

Breaking Boundaries

By vampgurl1996

Submitted: January 7, 2010

Updated: January 20, 2010

Heroes fanfiction. I always wondered what might have happened if Syler hadn't killed El... if they'd gotten married, maybe they would of had a child- which is what this is about.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/vampgurl1996/57465/Breaking-Boundaries>

Chapter 1 - The Beginning	2
Chapter 2 - The Fear in Their Eyes	3

1 - The Beginning

I told him we shouldn't've done it. We never should have even entered that gas station. It would blow up in our faces. But he didn't listen to me. He never did. He was the leader, the one with all the experience, the one who knew how not to get caught stealing. So we did. And now *I* was facing the consequences, something I knew my immature, slightly child-like father would understand. No, he wasn't child-like, not really. He just had never had anyone to tell him right from wrong. So he chose wrong.

My father always said I was the best thing that happened to him. I couldn't help feel I was the worst. He had pushed all his memories of my mother into my head so many times, under my request, that I couldn't help remember them. El. My mother. And my namesake. She hadn't lived to name me anything else. My father instantly knew, with a little girl, he could no longer be who he had been for so long. A killer. A monster. At least, that's what he had called himself. It's difficult for us, with these... these *abilities*, for lack of a better word. We couldn't control them sometimes. As my father had pointed out the first time I asked why we always ran. And he had killed many people before realizing he could absorb their abilities without killing them. Which is what I do. There is a single stain on my life, a time I couldn't control it. I will never forget it.

We finally settled down, in a small town in Texas, and for the first time in my life, I attended school. Gabriel (my father) always had homeschooled me in the past, reassuring me that school was no fun anyway. I had friends, we had a home. But he worried. His job wasn't giving him enough money, and his ailment was getting worse. He would suffer from a form of depression, with three stages, A being the worst, C being the most mild. He would remember how it felt, to kill someone, how much he had enjoyed it, and in stage C he would depend on me, like a child on their parent. Stage B he would curl up on his bed, or where ever he was at the time, and not speak, not eat, nothing, sometimes until I had to force feed him. He always told me it was too great of a burden for me to bear, but I didn't mind. I knew he was a good man, and I forgave him for his past actions. Stage A was the worst. Father was so much more powerful than me, I couldn't stop him. He would go somewhere, a supermarket, Target. And he would kill. When I was young it scared me when he would do this, and I didn't have the abilities I did later. I would follow him, everywhere he went. Later I could stop him, sometimes. I got a power, from a talented man, the ability to take away powers. I would use it on him, and nail him to the wall, or the floor, or anywhere I could. To stop him. He would groan, and moan, but I wouldn't listen to him. Sometimes, I would miss days of school at a time, with no explanation, holding my father there and healing him enough so that the wound wouldn't fester. His job was being impacted by the form of disease, and I searched desperately for a way to help him be in peace with himself, but nothing worked. Finally, with no more food in our cupboards, he decided it was time to take action.

The robbing didn't work. I had to use the power I had gotten from my mother to stop a man from shooting my father, and Gabriel had groaned and glared at me. I suppose it was my fault also, what was happening. We got food, but we knew they had been alerted to our presence here. We were in danger. We had to leave. Gabriel gave me one day to say goodbye to my friends. We were already packed when I headed into school.

2 - The Fear in Their Eyes

I grabbed a pass as I walked into school and headed to advisory.

"Where have you been Aly? I was worried you were sick!" Elly, my best friend, fretted. I was so used to the alias by then that I responded immediately.

"My Dad told me to pack up our silverware and other kitchen stuff. We're moving today." Her eyes widened in horror.

"Why?" She cried.

"I really don't know." I lied. We shared a long, suffering look about the injustice.

"Where are you moving?" She asked me. I quickly thought of a lie.

"Maine." I said randomly, "Somewhere in Maine. Because of his job."

"Well," She murmured quickly, "You'll have to visit every summer. And text me all the time."

"I will." I lied again. I knew I would throw my cell phone in the garbage as soon as I got home, as well as deleting my facebook, myspace, and email from all the databases. We continued to all our classes, and I said goodbye to all my friends in each. Everything went fine until fourth hour. Elly and I were talking, because we sat next to each other. The teacher had been on the phone for five minutes, arguing with someone.

