

Summary: Daniel takes over Richard's mind and makes him rape Shawn. Things just get crazier when they find out Shawn is pregnant, and not with an normal child.

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Story Notes:

Disclaimer: I don't own Shawn or Richard or any of the other ppl in The 4400. \*yet. I am so stealing Shawn, Kyle and Tom. lol\*

A/N: The title makes more sense later. This fic was written for a request/challenge from domini mcardell. Hope you like it, you better review! :-D lol. This is my first 4400 fic, so plz review!

Daniel takes over Richard's mind and makes him rape Shawn. Things just get crazier when they find out Shawn is pregnant, and not with an normal child. (Shawn/Richard)

## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by RogueSpike

Chapter 1 by RogueSpike

"Richard? What are you doing?"

The figure curled tightly into a corner of the room shuddered vioently as the memories crashed through his mind.

"If this is about Isabelle we can talk."

Shawn squeezed his eyes shut against the pain raidating through his body, and against the much to recent memories.

Shawn's back bumped against the wall and still Richard kept coming. The look in his eyes was wild and unfocused, making Shawn press back hard against the wall in fear.

The punch was so sudden that Shawn didn't have time to block. He cried out as Richard's fist connected with his jaw and sent him down to the floor. He tried to rise but Richard fell with him, raining blows down as he went.

"Stop," Shawn whispered out loud, almost forgetting it was over, Richard was gone and he had been left alone in the room until someone found him or he had the courage to get up.

"Richard, stop!" Shawn cried, raising his arms in an attempt to ward off the blows. "Stop! Wh...wait, what are you doing? Wait...oh god...no, Richard, please, don't!"

The door opened and Shawn curled tighter into himself, trying to find some protection in becoming as small as he possibly could.

"Shawn?" Richard's voice sounded near the doorway. "Shawn, are you...oh my god! What happened?"

Shawn tried to fight the tears streaming down his face but couldn't do it. "What happened? You bastard, you're the one that did this to me!"

"Shawn? Talk to me, Shawn, please, who did this?"

"Get away from me," Shawn choked out. Fear laced through him again as Richard knelt down a couple feet away. "Get away! You had no right, no REASON, why would you do this..."

"Shawn? You're not making any sense." Richard started to slowly reach out with his hand but Shawn slammed himself back against the wall and Richard quickly pulled his hand back. "Who had no right? Who was it?"

Shawn didn't answer, instead he started to rock, whispering to himself that he wouldn't let him at him again. Frowning in concern, Richard slowly backed to the doorway before running down the hall for help.

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Richard woke up that morning on the floor, with no memory of where he'd been since 4:20 yesterday. Frowning, he remembered Daniel telling him if he wasn't there at four, something would happen to Shawn.

"Shawn!" Richard leaped up from the floor and headed quickly down to Shawn's room. "Shawn? Are you...oh my god, what happened!"

The sight he was greeted with nearly caused him to throw up.

Shawn was curled tightly into a corner of the room, rocking slightly. His clothes were nothing more than tattered remains that did nothing to conceal the large bruises and smaller cuts that covered him. It was the way he was sitting, though, that let Richard know instantly what had happened.

Shawn didn't answer and Richard slowly made his way across the room. "Shawn? Talk to me Shawn, please, who did this?" 'Was it Daniel?'

"Get away from me!" Shawn choked. "You had no right, no REASON, why would you do this..."

Richard's frown deepened and he slowly started to reach out with his hand. "Shawn? You're not making any sense." He pulled his hand back quickly when Shawn slammed himself against the wall. "Who had no right? Who was it?" 'It was Daniel, wasn't it? Or his power.'

Shawn didn't answer, instead he started rocking again, so Richard slowly retreated until he was out the door before he ran down to the nearest office and called an ambulance. He started to call the police, then changed his mind and called NTAC instead.

"Hello, is Tom Baldwin there? Alright, well, when you get ahold of him, tell him he needs to come to the 4400 Center, please. His nephew's been raped."

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Shawn groaned as he forced open his eyes. He was met with blinding white walls and his uncle Tom sitting in a chair not far away.

"Shawn!" Tom leaped up and started to reach out but paused half way. "Um...is it okay if I touch you?"

Shawn nodded slowly and Tom put a hand on his arm. "The doctors had to knock you out, you were panicking too much. Who did this to you?"

Shawn opened his mouth to answer when he saw Richard standing in the doorway. A soft whimper tore its way from his throat and his other hand came flying up to grip Tom's arm. Tom

frowned and looked at Richard. Richard shook his head.

"I don't know," He said.

For a moment Tom was silent, then he knew. His eyes widened briefly before narrowing in fury. He released his nephew and lunged at Richard, landing a blow to his temple before Richard knew what was happening.

