



i. James Taylor Slade.

here's to burnin' out.



01. full name: James Taylor Slade
02. nicknames: JT
03. aliases: Hellfire
04. age: 27
05. date of birth: 12/4/1994
06. gender identity & pronouns: Male & He/Him
07. sexuality: Straight
08. nationality: American
09. languages: English & Spanish

It's James J.T. Slade, ma'am, but now that that's been said, don't call me anything other than J.T.

I'm not exactly a bum, but I ain't rich, that's for fucking sure. Got enough to get by, so I can't complain.

Got myself a job that I can't complain about, actually, scratch that. I can complain about it. Fucking joined an organization for my babe and then had to leave 'cuz some jackass took control.

Whatever. Working at the gas station's enough for me. Shouldn't have joined anyways.

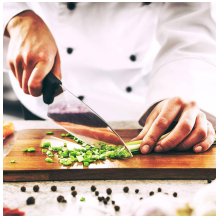
And if you haven't gotten the hint, I do fuckin' curse a lot. Get over it.

Now...what the fuck can I do for you?



ii. basics

- 01. Hair Color: Brown
- 02. Eye Color: Blue
- 03. Height: 5'7
- 04. Occupation: Gas station attendant and agent when SHIELD needs him.
- 05. Status: Mutant
- 06. Face Claim: Christian Kane
- 07. Likes: Cooking, Avid Reader, Motorcycles
- 08. Dislikes: Heights, Being told what to do
- 09. Hobbies: Cooking, Playing his guitar, Reading
- 10. Habits: Tends to mess with his hair when bored, cracks his knuckles ever so often.



iii. about

i. Powers: Hellfire J.T has the supernatural ability to channel hellfire, which he typically does through a metal chain. Because of his reliance on using a chain, the extent of his abilities with hellfire has not been explored.

ii. Abilities: Trained in hand-to-hand combat by Nick Fury.

iii. Life: JT has a dog he rescued and ended up getting attached to despite his best efforts, named Luna. He likes to go out on long motorcycle drives to clear his mind when things get too overwhelming.



iv. Weapons:: Hellfire Chain- Hellfire J.T has the supernatural ability to channel hellfire, which he typically does through a metal chain. Because of his reliance on using a chain, the extent of his abilities with hellfire has not been explored.

v. Aspirations: Becoming a chef.

vi. Family:

- + Carter Slade (grandfather, deceased)
- + Lincoln Slade (granduncle, deceased)
- + Hamilton Slade (cousin)
- + Jaime Slade (distant cousin)

iv. personality.

Cocky	Brave	Bold	Dangerous	Creative
Brash	Deadly	Loving	Wounded	Gentleman-ly
Abrasive	Aggressive	Distrustful	Skeptical	Guarded
Impulsive	Stubborn	Overthinker	Blunt	Adaptable



v. backstory.

JT has the supernatural ability to channel hellfire but was limited to using it through his chain until he mastered being able to summon the fire at will.

He was trained in hand-to-hand combat by Nick Fury himself way back when and while he never said anything to Daisy Johnson, he always harbored a crush on her.

JT possesses the normal human strength of a man of his age, height, and build who engages in moderate regular exercise, yes that is true.

But when he is angry, upset, sad, depressed- basically any emotion that may have any sort of a negative connotation that he experiences, really, JT pushes himself harder and harder both in the gym and in the kitchen.

As a child and teenager, JT didn't have the best... experiences, so to speak.

He had run away from home many, many, many, many times but for some reason, the social workers kept finding him and placing him either back in the house of the people he refused to call his family, or even worse- they would place him in foster homes.

So, he did what he could: He would look after the younger foster siblings that were in the same home and make sure that they always had enough to eat as it was the least he could do.

He remembered what it felt like to have your own stomach claw and rip itself apart because of hunger and when he obtained his skills in the kitchen, he vowed to take care of what he could.

