

Summary: Hellboy and John learns to cope with the consequences of their actions.

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abortion, Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Brain-Insane, Explicit Sexual Situations, m/m, Unbeta'd, WIP

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Series: None

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Story Notes:

Sequel to Babysitters, Cats and Demons .

A/N: 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

John looked up from the file he was reading when he suddenly heard a noise. He saw nothing out of the ordinary and scanned his gaze around the small office he was in just to be sure.

"Hello?" he called out to nobody in general.

Shrugging, he returned his attention back to the papers in front of him. A few minutes later, he heard the sound again. This time he put the folder down onto his desk and got up out of his chair. He walked over to the opened door and looked out to see nobody outside the hall. Scratching his head, John returned to the room and gazed around all four corners still to find nothing out of the ordinary.

"That's odd," he muttered to himself. Although he wasn't terribly alarmed, as he has seen odder things in his time here with at the BPRD. He seated himself back into his chair and was about to

reach over for the folder on his desk when something heavy suddenly brushed across his leg, scaring the wits out of him in the process. "Holy Christ," he gasped and jumped back to see what it was. There sitting on the floor under his desk was a heavily pregnant cat.

"How did you get here?" he asked the feline. Her green eyes looked at him in boredom and she mewed indignantly. John wondered how she found her way here and reached down to pick her up. When she hissed and threw a paw at him, John realized that the new mother-to-be has decided to make this her birthing nest. Sighing in defeat, he picked up the rest of his paperwork and left in search of the cat's owner.

John found Hellboy busy sanding down his horns and smoking up a storm. The red demon winked at him from the mirror and put the sander down. "Hey `Scout," he called out. "Whatcha up to? I wasn't expecting you here till dinner time." Red grounded the cigar butt into a nearby dish and went to embrace the human in his arms.

John allowed himself to be held and took comfort in the strong arms. He took a deep breath in and breathed in the smoky scent of Hellboy. Large hands began to massage his shoulders and a smooth tail wrapped around his waist. "Geez Myers. You're so tight up here. You've gotta cut back on the paperwork. You're working too hard, not to mention that I hardly get to see you anymore." Hellboy frowned and took in the stress lines around John's eyes and the pale complexion of his face.

"I'm fine," John told him. "Manning put a few more responsibilities on me and with the field work we've been doing the last couple of months the paperwork have just been piling up." He sighed and moaned as the hands worked the knots out of his muscles. When the end of Hellboy's tail started to rub small circles at his lower back, he unconsciously began to purr.

Red smiled to himself. It has been about two months since that Felesdaemn incident and John had almost fully recovered to his original self. But Abe had found that there were some leftover demonic protein markers in his bloodstream still. It wasn't nearly enough to transform the man into a feline again, but every so often a remnant would manifest itself in the human, usually by way of a purr. "I'll take care of Manning for you," Hellboy growled.

John stiffened and leaned back to look up into Hellboy's yellow eyes. "Don't you dare go near him. I told you I was fine. You're just going to have to learn how to share me with my work now."

Hellboy sighed in exasperation. "You keep telling me that, but you're not fine. Have you seen yourself in the mirror lately `Scout? You always look tire now and you're losing weight. Have you been eating properly?" he demanded.

John scoffed and pulled out of the warm embrace. "I may be a bit tired because I haven't been sleeping as much as I should." Myers narrowed his eyes at Red. "If somebody would stop pestering me and let me sleep at night I might be able to get more rest." Hellboy refused to look ashamed. "And I'm eating just well, thank you."

"Alright, fine. I'll leave you alone at night," Hellboy grumbled. He pulled John back to him and sat him on his lap. Red positioned the man's limbs to his satisfaction so that there were arms around his neck and legs on either side of his hips. His tail rewrapped itself around a slim waist to make sure Myers remained steady. "I'll just have to ravish you now to make up for it," he grinned.

Lips captured John's in a deep kiss and warm hands began to stroke and caress his body, making sure to undress him along the way. All thoughts of protest and argument abandoned him and left him moaning helplessly. John arched his back when the tip of Red's tail began to trace down the cleft of his exposed butt. The nudging intensified with each pass it made over his opening, causing him to rocked back in hopes that the appendage will finally pierce him.

Meanwhile, Hellboy continued his assault with his tongue inside of John's mouth as his hands roamed the now naked body writhing deliciously in his lap. His hands worked its way down until it was wrapped around a hard, pulsing cock, eliciting a groan from his lover. Grinning to himself, he started to pump the cock as his tail suddenly breached through John's anal muscles. "Red," John gasped.

"What is it Squirt?" Hellboy nibbled along Myer's jaw and down his throat.

"I'm going to cum soon if you keep that up," he breathed. His lips were opened slightly as he softly panted, and his eyelids were closed as he enjoyed the sensations within and without his body. Without warning, the tail began to brush across his sweet spot and John cried out, scraping his nails across the top of Red's shoulders.

"I'm banking on it," Hellboy crooned as he quickened his ministrations. Purposefully, he attacked all of John's erogenous spots and it wasn't long before thick streams of semen erupted from John's penis. Quickly, Hellboy lifted the man up and turned them towards the bed. Carefully he laid the body down and leaned in between the strong thighs to lap up the cum cooling on John's body.

John began to squirm as Hellboy's tongue slid across his sensitive cock head. "Too much," he protested. He opened his eyes when the tongue stopped teasing his dick and started to lick at his testicles and perineum. "Ohhh," he sighed and spread his legs further out to give the demon better access. John's eyes nearly rolled back into his head when the moist tongue started to pry around his asshole, licking at every crevice and cranny of the puckered skin.

When the tongue started to pierce in and out of his body, his dick hardened again and John thought that his body would snap from sexual tension. "Please Red," he panted. "I want you... want you in me..."

"Anything you want, `Scout." Hellboy gave the twitching hole one last lick, making sure to broadly cover it with spit and followed through the underside of the man's balls and penis. He freed his painfully erect dick out of the tight confines of his leather pants and expertly aimed it to his goal.

Slowly he worked it into Myer's body. First the head, then inch after inch of his shaft. John was whimpering by the time Hellboy was fully buried to the hilt. "Babe, you feel so good," Red grunted as he felt the tight muscles wrapped almost painfully around his cock slowly relax to a more tolerable pressure.

"Just fuck me," John pleaded breathlessly.

"Anything for you, Babe." Hellboy initiated a steady rhythm of stroking his dick in and out of the warm body. With every plunge back in, he could feel his pending orgasm come closer and closer. Wanting to bury himself deeper yet into John, he turned the man to his side and bend the upper leg close to the man's chest. This opened up John's ass even further and eliminated any bony blockage that might prevent Red from getting as close to John's body as possible.

He pumped faster and faster, pistoning at an alarming speed into John until at last the nerves attached to his balls tingled sharply. With a loud growl, Hellboy felt his perineal muscles contract strongly, only to let go of a large load of cum which he deposited deep into John's bowels. A few more strokes to follow helped to milk any remaining semen out of him. Panting harshly, Red looked down at his smaller lover and saw that John's penis was still hard with want. He reached over with his tail to pump the pulsing organ as he went in to kiss the man hard on the lips. A half dozen strokes later had John crying into Hellboy's mouth.

Using the last of his remaining strength, Hellboy carefully pulled his softening cock out of John and rolled over to his side, cradling the man against his chest. The two of them lay silently on the

bed, catching their breaths and content to be cuddled together. It was several minutes before John was able to put two sentences together. "I need to get back to work. I still have a lot to finish." He yawned and started to get up but Hellboy pulled him back down with a grunt.

"Sleep," he commanded. "I want you to rest dammit."

"But..."

"It was your fault for coming in here. I probably would have left you alone for a few more hours if you had stayed in your office."

"Speaking of which," John began dryly, "one of your pregnant cats is making my office her new nest. I don't think I'm allowed back in there until the kittens are born. Can't you do a better job of keeping your strays in your room?"

"You're the only stray I have a hard time keeping in here," Hellboy grumbled. "If the new mommy have already settled in your office then there's little that I

can do about it now. You'll just have to find some other place to do your work. Better yet, find someone else to do your work."

"Why are you so intent on me not working? It never bothered you before." John's voice was beginning to take on a defensive tone. He felt like he had to justify his workload and duties at the BRPD. Yes, it was true that he was working longer hours than he had before, but there have been a lot more paranormal sightings than usual. Unfortunately, this meant that there were more agents out of commission than normal as well, which increased his workload even more.

And John had to admit to himself that he hadn't been feeling 100% lately. He'd been bothered with brief spells of dizziness, and heartburn. And for the past two weeks he experienced on and off bouts of nausea, even going so far as to cause him to dry heave into the toilet on a few occasions. At first he blamed it on food poisoning. Currently, John still isn't convinced that his symptoms aren't simply due to lack of sleep and stress.

"You never used to work this much, John. And I can see the effects now on your face and in your time reaction when we're out on a hunt. You're exhausted and you won't admit it and it's pissing me off." Hellboy allowed John to pull away from him when the man struggled up and narrowed his eyes as he watched the man search for his clothes. "John, I care about you deeply and I don't want to see you in this state. I want you well and healthy."

"I am well and healthy just fine," John snapped. He angrily pulled his boxers and pants on and turned abruptly to yell some more at the demon. When he turned too fast, a wave of dizziness overwhelmed him and he found himself blacking out.

