

Summary: Inspired by one of fireagnie's plot bunnies

Categories: [Hellboy](#) Characters: Abe Sapien, Ensemble, Hellboy, Hellboy/John, John Myers

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Anal Sex, Brain-Insane, Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, m/m, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

This story is unbeta'd. Also, I have only seen the movie once back in October and have never read the comics so I'm aware that there may be discrepancies in the details of the story. Just remember that this is a work of fiction and some details may have been altered to make it work.

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Chapter 1 by En\_kaiiz

Agent John Myers, top student of his high school, high honours in university, first agent of his unit, FBI trained, hand picked by Bruttonholm himself to join the Bureau of Paranormal Research and Defense...

\*BUUURPP\*

.... Professional baby-sitter. John rolled his eyes at his charge and friend, at the sight of the large demon engulfing enormous amounts of syrup-soaked pancakes at an alarming rate. The young agent reached down to pet a cat that was rubbing its head against his leg. "Hey Red, you better slow it down before you choke."

Hellboy scoffed and gulped down a gallon of milk before turning green on gold eyes on him. "It takes a lot of food to power this amazing engine, 'Scout,'" he said, grinning while gesturing at his body with his flesh hand. "I gotta give it what it needs and I gotta do it fast."

John opened his mouth, but before he was able to make a sound, the loud squeals of klaxon alarms flooded the room and agents could be heard running around outside in the hall. Hellboy stood up suddenly, scattering the cats around in into a howling frenzy, and lunged towards the door. He grabbed at the first agent he could get his hands on and John appeared at his side.

"What's going on?" Hellboy demanded.

"There's..."

"Hellboy, put him down." An amphibious being appeared suddenly out of nowhere. Hellboy growled and released his grasp of the stuttering man and glowered at his friend. Abe returned an expressionless stare.

"Abe, what's happening out here?" John asked.

"There appears to be some sort of ambush in the main building of the BPRD. A pack of demons I have never encountered before. A most curious species."

"Ambush? Then what the hell are we standing around here for?" Hellboy took off towards the

direction of the commotion, pushing people out of his way. John and Abe followed behind, trying to catch up to him and not wanting to miss out on the action.

“Is there anything type of Intel we’ve received about these creatures yet?” John yelled across at Abe.

“Not much. We do know that they are very resistant to missile weaponry and they deliver some sort of paralytic venom through their sharp fangs.”

By the time they reached the building, Hellboy was already suited up with all sorts of guns and ammunition, The Samaritan held firmly in his hand. “I’m going in Blue,” he yelled. “Make sure Boyscout stays out of the way.”

“Dammit Hellboy, we’re supposed to working together!” But the large half-demon was already blasting away with his weapons and penetrating the war zone, so John’s protests fell on deaf ears. The young agent took a look around him and took in the mayhem. There were already more than a few bodies scattered all around the grassy land that surrounded the large building. It seemed that blood touched everything in sight.

Abe knelt to the ground and hovered the tarnished land with his webbed hands, deep in concentration. “So much evil, such primal emotions... this is a very primitive based demon. There is no real goal here, only the need to feed.”

Cocking his own gun and making sure that it was fully loaded, John began to enter into the destructive scene.

“Is that a wise move John?”

“What do you mean Blue?” he scowled.

“Going against Hellboy’s orders.” The merman blinked calmly. John gave no answer and continued into the building, pausing only briefly to take in what was going on in front of him.

The demons responsible for the havoc were literally giant cats. The muscular bodies were feline in nature, covered in short black hair, and deadly sharp claws and fangs were currently tearing away at whatever was in their sight. John shuddered as one such demon suddenly took an interest in him, its golden eyes making eye contact with him. A loud, high-pitched hiss emitted from the demon, nearly piercing John’s eardrums, and the man found himself dropping to his knees. His hands covered his ears in a desperate attempt to buffer them from the deadly sound.

In the distance somewhere he can hear Hellboy yelling for him. Shaking his head in a daze, John blinked his eyes and suddenly found the tormenting cat demon looming over him, its mouth opened wide and a serum of sorts dripping from the long fangs. John scrambled for his gun and shot a series of fire at the demon, but to his astonishment the bullets simply reflected off of the tough skin.

It stood, continuing to stare at its prey, and its golden eyes began to darken and cloud over. John could only stare, stuck in a hypnotized state. Then, before he knew it, the set of teeth that was so close to him one moment was suddenly deeply embedded in his shoulder. John screamed at the pain and felt his limbs slowly become numb. He screamed harder when he realized that he was losing sensation and motor skill in his body, until finally even his vocal chords froze. Everything turned black when he fainted due to lack of oxygen.

