

Summary: They say HB sent him away, but is that the truth?

Categories: [Hellboy](#) Characters: Ensemble, Hellboy, Hellboy/John, Hellboy/Liz, Johann Kraus, John Myers, Karl Ruprecht Kroenen, Liz, Original, Tom Manning, Uncle Thaddeus

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Abortion, Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Angst, Birth, Character Death, Dark Themes, Implied Sexual Situation, m/f, m/m, Magical Conception, Paranormal Conception, preg, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Although I have this listed as an AU, I don't really think anyone is OOC. Hellboy is snarky and sarcastic, Abe is understanding and John is still trying to make sure that everyone is okay. Liz is still a bitch, yes I felt that she was one in the movie and Manning still hates being there but it is his job.

Also, thank you Wolverine6claws for being my beta for this story. Hugs...

Later Tinnean beta'd for me and now I have Kelly. I promise to write and send her more work.

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Chapter 1 by missfae

Slowly, the trembling hands carefully folded the last of the white starched dress shirts. The slender figure turned and made a final visual inspection of the small square room that had been his home for the last 48 months.

The gray walls that once held pictures and awards were now as bare as the soul of the beholder.

The beholder in question was one John T. Myers, the "T" stands for Thaddeus mom's older brother, agent, correction... former agent of The Bureau for Paranormal Research and Defense. Young, he was only 25, the 5'9", 160 lb. brown haired, brown eyed man walked over to touch one of the gray walls. How many times had John used this room to run away when the pressure of loving him became too much?

"Red..." he whispered as he slowly slid down the wall to a sitting position. When his intercom buzzed an hour later, he was still sitting there. Eyes enflamed and itching, nose running, John wearily raised his head from where it had been resting on his drawn up knees. He weakly extended a leaden arm towards the sound and then let it drop. As his hand hit the floor with a thud, he thought, 'What's the use?' And letting his head sink back onto his knees, he thought back to the last assignment and Red's harsh words.

"Myers, what the heck are you doing? I told you to stay with the truck and support the team from there." John blinked as the 6' 2" bright red, muscular demon man stalked towards him. This was Hellboy, though his co-workers called him Red. The "BFG" better known as The Samaritan was being gripped so tightly in his left hand that the knuckles were actually turning white.

"Good thing he's not holding it in his stone hand," John mused, "it'd be crushed to a pulp."

Reaching out, Red decided to grasp John's arm in that stone right hand instead and, as angry as Red was, the grip was surprisingly gentle.

"But that boogie was almost on you. There's no way that you would have been able to turn in time..."

"And you put innocent lives in danger by your careless actions," Red growled interrupting him. For the first time, John looked around and saw the victims of the boogie shaking their heads while waking up from his trance. "Did it ever occur to you that I wanted the creature to come after me? That I had a plan?"

"Red," Abe came up to stand beside John, "do not be too harsh with John, he was worried about you and looking out for you is his job." Pausing, he watched as Red released his grip on the agent. He then turned to John to rest a hand on his shoulder and froze as images flashed through his mind,

John, following Red into the temple of Bast... Liz and the others, being held at bay by the guardian. Red interrupting the sacrifice that would bring her back into the realm of the living... Bast's screeching condemnation of the world that no longer cherishes motherhood... Red threatening the goddess with his Samaritan... the goddess intoning a curse... a flash of light moving towards Red... John pushing him out of the way... Being hit with the light... darkness... waking up in the infirmary... overhearing Liz and Red fight... harsh words... "He's always around"... "no time for us"... back in his room... Liz announcing that she had to get away... Red coming to his room... John attempting to comfort... Red pulling him close... kissing him... not for the first time... feels so good... Red stripping him and kissing him all over... John, writhing in ecstasy, begging... "Please, please"... Red preparing him... entering him, blanketing the smaller body with his large one... hungry kisses... Red thrusting... John bucking up to meet each one... crying out as Red hits his prostate again and again... finally they come together... John screaming his release... Red quieter, planting his seed in him... Liz coming back... again he is relegated to only being Red's helper... vomiting everyday for a week straight... then a second heart beat...

Jerking his arm away, Abe snaps back to the present and looks into John's pleading eyes.

Abe spoke gently admonishing John, "But Red is also correct, you have to think about the innocents that could be in harm's way."

"See, Boy Scout, you need to listen to him."

"Red, please," Abe responded . "John let's get you back and check you out."

"Check him out? What for? To see if you can locate the sense that nature gave him?" Red groused.

John had his back to Red so he neither saw the effect his words had on the young man, nor did he see John raise his hand to cover his abdomen, but Abe did. Without so much as a backward glance, Abe led the trembling agent back to the converted garbage truck.

"John? John T. Myers, are you alright?" A soft voice tickled his ears.

"Blue, please, go away."

"I am sorry, but I cannot do that."

John sighed, rolling his head on his knees so that he faced his unwelcome visitor kneeling beside him. Blue, aka Abe Sabien, was a fishman. 'No really more of an aquaman,' John thought

to himself and smiled softly.