"John," Red exclaimed and rushed over to the man just in time to keep him from falling to the floor. He hurried to carry John back to the bed and fumbled for the comm badge on the nightstand. "Get Blue in my room now," he barked into the mouthpiece and he quickly returned back to Myer's side. "Goddammit, John. I told you that you were overworked."

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"What's wrong with him?" Red demanded. He allowed himself to be pushed aside for the past half hour to allow Abe the space to examine John. But now he was getting impatient at being ignored and wanted to know what was wrong with his lover.

Abe looked back at him over his shoulder and blinked indifferently. "Young John is well. He is just suffering from a slight case of fatigue."

Hellboy let out a sigh of relief. "I knew it! I am going to tie him to the bed from now on. Screw what Manning wants. I'm not gonna let Myers work himself to death for a lousy paper pusher."

"Hmm... this is most curious," Abe suddenly remarked.

"What's curious?" Hellboy watched with wary eyes as Abe gently began to probe and glide his hands over John's naked abdomen. He knew that he could trust the aquatic man but the feelings of possessiveness streaked through him nevertheless.

"I am not entirely sure yet, Hellboy," Abe mused. "I must perform further blood tests. I have a sneaking suspicion that something miraculous is about to occur. But I do not want to say until I am for sure certain of my hypothesis."

"Uh..."

Abe drew a vial of blood from John's arm and capped it securely. "I shall be back in a few hours."

"What do I do until then?" Hellboy panicked.

"Just make sure our young agent stays comfortable and make sure he drinks plenty of water when he awakes. Otherwise you know how to find me," Abe said offhandedly as he hurried out of the room.

"Weird," Red mumbled aloud as he shoed away the small gathering of cats that suddenly accumulated near John. Once room was cleared, he lay down next to his lover and pulled him into an embrace, determined to look after the young man in his sleep.

Although he dozed off himself, he was a very light sleeper and he jerked awake when Hellboy heard someone knocking on his door. Abe poked his head through the entranceway and waited to be acknowledged. Red looked down to make sure that John was still sleeping peacefully and carefully slipped out of bed, making sure that he did not disturb the man. He made his way over to Abe, who appeared to be quite anxious, or as anxious as he will ever appear.

"What's the news Blue?"

"Something remarkable is happening to our young friend," Blue announced. "Let me begin from the beginning. Remember when I performed an exam on John almost two months ago after his run in with the Felesdaemn?"

"Yeah. And?" Red lit himself a cigar and prepared himself for what he was sure to be a long briefing.

"His tests all came back normal, except for the slight variable in his bloodstream. I had just brushed it off believing it to be some sort of antibody that John has developed to fight off the change. Much like how viral antibodies remain in the body after fighting off an infection or cold. Anyway, it turns out that I was wrong. The remnant protein is due to an ongoing differentiation process of the tissue cells within John's lower abdomen. It was so slight at the time and nothing significant showed in his MRI because it was too small to be detected right away..."

"Detect what right away?" Hellboy felt like a hand clutched around his heart.

"Are we talking about a tumor or something? He's not dying is he, Blue?"

Abe waved his hand, dismissing the idea. "Oh, heavens no! Nothing like that at all. When I was examining John earlier today I had felt a unique energy signature in his abdomen. My suspicions

were confirmed when I performed a blood work analysis and found the presence of Human Chorionic Gonadotropin. This must have occurred when he was still in his demonic form and thus his physiology at the time had allowed such an event to occur and..."

"What? Back it up there a few miles, Blue. You lost me way back at analysis. Human chorie what?" Hellboy began pacing.

"I'm sorry, Red. I should make myself more clear." Abe mentally slowed himself down to explain to the other demon. "HCG is a hormone which is produced by an embryo to ensure that the hormone progesterone is present, which helps to prevent uterine contractions and therefore spontaneous abortion. Although John's body is incapable of producing such a hormone, there is a foreign counterpart in his system now. It is probably produced by the new tissues in his body which the demonic protein is causing the cells to differentiate into..."

"What?!" Hellboy stared wide-eyed at his friend. "Embryo? Contractions? Abortion? What are you talking about Blue?"

Abe cocked his head to one side. "John is pregnant Hellboy. He is carrying your child."

"John is a man," Hellboy protested loudly. "And in case you've forgotten, men don't, as in do NOT, get pregnant."

"Yes, I realize that," Abe replied indignantly. "But John contains the DNA of a demon which we believe to be hermaphrotic in nature. He was impregnated in his demonic form and by the time we had injected the antidote into his system, his body must have already taken the steps necessary to ensure the embryo survives. As the pregnancy progresses..."

"Pregnancy," Hellboy whimpered.

"Yes, pregnancy. As the pregnancy progresses, more and more of John's tissue cells will change and adapt to the Felesdaemn makeup so that the fetus will be carried to term. I would like to perform an ultrasound on John when he awakes to determine how much of a physiological change his body has already undergone." Abe paused and studied his friend carefully. "Hellboy? Are you alright? You look frightful."

Hellboy was still trying to get his mind wrapped around the situation. John is

pregnant, carrying *his* child in fact. He careened his neck out to make sure that his lover was still asleep. He cursed his bad luck when he saw that John was slowly rousing under the blankets. Abe also saw this and made a sound of delight as he began to approach the young agent.

"Whoa, slow down there Blue," Hellboy warned as he grabbed a hold of Abe's arm. "Let's not spring the news on him like current events."

"You are right. We must approach this delicately," Abe agreed. Together, the two demons neared the man, who yawned and looked at them sleepily.

"Hey Blue," John greeted Abe. "Sorry I wasn't awake for your entrance," he joked. Then he looked from blue face to red, and sensed a feeling of tension. "What's up guys?"

"You overworked yourself like I said you would, that's what's up," Hellboy suddenly blurted out. He cringed slightly when both Abe and John stared at him in surprise.

A cat found its way into John's lap and the man absently stroked her fur as he tried to find a diplomatic response to his lover's outburst. Thankfully, Abe interrupted his thoughts. "My friend, I

would have voiced it more... eloquently... but Hellboy is right. Your fainting spell is the result of a combination of things. Your chronic habit of working long hours on little rest is a significant contributing factor."

John sighed frustrated. "I realize that what I've been doing isn't healthy. But I promise you guys that it's only temporary. Manning assured me that he is in the process of bringing in more agents for administrative work, so that will free up my work load and allow me to spend more time out in the field. And as soon as that happens I'll be able to sleep more too..."

"And eat more," Hellboy blurted out again. Once more, his two friends stared at him in silence.

"I'll eat more also," John wryly conceded.

"Hellboy and I will consult with Manning about your working habits. We can not allow this to go on any longer, despite what you think." Abe held up a webbed hand when John opened his mouth to speak. "I am sorry, John. I cannot allow any exceptions in this case. You will just have to learn to rest."

John knew when he was defeated. With Hellboy he could at least argue and persuade his way out of things. But when Abe made a decision, there was no bending it. So he simply nodded silently.

"One more thing," Abe continued. "There are some exams that I wish to perform on you, but I will need some equipment that I am not able to move in here. Will you meet me in my lab in the next few minutes?"

"No problem, Blue." Abe smiled and left the two lovers alone. John continued to stroke the purring cat and worried about the contemplative look on Hellboy's face. "What are you thinking about?" he asked.

Hellboy shook his head slightly, as if to clear his thoughts, and grinned at John. "Just thinking about my cats," he answered enigmatically.

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John poked his head into Abe's spacious lab and looked around. He saw the merman puttering around in one corner and called out. Abe gestured him onto the examination table and asked him to lift up his shirt.

"What are you looking for exactly?" John asked as he did as told, albeit confusedly. He watched Abe apply some clear gel substance onto his abdomen and to a sound head. The hand held gadget was attached to a small screen, which Abe turned on.

"There had been an increase in Felesdaemn markers in your bloodstream when I did your blood test," Abe told him smoothly as he placed the sound head to John's torso. The screen flickered into a wave of black and white marks.

Myers tensed. "What does that mean? I thought I was cured? Does this mean I'm going to turn into a demon again?"

"No, no. Nothing like that at all," Abe assured him. "Please stay calm, John," he murmured soothingly, although his attention was affixed solely to the screen. Abe watched, clearly fascinated, as the images shifted and moved with each angle of the sound head he made. John studied the screen for a minute before realizing that he's seen this contraption before on television.

"Are you performing an ultrasound on me?" he demanded.

"Indeed I am," Abe confirmed as he focused in on one part of the screen.

"Why? What's wrong with me? Kidney stones? Stomach abscess?"

Abe looked like he was deciding on something, before finally fixing his large black eyes onto John's. "See this?" he asked. John turned his attention to the screen. Abe was pointing at a very tiny black area, surrounded by a ring of grey cloud.

"Yeah? What is it?"

"John, that is a fetus. The grey image around it is a lining similar to a uterus that your body is producing to house the embryo."

John flicked his eyes at Abe to see if it was a joke. The merman's face never lost its mask of seriousness and Myers flicked his attention back to the black and white imaging. "Did you say fetus?" he finally asked.

"I am sorry John."