His respiratory organs had paralyzed.

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“John? Hey Boy scout... c’mon, open up those brown eyes for your Uncle Red.” John heard a voice in the distance and blurry images were the only thing he can make out. He turned towards the sound of the person speaking and could only make out a red blur.

“I believe he is finally coming back to us.” John turned his head towards the source of the new voice and encountered a blue blur.

“Abe?” he managed to croak.

“Indeed I am.” Abe sounded pleased. “We were worried about you, dear friend. You were in dire situations and we almost lost you.”

“Wh’t... happn’d?”

“The demons that had attacked are called Felesdaemn. It is literally translated as ‘feline demon’. They basically paralyze their victims with their venom and take off with the bodies for food. However, we were able to reach you before they could carry you off with them and immediately injected you with epinephrine. You have been hooked up to a respirator for the past three days now and...”

“Three?” John’s vision had cleared and he was able to make out Abe’s aquatic features and Hellboy’s unamused expression.

“Three days, young friend,” Abe confirmed. “We only took it off of you this morning when we found you able to breathe on your own.”

“How did you manage to destroy them?”

“We didn’t,” Hellboy growled. “They took off like the ‘fraidy cats they were all of the sudden, taking off for no reason at all. And speaking of taking off for no reason... you wanna explain yourself to me Boyscout?”

John looked up at him, confused. “Explain what?” His voice was much stronger now.

“Didn’t I tell you to stay behind with Abe? You’ve could’ve gotten yourself killed... in fact, you almost did!”

“Red, I was only trying to...”

“Trying to what? Get in my way? I can’t always be looking out after you Squirt, okay?” Hellboy suddenly found his mouth moving quicker than his brain. He clamped his lips together, realizing that it was too late to take back what was said. Guilt bit at his gut, taking in the look of hurt on the young human’s face. Even Abe was speechless.

Not knowing how to remedy what had occurred, Hellboy did the only thing he knew how to do and walked out of the room, looking for something to hit.

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John was still trying to get his muddled head wrapped around what had just transpired. The comment stabbed into his heart like a cliché twisted knife. He was only trying to do his job and help Hellboy...

...He was only trying to keep the one he loved safe.

“You know he does not mean a word of that, John. But realize that he was scared for you these last few days, and he does not know how to express it.”

That brought John up short. “He... he was scared for me?”

“He cares for you more than you realize, John. Perhaps even more than he realizes. But enough about Red, there’s something else I must tell you.”

John took in the serious look on the merman’s face and braced himself for news that he was sure he was not going to like.

“When that Felesdaemn bit you, it not only left venom in your system, but its protein marker as well. Much like a mosquito and other types of parasites. We were able to flush the venom out of your body, but we have not been able to come up with an antibiotic to the protein yet.”

“So, what does that mean exactly?”

Abe paused as he carefully considered his words. “From what we can tell from your blood tests, your body has not been able to come up with its own defense. Instead, it is slowly adapting to the foreign marker and beginning to differentiate to a similar make up.”

“Dumb it down a bit for me will ya, Blue?”

“John,” Abe took a pale hand in one of his blue ones. “You are slowly becoming a Felesdaemn.”

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Chapter 2 by En\_kaiiz

“That was very sympathetic of you, Hellboy, running off like that. And such kind parting words you leave behind.”

“Fuck off, Abe. And I mean that in the most sympathetic way.” Hellboy took a long draw of his cigar and stared moodily as his cats crawled his slouched form. He ignored his friend, even when the merman came to stand directly in front of him.

“He is asking for you.”

“Is he now? I dunno, I’ll have to check my schedule. It’s pretty booked up for the next little while.”

“That does not work on me, Red, and you know it.”

Hellboy raised an eyebrow at him and blew smoke rings. “What doesn’t work?”

“Your foolish attempt to cover up how you really feel with bad humour. We both know that you care for our young agent, and that you are just dying to go see him now as we speak. You are also feeling remorse for what you have said to him earlier, and do not worry; John knows that you do not mean it. Although you did hurt him badly when you said what you did.”

“Why am I such a prick to him, Blue?” Hellboy sighed heavily. “He’s the only one that cares enough to come out after me in times of danger, and yet I still treat him like shit. I can’t help it, I just get so scared that something bad will happen to him and I freak out on him when I realize he’s safe. But I almost DID lose him this time Blue!”