Time passed by, and eventually, he was able to emancipate himself, but he always resented Charles Xavier because from what he knew, the professor had gone out of his way to save mutants and people like him, but not once did JT ever receive an invite.

Finally, Fury recruited him and he was able to let the harbored feelings go, but at the same time he just never understood what was wrong with him, that not only his parents didn't want him; the people that were like him didn't either.

Live and let live was his motto as of now, and after meeting Agent Hill and Fury, not to mention the rest of the Avengers (big whoop), he believed that maybe he could do some good. Maybe. No promises though.

Currently, he has a small one-bedroom apartment and works as a gas station attendant to put himself through culinary school.

v. writing sample

Groaning, JT huffed and sat up, narrowing his eyes at the smallest of the girls.

"Why are you bouncing on my bed?" He growled at them, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he watched them. "Cuz aunt Daisy said we caaaan." Ariana sang at him, giggling softly and dropping down to jump off the bed. "Careful!" He called out, moving to get up before Esmerelda threw herself onto his lap, forcing him to fall back. "Damn it, kid." He muttered, holding onto her tightly as she laughed loudly, resting her head on his chest. "You said a baaaaad word!" She chanted, pressing against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

"Your father looks like Jasper, kid. I think you've heard 'damn' before, alright?" Grumbling, JT glanced around for Daisy, only to close his eyes for a split second when he couldn't spot her. Figures she'd leave him with babysitter duty.

Inhaling slowly, JT glanced down at Esmerelda and Ariana, who were now going through the things under their bed, and sighed again, shaking his head and trying to pry Essie off of his chest to no avail. "Kid, stop that. Stop-....that." He trailed off, watching as Ariana help up his gun, the very gun that Daisy had insisted he hid for this very purpose. "Ariana, c'mon, hand that here. You don't need to be messing around with things like that."

Leaning forward, he carefully wrapped his fingers around the hilt of the gun, pulling it away and making sure the safety was on before slipping it under his pillow and leaning against it to make sure that she didn't grab it again. "Come here, kid." Holding his hand out for her, he helped her pull herself onto the bed, holding back his groan of exasperation when she crawled onto his lap next to Essie, resting her head against his shoulder. "Why do you have that? Uncle Tristan had one too, but he wouldn't tell me why." She questioned him, the innocence in his voice making him double-think his answer before wrapping one arm around the two girls and leaning against the headboard.

"Sometimes... people aren't... they aren't always that good, 'Riana. And sometimes you have... to protect people, people you love, people that don't deserve to be hurt. And it can be dangerous.... so people like your uncle and I have to keep a gun with them." Wincing slightly, he glanced down at them before brushing their hair aside and staying silent.

"Does that mean....that something's going to happen to you or uncle Tristan?" Ariana asked quietly, her face burrowed against his chest. "Nothing's happening to either one of us.." JT said, frowning at the empty promise, not willing to meet her eyes.

"Can... can you please keep uncle Tristan safe? Don't let anything happen to him.." She whispered, looking up at him as he kept his eyes focused on the ceiling. "Yeah. Yeah, kid. Don't worry about him, alright?" He said firmly, exhaling slowly as he ruffled her hair. "Don't mention it."

iv. writing sample #2

He didn't know why he said it. He had no reason to even bring it up to the old bastard. So why did he? Maybe it was because telling that man would be the only.... thing that he knew he should do correctly. Daisy looked up to this one eye'd bastard as a father and everywhere he looked, he realized that what he was giving Daisy wasn't conventional. It wasn't normal and fuck, he didn't really care. Look at their lives, they were happy. They were happy, at least to his knowledge, which is why he found himself bringing it up to Fury.

And it's also why he found himself hanging twenty feet from the floor after falling fifteen. "YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" He screamed out, grunting in pain when the corner of the rock he was holding onto started to cut into his palms. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." JT muttered, glancing up at the sky before looking under him, closing his eyes tightly and exhaling slowly.

If he could make it up to that branch, maybe he could pull himself up.