Myers nodded and tore his attention away from the screen and looked down at his torso. The muscles were still taut and flat, no evidence at all that there was a living entity inside of it. John turned his gaze once more at Abe, who was waiting patiently for a response.

His voice was very calm and very confident.

"I want it aborted."

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Chapter 2 by En_kaiiz

"He said what?" Hellboy stopped pacing and glared at his friend. "What did Myers say he wanted?"

"He wants the fetus aborted," Abe repeated himself as he cleaned up the equipment around him. He had respected John's request for privacy and allowed the young human to venture off alone. Soon after, he called Hellboy into his lab and told him what had transpired.

"And you just let him up and go wandering off alone? Without telling me first?" Red demanded.

Abe paused briefly in what he was doing to glance up at Hellboy before continuing with his work again. "John is a grown adult capable of making sound decisions."

"The man just found out he's pregnant with a half demon child. No man I know would be in their right frame of mind after finding out something like that."

"Do not worry, Hellboy. John will not be leaving these perimeters tonight."

"Oh really? And what makes you so sure of that?" Hellboy's voice had taken on a sarcastic tone.

The merman carefully organized metallic implements into a drawer and shut it closed before eyeing the red demon. "I am certain that John will not be leaving the BPRD because I have ordered his ID Code on lock-down." Abe looked away then and started wiping down the counter surface.

"Very smooth, Blue," Hellboy admitted admirably, and soundly took off in search of his wayward lover.

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It took longer than Hellboy had anticipated, and he grumbled to himself about it, but he finally found John. It was in an empty training room that the demon found his lover sitting on a windowsill, looking forlornly out into the night sky. Hellboy was by no means a graceful soul, and no doubt John must have heard him come into the room. But the human made no outward sign that he heard him come in.

Hellboy quietly studied the agent as he stood by the entrance. John sat with his head and back propped up against the window frame. One leg was bent and rested its foot on the sill while the other extended down to the floor. Red eyed John lovingly as he noticed slender hands unconsciously protecting a still-flat abdomen. "Hey," he quietly interrupted.

Myers finally spared a glance over in his direction and Hellboy quickly approached the man when he saw the look of despair in those brown eyes. He engulfed the smaller man into a firm hug and sat down to the ground, making sure that John was wrapped around him. Myers held him tightly around the neck and buried his face into the crook of it. Hellboy can feel the warm breath of his lover as he breathed erratically against his skin. He made soothing sounds and rubbed his John's back softly, waiting for the man to speak when he wanted to.

"Is it true?" Myers tentatively asked.

"Yeah `Scout," Hellboy quietly confirmed.

"I told Abe that I wanted it aborted."

"I know."

Myers pulled away suddenly, wanting to look Hellboy in the eye. "I don't want to be pregnant."

"I understand. I don't blame you. Whatever decision you make you know I'll back you up 100%," Red told him quietly.

"But this is your child too," John persisted.

Hellboy didn't say anything at first and lifted up the hem of John's shirt so that he was able to place his flesh hand onto the naked skin of the flat torso. He felt the muscle beneath it shift back and forth with each breath that John drew and Hellboy could almost imagine feeling the slight beating of his child's heart from within. When he started stroking the smooth skin there, Myers gasped lightly. Reluctantly, he removed his hand and returned to stroking his lover on the back. "It's whatever decision you make, John," he repeated himself. "I'm still getting used to the idea that you're carrying a mini-me inside of you, and I'm not quite sure how to feel about that yet. But I do know how I feel about you, and that is I love you, John. If you don't want to carry through with this, or you don't feel comfortable doing it, I will not have you subjected to any of it."

John looked into his yellow eyes and saw sincerity in them. "You don't think me less of a man? You don't think that I'm a freak? A demonic hermaphrodite?" Myers voice was building in volume and getting angrier with each sentence. "Do you know what the others will say about me? A pregnant man... someone that fucks around and obviously takes it up the ass. What's Manning going to say when he finds out? Better yet, how about Clay, Moss, Quarry and the others?"

The agent was clearly agitated and Hellboy didn't offer resistance when John removed himself off of his lap and started pacing and gesturing wildly with his hands. "I worked so hard to get to where I am today. I studied hard and graduated top of the class. I underwent brutal training and endured countless hours of PT and beat out God knows how many other agents to get here."

John stopped and stared down hard at Hellboy, who was still sitting on the floor. "I will not let this freak of nature take all that away from me," he screamed.

Then, just as sudden as his fit of explosion began, John collapsed to his knees and started bawling. Hellboy scooted over and quickly embraced him. "I don't know what to do," John sobbed. "I don't want this, but it doesn't seem right to get rid of it either."

"You don't need to decide right now," Hellboy reminded him. "I want you to rest and forget about this for a moment. Tomorrow you can decide what you want to do if you like." John nodded silently and Hellboy just held him, waiting for the hiccups and tears to calm down. He had never seen the normally well-composed man break down like this before, and therefore knew that John must be really torn up inside to lose control like this.

Once Hellboy realized that the young man had fallen asleep, in a state of exhaustion, he carefully picked him up in his arms and carried him back to his bedroom. Gently he laid the body down onto the mattress and smiled to himself when a couple of cats immediately curled up around agent.

They say that hindsight is 20/20, and Hellboy now saw all the signs that he had interpreted incorrectly in the past. The dry heaving and moodiness that John blamed on stress, the lack of appetite blamed on an overwhelming workload, the sudden increase in affection from the cats... This must've also been the reason his pregnant cat seeked John out instead of staying within the relative safety of his room.

Hellboy lay down onto the mattress next to John and curled himself around the man's body, making sure to hold him possessively around the waist. Silently, he watched his lover sleep; John's facial expression was relaxed and he looked much younger than he already did. Hellboy was grateful for what he was given in the form of the man's love for him, and he wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. For certain, he did not look forward to the difficult choices that were about to be made. He worried about the kind of stress that would result and hoped that it would not impact upon their relationship too greatly.

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When Hellboy woke up, he saw a pair of expressive brown eyes looking down at him. "'Scout, what time is it?" he yawned.

"Morning time, about 8 o'clock."

Hellboy studied John's face intently. The man looked a little better than he did last night, and there was even a slight twinkle in the eyes. "How ya feelin'?" he asked.

"Better. I've been thinking..."

"Yes?" Hellboy gently prodded when John petered off.

"Um, well maybe... it wouldn't be too bad if... I kept the... baby?" John looked up questionably at him. "I mean, everyone already knows about what happened two months ago. And I'm pretty sure that there are already assumptions about the two of us. They'll eventually just put two and two together and we can write it off as some side effect of the demonic protein."

Hellboy personally don't give a fuck about what the other agents thought of him. But he knew that John didn't have as thick of skin as him when it came down to other's opinions of them, so he understood why the agent was trying to justify his reasoning. It didn't matter though, because whatever John decided, Hellboy would make sure it happened. And if anyone were to give his lover grief over anything, Hellboy would also make sure it's dealt with personally.

"I'm sure they'll think nothing of it," Hellboy assured him. Myers smiled and looked like a huge load was lifted off of his shoulders. "So, I take it you want to keep baby Red?"

John blushed lightly and found himself touching his abdomen. "Yeah, I guess I do."

"Even though it's a freak of nature?"

The young man had the grace to blush even further. "I'm sorry about that," he mumbled.

"I'm sure it was just the mood swings kicking in," Hellboy teased.

"Mood swings?" Myers repeated, horrified.

Hellboy froze, not quite sure what to say. This wasn't usually his department.

"Uh... maybe you better drop in on Blue and have a visit. I'm sure he'll have lots to say to you. He'll be thrilled, in fact, when he finds out he's gonna be an uncle."

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"You can not believe how pleased I am that you have decided to keep the baby!" Abe exclaimed. He motioned for the man to make himself comfortable on the examination table and settled down for a long chat. "I am sure you have numerous questions you will want answered. And there are many aspects of the pregnancy that you will need to be made aware of. Where would you like to begin?"

"Um," Myers leaned back on his hands and swung his feet back and forth. "I'm not even sure where I want to begin. I guess the main thing I want to know is how long will this last and how will the baby be delivered?"

Abe cocked his head in thought. "The gestation period for humans, as you know, is approximately 38 weeks from time of conception. However, we must not ignore the obvious discrepancies in this case. A domestic feline's gestation cycle can last anywhere from 58 to 65 days. But we must also consider that the gestation periods of larger wild cats can last anywhere from 90 to 110 days. In fact, lions can go on as long as 120 days. I can assume that your pregnancy may last somewhere in between these time frames."

"But we're talking about a difference of 2 to 9 months," John sputtered. "Isn't there an accurate way of finding this out? I don't want to be out on the field one day and all of the sudden go into labour."

"First of all, you will no longer be able to participate in field work. That is simply too risky for someone in your condition."

"My `condition'?" John scowled.

"Yes," Abe replied firmly. "What I will do is take regular images of your fetus and your hormone readings; every week preferably. I will compare these to the parameters of a regular human pregnancy. I hope this will give me a more than accurate gauge of how yours will progress. From what I can gather so far from the ultrasound image I took last night and your current blood work, I would say you are presently near the end of your first trimester."

Abe reached over to pull a file from his desk. He took out the black and white printout of the ultrasound and showed it to John. He pointed to various spots with the end of a webbed finger. "Right here you will see the development of facial features. The eyes and mouth are right here

and here where you see those pin points." A warm sensation was starting to flow through John's body as he listened to the blue demon describe his baby to him. His baby... Hellboy's baby... *Their* baby. He liked the sound of that.