“Hellboy, you can not control what happens in the future. You try to keep him out of harm’s way in the battles, but he can easily be killed in a car accident while out on an errand getting your cat’s kitty litter.”

Hellboy tensed. “Damn, I didn’t think about that.”

Abe sighed softly. "He comes after you because he loves you Hellboy. It is his need to know that you are alright and that he is by your side if anything was to happen to you. It does not matter that you may be five times his size, and that he is much more vulnerable out there then you are. All that matters to him is that he is doing what he can to ensure that you are safe. Duty or not, nobody can force John to make decisions that are not his own. And his decision is to watch your back."

Hellboy puffed quietly at his cigar, contemplating on what he just heard. "Soooo...", he slowly drawled, "You think Myers loves me?"

A smile cracked on Abe's face. "He does, Red. He is also IN love with you." Abe stood up and started to leave the room.

"Hey Blue!" The merman stopped and turned to look at Hellboy. "How did you know he's in love with me? Did you get it from his head?"

Abe looked insulted. "Indeed not! You do not need to be a telepath to know how he feels about you. Everyone can see with their own eyes, only an oaf can fail to miss those signs." Abe paused and flicked his eyes to look over his friend. "An oaf indeed," he said before stepping out.

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"Knock knock." Hellboy poked his head through the intensive care door and wondered if his presence really was welcomed. John had been resting with his eyes closed and when he opened them, the red demon almost took a step back. "What the hell?"

John looked alarmed. "Red? What's wrong?" He started to get up and realized his hands felt strange. Looking down at them, he saw that his fingernails had thickened and grew into long, sharp points. "Oh my God, what the fuck is happening to me?"

Frightened eyes, now the colour of fierce yellow, stared beseechingly up at Hellboy. "Get Blue!" he yelled out into the hallway at the various medical staff that lingered by. Then he hurried into the room and took a hold of one of the human's hands in an attempt to calm him.

"I'm changing already aren't I?" Myers mumbled.

"Don't worry about it Squirt. Blue will find a way to fix you up real good."

"Give me a mirror."

"Look, I don't think it's..."

"GIVE ME A FUCKING MIRROR!"

Very few things catch Hellboy off guard, and this was definitely one of them. He had never seen his mild-mannered partner explode like that before. Quickly, he scrambled off of his seat and grabbed the mirror vanity off of the wall in the private bathroom. He held it in front of the young man and cringed as a high hiss suddenly emitted from Myers.

John studied his image in the mirror and did not quite know how to react upon seeing glowing eye staring back at him. With closer inspection, he can also see that his ears were starting to grow into tips. He concentrated on them and realized that he can hear conversations that were happening outside the room. Doctors and nurses were hurrying to get a hold of Abe and none wanted to have to deal with Hellboy personally.

He knew the exact moment when Abe had walked into the ward, and John looked up at the

doorway expectantly, waiting for the merman. Puzzled, Hellboy followed his line of sight and wondered what the man was staring at. A few seconds later, Abe appeared and headed straight for John's side.

"How are you feeling?" Abe asked as he took in a few readings from the monitors that John was hooked up to.

"How do you think I feel?" John growled. "I'm turning into some fucking cat!" Abe paused at the feral sound and took in the man's appearance.

"John, we are trying the best we can to isolate the protein marker left in your system, in hopes that we can develop an antibody to fight against it. Actually, if we are lucky enough, we might also be able to find a way to fight against the Felesdaemn themselves."

"You better not be using him as some sort of guinea pig, Blue," Hellboy said warningly.

"I would never use John for that purpose," Abe protested. "I am just saying that the way to break down the foreign substance in John may be the same way to fight against the demon."

"What happens if you don't?" John suddenly whispered.

Both demons stopped arguing above him at the soft-spoken question. "I am not really sure how far your progress will go," Abe admitted. "Everyone that was bitten by the Felesdaemn were either eaten or left to die. You are the only one we were able to save so far. I have to say that you are already progressing much quicker than I had anticipated."

John nodded, looking defeated. "I'd like to be alone for awhile please." Abe accepted his request and stood up to give the privacy that was requested; Hellboy followed grudgingly.

"You ARE close to some sort of cure, right Blue?"

"The other scientists and I are working as fast as we can. There are a few tests already in the alpha stages, but nothing is turning out the results that we need so far. Now if you will excuse me, I have to go back to assist them. Please notify me if there are any more changes in our friend."