"I can't believe you're leaving." Elly moaned.

"You'll still have Natasha." I told her, and she looked like she would cry as we looked over at Natasha, as she straightened her hair in the compact mirror she always carried around. She caught us looking at her and waved cheerily.

"She's glad I'm leaving." I said glumly. Elly opened her mouth, about to reject the statement, I was sure, but then the teacher spoke.

"Aly, some policemen want to speak to you. I told them to see you after school, but they insisted. So I told them to just come here."

"Here?" I shouted. She glared at me.

"Don't make me give you detention. They insisted." I sat down angrily, and nervously. I wrang my hands out, as Elly looked at me curiously.

"You didn't do anything wrong, did you Aly?" She asked.

"Of course not." I assured her. There was a knock on the door. I stared at it, my heart pounding. I squeezed my eyes shut as it opened, then I opened them to see the damage.

"Where does she sit ma'am?" They asked, looking confused. Elly looked over at me, then her mouth fell open.

"Where'd Aly go?" She asked. I waved my hand in front of her face, but she still looked around. The three men exchanged glances, and before I could move, they pointed a gun and shot.

I knew instantly it wasn't a real gun. I knew the feeling of getting shot, and of healing afterwards. But nothing like this. Electricity flew through my veins and I fell to the floor, writhing on the ground.

"Bingo." One of them said. Elly looked wildly around at me.

"What? Aly... how did you get over there? You just... and then..." She stopped talking, staring at me with wide eyes. I got up shakily, wincing.

"Congratulations. That actually hurt." I said disdainfully. The teacher got up and was glaring at the two men.

"I demand to know what is going on here! You just tased a student!" She yelled at them.

"This is not Aly Fields." One of them said, pointing at me. "This is El Gray and her father is wanted for murder- we've been tracking him for most of his life, and all of hers." I glared at them.

"He's changed." I spat at them. "I've changed.

"It doesn't change the fact, El, that he's killed. That *you've* killed." Elly was staring at me, horrorstruck.

"Please tell me he's lying Aly." She pleaded with me.

"My name is El. I'm not going to lie anymore." I told her, and she slowly backed away from me. That hurt.

"El, just come with us. We can make you better. We can make your father better. He is sick, right?" I just shook my head at them.

"El, your father has been sick since your mother died, correct." I nodded slowly.

"And you robbed the store because he was fired. You didn't have any food. Think about it El, why did your mother die?"

"Shut UP!" I screamed at them. "My father needs me!"

He wouldn't need you if El was still alive." He goaded. "This is all *your* fault. All of it."

"You're lying! You've ruined *everything!*" I screamed at them. I needed to calm down. My hair was static-

I was losing control, a fact they had clearly noted.

"Calm down El." One of them cautioned. "This is how that little girl died."

"I... *can't!*" I screamed. Sparks flew from my fingers. Natasha screamed.

"If you lose control, El, we will have to shoot." One of them said. The other pointed his gun in my direction.

"It doesn't do any damage." I said, grinding my teeth together to resist the impulse. My classmates, watching huddled together as far away as possible looked confused. Sparks flew again as my resolve slipped.

"You're going to hurt someone El." One of them said. I mustered up my energy and released the tension, letting a small ball of energy form in my palm. The students gazed in amazement as I manipulated it move threateningly.

I looked at the two agents. One was the senior officer, I could tell that. He had a hardened look in his eye. The other was the new boy. Probably his first bag & tag. He was staring at the electricity in my hand, trying not to show his fear. He was the one holding the gun. I counted the possibility of getting shot with the possibility of having a chance to run. Sure, I could punch a hole through the wall or set the building on fire, but I'd prefer not to. I made the electricity larger, more powerful. Then I hurled it at the agents, and turned on my heel and bolted for the door in the back of the classroom.

I never made it.

I heard a shot sound behind me. Only a few seconds later I felt a searing pain in the back of my head, and I fell, unconscious before I hit the floor.

"I told you- *never* shoot them on the back of the head, and *certainly* not near witnesses!" The younger officer grumbled an apology as I slowly came back into consciousness.