"This cloudy area here is the beginning of lung formation and that little dot there is the heart. That is actually one of the main reasons that I strongly suspect that you are at the end of your third trimester, because the heart is just starting to beat, but not the lungs. At this rate I can assume that your pregnancy will last about six months. You should be able to deliver in about four months."

"Four months?" John whispered in a daze. In four months he will be able to hold his child in his arms? "How will I deliver it?"

"There is no indication yet that your body will provide a natural means of delivery. We must be prepared to perform a caesarian section on you when the time comes."

"Oh," John processed the information in his head. "What sort of other... symptoms will I have to look forward to exactly?"

"Well, every pregnancy is different. You might experience nothing more than the occasional spell of nausea or dizziness. But on the other hand you might suffer morning sickness for the entire duration of your pregnancy. We will deal with them as they come up," Abe assured him. "You must also speak to Manning. He will need to know about this. I am also going to recommend that you be taken off of field duty as we do not know what kind of stress might trigger a miscarriage."

"Oh," the agent repeated, dumbfounded. "Everything will be okay right?"

"I am hoping that with your reduced work load, and the frequency of your examinations we will be able to limit our risks to a minimum in regards to complications. I will do further research to see if I can find anything about pregnancies in demons and cross-reference them with human ones. As well, I will need you to play a proactive role in this. Never disregard any unusual signs or symptoms you may be experiencing as insignificant. I want you to report to me as soon as anything off occurs, even something as simple as a headache. Understood John?"

"Yes sir," John mumbled. "Will that be all then?"

"For now. I will need you to come in at the beginning of each week for your tests. Do you have any more questions for me?"

"No. I think that's all for now."

"Of course," Abe placed a comforting hand on John's shoulder and squeezed in support. "Do not hesitate to come to me at any moment's notice. I will be honoured to aid you during your time of need in any capacity I can."

"Thank you Abe," John told him sincerely. "That means a lot to me right now."

The next big thing Myers had to deal with is how he was going to handle this subject with Manning. The new Director of the BPRD did not possess the most approachable personality, to say the least. As it was, all too soon he found himself standing just outside the door to Manning's office. Pausing for a moment, he straightened out his suit and took a deep breath before finally knocking on the door.

"Come in."

Myers let himself into the vast, immaculate room and made eye contact with the man working

busily behind the large mahogany desk. Tom Manning looked almost glad to see him.

"Oh good. I was just about to call for you Myers." Manning reached for a folder on his desk and passed it on to the younger man. "These are some witness reports that were sent in to us by our FBI mole. Apparently there has been some paranormal activity in the old warehouse district down by the pier. I want Red and Blue to look into this. Meet me for a briefing in fifteen minutes."

Already forgotten what he was here for, John immediately focused in on the reports he held. He browsed through the details as he kept a mental awareness of what his commanding supervisor was telling him. "I'll make sure they get there on time," he noted and strode out of the office in search of

Abe and Hellboy.

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"Thank you for coming in to this briefing on such short notice gentlemen," Manning began. He turned on an overhead projector and a blurry headshot appeared on the screen. "This," he pointed, "is the image captured by a witness roughly two days ago. The FBI is trying to keep the current situation contained, but it's getting harder for them everyday as more and more sightings come in."

There were eight other men in the room, including John, Hellboy and Abe. They all intently studied the hazy picture in front of them. From what they could tell, the subject of the photo had a mossy glow on its skin. Despite the angular and sharp facial features, it was apparent that the demon was feminine in nature. The eyes glowed white and an armour plate covered its chest and torso. The most significant feature was the set of elaborate horns that jutted out of the figure's forehead. It was the same mossy colour and appeared to be ridged in texture, much like a mountain goat's. The horns rose high above the head, almost by a foot, before curving downwards to about the level of the demon's elbows. From there it turned sharply back up until the tapered, sharp tips reached past the apex of the head outgrowth.

Serpent like appendages seem to exist on the demon's back and each seem to have their own separate range of motion. John shuddered internally, reminded very much of the Sammaels they had fought when he had first met Hellboy.

"What I want to happen is to eliminate this demon. It seems to appear only at night and the FBI has not been able to determine what happens to it during the day. Because this is all happening so far in a primarily abandoned area, the general public is not exposed to this. The reports so far have been from the homeless population that occupy the surroundings." Manning pressed on a remote and a closer shot of the demon came into view. "This picture came to us because a reporter just happened to be in the area doing an expose on the lack of our government's role in dealing with poverty." He snorted. "Anyway, lucky for us I guess."

"So what's the big deal so far?" Hellboy asked. "Lady Spook killing anyone? Molesting? Sucking blood? Strip teasing?"

The Director took the time to glare steadily at Red before gesturing to the files sitting at everyone's place. "In there you will find copies of the witness reports, as well as what attributes we have been able to place on this demon so far. There haven't been any accounts of death or fatality yet. Although we do have two cases of injury to date, both females. Myers, I want you to do a thorough investigation on these two and see if you can come up with any similar connection between them. Abe, you will see if you can find out anything that might be of use to us in the destruction of this creature. Hellboy..."

Red looked charmingly up at Manning, a smirk on his face. "Yes?"

"You will keep this mission contained. I don't want any more people finding out about this than there already is. If things go out of control, I want you to do what you do best."

"Blow things up?"

"Yes."

"Those are my favourite orders," Hellboy grinned.

Manning cleared his throat in acknowledgement and turned the overhead off. "Gentlemen, you have your orders and have been assigned your respective commanding personnel. Good luck." And with that, he left the room and the organization to the next authority, Myers.

"Alright, we still have a few daylight hours left, so I want everyone to gear up and head out to the targeted location. You have the coordinates in your notes. Team Red will scope out the area and perform perimetre checks and Team Blue and myself will search out the two victims for questioning. At sundown we will rendezvous at the activity point for debriefing." Myers looked around the room at the serious faces. "Are there any questions?"

Nobody raised their voice so Myers dismissed them all. Only Hellboy and Abe remained behind. He averted his eyes when Abe looked almost accusingly at him.

"You have not alerted Manning of your current condition, I presume."

"Um, no. I went in his office and before I had a chance to say anything, Manning started going over the case files with me. I was so involved with the details I completely forgotten what I was supposed to tell him," John finished sheepishly when Abe continued his blink-less stare.

"This is unacceptable," Abe firmly stated. "You should not be out on this mission."

"Hey, what's going on here?" Hellboy stared to and fro between the two.

"John has decided to keep the child."

"I know." Hellboy's yellow eyes lit up and reached to grab John into a bear hug. "Ain't it great? I'm gonna be daddy."

"He was supposed to inform Manning today that he is to be taken off the activity list." Hellboy could feel the body in his arms tense at Abe's tone and he pulled back. He made eye contact with hesitate brown eyes. "We do not know what the risks and complications are as nothing like this has ever been documented before," Abe continued flatly. "We have no idea that this mission will not cause a miscarriage."

"That true, `Scout?" Hellboy asked. John nodded quietly. "Maybe you shouldn't come on this trip then. I don't want anything to happen to ya."

Myers frowned at the two of them. "I'll be fine. I'm just going to ask a bunch of questions, that's all. And besides, I've been running around on missions for the past two months and so far nothing has happened. What's one more? It can't be any more stressful then having to deal with the two of you," he muttered under his breath.

"What was that now?" Hellboy raised an eyebrow.

"Nothing," John replied. "When we come face to face with the demon I'll make sure to stay back and let you guys take over. And I'll let Manning know about me as soon as we get back. I

promise."

Hellboy didn't look convinced and looked over at Abe for reassurance. There was a brief moment of uneasy silence as they waited for the merman's final assessment. "Very well," Blue finally conceded. "But as soon as we get back in from the mission I am personally escorting you myself to Manning's office, John."

"I can live with that," Myers smiled and followed Abe's grumbling retreating back towards the armory, Hellboy chuckling right behind him.

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"What happened next?"

The young woman bit her lower lip and blinked rapidly at the agent questioning her. "There were these... tentacle like things that it threw at me. They pulled on everything, my arms, my legs, my neck..." She started to hyperventilate as she relived through those images again.

"Are you alright?" Myers asked in concern. "Please take your time."

She nodded and gave him a grateful look. "Thank you, but I'll be fine. It's just a bit difficult to remember everything. I was mostly paralyzed with fear at the

time," she laughed weakly. "There was a group of us... it was a pretty chilly night so we were all trying to keep warm around a bonfire. But that... thing... knew exactly what it wanted. It came straight for me. I don't understand." The woman started to tear up. "Next thing I remembered, all hell broke loose and these FBI guys come running out of nowhere and bullets went flying all over the place. Even Bob got shot with one of their bullets."

"Bob?"

"Yes, my boyfriend." The woman took a proffered Kleenex and wiped at the tears forming around her eyes. "He was trying to save me from that monster and got caught in the crossfire, I guess."

"Is there anything else you'd like to add?" John gently asked. He felt compelled to help the girl out in some way. She was so young; she couldn't have been more than twenty.