Hellboy grunted and watched as the other left. He desperately wanted a cigar, but knew that he would not be allowed to light one up in here. So instead, he paced the hallways for several minutes, before a few doctors suddenly came running towards him. Before he was able to ask what they wanted, in the corner of his eye he caught movement and he turned towards the source.

He was shocked when he saw John standing at the doorway to his room, dressed simply in his white scrubs. There were tiny droplets of blood splattered on the stark white material and on his arms from where the tubes and wires must have been ripped off. "Myers?" he asked as he headed towards his friend.

John turned his head towards him, and Hellboy saw no recognition in those golden globes. He backed off when the man suddenly hissed at him, a loud piercing sound, and exposed long sharp fangs in his mouth. "God damn..." Hellboy swore softly, finding himself face to face with another demon and not his friend. But unlike other demons, he cannot destroy this one.

"C'mon now buddy, let's not do anything hasty here. You remember me don't you? It's your pal, Hellboy." John cocked his head to one side and slowly began to approach the other demon. Hellboy studied him. Myers was now the result of a hybrid between a human and a Felesdaemn. Save for the blatantly obvious changes in features, he still looked for the large part human. It appeared to be mostly movement and behaviour that were demon influenced, as Myers moved

towards him in a graceful stride, the pointed ears twitching every so often.

It was in that moment when Hellboy finally realized how beautiful his friend really was, even despite the demonic alterations. There was the arch of the cheekbones, the fullness of the lips, the intensity of his stare... of his normally soft brown eyes. Hellboy allowed Myers to slowly circle around him, letting the man study him to his content. Hellboy started to notice that there was some sort of light scent that enveloped his friend. It was very subtle, but pleasant musk. He didn't dare make a crack about John needing to take a bath now however.

When John finally paused in front of him, the hybrid began to slowly stroke across Hellboy's chest with his new hands. The claws gently scraped against the material of Red's shirt, but never once ripping the threads. Myers stared up at Hellboy with his golden eyes, a sense of need in them. He began to emit a low sound, almost like a purr, and the smell around him grew stronger. Hellboy maintained eye contact, caught in a state of trance. He suddenly had the need to kiss Myers, even with the sharp teeth present there.

It was at this time when Manning chose to invade the ward with his agents and soldiers. "Get him!" he yelled and several armed men started to surround the two of them. Eye contact between the two broke and Myers suddenly hissed loudly, backing away from him. Hellboy was ready to ripped Manning's head apart from his body when Myers leaped over the agents and jumped through one of the windows.

"Shit!" Hellboy pushed the men aside and ran towards the broken window. His heart beat loudly as he watched John fall down ten stories. He couldn't bear to see the man land in a broken mass, and almost started to laugh hysterically when, just like a cat, Myers fell gracefully to his feet and pounced off into the dark night.

Turning around, he marched straight for the bane of his existence and grabbed him by the neck of his shirt. "Just what the fuck do you think you were doing?" he growled.

Manning coughed and struggled futilely with the stone arm that held him up by a few inches off the ground. "Isolating a dangerous situation. Put me down!"

"Isolating a...?" Hellboy began to shake the man in his grasp. "Just who the fuck do you think we're dealing with here? It's Myers!"

"According to my reports he's now compromised and must be dealt with in the appropriate manner." Manning gasped when he was suddenly dropped to the ground and he collapsed, landing on his hands and knees. "What the hell is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Agents come and go, you do your job and eliminate the problem."

"I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that," Hellboy said quietly. "Don't worry Manning, I'll go take care of Myers, but if anything happens to him the only eliminating I will be doing will be done to you," he warned. Ignoring the tirades the man was now spewing to his back, Hellboy stepped through the broken window and jumped down, landing none too lightly and effectively destroying the cement beneath him.

The scent on Myer's body still lingered in the air and Hellboy began to follow it. He knew that the man was headed in the general direction of Central Park, so he picked up his pace, trying to shorten the distance between the two of them. "You better be okay, Boyscout, or God help me..."

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Chapter 3 by En\_kaiiz

By the time he reached the small forest, the garbage truck that the BPRD used to normally transport them around in pulled up. Manning got out of the truck, enraged, and marched up to Hellboy. "Just what in God's name do you think you were doing? You could've been seen by other people! Goddammit you are such a selfish, unthinking, ignorant..."

"I'd stop right there if I was you," Hellboy warned and pushed his shoulder into the sputtering man as he made his way towards the large vehicle. Abe came out the back, all suited up and handed him The Samaritan. "You better have some good news for me," Hellboy grunted as he loaded up his favourite weapon.