Abe was blue-skinned, 6' 4" and literally 130 pounds soaking wet. His face was reminiscent of the drawings one sees of the thin-faced bulb-headed aliens on the science fiction shows. The water-filled breathing apparatus that he wore around his neck like a stole enabled him to live and move about freely outside of his glass pool.

"Why do you smile?" Abe inquired.

"You're not reading me?" John was referring to Abe's ability to see events or to know a person's thoughts with just a touch or without a touch if the feelings were exceptionally strong, as his were at the moment.

Abe shook his head. "Some thoughts are meant to be private."

John's laugh is strained, "I was thinking about comics. Comic books, heroes and what makes a man."

"And what have you concluded?"

"That I don't know shit," John grated as he tried to stand.

Rising gracefully, Abe extended a slender web-laced hand to John. Looking up into the solid black eyes, John hesitated and then, seizing the hand as if it was a lifeline, allowed himself to be pulled into Abe's loose embrace.

"In that John T. Myers, you are wrong. You do know one thing."

"Oh yeah, and what's that?" John asked as he tried to push away, but Abe held him in a loose embrace,

"He cares a great deal for you and..." Abe laid a gentle hand on the slight bump on John's abdomen, "...you are giving him the one thing that Liz is denying him."

"That's the problem in a nutshell. Red cares about me, but he loves Liz. Whenever Liz and Red fight, or she is in a snit, or she is tired of being a freak and wants to be human and takes off for months at a time, I'm the one left to deal with him. I'm the one whose bed he comes to. I'm the one who loves him." John reached up to wipe away the tears that ran down his face. "Shit!" With that expletive, he pushed out of Abe's arms and stomped towards the bed. "I'm just tired of being a substitute for Liz."

Abe nodded and then added, "I can feel the baby's heart beat." John said nothing. He simply closed and locked his suitcase. "He'll give her up if you tell him."

John sighed. "I know and that's why I won't tell him." He turned to face Abe just as his friend started to protest. "Abe... Liz will be able to give him more children, but what happened to me was because of that damned curse of Bast. I don't know if I'd be able to have another one. We both know what Liz will do if she finds out. She'll do her best to get pregnant and when she succeeds Red will have to choose." He turns to face Abe, "I'm not strong enough to live with that choice."

"Even if his choice is to be with you?" Abe asked.

John's head dropped as he whispered, "Especially if he chooses me. I couldn't stand to see the hate in his eyes when he finally realizes that he chose wrong."

"John..." Abe started, but John held up his hand, palm out, to forestall any further arguments.

"I'm leaving, but not for Antarctica. I'm going back to my uncle's farm."

"Thaddeus..."

John nodded, remembering, as he stomped into Manning's office.

"I will not go to any of those..." he made the quotation gesture, "approved safe houses."

Manning stood.

"Is everyone taller than me?" John thought, but refused to be intimidated as his 6' tall boss towered over him.

Although he had recently become more active in the field, Manning looked just like what he was, a big man who was going to seed. The once firm body was fighting a losing battle with middle-age spread and a balding pate. The bags that were forming under the soulful brown eyes and the developing jowls reminded John of a hound that needed to be put out to pasture.

"The safe house is the best place for you in your... your condition."

John's eyes narrowed as he caught the faint scorn behind the word.

"Those places are no better than a prison and you know it." John dragged his hand through his hair as he walked away, putting space between himself and Manning. The brown locks were becoming longer than regulation, but he didn't care.

"Well...since I'm not going to be an agent for much longer..." John reflected, "I may as well go for broke."

"I want to stay with my uncle."

"That is totally unacceptable!" Manning roared.

Furious, John turned towards Manning and shouted back, "I don't care! It's my uncle or nothing!" He started at Manning and wondered what he would actually do if the man refused. Go to the papers? That was totally out of the question. John met the director's stare and held his breath.

"And what would your uncle think about you turning up on his doorstep pregnant? Or any other man for that matter?"

John released the breath. "He'd accept me with open arms," he paused, taking a deeper breath, "just like he accepted my decision to work with the paranormal."

Manning started to draw himself to his full height but then he slumped. "He knows about this place?"

"I've never lied to him about anything and I won't start now."

Manning nodded acknowledging something more to himself than to John.

"I've got to talk to him, certain safeguards must be put into place."

Now it was John's turn to nod. As he turned to leave, Manning spoke again, "Agent Myers, I'll get your paperwork pushed through with the highest priority. Don't make any of us regret this

decision." With those words, John was dismissed.

"After that it was pretty anticlimactic." John explained as he hefted his suitcase which Abe quickly plucked from his grasp. John scowled but continued, "My uncle had no problem with my pregnancy, in fact," John grinned, "he was excited...started plans to add another room to his house."

"How do you plan to explain the baby to other people?"

"A cousin who died in childbirth... her last request being that my uncle is to raise him. I'm taking a leave of absence to help him."

"Ah... and how will you explain your growing belly?"

Suddenly John sat down on the bed hard. His arms folded around his middle as he doubled over.

"John?" Abe was by his side. When John looked up as tears were in his eyes. He whispered, "I'll tell them I've been eating too many pancakes."

Blue winced as he remembered Red's words to John. "Hey squirt, you're getting a bit of a pooch. Better stop sneaking my pancakes." He held John for the last time as the young agent cried.

