against his lips and Stiles took a tiny sip and winced at the pain the lanced through his throat that was triggered by him swallowing.

“How's your pain levels? One is ow like a stubbed toe and five is kill me now and end my suffering, show me with this hand.” Skye said tapping the back of his hand that was closest to her. Stiles showed her a two, he hurt a bit even with the pain medicine but it didn't really seem important compared to the weight of his eyelids and the exhaustion that was trying to smother him like a heavy blanket.

“Go ahead and sleep some more if you need it. Someone will be here when you wake up, and we'll answer any questions that have then okay? But for now, just get some more sleep.” Skye murmured gently when she saw Stiles struggling to keep his eyes open.

Stiles nodded and let sleep pull him back under.

* * * * *

The next time he woke up there was a dark haired nurse fiddling with his I.V.

“Hey kiddo.” She said, smiling gently.

“Melissa?” He rasped and then started coughing, his throat burned and the coughing made him want to scream it hurt his chest so much.

“Oh no, hey calm down. Shh, here we go, I need you to breathe.” He felt an oxygen mask being pressed over his face and his bed tilted upright some more. He took a gulp of air and sobbed when
“Try to take smaller breaths, you’re doing fine.” A hand rubbed at his arm gently as he got his breathing under control. He glanced up and almost sobbed again when he realized that it wasn’t Melissa who was standing over him and trying to comfort him.

“Good job. I can give you a little bit of water if you promise to take small sips.” The nurse offered, not noticing or pretending not to notice the tears in his eyes. He nodded and when the oxygen mask was lifted and a straw pressed against his lips it took all of his willpower not to gulp the water down. The water was quite possibly the best thing that Stiles had ever tasted and helped to soothe the burning in his throat and the cottony taste in his mouth. His throat still hurt after the nurse took the water away, but a little bit less which he was grateful for.

“You go ahead and go back to sleep, I just gave you another dose of morphine so that should be kicking in any second now. It’s late and you need to rest so you can recover faster.” She patted the back of his hand gently, slipped a nasal cannula into place and then went and dimmed the lights. Not that Stiles saw because he was already asleep.

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When he opened his eyes for the third time, his head feeling a lot clearer, and saw Skye sitting beside him again he smiled weakly up at her.

“Hey, how you doing?” Stiles lifted his hand off the bed and wobbled it back and forth. Then remembering the previous scale she’d had him use raised up three fingers.

“Yeah, you’re still on some pretty impressive pain killers but they’re trying to wean you down a bit but if you fall back asleep I won’t be upset. Do you think that you can try to answer some questions for me? Uhm, talking might still be an issue. I know my throat hurt for quite a while after I had tube in it and it’s only been a day since yours has been out. So you can either just mouth the word or hold up one finger for yes and two for no. Sound good?”

Stiles held up one finger, grateful that he didn’t have to talk. His throat still hurt and taking a deep breath made his chest go from slightly achy to blinding pain, he didn’t want to imagine what trying to talk would feel like with that.

“Okay, I don’t know if you remember or not, but my name’s Skye. You’re currently in our med bay. Oh—would you like some water?” She asked, jumping to her feet and filling up a small cup of water. She helped Stiles drink it and then turned back to him.

“You were attacked by an inhuman named Peter. He called you Stiles, is that your name?” Stiles held up one finger and then held up two.

“Does that mean kinda?” Skye asked and Stiles held up one finger in reply. “Okay, so Stiles is a nickname? What’s your real name?” Stiles just blinked at her and raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, that was dumb of me. I’ll get a pen and paper later so that you can write it down for me. Peter says that you ran away from home and that he volunteered a ride for you and from you’re angry expression I can already tell that was a lie.”

“Yeah.” Stiles mouthed, trying to soften his glare.

“How did you end being with him? Sorry, let me try that again. Did you go with him of your own volition?” Two fingers.
“Did he kidnap you?” One finger.

“Okay, he keeps saying that he doesn't remember anything. Uhm..have you seen him when he...shifts?” One finger.

“Okay, does he retain memories from when he was shifted?” One finger and Stiles nodded so hard he dislodged his oxygen, Skye quickly fixed it back into place for him and then asked. “Do you have any family that we can contact? We kept asking Peter, but he was adamant that you wouldn't want to call anyone. He kept saying you wouldn't want to put anyone in danger.”

Stiles clenched his hands into loose fists while he thought that over. Was Peter trying to remind him of all of the threats he'd made towards his father? Stiles shuddered when he remembered Peter telling him that he'd rip his father limb from limb if Stiles ever even thought about trying to call his dad for help again when he'd found Stiles with a cell phone.

The phone hadn't even worked, Stiles recalled bitterly.

“If you're worried that you might hurt your family with your powers or something, you don't need to. We're going to help you learn how to control them.” Skye tried to reassure him, seeing him hesitate.

Stiles froze, her calming words having the exact opposite effect, he felt like an icy pit had opened up inside his stomach and his heart started pounding. Peter had said he'd find someone who would control his powers, someone to “fix” him. When Peter had said it like that, a snarl curling his lip it had sounded like a threat. He glanced up at Skye and wondered how Peter had found her.