"I am sorry. I do not at this time, but we are close I believe. From the blood sample we were able to detain from where the wires were ripped out of John's arm, the transformation is complete. But if we are not able to feed him an antibody of some sort in the next 24 hours the transformation will become permanent."

"Well then, let's get the show on the road and bring back our Boyscout so we can fix the damn problem!" Without another word, he grabbed a comm badge and followed the weakening scent of Myers. It took him to a well and without a thought, he jumped in, landing in a stream of water.

The scent became stronger and it lead him through a series of tunnels. It became potent when he finally came upon an opening of sorts. There, in the middle of the vault, stood Myers. His eyes glowed in the dark and the material of his scrubs were now muddied and torn. Just as Hellboy was about to call out to him, he noticed they were not alone. Two Felesdaemn appeared out of nowhere, one on either side of Myers. He had the trigger to his weapon cocked and ready to aim when his comm went off.

"Red, there is something else you need to know."

"It better be important Abe," he warned as he watched the two demons circle around his friend. Then, to his surprise, the two demons started fighting one another.

"I believe it is. Apparently John is in heat."

"Repeat that?" The fighting was getting climatic, claws and fangs slashing at tough skin and blood spewing all over. Myers had stepped off to one side by now and he was getting covered in their blood as it splashed all over.

"John is in heat, much like a regular feline. He's emitting pheromones which will cause the other demons around him to respond."

"Is that a good thing?" One Felesdaemn came out victorious as the other one laid with its head decapitated. It approached Myers, who had laid himself down to the ground waiting, when suddenly another Felesdaemn appeared out of nowhere. Another battle was engaged in a grotesque mating ritual.

"It looks like they're killing off each other," Hellboy observed.

"They are probably fighting for the right to mate with him. I assume that only the strongest one will get that privilege."

"Oh no... no way in hell is anything mating with Myers."

"Let it continue and see what happens. Can you see how many demons there are?"

"No, they..." Hellboy stopped when John suddenly let out a loud hiss and arched his back as if in pain. Immediately, five more demons appeared and they started to engage in fights amongst themselves like a spell was put on them. He noticed that the smell was very strong now and even found himself responding as he could feel his dick hardening in his pants.

"What was that? Hellboy? Are you still there? What is going on down there?" Concern was laced



in Abe's voice.

"Looks like Myers is getting impatient for his knight in shining armour. The pheromones are really strong and the demons are all just fighting amongst themselves. I think the whole pack is out here now." Finally, when it was just one Felesdaemn left, it strode towards Myers, who was moving to spread his long legs apart in anticipation. Myers let out a low purr, which was returned by the demon above him. Not waiting another moment longer, Hellboy aimed The Samaritan at the Felesdaemn and easily eliminated the demon, the unique bullets effortlessly penetrating the already weakened monster where there were deep cuts and wounds on its body.

It screeched and hissed, but it never had a chance to charge back as Hellboy continued to pump bullets into the demon. Finally, with no breath left in it, the Felesdaemn landed in a bloody heap, next to a hissing Myers.

The man got to his feet and leaped towards Hellboy, swiping his claws at him. Hellboy jumped back out of the way and made sure that his weapon was locked. "C'mon Myers, it's me! We've been through this before. I know you must remember me, this handsome face and all..." Hellboy tried to get through to John's head.

Hellboy tripped over a pipe and, swearing, he landed on his back. Myers stood over him, the golden eyes moving around rapidly as he studied. The hybrid knelt down, knees on either side of Hellboy's body, and leaned closer so that all Hellboy could see was that hypnotic gaze.

"That's right, you remember me don't you?"

He was rewarded with a soft purr and Myers began to rub their bodies together. Hellboy moaned as the scent of Myers became sweet and saturated his nostrils and senses. He couldn't think very well because of it, and it didn't help that he could feel Myers' body rubbing oh-so-deliciously against his own. Through the thin material that covered the man's body, Hellboy was able to feel the hard cock that rubbed along his stomach. In fact, his very own aching dick was rubbing delightfully against Myers' ass as the body above him squirmed.

"Hellboy? Are you still with us? We are going to come out after you."

Cursing, Hellboy fumbled for his comm badge. "NO! Don't! I have Myers with me now. He'll be okay with me. We'll be coming up in a few minutes."

"Very well. Hurry up, Manning is getting antsy."

"Tell the man to go fuck himself."