She shook her head. "No, I think that's about it." Then she gave him a shy smile. "It was scary when it happened at the time, but it was good in a way. The FBI is offering us accommodations in exchange for our silence. They're simple but it's a lot better than where we were. Especially with a young one on the way."

"Young one?" Myers paused in his writing and looked up with interest.

"Yeah," she said shyly. She started to rub her abdomen. "The doctor at the free clinic told me that I was about four months along."

"Oh, well congratulations then." John smiled and thanked her before stepping away. He compiled his notes together and stepped into a large van parked nearby. Inside, Abe was waiting for him. Two other agents stood outside the vehicle, nodding to John as he went in. Their stances appeared casual to the outsider, but their attentions to the surrounding perimeters were on high alert.

"Were you able to read her from here?" John asked.

"Yes, I was. I looked inside and it was just like she said." Abe continued thoughtfully, "It was most unusual that the demon came straight for her like she had described. There was no hesitancy; the demon knew what it wanted. It was surprisingly similar to the first woman you interviewed."

"I know." John flipped through his notes uneasily, and therefore did not notice the merman intently studying him.

"How are you feeling John?"

Myers looked up suddenly, surprised. There was no one else inside the van except for the two of them so he allowed himself to briefly caress his abdomen. "I'm fine. A little tired maybe, but nothing I can't handle."

"Are you experiencing any nausea or dizziness? You do not look very comfortable."

John grimaced. "Don't read too much into this, but that last girl mentioned that she was pregnant."

Abe stared at him. "The first woman you interviewed was pregnant also," he realized.

"I know. But that might just be a huge coincidence," John shrugged.

"John, this is no coincidence. I think we might have found our common connection." A light bulb suddenly went off inside of Abe's head. "My goodness, I think I know what we may be dealing with here. All the details make sense now. I have never seen one before, but have come across her descriptions many times over the course of my research. I cannot believe that I did not connect the pieces together earlier until now."

"What is it then?" Myers wanted to know.

"The demon we are dealing with so far seems to fit the description of Lilith. In the Hebrew religion she was Adam's first wife."

"Um, I'm not very up-to-date with the religion thing, but I thought Eve was Adam's first wife?" John asked, confused.

"There is a Hebrew legend that says Adam and Lilith were both created by God in the same fashion, from the dust of the earth. Lilith insisted upon equal

treatment, which Adam disagreed with and this remained a constant source of friction between the two. Eventually, Lilith used magical powers to fly away from Adam. It was said that afterwards, Eve was fashioned out of Adam's ribs, symbolic of her subjection to him."

"So then what? That doesn't explain anything yet."

Abe continued on. "Before Eve was created, Adam had first urged God to return Lilith to him. Three angels were dispatched to seek the stray wife out and found her sitting by the Red Sea, having already copulated with the demons there and bearing 100 children a day. At one point the angels made threats against Lilith's descendants and thus, she countered that she would prey for eternity upon newborn human babies. In the end, Lilith stood her ground and never returned to her husband. Later on she was said to become the wife of Satan and the princess of Hell."

John whistled. "That's pretty heady stuff. But none of these babies are born yet. They're still in the womb," he suddenly pointed out.

"Legends are variations of the truth. We do not know for a fact that Lilith preys upon newborns anymore than we know that the Boogiemán attacks only children late at night."

"But they do," Myers muttered petulantly.

Abe ignored him. "It could also be simply the case that there are no infants around and she goes after the next closest thing available. This can be tricky, as the reports all stated that she only comes out when there is a wanted source nearby. If the FBI have evacuated this area, how are we to lure her out?"

The merman was deep in thought and John placed a hand over his torso in an unconscious attempt to keep the entity within it safe. He had an idea and he knew that Abe was not going to like it. But it may be the only way right now to bring the hunted demon out from its hiding place.

"I will bait it out."

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Chapter 3 by En_kaiiz

"Absolutely not!" Hellboy roared. "No way in Hell, Myers. You can just wipe that ridiculous idea out from your head."

"Exactly what I told him," Abe agreed.

"Don't you see the logic in the idea though?" John persisted. "Without me, there is no sure fire way that the demon will show up. And we're not going to use an innocent woman to lure it out."

"No John," Red continued. "No more arguments, end of discussion."

"So we're just going to let this thing roam around the city, wandering until it finds another woman to attack just because you're too paranoid to let me do my job?" John demanded. "What kind of rationale is that? I'm sure that will go over well with Manning."

"Fuck Manning," Hellboy snarled. "I will absolutely NOT have you out there using yourself as bait. It's too dangerous for you, and you're also endangering the child."

"Blue, will you please say something to him?" John implored. "I know you don't like this idea any more than he does but at least you can see beyond the initial danger?"

Abe shifted uncomfortably when a set of determined yellow eyes stared challengingly at him. "We will be there to make sure that nothing will happen to him," he slowly rationalized.

Hellboy snorted in disbelief and betrayal. "I don't fucking believe this. You think it's okay for him to sit out in the open and wait for a demon with a baby fetish to attack?" he demanded.

"Red, John makes a valid point. I do not like this any more than you do, but we have to do what is best for the public."

"I fucking hate this," Hellboy swore and shouldered his Samaritan. Fiercely, he thundered out of the converted van and slammed the door hard behind him. As he cut through, the agents outside scattered to get out of the angry demon's way.

John turned saddened eyes at Abe. "I guess we have a go," he said.

Abe smiled reassuringly. "He will get over it. Red is not mad at you, he is just scared out of his wits."

"I know."

>>>>>

John stood on full alert along with three other agents. They were situated in a clearing and waited anxiously for any movement. Nearby, hidden in abandoned buildings and structures were the two other remaining agents along with Hellboy and Abe. The tension in the air was thick and almost suffocating.

The group of four that were exposed knew that the demon was to come after them in one manner or another. Only one of them, however, knew that the demon would come after him specifically. John subconsciously sensed that the entity housed within his abdomen was uneasy so he briefly rubbed it comfortingly before gripping his handgun again.

"You okay `Scout?"

Myers pressed the button on his comm badge. "Still good," he confirmed. This was starting to get irritating. Every movement he made, even to scratch his head, Hellboy would radio in to make sure that everything was fine. Though the other three men around him made no comment about it, John could sense their amusement and it was embarrassing.

It had been but a mere few seconds after those words were out of his mouth when an unearthly aura suddenly surrounded the group. The four men looked around, weapons cocked and ready to go, seeking out their target. "Myers, what's going on there?" Hellboy's static voice demanded. John didn't get the opportunity to answer back when a large glowing figure, out of nowhere, appeared just metres in front of them.

The demon looked exactly like the headshots they had studied earlier today. But now they can see that the armour plate that covered the chest actually extended down the rest of the demon's length, which tapered and terminated into the body of a serpent. The end of the tail writhed rhythmically back and forth, while the smaller eel-like attachments on the demon's back moved in a more haphazard pattern.

When the demon made no further movement towards them, the agents kept their aim steady, unsure of what to do. There was a frenzy of unfounded whispers all around them, the sources unknown and very distracting. At this time Hellboy and Abe made themselves present, both rushing over to the group and stationed themselves specifically near Myers.

Lilith, as she was deemed, stared unnervingly at the group in front of her. The eye sockets glowed an eerie white, a sharp contrast in the darkness of the night. It was the eve of a new moon so there was almost no lunar reflection to aid in the agents' vision. Then suddenly, without any warning, tentacles exploded forth and targeted John. His yell of surprise was cut short when one appendage wrapped tightly around his neck. The weapon in his hand was knocked out and each of his limbs was grasped equally tight.

"John!" Hellboy howled.

Mayhem started. Bullets were flying out of several different weapons, but the small missiles seemed to have almost no effect on the creature. Shots to the armour deflected off easily, and black liquid oozed from the flesh wounds. Despite this, Lilith appeared determined in her objective and the tentacles slowly began to drag Myers closer towards her. Several agents began to shoot at the tentacles and a couple others tried to free the struggling man from the serpentine grasps.

"Get a load of this, bitch," Red growled. He fired up the Samaritan and let out a series of shots to the demon's head. She screeched and the tentacles abruptly dropped Myers. John fell to the ground with a grunt and watched as the writhing limbs retreated back to its owner. A dense swirl of smoke enveloped Lilith and began to surround them; it was thick and smelled sulphurous. When it finally cleared, the she-demon was gone, leaving no trace behind.

Abe hurried over to John, who lay coughing on the ground. He pushed Hellboy aside when the red demon tried to muscle his way in, and checked the man's pulse. "How do you feel?" he inquired.

"I'm alright," John gasped. "Just in a bit of a shock. I don't think she had a chance to injure me."

"I will be the judge of that. We are going straight back to the BPRD so that I can examine you properly. Then we will see Manning immediately afterward," Abe lectured sternly.

"Is he okay?" Hellboy demanded. "Is he hurt? I knew this would be a bad idea..."

"I'm FINE Red," John growled. "Would you please just get off my back for once? I'm sick and tired of you coddling me all the time."

Hellboy and Abe both stared at the man, slack-jawed. They were speechless; even the other agents looked shocked.

Myers threw his hands up in frustration. "Never mind. I'm going to wait in the van." And without another word to his subordinates, John left them to their own devices.

They watched his departing back. "Was it something I said?" Red asked Abe.