That's all that he could think, that's it. So that'd be why when he let go with one hand to grip the branch, he didn't think to shift his footing and that's why he lost his grip on the rock, propelling him down the cliff, his body pressed against the mud as his clothing slowed him down considerably enough for him to be semi-conscious when his body entered the water of the ravine at the base of the cliff.

The fact that he could periodically feel the water enter his nose or mouth was the only reason he kept remembering what was going on. He had hit his head enough for him to know it was bleeding horrible and it felt as if the bones in his left hand had been snapped by the amount of pain he was in, and he didn't even know why he couldn't feel his leg. He couldn't bring himself to call out for help because taking a breath was painful enough, what would screaming do to him?

After some amount of time, he finally closed his eyes and let himself drift in the water, his body submerging every now and then, his breathing shuddered and shallow only ceasing in shock when the water pushed him onto the shore. He needed to.... he needed to pull himself out of the water. He shouldn't leave his body half in the water, no, he needed to pull himself up and that's all he could think of, that's all he could afford to think of right now because if he thought of Daisy then... no. No, no, no.

Not now. When he was out of this shit then he could think about her and only then. So with that in mind, he reached up in front of him and dug his fingers of his good hand into the mud to pull himself up, dragging his body over the banks slowly and carefully until he safely could close his eyes, finally passing out in pain and exhaustion.

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It was only hours later that a man wandered upon the body of JT, his breathing slow and shallow as the man tried to wake him up to no avail. They were miles and miles away from any sort of law enforcement or medical support which is the only reason that the man carefully propped JT's body up and carried, or dragged, him back to his truck in the thought that his wife would be able to help the boy.

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"Marge, we need to take him to one of those doctors." Ted said over his wife's shoulder, peering down at the unconscious boy on their kitchen table.

"Hush up, you old man. I was the nurse, not you, remember? His head has stopped—" Marge cut herself off as she began to cough, turning her body away from JT's and tucking her head against Ted's shoulder until the coughing subsided. "His head. It stopped bleeding. I've set his bones and splinted his leg. We shouldn't move him at all, Ted. He could have a head wound!" She exclaimed, huffing in annoyance and pushing Ted away from her to continue to wrap JT's wounds.

"Of course, he has a head wound, you bat! Do you not see the damn cut on his head? We had to cut half of his hair off just to stem the wound. Crazy woman." Ted muttered, handing Marge the supplies she needed as she sat near JT, needle in hand to sow up the long gash on his chest.

"Poor boy. How do you think he ended up in the water?" She asked Ted in confusion, only to see him shake his head. "Who knows. We don't even know who he is. With all that hair, you'd think he was a regular hooligan that just got in with the wrong crowd, but this one... this one isn't as beat up as those boys. He's scarred, that's for sure. But... I don't know." Ted said, glancing at his wife as she finished stitching one wound.

"I wonder who he is." Marge said softly, shaking his head as she reached up to brush the hair away from a cut on JT's forehead. "I just hope he wakes up soon. It's not good for him to be unconscious for too long after a trauma like that...."

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It took over 24 hours before JT woke up, if only for a few brief minutes. Of course, seeing as his luck was shot to shit, no one was around to take notice of him. Over the course of the next day, he would come back to consciousness, lasting longer and longer each time.

He had even managed to pull himself off the table in an ill attempt at standing when he put pressure on his leg, the pain that shot through his body nearly crippling him as he shouted out in a haze.

His cry snagged the attention of Marge, who had been doing laundry out back, drawing her back into her small house to see what had happened. It couldn't have been Ted that made the noise because he had gone out earlier and since the boy hadn't woken up in days, she didn't think it was hi- "Oh! What are you doing, boy?" She exclaimed, dropping the towels she had carried in so she could quickly wrap her arms around JT's midsection, pulling him up as much as she possibly could.

"We need to get you to a bed." She muttered, glancing around before hooking one arm around him and carefully guiding him to a room. "Don't put weight on your left leg, boy. I've already set it once, I don't want to set it again." She scolded him, wincing under the weight of JT.