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Somehow, and Hellboy still wasn't sure how, he was able to disentangle Myers away from him and persuade him up onto the surface again. The hybrid hissed and tried to attack when they were suddenly surrounded with armed men. "Back the fuck up!" Hellboy screamed, still managing to maintain a tight hold around the man's waist and keeping him as still as possible. "Turn those weapons away. I've got him. He'll be fine."

Reluctantly, Manning told the men to stand down and watched as Hellboy carried Myers into the converted vehicle, with Abe following him. "Close it and head out!" he yelled as he returned to a waiting SUV.

Inside the compartment, Hellboy still kept a tight hold on Myers, holding him to his chest. Myers studied his surroundings like he's never been inside of it before, before finally settling his gaze on Abe.

Abe was not unaffected by the sweet scent that filled the compartment, and found himself drawn to the young man in Hellboy's arms. But he was able to keep a hold on his actions and stayed away. He swallowed hard, finding it increasingly difficult to keep away as the scent became concentrated with time. The golden eyes just calmly kept its gaze on him.

Hellboy heard the small sound and glared at Abe. "What is it?"

"Our young friend is very... influential shall we say?" Myers purred at him and started to reach for him, but Hellboy kept him still.

"Don't be such a slut," Hellboy admonished the man he held.

"Hopefully the scientists have found a cure already. If we do not get this out of his system, he will die from the need to mate before the transformation will even get a chance to take on a permanent effect."

"What does mating involve exactly?" Hellboy asked as he tried to ignore the small nipping and lapping occurring along his neck.

"His body has produced an excessive amount of reproductive hormones of some sort. We are not able to identify them yet as they are not found in a human's physiology. But these hormones appear to behave in a manner that ensures its population's re-growth by causing the body to seek out a mate. It works on a positive feedback system, in which the production of the hormones increases and becomes stronger until the objective is achieved. The stronger this hormone becomes, the more lethal its effects becomes. Imagine it like your body slowly poisoning itself.

"The only way to stop the feedback loop is to probably introduce new hormones like epinephrine, endorphins, and dopamine into the system. And the only way to do that is to achieve a complete sympathetic nervous response."

"...Huh?"

"An orgasm, Hellboy."

"...Oh."

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Chapter 4 by En\_kaiiz

Once they reached the BPRD, Hellboy carried a purring, docile Myers in his arms out of the truck and headed into the building without a word. Manning was about to stop him when Abe stepped up next to him and told him to leave them alone. "He has something very important to deal with now, Manning, and it would not do well to interrupt them."

Manning heard the seriousness in the merman's tone and knew better then to disregard the advice. "What should we do about Myers then?"

"Everything will turn out in good time. For now, just do what you normally do and watch over everything." Abe turned to leave and started towards the building's lab. At a loss, Manning stared after the aquatic being until he disappeared behind a door.

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Hellboy made sure the door to his room was locked before venturing in. He took Myers to the large custom made bed and gently laid him down. Myers purred louder and reached up for Hellboy. The cats around them swarmed in and nestled close to the hybrid, purring along in contentment, but none touched the man.

“Oh John,” Hellboy sighed. “I’m not sure if you’re gonna remember what we’re about to do. I hope you don’t because I don’t want our first time together to be like this. But I hope you do because I want you to remember our first time together.” He sighed again, more heavily this time.

He slowly took off his clothes, under the watchful eye of the hybrid, and hesitated with what to do next. As if reading his mind, Myers ripped the material off of his body and spread his legs out wide. Hellboy let a breath out when smooth ivory skin was exposed and spread out in front of him. He never knew what kind of body John had hidden underneath his clothes. He always assumed that the man was slim and wiry, but now he saw how wrong he was; defined, lean muscles wrapped in smooth, soft skin. The long legs were bent, the back was arched, and the head leaned back to present a vulnerable neck. Hellboy has never seen a more beautiful sight.

Hellboy grasped a foot by the ankle firmly and lifted it up to kiss the tender skin by the Achilles tendon. John continued purring and the scent increasingly became even stronger. Slowly, following the length of the limb, Hellboy placed methodic kisses along the skin as he made his way up towards the swaying organ. He placed the leg on his shoulder and wrapped the other leg around his own waist. His dick, red, hard and ready to go, was now in an ideal spot to pierce through that tiny puckered entrance.

He aimed the head of his cock against that small orifice and traced around it, aided by his precum. Myers was growling lowly now and was moving around insistently. “Relax,” he crooned to the human. “There’s no need to rush.”