It dawned on the merman and he sighed. "I believe both of us is to blame," he murmured. Hellboy stared at him in confusion, but Abe explained no further. Instead, he gave the other agents their final orders and sent them back to the bureau. The two demons began to slowly make their way towards the van, unsure about the reception of their arrival. Myers was sitting silently in the front passenger seat, next to the wary driver. He ignored them and was flipping through his case notes.

In the privacy of the cargo interior, Abe was able to discuss with Hellboy his suspicions towards John's attitude. "We may be suffocating him with our mother henning."

"Mother henning," Hellboy scoffed. "I'm not mothering him, I'm just concern for his safety that's all. I just want to make sure that he's out of harm's way and not in danger."

"That is fine in attitude, but when the two of us are constantly looking over his shoulder, especially in front of the other agents, we are undermining his authority. This makes him look inept in the eyes of the other men."

"Shit, I didn't think about that."

"Nor did I," Abe sighed. "We must somehow make this up to our friend. What we did is inexcusable Red."

"Ya," Hellboy exhaled loudly. "I guess I have some sucking up to do tonight."

"Easy for you," Abe replied dryly. "I will have to find other means of making up with the young man."

Red chuckled.

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John silently endured through the ultrasound and blood retrieval. His lack of conversation continued as he was bodily inspected from head to toe for signs of injury. But he was surprised

that Abe offered no words of disapproval or lecture.

When he was allowed to dress again, he quietly put his clothes back on and noticed that the merman was sitting uneasily. "What is it?" he finally asked.

Abe cocked his head to one side and then the next. "I do not know how to say this, John," he slowly began. "But the first and foremost thing I must do is apologize to you."

Myers was taken aback. "Apologize? For what? If anything it was my fault for snapping at you guys for no reason at all." He shrugged, "I guess it was one of my mood swings that Red mentioned earlier."

"It is admirable that you are willing to put the blame on yourself, but I can not accept any forms of apology from you. I know what I did was wrong and it is unacceptable."

"Blue," John began to scratch his head in confusion. "What are you trying to apologize for exactly?"

"I have found myself in the last few hours behave in an overbearing manner in concerns to your well being. The excessive coddling I have forced you to endure in the presence of the other men is inexcusable and I shall try to limit my concerns for you privately in the future."

Myers grinned suddenly. "I'd appreciate that, Blue. To be honest, I'm used to having to deal with it from Red, but I admit that I felt hurt when you started siding with him. I've always looked to you for support and a source of logic, and all of the sudden you're hen pecking after me just the same. I know things could have gone much worse than it did, and I can see the potential danger that could've resulted. After cooling down I saw why you and Hellboy were fretting so much, but at the time I was just overwhelmed and couldn't handle it anymore."

"I am deeply sorry that I have contributed to your distress. I assure you that it will not happen publicly in the future."

"Nah, it's okay. I sort of like it when you guys mother over me... it's been a long time since anyone has," John quietly admitted.

Abe smiled widely at him. "I did not say I would stop worrying about you, John. I simply promised that I would not do it publicly any more."

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Hellboy poked his head into Abe's lab and caught the two of them laughing. He assumed that Blue somehow managed to find a way to make things up to the young man, and he was a little jealous. When they caught sight of him standing at the entrance and stopped laughing, Hellboy even felt a little left out. Abe stood up and nodded to him, before telling John that he had some tests to finish.

Red gave the merman a grateful look and warily entered further into the sterile room, wondering how Myers would receive him. The man was sitting on the edge of an examination table, his legs swinging like a little boy. Hellboy couldn't help but let a chuckle escape. John stopped swinging and raised an eyebrow at him.

"How ya doin' Squirt?"

"Not too bad. Blue just gave me a bill of good health."

"That's a good thing," Hellboy noted.

John was smiling inside but let none of that show. He knew what his lover was trying to do and was feeling very antsy about it. But John decided to have some fun and let the demon try to sweat it out.

"So whatcha up to now?"

"Well, I have to go speak with Manning like I promised Abe I would," John said. "And then I have to type up my mission report."

"More paperwork I see," Hellboy mused.

Myers glared at him. "You got a problem with that?"

"No," Red quickly rebutted.

"Is there a reason why you're here?" John decided to go in for the kill.

"No, no reason. Can't a guy see his lover just for the hell of it?" Hellboy began to fiddle with some piece of equipment. When a part of it came apart in his hand, he cursed and quickly tried to fix it back on as it was before. Failing and giving up, he placed it onto a nearby table and hoped that Abe wouldn't realize who was responsible.

John got up and shrugged. "Okay. I have to be going then." As he was about to walk past the towering figure, strong arms quickly pulled him into a strong embrace.

"Wait," Hellboy pleaded. "I... may have something to say... but I don't know how," he mumbled quietly.

Myers looked up into the yellow eyes and softened. "Just say whatever's on your mind. I'll make sense of it eventually," he gently smiled.

Hellboy sighed. Words were definitely NOT his forte, but for John he would try anything, if only not to have the man angry with him. "I just realized that I may have been a bit... overprotective... of you lately..."

"Bit?"

Hellboy scowled. "More than a bit then," he grumbled. "I shouldn't keep harping on you and questioning your every action. I know you're a grown man, but I keep forgetting that and see you only as someone to protect. I know that things have been this way for awhile now, but I guess it's gotten worse since I found out that you're... with child."

John sighed and rested his head on Hellboy's chest. "I know you've always had a protective streak in you when it comes to me, God knows why. And I don't normally mind too much. But you're right; you've been more neurotic than you normally are. And I guess what really caused me to snap was that Abe is starting to mother hen me too now. It looks really bad when you two do that in front of the other guys. It undermines me and makes me look incompetent. If I'm to be their overseer I want them to look at me with respect, and not as someone who constantly needs his hand held."

He looked up at his lover's face and saw the look of guilt present. "Red, when we were out there tonight you kept radioing me every five seconds. Do you have any idea how embarrassing that is? And then you and Abe both lectured me like a little boy afterwards. I don't want that to happen again in the future, do you understand me?"

Hellboy nodded. "Yah, I get it. I can't promise I won't do it again. I can't... it's in my nature now to worry about you and want to look after you. Dammit, if I could get away with it, I would tie you down to the bed until that baby comes out. But, I will promise you that I will try my best to not consciously belittle you in front of your men again. That's the best I can do, take it or leave it Squirt."

John smiled. "That's all I ask." The arms around him began to linger further down his body until his ass was cradled in the hands, one made of flesh, and the other made of stone. The cradling soon became a gentle massage and John found himself melting in Hellboy's arms. "That feels good," he murmured.

"I'm here to please," Hellboy crooned. He bent and lowered his upper body to nudge his nose against the top of John's head, inhaling the soft scent of the man's hair. When Myers looked up, he touched their lips together and soon a passionate kiss resulted. Red pulled John's body closer to his by the hips and rubbed his growing arousal against the man's stomach. In turn, he could feel the agent's cock begin to stir against his thigh.

By the time they broke apart for a much-needed breath, John was looking flush in the face and his lips were slightly swollen. Red just merely looked pleased with himself. "We better stop while we still can," Myers said breathlessly.

"Who said anything about wanting to stop?"

"I don't think Abe will appreciate it if we did it here in his lab." He laughed at the look of disappointment on Hellboy's face. "I have to go speak with Manning now anyway. Blue is probably waiting for me outside as we speak."

A scowl appeared on Hellboy's face at the mention of the Director's name. "I'm coming with." Myers eyed him warily. "For moral support," he amended.

"Fine, but leave the talking to me and Abe, got that Red?"

"Scout's honour," Hellboy smirked.

"Very funny."

>>>>

John and Red spent the next several minutes in search of the merman. They finally found him reading in the library, surrounded by huge texts. He was so immersed in what he was reading that he didn't notice the presence of the other two until they were standing next to the edge of his work desk.

"Oh, hey guys. I decided to see what I can find out about Lilith and hopefully come across a way to defeat her."

"What have you found so far?" John wanted to know.

Abe marked his spot in the book and closed it. "There is mention of her in several cultures. The Assyrians knew her as 'Lilitu', and the Babylonians considered her to be actually a triad of demons comprised of Lilitu, Lilu and Ardat Lili. On a Sumerian tablet from Ur, she appeared as 'Lillake'. There are

also many written accounts of her in the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Alpha Beta of Ben Sira, the Talmud, the Zohar, and once in the Old Testament. Not to mention the variations of her found in Greek, Iranian, Mexican, Arab, German, English, Oriental, and even Native American legends.

"Why, did you know that she is described as the consort of Sammael? That is, in this context Sammael is another reference to Satan, and was also the snake that tempted Eve of Eden. Hence the sometimes reference of Sammael as the Slant Serpent and Lilith as the Tortuous Serpent..."

"That's just fine and dandy," Hellboy interrupted. "But less on the Sunday school lesson and get to the point already."

Abe pursed his lips together but continued. "From what I can surmise so far, when the Sammael was conjured up that time last year by Rasputin, Lilith must have somehow come through as well. Obviously she was not in physical form, as she was not meant to be called upon, but some part of the portal barrier, which held her back from this existence, must have weakened. This is probably why we are receiving sightings of her just now. Particularly, she is at her peak when the moon wanes, and of course tomorrow is the new moon."