Her asking how to contact his father must have been some sort of ruse to get him in trouble with Peter. Especially because she'd followed it up by saying that Peter was adamant that he wouldn't want to contact anyone so they wouldn't be in danger.

“Stiles, is there any family we can contact?” Skye asked, wondering if the teen had forgotten the question. Stiles raised two shaking fingers up and shook his head slowly, fighting back tears.

He had thought that the nightmare was finally over. He'd thought that he was finally going to be getting away from Peter when he woke up and the werewolf was nowhere in sight. But now he realized that Peter wasn't in sight because he'd left him here with people who wanted to “help” him learn control. He shuddered at the thought and glanced at Skye out of the corner of his eye, he wondered what she was going to do to “help” him.

Was it going to be like at Eichen house? Or was it going to be something more along the lines of what Peter had been doing for the last two months, beatings every time that he made the slightest slip?

He took a deep breath, wincing slightly at the pain it caused. He didn't know what she had planned but he wasn't going to just sit back and let it happen.

The moment that he was physically capable, he thought fighting off a yawn, he was going to get out of here.

“Alright, you go ahead and get some more rest. We'll talk more later.” Skye said rising to her feet so that she could go and report what she'd learned to Coulson.

She was completely unaware of the escape plans that Stiles was formulating in his head as she left.
“He’s out of containment!” Skye’s head whipped around from the screen she was using to give her report to Coulson and towards the hall where an agent was rushing past with a I.C.E.R. in hand, the panicked shout having alerted everyone.

Skye bolted out of the room without a word, knowing that Coulson wouldn’t be far behind her and into the hall where she froze at the sight that greeted her.

Peter, fully shifted and taking up way to much space to be able to maneuver easily in the hallway was trying to swat at the agents who were approaching. He shrugged off a hit from an I.C.E.R and then started charging down the hall, simply bowling over anyone who was in his way.

Skye lifted a hand and blasted the inhuman backwards. He yelped and pawed at the side of his head at the sonic blast before lifting his head to face her again, a snarl distorting his already distorted features even more.

“A.C.!!” She yelled over her shoulder, hoping that Coulson had an I.C.E.R. either on him or in his office and that he would get to it quickly. Until then, she lifted her arms once more and forced the Inhuman back and away from the fallen agents with a concussive blast.

“Skye, move!” Skye was ducking out of the way almost before the order had completely left Coulson's lips, leaving the director plenty of room to pump a full round of dendratoxin into Peter's chest. The shifter crumpled to the ground almost immediately afterwards.

“Everyone okay?” Skye asked, moving to help the agents to their feet. “Who needs medical attention?”

When everyone was sorted out and Peter was returned to a containment room, a new one because his old one had the door thrown halfway down the hallway. Skye and Coulson both went to check the footage and figure out how he'd gotten out.

“Okay, so he’s super freaky strong when he’s like that. Awesome.” Skye commented when they saw Peter shift, his eyes glowing blue and claws springing from his fingertips, he proceeded to grab the door and shove it open. Then, once he was out in the hallway he shifted fully, grabbed the door and throwing it at an agent who was rushing towards him.

“How on earth are we supposed to stop him from ripping off the next door?” Skye asked, throwing her hands into the air in frustration.

“I'll talk to Fitz and Mack, see if we can get something rigged up before the sedatives wear off.”

* * * * *

By the time that Peter woke up almost half an hour later, Fitz had rigged the door to give an electric shock (“S-strong enough t-to knock out an el-elephant. P-probably.” He'd said) to anyone who leaned against it or put pressure on it.

When Peter woke up, he stared at the ceiling for several minutes before bursting out laughing.
Skye watched impassionately from the doorway, keeping silent until he was just chuckling softly to himself.

“Why did you try to escape?” Skye asked. Peter glanced at her, smiled and then turned his gaze back to the ceiling. “Are you going to continue with the silent treatment? That would make this day three and it's beginning to get ridiculous. We only have a couple questions for you. They're really not that hard to answer either. Do you know how your powers work? When did you get them? We know you're lying when you claim that you can't remember.”

Peter stared at for a long moment before laughing again, loud and long and little bit hysterical.

“Alright, alright. I give in, but I have some questions for you. Yes, I know how my “powers” as you insist on calling them, work. As to when I got them, I was born with them. I've always been this way.”

“Wha-how? No one is born an Inhuman, at least not as far as we've seen. No one is just born with powers like that!” Skye blurted, confused and frustrated.


“I know some of those, but they're all different mythological creatures.” Skyes finally replied, interrupting Peter as he continued to list different species.

“You know, for an intelligence agency you seem to be lacking some pretty pertinent intelligence about the world around you.” After that he refused to say anything more, turning his back to Skye and falling asleep, or at least pretending to be asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter but hey at least it's something.
I don't have any of the next chapter written so I have no clue as to when I'll be updating again.
Things have been.... really really rough in real life for a while now... I couldn't even sit down to write for over a year. So... I'm sorry for completely disappearing. I'm going to try my best to get this fic finished!
I am working on some other fics that will probably, most likely, take precedence over this but I am going to try and get this thing finished.

Anyway, I'm @awriterinthedark on tumblr in case anyone wants to pop over and say hi and yell at me to continue writing!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!