Once they made it to the room and she had helped him lay down, JT finally let himself speak up, now that the pressure had receded from his leg. "W-" Cutting himself off with a deep cough, JT curled up on his side as much as he could, not knowing where he was, what had happened, who he was with or even what day it was. "Where.." He slurred, forcing himself to stay awake as the blackness seeped into his vision.

"You're safe, boy. We found you on the bank of the river all beat up. Come now, rest. You need to rest now that we know you're not brain dead." Marge said to him, laying a wet towel on his forehead as JT closed his eyes, muttering, "Daisy... call Daisy..." He trailed off, finally drifting into sleep as Marge sighed, shaking her head. "That didn't help me none, boy."

The second time JT woke up was when Ted happened to be checking on him. As expected, the old man hardly got anything that would.... make even the smallest of sense to him. All he understood was that this young man had an unusual obsession with daisies. It was the only thing the boy would say, "Daisy. Want-...please. Daisy.." and it was driving him insane. The kid was lucky enough to be alive and he wanted damned daisies? What sense did that make? With nothing accomplished other than finding that out, Ted finished cleaning the cuts and related the unusual information to his wife, rolling his eyes and handing her the rubbing alcohol. "He's much more alert, at least?"

The third time JT woke up, the world came into focus much much more. Meaning that he could actually fucking feel the god damn burning and cringe-worthy pain that included an alcohol-soaked rag cleaning the deep gash on his leg, causing him to childishly whine and pull away from the pain. "Hush up, boy." Marge scolded with a small smile on her face as she watched JT huff and whine softly, unaware of the surroundings he was in. It seemed that he was still almost out of it, and she would have continued to think that if it weren't for him speaking up. "'-ot boy." JT mumbled through his haze, "JT." His eyelashes fluttered as he tried to stay awake, his breathing calming down as he turned his head and was caught by the sight of a vase on the nightstand table.

A vase containing only daisies.

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Groaning softly, JT raised his hand to his face to rub his eyes only to gasp in pain as he pulled at the stitches. "I did not work my ass off for you to mess it up, boy." He heard next to him, causing him to squint and watch the elderly woman soak a rag in water before she sat back down and wiped the dirt away from the cuts. "Who are you?" The highest he could bring himself to speak was a soft whisper and even then he wasn't sure he was actually.... speaking.

"I'm the lady who's set your bones and stitched you up, child. The real question here is who are you?" She shook her head and looked at JT, raising an eyebrow. "Not that I don't mind that and all, but you kinda have pissed yourself once. I'd rather that didn't happen again..." Ignoring his half-hearted glare, she continued, trying to hide her smile, "And even though it has been quite some time since I've had such a good-looking man in this house, I'm thinking that there's someone else that wants you back? Or are you going to let me be selfish?" Marge asked him, reaching up and swatting his hand away from his forehead. "Stop touching it. You'll get infected."

Once he realized that she was teasing him, he tried to push himself up against the headboard, quickly pulling his broken hand away from the bed as he put pressure on it. "I'm JT. I...what happened?" He asked softly, accepting her help after fighting it for a few seconds and letting her help him sit up. Leaning his head against the headboard, he closed his eyes for a moment. "Dunno. My husband found you sprawled on the river banks lookin' like you've been straight through hell." Marge told him, resting a clean rag on his forehead as he blinked a few times.

"C'mon, kid. Someone has to be lookin for you." He looked at her, frowning silently as he tried to think clearly. "Daisy, my Dais-.." He winced as he tried to lean over the side of the bed, trying to move to get up. "I have to- I need to go to her. She's probably worried and-" He muttered, glaring at Marge when she pushed his leg back onto the bed. "You're not moving a damn inch offa this bed, boy. Here, all you kids have phones right? Give the woman a call. She needs to come to get you or no dice." Pressing a landline phone into JT's good hand, she leaned back and waited.

Blinking a few times, he tried to remember the number before slowly punching it in and raising the phone to his ear, listening to the ringing.