"So how do we get rid of it? Have you been able to find that out?" Myers inquired, knowing that his lover was getting impatient next to him.

"Remember when I told you that three angels were sent by God himself after Lilith to bring her back to Adam?" John nodded. "The angels were variations of Sanvai, Sansanuai, and Semanglof. They warned Lilith that if she did not go with them, God will punish her by allowing 100 of her demon children to die each day. She vowed to avenge her offsprings' deaths by killing human infants, but she made a promise to the angels that she would spare any child that bore any amulet which contained their three names or depictions."

"That's great. So we just have to make all the newborns and pregnant women in the city wear a little amulet. What?" Abe and John both glared at Hellboy. "What?" he repeated.

"I shall have to look further for a way to defeat that demon. The information on her is very unorganized as there are so many variants of her. But, for now I believe we have something to say to Manning," he reminded John.

Myers rolled his eyes. "Yeah, okay. Let's just get this over with."

>>>>

Manning looked up in surprise when he found not only Myers at his door, like he was expecting, but Abe and Hellboy as well. "Can I help you gentlemen?" he questioned.

"Yes you can." John cleared his throat nervously.

"Well?" the Director asked impatiently when the agent remained silent. "Out with it already."

"This is regarding John's current state of health," Abe finally interjected.

"What's wrong with Myers?" Manning stared at John intently, trying to look for signs of illness.

"As you must have read in our reports from that Felesdaemn incident two months ago, you are aware of the conditions that were required of John and Hellboy."

"Yeah," the older man grumbled.

"Well, there appears to be a side effect that we were not prepared for," Abe continued.

"What sort of side-effect?"

Abe looked over at John, and with his eyes tried to get the agent to tell the Director. Myers frowned but couldn't bring himself to say it.

"For God's sakes. John is pregnant with my child," Hellboy blurted out impulsively.

The silence was deafening and the proverbial pin could be heard dropping. Manning stared hard at all three figures, trying to determine if he was the victim of a very ill mannered joke. "Repeat that," he ordered.

"It's true," Myers finally managed to croak out. "I'm... expecting."

You can see the narrowing of Manning's eyes as they focused fixedly around the level of John's waistline. The young man was starting to feel slightly uncomfortable from the unwanted attention he was receiving.

"How can that be? How can that be physically possible? You were only temporary transformed. Not even for that long in fact," Manning protested.

"That is correct," Abe jumped in again. "But while in his demon form John underwent a heat cycle. This caused a huge influx of hormones to be produced within his body and therefore made it possible for him to be impregnated. There are cells in his body, as we speak, that are changing to adapt to the fetus' presence."

"So what does that mean? Will he be turning into a demon again? Is the BPRD compromised?"

"Don't you dare use that word about Myers," Hellboy growled. Manning ignored him and waited for an answer from Abe.

"No," Abe corrected. "There is no endangerment of John becoming a Feledaemn again. I predict that the changes are wholly internal and just to sustain a suitable environment for the development of the fetus. I believe that once the child is born John's physiology should return to normal."

More silence ensued.

"I don't know if I can believe this," Manning muttered. He stared at Myers again. "You're really pregnant?" he asked incredulously. When John nodded, he shook his head in disbelief. "With Red's baby?" Another nod. Finally, Manning sighed. "I'm sorry about that," he muttered sympathetically.

"Hey!" Hellboy objected.

"So where does this bring us exactly? I assume you three have already worked out some plan of action?"

"Abe thinks it may be best if I no longer participate out on the field," John spoke.

"Alright, I can live with that. There's still plenty of administration work that can keep you busy here," Manning conceded. "What about the mission from tonight?"

"We were unsuccessful in eliminating it," Abe reported. "I am currently in the middle of looking for a way to overcome the demon in question. It should not take much longer. It appears that its targets are specific and as long as we keep the area evacuated we should be okay for now."

"Very well, I trust you men. Please keep me informed of the situation." The older man paused

briefly before asking warily, "Is there anything else I should know about?"

"That will be all for now, Tom," Abe answered. They were dismissed and the three of them turned for the door.

"Myers," Manning suddenly called out before the door closed behind them. John turned around to see what his superior wanted. "Congratulations," was the rough reply and he was promptly dismissed again. Even Abe couldn't help but grin.

The three of them departed the directorial wing of the building and headed back towards the library. Just as they were about to walk through the heavy oak doors, Abe stopped suddenly and looked back at his friends. "Perhaps it is time you rested," he gently suggested to John.

Myers looked stunned. "But we have to figure out a way to fight against Lilith. Didn't you just say that tomorrow she would be at her peak?"

"Yes, but I am sure that a few hours of rest from yourself will not set us back too greatly. I will take the time organize the material and when you are feeling refreshed you can help me search through the information."

John looked like he was about to protest again, but Hellboy jumped in before he was able to say anything. "C'mon, `Scout. It's just for a few hours. It's already pretty late, and what good will you be to us if you're running ragged tomorrow?"

The agent pursed his lips together but couldn't argue with reason. "Fine. But only for the sake of the baby," he muttered as he turned towards Hellboy's residence. Red hurried after the retreating man after making quick eye contact with Abe. When the two of them were inside the large room, Hellboy locked the door behind him and quickly swallowed John up into a firm hug.

John wrapped his arms around Hellboy's midsection and rested his head against the powerful chest. He could hear the steady beating of his lover's heart. In turn, Hellboy easily rested his chin on top of John's head and cradled the slighter body against his own. They stood like that for several minutes, in quiet contentment.

Hellboy was the first to break the silence.

"How's mommy feeling? Did you... Oomph!"

Red pouted as he rubbed his shin where John had kicked him. But his petulant expression was wasted as his lover had his back turned to him. He followed John into the bed and snuggled close again. "I was just teasing," he mumbled.

John scowled. "You better never call me that in public, Hellboy. Or I'll kick more than your leg next time."

Hellboy pouted some more, but knew that it wasn't having any effect on the man, so he changed tactics. Slowly, he began to nuzzle his nose against the crook of John's neck and inhaled. He absolutely loved the smell and feel of the skin there. When Myers began to turn his neck away to give him easier access, Hellboy knew he had the man hooked.

He started kissing and licking the soft skin, eliciting sounds of soft purring from John. Knowing that his lover was thoroughly distracted by now, he stealthily began to undress the man. John unconsciously complied as he let himself get divulged of his tie, shirt and pants. Carefully, Hellboy leaned the nearly naked body down to the mattress and broadened the area of his kissing and licking to the smooth chest. As he did so, he felt slender fingers lace through his hair and traced along the remains of his horns.

Hellboy hated it whenever anyone looked at his horns, never mind *touch*. But he discovered that he easily gets turned on whenever John touched them. The man always treated them with reverence, and handled them gently and with care. Now was no exception. The leather pants that Hellboy wore felt very tight all too suddenly.

But for now he ignored his urges, intent only on pleasing John. His lips brushed across a nipple and the man gasped, arching his back in want. Hellboy decided to concentrate his efforts onto the pink nub and flicked his tongue assertively across the sensitive flesh. Myers writhed harder and moaned louder under the ministrations. After a few minutes of working out the nipple, Hellboy moved across the hairless chest and started to work on the other.

Once he had that nipple swollen also, he released it and slowly kissed the warm skin down the sternum and towards the flat plane of the taut stomach. Hellboy paused briefly when he reached the naval and studied the surface intently. He used his flesh hand and started caressing the area gently, although he wasn't sure exactly what he was palpating for. A slight softening of John's torso can be detected, but just barely. It wasn't so much as a small bump, but a very slight curve had developed. When he heard chuckling, Hellboy looked up sharply at his lover to see what was so funny.

John had cocked his head up and was smiling at him. "You have such a school-boy look of fascination on your face."

"It's just so amazing," Hellboy replied in awe and he softly brushed his nose and cheek against the abdomen. "Just thinking about my child being in there... *inside* of you is such a turn on. Is that perverted?"

"Nah. I think you're confusing that with virility. I mean, c'mon Red...you've done the impossible and got a guy pregnant." Myers snickered louder. "How much more sexual potency can one get?" The laughter died suddenly and became a soft gasp of pleasure when Hellboy started palming the tent that had formed in John's boxers. He expertly fondled the hard cock and testicles that was separated from his touch by a mere piece of thin cotton. Myer's legs instinctively spread further apart and his body started to gyrate into the hand that brought so much pleasure up his spine and to the core of his being.

"Let's take this off and get you naked," Hellboy murmured into John's ear. The man lifted his ass up and allowed for the flimsy material to be removed from his body. Without the barrier of cloth his cock immediately fell back against his stomach, hard and erect. Hellboy made himself comfortable on the mattress and settled himself between John's strong thighs. In one swoop he was able to easily engulf the pulsing organ into his mouth. Myers cried out and arched his groin to drive himself deeper into Hellboy's throat.

With a hot, moist mouth around his cock and a warm hand playing with his balls, John felt like he could very well shoot at a moment's notice. "Red," he panted. "I'm getting really close. I think I'm gonna cum."

Hellboy encouraged him vocally, but since his mouth was full of cock, his reply was converted into a series of vibrations that coursed along John's organ. This was his end. White lights exploded behind Myers' eye sockets and a surge of blinding energy shot up his body and out of his limbs. His fingers grasped tightly at the material of the bed sheets and his toes curled in ecstasy. Semen erupted from his cock as a loud cry did from his mouth, and Hellboy eagerly swallowed up the former and thrilled in the latter.