Two days later, Red stormed into the lab as Blue languidly floated in his tank.

"John's gone!"

Floating upside down, Abe's voice sounded unhurriedly over the speakers, "Turn the page, please." Red stared at his friend. With exaggerated calm, he walked to each of the three pedestals in front of the tank and flipped the page on each of the books resting there. As Abe took his time reading, Red paced in front of him. "Isn't that what you wanted?"

Hellboy jerked at the mild inquiry. "Well... yeah."

"Then what is the problem?"

"I don't know where the Boy Scout is."

"Is that important?"

"Well... yeah."

"Why?" Abe was genuinely puzzled.

"So I can call him back when I need him?"

"Ahhhh," Abe exclaimed. "Is the new agent not working out?"

"He's fine. Brings me my meals on time... knows when to leave me alone..."

"So what is the problem?"

"He's. Not. Myers." Hellboy grounded out between clenched teeth.

"Ahhh."

"Is that all you can say?"

"I do not understand. What more is there to say? You wanted Myers gone and now he is."

"But not like this, I didn't mean it to be like this."

"Like what?"

"I didn't get the chance to say goodbye. I mean, I didn't want the kid to think... to think that he was totally useless."

Abe smiled and faced Red. "If it is any consolation, he cared about you a great deal."

Hellboy's shoulders slumped. "He only cared about me?"

Abe stopped reading and focused his full attention on Hellboy. "Yes, a great deal." He paused to watch as Red slowly walked back towards the lab door. "Red?" He offered in askance.

Red stopped with his hand inches from the door panel. When he finally spoke his voice was so subdued that Abe almost missed his reply. "I loved him with all my heart."

And with those words, he was gone.

End

I hope you enjoyed reading this fic. Whether or not it remains a one shot is up to my muse.

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Chapter 2 by missfae

Author's Notes:

Due to reader reaction, I decided to continue the story.

The slender branches wavered slightly in the warm spring breezes. As the soft scents of McIntosh and Honeycrisp blossoms sweetened the air, the sense of tranquility failed to reach the young man staring despondently into the man-made pond. Silhouetted against the pinks and purples of the sinking sun, the figure wore his misery like a cloak.

The now shoulder-length hair, framed a face that had softened to the point of prettiness, as his body changed to accommodate the life within. His hands stroked the swollen belly contained in his loose white cotton shirt. Light blue loose slacks and bare feet completed the ensemble.

"When did life become so complicated?" The koi, raising their heads to receive more of the food being thrown in the water, provided no answers to his musings. John sighed as he gazed into the water, wishing that it held the answers to the mysteries of the universe, all the while knowing that this was one problem that he had to solve himself. Breathing deeply, he absently pushed back the hair the mild breeze displaced. "If anyone out there has any answers, I would really, really appreciate them."

"Perhaps you already have them, but your head denies what your heart is telling you."

Smiling, John acknowledged the soft tones. "Abe, I wondered when I would hear from you."

"I would have come sooner, John T. Myers, but you are a man who has many demons with which to wrestle."

The sad smile that came to John's face was heartbreaking. "No pun intended."

"I would never tease you about your feelings for Red."

"Uncle Thad."

The thin, weathered man turned, holding out the blanket that he brought for his nephew. Once robust, the cancer that was slowly eating away his insides left him a shadow of his former self. Nevertheless, the brown eyes sparkled with mischief and strength as he regarded his nephew.

"Has anyone told you that you are a terrible schatchen?"

"If that means, 'kicking you in your butt to get you jumpstarted in the right direction'... I definitely resemble that remark," Thaddeus replied as John took the blanket.

John attempted to scowl at Abe's chuckle but gave a self-deprecating grin along with a shrugged shoulder. "You try loving a 6' 2" red, half-demon and tell me life is a bowl of cherries." Starting, he froze as he realized what he said.

"You do love him, don't you?" Thaddeus asked.

Heart racing, John looked out over the pond. "Loving him was not the problem. Being in love with him only brought pain."

"Only pain?" Although Abe's voice was kind, John could not meet his gaze. He gave him another one shouldered shrug.

"John?" his uncle asked, "Don't you think it's time to come back to the house, before it starts to cool down soon?"

"Just a little longer... please? I'm just... I need to think."

Thaddeus cast a look at Abe, "Alright, but don't make me have to come back and get you."

John smiled, "You won't, I promise." As the older man turned to leave, John whispered, "Thank you."

Nodding his acknowledgment of John's words, Thaddeus walked back towards the house.

"If you like, I will also leave you to your thoughts."

"No, stay." Abe moved to assist John as he lowered himself into the deck lounge, "Why don't you slip into the pond? The water is still quite warm; I think you'll enjoy it. I just want to sit and relax for a while."

"Your emotions are rather strong and I fear experiencing private thoughts...."

"Please... stay."

Abe acquiesced by removing his breathing apparatus and diving gracefully into the blue water. John watched the fish man's lazy strokes, unaware that the hands caressing his belly were in perfect synch with Abe's movements. The crickets chirped as the companionable silence stretched into the twilight.