"Well, you can tell the boss why she's dead. I knew it was too early to take you into the field, but he insisted..." I opened my eyes and saw Elly through the two men's feet. Her mouth fell open as I mouthed 'don't make a sound' at her. She nodded silently. The two men walked away from me and I peered to see their backs were turned. I silently got up, much to the amazement of my classmates. Using my father and my "unique" abilities I flipped them around and pushed them against the wall. Both of their guns fell to the floor at my feet. They stared at me, incredulous.

"I moved the sweet spot." I told them, "You'll never find it." I felt something pop into my mouth as the wound on the back of my head healed. I spat it out into my hand.

"Nice bullets." I said, holding it out for them to see.

"Oh, my, GAWD!" Natasha yelled, I turned to stare at her. "You're a FREAK! You, you men! Why aren't you doing anything?"

"They can't." I told her. "I'm holding them there."

"Yeah right. I think being able to heal and throw electricity around is freakish enough."

"See," I said hotly, "This is why we haven't come forth before. You call us freaks, and yet, you know you're afraid. Because all of you are so scared of things that are different that you can't handle it! That's why you're hunting us, to lock us up, claiming we're terrorists- we're only dangerous because we're running for our lives!"

"Do you understand what it's like for us? It's hard. Running all the time, afraid of being detected."

"For good reason." The agent spat out at me. I glared at him.

"Shut it." I told him. I'd never heard so much hate in my voice. I turned my glare back to Natasha. Her eyes widened, the mascara making them look even larger. I locked the door as I heard footsteps running to the door. I turned back to the agents.

"Did you bring backup?" I asked. They shook their heads. I grinned. Then, for the last time, turned back to Natasha.

"You said... us." She whimpered. "Is it just you and your dad? Or are there more?"

"More." I whispered. She heard the pain in my voice and looked at me, sensing a weak spot.

"Don't you like it?" She asked, "Being... special?"

"Special!" I snorted. "Yeah. Sure, whatever. It can be a blast. But with a good thing comes responsibilities. We can't normal people (normals) know. It would be disasterous. It'd be like the X-men movies, as crazy as that sounds. You would want us 'mutants' to identify ourselves, so you knew. All that jazz. You would never really trust us. Isn't that right, agents?" I turned back to them, letting them drop.

"*Stay.*" I ordered, doubling my voice so that they would obey. I heard pounding on the door. They didn't move.

"POLICE!" Someone yelled on the other side of the door. I heard something heavy striking it. I licked my lips nervously. Then I heard him.

"Ei!" It was my father. "Ei! I'm coming!" Then the police officers responding to his yelling.

"Sir, you need to stand back. Sir! Sir if you resist we will be forced to-" There was a thud and the officer was silent. Elly stared at me, wide-eyed.

"Did your father just kill the police officers?" She asked, looking frightened.

"No." I said nervously. *I hope not*, I thought to myself. "He just knocked them out." The door flew open, and I lost my control over the agents. The younger one whipped out his gun and shot, multiple times at Gabriels image, which was materializing in the dust. He stumbled back a couple of steps, and then the

man was thrown against a wall. The other was smarter. He grabbed me in a split second with a tranquilizer needle, the kind used to knock out horses, poised under my neck. The younger agent panicked. I had assumed that he was the 'one of them' in their rule- "One of us, one of them." White flames shot out of his hand, making their way to my father, who laughed.

Gabriel pointed his finger at the agents head. I gasped.

"Dad, DON'T!" I yelled at him. He looked over at me. His eyes widened.

"Get your hands off my daughter." He snarled. "Or I kill him." He moved his finger slightly, causing the screaming noise I was all too familiar with. The young agent screamed. As did quite a few of my friends, most of whom had met my dad, and agreed with me that he was awesome.

"I will not release her until you release him, and come with us. Peacefully." The agent said, and my dad growled angrily. He glared at my captor and quickly scalped the man. I glanced back at my classmates, and saw their horrified looks. Elly was staring at me, her mouth wide open in horror. The agent still alive stabbed me with the tranquilizer. I gasped as my vision faded.

"E!" I heard my father scream, outraged before someone grabbed me from behind and I passed out.