Hellboy wiped some of his precum off onto his finger and pierced through Myers’ asshole with his finger, making sure to rub it around the muscle walls inside the tight tunnel. He didn’t think that it would be enough lube to ease his passage in, but it will have to do. But just to be sure, he inserted another finger in to spread it out a bit more. Myers sighed and moaned and tried to push down to take the fingers deeper into him. He hissed loudly when Hellboy suddenly took his fingers out.

“It’s okay buddy. It’s okay...”

Hellboy placed his weeping cock against the small opening and gently pushed in until just his cock head was inside. He paused to give Myers a chance to adjust to his size, when suddenly the strong legs around him pulled him forward, causing him to impale the human in one sweep.

Myers howled at the pain and pleasure, his long claws scraping across Hellboy’s back and drawing blood. The cats around them hissed in sympathy, and sat where they were, torn between their need to protect their lord’s lover... who was so much like them, and their loyalty to their lord himself. Hellboy howled also, as his cock was surrounded in hot, tight flesh. He gave no thought to the sting on his back and, with the urging of the legs around him, he began to stroke in and out of John’s body.

The room filled with sounds of heavy panting, hissing and purring. Hellboy can feel himself nearing climax, and was caught off guard when the tight body around his dick suddenly tightened even more, spasming and twitching. Hot come erupted from Myers’ cock and sprayed between their sweating bodies. This triggered his own orgasm prematurely and Hellboy felt himself ejecting his own streak of hot come deeply into John’s body.

Myers howled loudly in ecstasy, and the cats around them howled happily along with him. Hellboy shuddered as he was milked dry by John’s body and carefully pulled out of the man when he felt the body around him relax. John had curled up into a ball by now and was fast asleep, the softest sounds of purring can be heard. A few cats had ventured closer by now and snuggled protectively against him.

Amused at the sight, Hellboy smiled before checking out his cuts in the mirror. He could feel a slight presence in his mind and, without a word, he stalked off towards the door and opened it. Abe stood patiently on the other side.

“What brings you here?” Hellboy chirped.

“It is good to see you in such a good mood, my friend,” Abe remarked knowingly. “And how is our young agent?”

“Sleeping like a little kitty.” Hellboy lit up a cigar and puffed contently.

“Excellent. But you will have to wake him, I have wonderful news. We have finally come up with a serum that will dissolve the intercellular walls of the foreign protein markers. John will be back to his normal self by tomorrow.”

Waking up a cat that wishes to continue sleeping may result in a hiss or a swipe of the paw at most. Waking up a large feline demon was much less fun. Myers growled and hissed that piercing wail of his, snapping his fangs at them and managing to inflict a few more scratches across Hellboy’s arm. Red cursed as he jumped away too late; the sting was not as tolerable when there was no coital bliss involved.

“Goddammit Myers, I give you the best time of your life and you repay me with this?” Myers snorted and returned his head back to the bed. “C’mon kitty, time to get up. Blue’s got a cure for you. C’mon... for me?”

The human opened an eye and glared up at the two above him. Hellboy kneeled down close to him, risking more injury to himself, and kept eye contact. It was several minutes of staring before John finally opened up his other eye and swiped his tongue up along Red’s face. As Hellboy fell back, sputtering and wiping his face clean, Myers began to stretch his body out, looking very much like the feline hybrid.

“Hellboy?”

“Blue?”

“Do you not think that perhaps we should cover up our friend?” Hellboy did a double take when he realized that John was still naked. Quickly, he hurried to pull a sheet up to cover the man.

“Just hurry up and get it over with already Blue.”

“Very well. I will need you to hold him down to make sure that he does not flinch or attack.”

“Roger that.” Hellboy moved to sit behind John and held him secure against his chest, making sure to wrap his arms tightly around the man. “Do your thing,” he told Abe.

Nodding, Abe approached slowly and took out a slender plastic container. Inside the container held a syringe, a vial full of clear fluid. Abe squirted a few drops of the serum out of the needle to get rid of the air pockets before placing the tip of it to John’s arm.

The man hissed suddenly, making the other two flinch. “Hurry it up, he’s starting to move,” Hellboy ordered.

Abe quickly pierced the skin and injected the medication in before John was able to squirm out of Hellboy’s grasp. “That should do it,” he said as he carefully pulled the needle out. “You should start seeing changes in him in the next few hours or so. Please call me if anything unexpected happens.”

John continued to hiss after the aquatic man as Abe hurried out of the room, closing the door behind him. "Did that hurt?" Hellboy asked. "C'mon kitty, it'll be okay. Let's go to sleep okay?" He began to pet and caress Myers on the scalp; carding his fingers through the soft silky hair. A grin appeared on his face when he could hear more purring.