"Do you think I'm wrong?"

"What?"

"Do you think I'm wrong? You know- to not tell him... about the baby."

"I think this is a decision that only you can make."

John looked beseechingly to the heavens, but since no answer seemed to be forthcoming, he spoke to the baby. "How can I tell him, but how can I not tell him?" He paused, frowning, "All my life, I only wanted to do what was right. I thought I was helping him, but now... but now."

Myers settled back onto the lounge, snuggling under the blanket as he rested his hand on his belly. Soon he was whispering to the precious life within, "I don't remember much about my parents but I know my dad cared about me a great deal. I remember dad and me going to baseball games where he always bought me ice cream and hot dogs with chili. It was such a great time." A wistful smile formed as he asked, "Do you think you'd like that? Baseball, hot dogs and ice cream, or will you want nachos? Your other dad just can't get enough of them."

John watched Abe floating serenely; the scene took on a surrealistic tone.

"A pregnant man, talking to his quarter demon baby, watching a fish man swimming in his uncle's koi farm, can life get any weirder?"

Still, no epiphany was forthcoming, so John settled for rolling onto his side as he continued to watch Abe.

"I loved him so much, but I don't remember much about my mom. I know her name was Helen and that she loved me very much. She was always cooking Peach pies because that was my and my dad's favorite." He paused, smiling. "Peach pie and fried chicken." A sigh as he shifted to relieve the pressure on his bladder, "Uncle Thad told me that mom and dad drove off one night, and never returned. The authorities found nothing... no crashed car, no bodies...nothing, just disappeared."

"That's when your uncle took you in."

John nodded and ran a hand over his belly, "I was six years old. I remember looking up to see this giant standing over me. He grunted, said he was my uncle, and that I was going to be staying with him for a while. I waved goodbye to my sisters and brothers, then got into the car, and we drove off." John was quiet, transfixed as he watched Abe float in the pond. "I don't remember falling asleep, but the next thing I knew, it was morning and Uncle Thad was in the kitchen singing- Route 66."

Abe chuckled, "Sounds like an interesting time."

"It was." John pulled the blanket tighter, "He loves jazz and Big Bands...he rebuilt a big old floor model radio, and on summer days, I could hear the music from it floating in through my bedroom window. He also loved radio mystery programs. We didn't have a television but the images from those shows will always be in my mind." He smiled sadly and shifted again. "No, we didn't have TV, but I was allowed to read comics books."

"That's when you first heard about Hellboy."

"Yeah...Blue?"

"Yes?"

"Do you mind if we don't talk anymore?"

"No, John Myers, I don't mind at all."

Silence

"Thank you Abe."

"For?"

"Not trying to convince me to go back to him."

"It is your decision."

John closed his eyes. "How long can you stay?"

"As long as you need me."

Pause

"We'll go back at the end of the week."

"As you wish."

"Thanks."

An hour later, Thaddeus approached the dock.

Abe looked up at the approaching figure. "He's sleeping."

Thaddeus bent over, and tucking the blanket around Myers, lifted him into his arms. "What did he decide?"

"We're going back."

Thaddeus regarded the sleeping man warmly. "Good. He really loves him."

"Yes."

"I hope they can work it out."

"As do I, sir. As do I."

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Chapter 3 by missfae

"Oh no!" Liz sat on the closed toilet seat in the small bathroom. This was the same room where, a couple of days prior, she had told Abe to, "get your damn hands off the door." As she sat, Liz stared at the strip that was the source of all her woes. "This can't be right." She moaned and stopped herself from reaching for another strip. "Stop mocking me," the fire starter hissed and reread the directions on the pesky test. "What's the point? Abe's already verified it." Liz covered her face with her hands. "All the tests in the world won't change the facts." Tears threatened as the young woman stared into space.

' Dammit! I can't have a baby now...it's the wrong time.' She considered her options. 'Red never has to know. I can get a leave and go to the clinic in town. They're discreet... no one ever has to know.'

Could she do it? Get rid of her own baby. Liz rested her hands on her still concave belly and took a deep breath. "I will not bring another freak into the world!" With those words, she made her decision.

The gray spikes of the wrought iron fence appeared to reach towards the stormy sky, like the

fingers of a supplicant attempting to appease an angry god. Abe and John got out of the car and walked up to the box that would grant them entrance into a world more civilians were currently becoming aware of.

"Squeaky Clean Up Waste Management," John read, as a smile played around his lips. It was déjà vu. Here was the same dreary sky, along with the same sense of wonder as he entered a new territory. Well...now, not so new. John rubbed his belly as nausea threatened to overwhelm him. 'Somewhere, in that monolithic structure, Hellboy lurks.' John clutched the bars, "Abe, I can't do this...I can't face him."

Abe gently rested a webbed hand on the stressed man's arm, and was instantly assaulted with images of a small fetus, curled up, sucking his thumb. "Do not worry John T. Myers; I am sure that everything will be alright." Abe gently caressed the trembling arm. "He's sucking his thumb."

John rested a hand on his abdomen. "You can see that?" Abe nodded. "You can tell that it's, I mean, the baby, he-he's a boy?"

"Yes, most definitely."