Part of Shawn wanted to stay silent and let Tom beat Richard to a pulp, but the rational part of his brain was saying something was off. Closing his eyes, he tried hard to think around the pain and concentrate.

"Wait," He murmured. Tom didn't hear him so he repeated louder "Wait!"

Tom froze half way through his next punch. "What? What is it?" He quickly abandoned his task to go back to Shawn's side.

"This...might not be his fault," Shawn admitted. He forced himself to look at Richard and tried desperately to keep the fear from showing again. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"I remember looking at the clock and seeing it was 4:20 and then everything's black until I woke up on the floor this morning," Richard answered. "Why? What's this about?"

Tom continued to glare at him and the peices suddenly clicked together.

Richard's eyes widened in horror. "Oh my god, so you're saying...I...oh my god, Shawn, I'm so sorry!"

Richard sat down very suddenly on the nearest chair. This was what Daniel...god, he was sick!

Shawn closed his eyes. 'It's not his fault, he didn't do this to you. Daniel did this to you.'

He didn't realize he'd said that out loud until Richard declared "It is my fault! I should have gone! He wouldn't have done this if I'd just gone and met with him."

"I told you not to go," Shawn murmured. "At least he didn't kill me."

Tom, who was starting to calm down, began to pace. "This doesn't seem right. Didn't you say he said Shawn might not have a future if you didn't meet with him?" He asked Richard.

Richard tried to meet Tom's eyes but only for a moment. Tom was still blaming him. "Yeah."

"So there must be more," Tom turned to Shawn. "Do you remember anything else?"

'Pain,' Shawn thought. 'Fear. Hate. What else am I supposed to remember?'

"No," Shawn said slowly. "But other than the...basics...I'm having a hard time remembering."

"You shouldn't block it out," Tom told him, returning his hand to Shawn's arm. "It'll make it worse."

"I'm not blocking it out," Shawn murmured. He was getting tired and he wanted Richard to leave. "I just...I can't remember. I remember...fear. And pain. So much of it."

Shawn left his eyes closed, trying to block out just the memory of being so afraid, so hurt. He wondered if he would have been as afraid if it had just been Richard hitting him, or even threatening with a gun. No, he wouldn't have. He wouldn't have ended up cringing against a wall

even if he hadn't died. He'd have jumped for a few days and then been fine.

What made this so much bigger? He wondered. Why does this hurt so much more?

"Shawn? Shawn, he's gone, it's okay."

Shawn slowly opened his eyes again and saw Richard had left.

"Did the doctors check for a poison or anything?" Shawn asked finally.

Tom frowned. "No, but I can get them to do tests if that will make you feel better."

Shawn nodded. "Yeah. Tom?"

"Yeah Shawn?"

"Don't leave, okay?"

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Shawn slammed closed the door to his room and leaned back against it, breathing hard. He'd stayed in the hospital for a couple days while they did tests and made sure he would be alright. The tests had come up with nothing, Shawn was perfectly healthy.

He'd nearly had a heart attack just walking back into the Center. He'd tried to avoid touching other people as much as possible until he reached his room but somehow he had managed to bump into almost every one of them.

"Shawn, you're back!"

Shawn had another mini panic attack when someone threw themselves at him but then he realized it was Isabelle. He pushed her away and quickly put some space between her and himself.

"Are you okay? Someone told me you were hurt. Who hurt you?"

Shawn sank down onto a couch, trying hard not to wince as he did so. He glanced at Isabelle and tried to think of a safe answer. Finally he said "Daniel Armand."

It wasn't a lie, not really. Daniel was the one who had really hurt him, Richard had just been the puppet.

'Keep telling yourself that,' Shawn thought. 'It's not his fault, it's not his fault, it's not his fault...'

He looked at Isabelle again and saw her face had hardened. "I'll find him and hurt him back."

"No, don't do that," Shawn shook his head. "If you do that, you'll be just like him."

Isabelle frowned for a moment, then nodded and smiled as she came to sit beside him. "Okay. If you don't want me to then I won't."

She reached out to him again but Shawn flinched away. "Shawn, I'm not going to hurt you."

"I know," Shawn muttered. "I just..."

Isabelle pulled her hand back. "Oh, right. I read about this. You won't want to be touched for a

while."

Shawn nodded. Any touch felt like...like poison. And yet even when no one was around he felt filthy all over, like the poison had buried underneath his skin and touches only brought it to the surface.

"Okay, that makes sense," Isabelle smiled. "But I'm here when you want to touch again, okay?"

Again, Shawn nodded. He resisted the urge to curl into himself until Isabelle had left the room. Then he fell to his side on the couch and curled into a ball.

He didn't move again until he heard a knock on his door.

"Alright," He murmured, forcing himself to his feet. "I'll try to work. I'll try."

"Shawn? Are you in there?"

Shawn froze. It wasn't an employee knocking at the door.

It was Richard.

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