Hellboy worried about the next several hours, when John would start transforming back to a fully human state. Would he remember what had transpired between the two of them? Would he care? How would they act around each other now?

He hugged the sleeping form close to his body and made sure that the man was covered up properly. A few cats appeared back on to the bed and snuggled close to them. Hellboy continued to stroke the man lightly as he pondered.

Now that he knew what it's like to have John in his bed, he found himself wanting more and not willing to let the man go. In the last few hours he grew to realize exactly just how important John was to him and how much he cared for the man. Hellboy wasn't sure how he was going to cope if John didn't remember anything... or worse, remembered and regretted it.

But wait, Abe told him not too long ago that Myers was in love with him. That must be impossible though, how can anyone be in love with a monster like him? He took a close look at the human in his arms and he sighed loudly. Yes, he has indeed fallen in love with the man also. And it would just simply break his heart if Abe was wrong about John's feelings towards him.

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He must have fallen asleep sometime during the night, and for some time too by the sounds of the noise that could be heard coming out from the hallway. Hellboy grunted and yawned loudly, reaching down to scratch himself along the sides of his ribs. He paused when he suddenly realized that there was a warm body by his side and everything that happened last night came rushing back to him.

Hellboy glanced down and saw that John was blinking sleepily up at him. To his relief, the eyes were a wonderful chocolate brown again, clear and lucid. He also noted that the ears had returned to their normal shell-shape and he lightly traced along the outer edges.

"Red?" John mumbled. He looked around him and at the arm that held him down. "What am I doing here?" His eyes suddenly widened. "Am I naked?"

Hellboy groaned internally when he realized that the man did not remember anything from last night. "Yeh, Squirt. You are." He carefully lifted his arm up and off of John.

Myers sat up, making sure that the sheet was wrapped securely around his waist. He looked around and quickly down at his hands, remembering his last thought was during his transformation. Relieved, he saw that his hands were back to their normal states, the fingers slender and nails trimmed. "Did Abe find a cure to stop the transformation?" he asked.

"Revert your transformation is more like it. You were roaming around the streets of New York last night like you owned the damn place." Hellboy sat up and lit up a cigar.

"I was?" John thought hard and slowly, vague images of last night's occurrences starting coming back to him. He held his breath when he remembered going in heat, it was so uncontrollable and it was just eating away at him. He also remembered jumping through the window in the Health Ward and landing safely, his prime goal to find the other Felesdaemn so that he can relieve his need to mate.

He had voluntarily ventured into the den of the feline demons so that he can fuck? John shuddered and another memory came back to him. Hellboy making love to him? Hellboy crooning loving words into his ear? Hellboy holding and stroking him to sleep? Myers looked over his shoulder at his friend and studied him quietly.

“What’s the matter?” Hellboy asked when he realized that he was being scrutinized. He looked down. “There something on my shirt?”

“Abe says you always joke around when you have something to hide,” John finally said.

“Oh did he? I have nothing to hide. Well, I have everything to hide since I’m not allowed out in public. But that’s a whole other story...”

“Hellboy,” John said quietly. “Last night I thought I heard you say that you loved me.”

Hellboy froze. He did say that didn’t he? But John was supposed to be sleeping Goddammit! It was so late at night, he didn’t realize what he was really doing or saying... right? “I might’ve. You’re gonna make something out of it?”

“Did you mean it?” Myers asked softly.

Hellboy looked away uncomfortably. He sucked in his breath when John suddenly crawled into his lap, took his face in his hands, and kissed him fully on the lips. “I love you too,” John whispered.

“Nobody is supposed to love with me,” Hellboy told him quietly. “Pops did and he died, Liz did but she left me anyway...”

“I love you,” Myers repeated himself, louder this time. “I will never leave you, and if I should die it would be protecting you.” Hellboy looked deeply into his eyes, a soft shade of brown now. He missed looking into that warm brown.

Minutes ticked by as they stared at each other in silence, reading each other’s expression and intention. Finally, it was Hellboy that broke the quiet. “If you leave me, I will hunt you down and bring you back here by your hair. I will chain you to my bed and make sure that you never leave this room for the rest of your life.” John smiled, his eyes shining happily at him. “I’m not finished yet,” Hellboy continued. “If you should die before me, I will dive into hell and drag you back up here by you hair. Then I will chain you to my bed and make sure you never leave this room for the rest of your life and out of harm’s way. Do I make myself understood?”

“I love you, Hellboy.”

“I love you too, John.”

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