Pinks and oranges broke through the gloom as dusk began to settle into night. Silently, John stood taking in the large building, while Abe watched him.

John's hands caressed his bulge as if he was soothing the growing fetus within. "Is he okay? Can you tell if he...does he look human?"

Abe gazed skyward as he considered the question. "At this point, he appears to be. I do know that his life force is strong and he seems to be in good health."

"I guess that's all I can ask for, isn't it?"

"John..."

Myers held up a weary hand. "We might as well get this over with." Bracing himself, John stepped up to the optical identifier, thus initiating the process that would bring him closer to the heartache he had run away to avoid.

"Agent Myers, it's good to have you back!" Manning's warm welcome rang as phony as the man's 150 watt smile. John reached out and grasped the extended hand, and found his arm pumped briskly up and down.

'So this is what a well pump handle feels,' he thought wryly as his lips twitched. "It's good to be back sir." He watched as Manning stood at arm's length to take in his wayward agent. If he was taken aback by the longer than shoulder-length hair, the pretty face, and the obviously pregnant belly, he gave no outward indication.

"Your room is waiting for you," Manning said as he turned to walk away. "Once you get settled in, come and see me about work restrictions and current assignments." He took a few steps, and then suddenly turned back to John and caught up the startled agent in a hug. "It really is good to have you back. Hellboy has been a bear without you." He flushed, as if he gave away more than he intended.

John raised an eyebrow as Manning quickly released him, turned on his heel, and walked swiftly down the hallway.

Myers watched his retreating director. "Well, that was...interesting."

Abe's whisper was conspiratorial. "Do not let his gruff exterior fool you. He cares for you a great deal, as he does all his men."

"Even Red."

"Even Red." Abe turned to the agents that had come in with them and motioned towards Myers' bags. "Please take Agent Myers' to his room." As the agents moved to follow his orders, Abe gestured in the direction of the lab. "Let's go and have a look at the little one."

'Two hours.' John kept his head down as he wearily dragged himself towards his room. 'Why are my quarters the farthest from the infirmary? I know Abe likes to be thorough but...' He stopped to lean against the wall, and took a deep breath as the baby kicked him. "Please little one, not now. My back hurts, my feet are swollen... all in all, daddy's not having a good day." John closed his eyes, praying for strength while he rubbed his abdomen, and then winched as another kick landed.

"Freak." A gruff voice hissed. John stumbled, and almost fell to his knees before he caught himself.

'Why do they hate me so much?' He rested his cheek against the cold stone wall, and the baby kicked him again. 'It'll be alright little one. I just need to get back to my room and lie - Shit! I still have that meeting with Manning.' Sighing, he struggled to push himself upright.

"Well, well...if it isn't Agent Myers. At least... I think it's Myers."

John turned as two agents approached. He cringed as he recognized Richards and Brice.

'Of all the Bureaus of Paranormal Research and Defense in the world... they had to walk into mine,' he thought, and began to giggle.

"Yo, Myers," Brice, the shorter of the two agents sneered. "What's with all the hair?"

"Yeah." Richards joined in leering at Myers. "You look so pretty." He circled Myers, staring intently at the bulge. "Take a gander at the gut on that guy."

Brice reached for Myers, who stepped back, his hand coming up to cover his belly. "Please...just leave me alone."

Richards stepped up behind Myers. "If I didn't know better..."

"May I be of assistance, Herr Myers?" a soft accented voice inquired.

The three agents turned to see, a man, Myers assumed it to be a man, dressed in a containment suit. A million questions ran through his mind, but he said, "Yes. Thank you. Mr..."

"Krauss, Johann Krause."

"Mr. Krause."

Krause regarded the other two agents. "Brice, Richards! Do your duties not keep you busy, or do you need to be assigned additional responsibilities?"

"No, sir!" Brice responded through a clenched jaw.

"Dismissed."

The agents cast a hate-filled look at John, before moving quickly away.

"Thank you." John's eyes were dull with pain and exhaustion. "I'd better get..." His knees gave out and Johann barely caught him as he crumpled to the floor.

"Let's get you back to Abe, shall we?" He easily lifted the unconscious man into his arms.

Liz was on her way out of the complex when the buzz started.

"What the hell happened to him? He was only gone a few months."

"Did you see him? He's as big as a whale!"

"Well...not a whale but he's pretty big."

"Speaking of pretty... did you see all that long hair... and his face?"

"He'd give most girls a run for the money, I'll tell you that!"

Liz grabbed one of the passing agents. "Who is everyone talking about?"

The agent, a fresh-faced young man, turned beet red. "M-m'am?"

"The gossip!" Liz shook the man. "Who are they talking about?"

The agent looked around as if seeking salvation.

Liz raised the temperature of the hand grasping the man's collar just enough to make him sweat. "Who?"

"John Myers!"

"Welcome back, John T. Myers." Abe's soothing tone was like a balm to John's soul.

"What happened?" John tried to sit up, but Abe gently pushed him until he was once more, lying down.

Abe ducked his head and sighed. "I'm afraid it was my fault. I was so eager to assure you of the baby's continuing good health that I exhausted you."

John waved him off. "It's alright Abe." Abe looked about to protest, when John reiterated, "It's all right!"

The accented voice, which John now recognized as German, inquired, "Is there anything else that you require, Herr Myers?"

John rolled onto his side to face the man. "Just answer one question... who are you?"

Bowing slightly, and clicking his heels, Krauss introduced himself. "Johann Krauss, Hellboy's keeper, at your service."

'Keeper,' John thought, 'that's the right word for it. Red needs a keeper.' "That used to be my job," he whispered.

Krauss nodded.

Liz barely contained the internal fire singing in her veins, demanding to be freed. She wanted to burn down the entire complex; she didn't care, as long as she could get to a certain agent.

'Did you see him? He's so pretty. Big as a whale. If he was a woman...' The thoughts twisted and writhed like so many poisonous snakes, snakes whose fangs sank deep into the young fire starter.

"If he were a woman, you'd think he was pregnant," Liz hissed. "I've got to see him!"

Johann bid the two agents farewell, and left to review the reports of the Bureau's most recent case.

John watched Abe putter around his lab until he couldn't take the silence any longer. "Abe?"

"Yes, John."

"Do you want to tell me what's wrong?"

Abe continued his circuit of the lab. "What makes you think anything is amiss, John T. Myers?"

"Well..." John smoothed down the tails of his shirt. "First, you seem as nervous as a canary at a cat convention."

"What?"

"It's something that my Uncle Thad always says."

"Ah. I see."

"Yes. Second, you only use my middle initial when you're trying to protect or reassure me." John's voice softened. "It's not about Red, is it?"

Abe sighed and finally turned to face him. 'I wish I dared tell you my true feeling for you, John T. Myers,' he thought, watching Myers running his fingers through his hair.

Abe had loved Myers almost as long as the young man had loved Hellboy, so he too was familiar with unrequited love. He settled for being a good friend to both John and Red.

"It does concern Red, but not in the way you think."

Myers heart began to hammer in his chest. "It's Liz."

Abe nodded. "Elizabeth Sherman is pregnant."

Hellboy raced through the underground corridors of the complex.

'Myers is back.' Warmth that he hadn't experienced in a long time suffused his being. 'Damn! Why didn't the kid tell me he was coming back?' He continued, moving swiftly, stopping at Myers door. "Open up, Squirt." He waited. "Come on kid. I just want to say 'hi.'" The door remained tightly closed. The red demon sighed and punched in Myers security code- just on the off chance... the slide opened on silent hinges.

'Well, I'll be. Kept the same code. This has got to be a sign.' HB slipped into the room and looked around. He noted that everything was set up as it had been before John's departure. 'Still doesn't like anything on his walls.' Red grinned, and moved towards the closet. 'Same old Myers.' Red took in the neatly hung rack of dark suits, white shirts, dark ties and the neat rows of shoes.

Bending, close, he took a deep breath, savoring the scent of the young agent.

"I've missed that smell," he whispered, and then backed out of the small space. Next, he moved to the chest of drawers, and opening one at random, rifled through the contents. "What the..." Red held up one of the loose shirts. "Kid, this ain't your size." He pulled out other shirts, looked at them, and then dropped them to the floor. When that drawer was empty, he pulled open another one. This drawer contained loose pants. "Huh?" Curiosity mingled with dread as the demon shoved aside clothing in another drawer, and stopped.

"Baby Myers. Ultra sound, three months." Red opened the goldenrod envelop and pulled out the picture. 'That's a baby...Myers' baby.' He gently ran the tip of his finger over the outline; suddenly he was seized with a burning fury. 'Myers' baby! He left me and got some broad pregnant!' Agitated, he paced as he continued to stare at the picture. 'Now he's back to throw it in my face. Damn him!' Red was furious. He shoved the picture back into the envelope, but it seemed to snag on something and wouldn't go all the way in. halfway in "What the hell?" HB pushed again, but the picture seemed to jam into another object that occupied the envelope. Pulling the picture out, and setting it aside, HB reached in and located the second object. 'Another picture.' He pulled it out.

'Oh my god!'

The picture was of a pretty woman, who was obviously sad and obviously pregnant. 'This must be the broad...' he thought, but then, he looked closer. The familiar set of the jaw. The sad eyes. The slender face.

"JOHN!" HB wasn't aware that he had spoken the name aloud. "John... how is this possible?" He had to get to the young agent, but if he wasn't in his room, then where was he? "Abe." Clutching both pictures, HB ran out of the room. "You have some mighty big explaining to do, Boy scout." HB was just turning the corner that led to the lab, when he heard a shout.

"Liz! Don't!"

Then he felt the scorching heat....

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Chapter 4 by missfae

The darkness was a physical presence. It was alive, pulsing and vibrating. It curled around the man, at times warm and soothing, or cold and painful. It was around him, on him and in him. Suffocating him, drowning him, and when he felt that he couldn't take anymore, it would retreat... but it was always there.

"Grigori..."the voice spoke, but the man wasn't sure if he heard the voice, as much as felt it. "You have failed me... you have failed us."

"My Lord, please, have mercy."

"Mercy." The laughter that followed skittered up his spine like so many spiders. "Mercy is for a god who loves his subjects; I am a god of vengeance and destruction." The man screams in silent agony as the voice continues. "Each time you died, I gave you a bit of myself... of my power to use for my glory. But you've failed in the task I've given to you."

"Mas-"

"I sent my son to you. I revealed to you his real name, the name that would bring about the destruction of the world." The darkness tightened around the man, squeezing him within its deadly grip. It was a living embodiment of the creature's displeasure. "Anung un Rama was my most beautiful creation, but you let him slip between your fingers. Now," the creature paused and

Grigori cringed at the feel of gelatinous tentacles caressing his face before it resumed speaking, "

"I grant you one more chance, one more opportunity to serve me."

Grigori tried to turn towards the voice. "Thank you my master, I will not fail you again-"

"-there is one, who even now, will play a role in my rebirth."

"Master?"

"She burns with hatred...with jealousy... she cannot accept what she is; therefore, she cannot accept what others offer her. She will bring about the destruction of them all."

"How master?"

Grigori felt the creature's amusement. "Promise her life... promise her love... promise her normalcy."

"Master, I will."

"Then begone!"

Spinning,

Light, freezing cold, noise... these assaulted his senses as Grigori gasped. Coughing, choking... he drew in a ragged breath as he plunged upward from the suffocating blackness, to find himself lying naked on a barren mountain side. He looked around in wonder.

'Was it only a dream?'

Pain, suffused his entire being as a whispered, "Fail me not again," answered his question.

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Chapter 5 by missfae

"JOHN!" HB wasn't aware that he had spoken the name aloud. "John... how is this possible?"

He had to get to the young agent, but if he wasn't in his room, then where was he? "Abe."

Clutching both pictures, HB ran out of the room. "You have some mighty big explaining to do, Boy scout." HB was just turning the corner that led to the lab, when he heard a shout.

"Liz! Don't!"

Then he felt the scorching heat....

Thirty minutes earlier

The communication device in the lab chimed.

"Abe, here... yes Director Manning... yes... that report has been completed and... I can have one of the other agents bring it to you. I do not know... I don't feel comfortable leaving him... He is in perfectly good health, just a little run down... I just do not think I should leave him alone... I... I..."

Exasperated, Abe turned to John who started to chuckle, almost laughing aloud as he could have sworn that the amphibian man did a passable imitation of rolling his eyes.

"If you wish...yes sir... I will see you in a few minutes." Frustrated, Abe resisted the urge to fling the device across the room. I can see why Red thinks you are a dickhead.

"Manning giving you grief?"

"Yes. He wishes me to give him a report on some recent paranormal activity..."

"...and you feel he can wait."

Abe turned towards the table and set the device down. "Or at least read the report for himself. My conclusions are clearly stated."

"Blue...you can go. Really, it's fine, I don't need a babysitter."

Abe turned gentle eyes on the gravid young man. "John, I am sorry. I did not mean..."

John's eyes were full of compassion and a sadness that was so fleeting that Abe wasn't sure whether he actually saw it. "I know." The bed began to rise. When it was in a slightly inclined position, John released the control. "I know, and I didn't mean to snap. It's just so frustrating. Brice and Richards..."

"Are just two agents."

"But that's the point. They are agents. Agents who work with the paranormal on a daily basis, and it's not just them...I've seen the looks that they cast my way. I can hear the murmurs." He turned his head away. "I shouldn't have come back. I feel like such a freak." Stillness permeated the room as John realized what he just said, even worse, to whom he had said it. "Abe, I-I'm so sorry." He was hesitant to turn, fearing the disgust he was sure he would see in the other's eyes; however Abe was smiling.

"You know, John T. Myers, I remember having a conversation like this with another confused young person."

Both men were silent.

Abe's heart wrenched. John, if only... He looked around for his copy of the report. "I will be back as soon as possible. If you need me before that, promise that you will contact me."

John lay back and closed his eyes. "I promise."

Abe regarded the young agent for a moment longer, then shaking his head, he went to see Manning.

"Hey little one," John rubbed his bulge as he spoke to the life growing in there, "your Uncle Abe is a bit of a worrywart, don't you think?" A gentle kick was the answer to his question. John laughed. "I see you agree... I just wish your daddy cared half as much about me as he does." He rolled onto his side trying to find some relief. "You sure enjoy lying on my bladder don't you?" John reached for the controls and raised the head of the bed into a sitting position, then swung his legs over the side and attempted to stand. "Of course you waited until Abe was gone before you made me have to go pee." He was looking down for his house shoes when he heard the quiet snick of the door opening. "Abe, thank goodness you've come back. Junior has decided that I needed a bathroom run."

"So it is true!"

John turned and then gasped. "Liz?"

"You've come back to take him away from me!"

Red was in full angry demon mode as he raced through the complex.

"First the squirt leaves me, he leaves me and then he gets pregnant by someone else. He slept with someone else."

"Red..."

"WHAT!" The dark look and growl that Hellboy turned on the agent who dared intrude on his thoughts sent the man scrambling back the way he came, the interruption caused Red to slow down.

Why was he so angry with Myers? We never made any promises. Besides... I have Liz. Red rolled his shoulders. Yeah, she loves me and would never betray me like he did.

Grinning, Red sauntered towards the lab. Right, Liz loves me and John is probably better off without me. He shivered. Whoa, where did that come from? Looking around, the demon bellowed, "Krause is that you? If you're messin' with me, I'm gonna kick your ass." Nothing. Gotta find Myers. The saunter became a fast walk, which became a loping jog, and finally a full out run.

"Liz! Don't!"

Heart pounding, Red crashed into the lab doors. Manning had once bragged that the Bureau of Paranormal Research was one of the most secure sites in the world. The security system was primed to detect an insect as small as lice at 500 yards. The thick metal doors were designed to withstand a megaton blast of explosives. Whether this was an exaggeration on Manning's part or a true estimation of the building, no one knew; however, it can be stated with certainty that no one involved in the design or the building of the structure took into account the anger and desperation of a nearly 300 lbs demon-man. Red's first blow caused the doors to buckle, but they still held firm under the weight of the angry demon.

"John!" he roared and brought both fists down onto the doors. With a groan the doors crashed to the floor and the wall of heat that blasted Red knocked him to the floor.

Pain, white hot, roared through his body as he struggled to one knee.

What was the number of the train- the thought choked off as he focused on the scene before him. Liz and John stood facing each other locked in a macabre dance. Blue flame enveloped Liz's body. Beakers bubbled and burst and the water in Abe's tank was boiling as tongues of flames spread from the fire-starter's fingers and wrapped around John's body. As Red watched, the clothes melted from the agent's body.

Lurching to his feet, his throat parched by the intense heat, Red croaked out, "John," and reached towards the man.

John was caught upright; trembling as if high current zipped and zapped through his body, his mouth opening and closing, like a fish caught on a hook.

"My baby-" John said. He turned to Red. The tears that fell from his eyes resembled lines of flames. He groaned, his mouth stretching impossibly wide. "Don't kill my baby!"

Red stumbled forward, but his knees gave way. "Liz-stop it! You're killing him!"

White, pupil-less eyes focused on his. "He dares to take what is mine!"

"No!" Red lunged forward. A ball of flame sent him flying. The air whooshed out of tortured lungs

as he collided with the corridor wall. Lying there, his heart thumped when John crashed to his knees. He shook his head, noticing Abe was running toward him, followed by Manning and several other agents.

"What the hell-" Manning's shout was cut off as the agents ducked the fireball rolling towards them. "Agent Sherman, I order you to cease and desist-" he kissed the floor when Abe tackled him.

"Director Manning, I advise you to stay down." Abe urged.

"You have to do something." Manning was struggling to get out from under the fish man.

Heat radiated up Red's arm. He swung around and despite the heat; chills raced up his spine. Undulating glowing tendrils of red and white rose from Liz's scalp. A cord whipped towards Red, wrapping around his arm.

"Liz! Stop it!" The rang caused the woman to pause, then the corners of her lips turned up, blue flashed hiss from between her teeth heading directly towards him.

"Damn!" Pain shot up through his arm and shoulder as bone separated when he threw himself away from the fiery stream. The movement caused the tendril to loosen its grip.

"Liz...."

The glowing woman's fluid movements resembled an underwater ballet as she first her head, then the rest of her body towards the voice. "My-" Thick ropes of crimson flame wrapped around her body. She writhed, shrieking as the ropes tightened. But the flame, flowing from Myer's fingertips, deepened in color causing the cords to constrict and bound the fire starter even tighter.

Liz's eyes squeezed together and she bared her teeth. "I. Shall. Be. Free." The walls in the room began to warp as the flames from a thousand suns burst forth from the straining figure. The tendrils extending from John crackled and exploded and the force catapulted him across the room.

"John!" Red surged up from the floor.

The blazing woman sensed the movement and turned. Red caught her with a glancing blow to the chin; even though it lacked his usually power, she crumbled and the flame retreated back into her body. Myers slumped forward, his head to the ground, his arms wrapped about his abdomen. Red moved to take him in his arms.

"Take her to our fireproof holding cell." Manning pushed Abe off him and stood up, brushing off his suit coat. "Abe." He turned to the scientist. "Is there something that we can give her to make her more-manageable?"

"Yes. I have a limited supply of Thorazine-"

"Order more, as much as you need."

Abe's slight incline of his head was the only indication that he heard. "Red?" Hellboy was stroking Myer's hair. "We need to get him to the medical section."

Hellboy nodded. "Hey, Squirt." Red caressed the kneeling agent trembled feeling the goose bumps rising over his body. "We need to check you out." Red had to strain to hear the quiet reply.

"She wanted to kill me...to kill us."

Abe raise a hand to touch Myers, but was brought up short by Hellboy's growl.

"Don't- don't touch him. I'll take him to Medical."

Abe nodded. "As you wish. I'll go check on Liz."

Hellboy's nostrils flared. "You do that." He continued to stroke Myer's hair while his eyes narrowed at Abe's retreat. "Myers..."

"How could she hate him? How could she hate your baby so much?"

With these words, Myers slumped into unconsciousness.

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