He continued to lap at the softening dick, until John began to whimper from the over stimulation. Reluctantly, Hellboy released it from his mouth and kissed his way back up to the revered stomach. "Are you happy in there little one?" he whispered to the microscopic entity inside.

John was panting hard and was too busy catching his breath to hear the softly spoken words. When Hellboy straightened and stretched out beside him, the human snuggled close and let himself be embraced. "What about you?" he asked his demon lover. Hellboy could tell the man was nearly half asleep but the concern was apparent in the brown eyes.

"Don't worry about me," Red smiled. "Go to sleep and take care of baby. I'll be here when you wake up."

"Promise?" came the sleepy slur.

"Promise." And Hellboy did as he vowed he would and stayed where he was; ready to greet his lover when the man awoke.

>>>>>

John slowly stirred awake and buried himself closer to the warm object behind his back. There was even breathing against his neck so he knew that his live pillow was still asleep. A gentle mew caught his attention and he opened one eye to stare into the furry face of a cat. The feline mewed again and then proceeded to clean herself. Yawning and amused, John glimpsed over to the digital clock on the bedside table and abruptly sat up in alarm when he saw that it was already 7 o'clock the next morning.

Hellboy snorted awake at the sudden movement and instantly became alert when John leapt out of his embrace and out of bed. "'Scout?" he asked sleepily. "What's going on?"

"Dammit Red," John cursed as he looked around for some clean clothes and boxers. "You let me sleep for too long. I've been in bed for almost nine hours!"

Yawning loudly, Hellboy scratched himself and landed his head back onto a pillow. "You wouldn't have slept for so long if your body didn't need it," he retorted. "What's all the stress about anyway?"

Myers hopped in place as he pulled some black pants on and buttoned up a crisp white shirt. His eyes scanned the room in search of his tie from last night. "I'm supposed to be helping Blue research on Lilith. We don't have much time to prepare for tonight's plan of attack."

Hellboy suddenly sat up again. "Whoa there Squirt. Who said anything about you coming along? You're just doing research and that's it. I don't think my heart can handle an encore of last night."

John paid him no attention as he fixed his tie in the mirror. "I'll see you later," he said as he hurried towards the door. He had the knob in his hand and the door opened a few inches when something abruptly shut it closed. Surprised he looked at the source and saw a red hand made of stone placed flush against the wooden panel. "Red?" he questioned.

"I meant what I said," was the serious response.

"What about what we talked about just last night?" Myers questioned frustratedly.

Hellboy made a point of looking to his left, then to his right, and finally over his shoulder. "I don't see anyone else in here, do you? Unless you're worried about what my cats might think of you."

John glared at him. "I have a job to do," he stated firmly.

"And that's exactly why I'm letting you go help Blue do research," Hellboy agreed. "But, in case you've forgotten, you're not allowed to go out on field missions anymore."

"Excuse me? `Letting me'?" John asked incredulously. "What am I? Your child? I don't need your permission to do what I want." The man could feel his blood beginning to boil and he didn't know why he was acting so irrationally. Normally, he would have had no problem talking his lover into seeing things his way. But today he just wanted to pick a fight for no apparent reason at all.

Unfortunately for him, Hellboy was in the mood to humour him.

Golden eyes narrowed dangerously and a thick red finger poked him in the chest. "Actually, my child just happens to be inside of you, and as it happens, it does need my permission to do anything. Since you just happen to be carrying it around for the moment, you're gonna have to do what I say until you spit it out. Do we have an understanding here?"

John was caught utterly speechless; all words just simply escaped him. Then, to his horror, he broke down and started bawling. Hellboy looked even more horrified as he watched his lover suddenly started to cry. From lion to lamb he became, and quickly he wrapped his arms around the sobbing man in an attempt to calm him.

"Oh damn. I'm so sorry, John. I didn't mean to sound so harsh." Hellboy mentally kicked himself in the ass. "I just freak out when I think about what might happen to you. I'm such a prick, I'm so sorry. Please don't cry," he pleaded.

"I j.ust wanted to h.help," Myers hiccupped. "I d.didn't want t.to just s.sit here like an i.invalid."

"Aw Babe, no one will think you're an invalid," Hellboy crooned. He found a t-shirt lying around and used it to wipe the tears dripping from John's eyes. "Even Manning agreed that you should just stick to desk work."

John was much calmer now and took deep breaths. "I just want to see this mission through. What are we going to tell the agents if I just up and left them in the middle of a case?" He looked beseechingly up at the red demon. Hellboy took in the mussed up hair, the glimmering eyes, and the rosy nose and cheeks of his lover. He looked so adorable, how could he deny John anything?

Hellboy sighed in exasperation. "Alright, fine," he grumbled. "I'll let you complete this mission, but..." he continued when the look in John's eyes brightened, "as soon as the final mission report for this is typed out and on Manning's desk, you will absolutely not be allowed on any more field missions. Is that clear?" Hellboy tried to look stern and desperately tried to keep the grin that threatened to crack open from showing.

"Crystal," Myers exclaimed. He stood on his toes and kissed Hellboy soundly on the nose. "I gotta get going now though, Abe is probably wondering what happened to me." John stepped out of the warm embrace and without another word opened the door and rushed towards the library. Hellboy sighed again, and reached over for his comm badge.

"Blue?"

"Yes Hellboy?" the response came in a few seconds later.

"There's a kitty on his way over. Please take care of him."

"Of course, Red." The amusement was apparent in the aquatic man's voice.

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Abe smiled and placed his comm badge away when he could hear the doors to the library open.

He smiled wider when Myers stepped through and headed directly for him. "Good morning, John," he greeted the man.

"Morning Abe. Sorry if I kept you waiting," he apologized. "I slept longer than I had anticipated. I guess I was more tired than I thought."

"Do not hesitate to take rest where you can. You must not exhaust yourself," Abe warned him. He took in the flushed appearance of the young agent. "Is everything alright?" he asked.

"I think I had a mood swing before I left Red's room," John sheepishly admitted. "We're still good though. Nothing to worry about." He gestured to the neatly stacked books and the small pile of notes beside them. "You've been busy."

"Yes, I was able to accomplish quite a bit of work last night. I even had time to slip into the kitchen and steal myself some treats," Abe stated enthusiastically. He reached over for the glass jar sitting beside him, which was hidden behind the tower of texts. Gleefully, the merman opened the lid and retrieved himself a morsel of good eats.

Rotten eggs.

John caught a whiff of the pungent odor that escaped from the container and a sudden attack of nausea overcame him. He dropped the book he was holding to cover his mouth with his hands as he desperately searched the room for something to up heave into. Detecting a garbage can nearby, John quickly hurried over to it and stuck his head into the container. His body dry heaved aggressively despite the fact that there was very little in his system to empty.

Fatigued from the episode, and his torso feeling cramped, John wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and sat back with a sigh. Abe had rushed over and was kneeled on the floor next to him, feeling very much guilt ridden.

"John, are you alright? How insensitive of me, I was so excited by the prospect of eating those eggs I had completely forgotten that you can not be exposed to strong smells." Abe went and brought him a glass of water and proceeded to promptly fret over him until Hellboy showed up.

"Why are we sitting on the floor there?" Hellboy raised an eyebrow and eyed the other two. "Wouldn't the chairs be more comfortable?" He paused when he noticed how pale John looked. "'Scout? What happened to you?" He hurried over and kneeled down next to his lover.

"I inadvertently caused a nausea attack when I started eating my eggs in front of him," Abe responded. He looked remorseful and it didn't help that Hellboy sent a glare his way.

"I told you to look after him, not make him sick."

Myers tiredly looked from one demon to the other and sighed loudly. For all the care and concern for his welfare the two exhibited, it seemed a bit ironic that they appeared to have forgotten that he was there. "Guys," he started weakly, "I'm fine. I'm sure it's just a bit of morning sickness. It's one of the symptoms isn't it?" he asked Abe.

"Maybe you should go back to bed," Hellboy suggested worriedly.

"Hellboy!" John stood up and started to walk back towards the books. "I said I was fine and I mean it. I don't feel sick, I don't feel faint... I just threw up plain and simple. And now I feel fine." He paused and eyed the still opened jar of rotten eggs warily. "Uh, Blue... maybe you can close that jar up?"

Abe made a sound of self-reproach and quickly did as requested. He looked up to see man and

red demon staring tensely at each other. "Guys, I am going to finish this off in my water chamber. I feel I need to rest for a bit and regroup for tonight." He pointed his attention to John. "My notes there should be self-explanatory. Have a look over them and come find me when you are done. We shall brainstorm together and see what we come up with. I already have some ideas but I would like to hear your input first before coming to a conclusion."

"No problem, Blue."

"Please do not overdo yourself," he reminded. Myers rolled his eyes at him and, after grabbing a hold of his precious eggs, Abe left the two lovers alone.

"You're gonna read over all of that?" Hellboy asked as he watched the man begin to leaf through the not un-substantial pile of notes.

"Mmm hmm..." John was already engrossed in what he was reading and was in a world of his own.

"Did you want breakfast or anything?" Hellboy offered. He didn't like being ignored by John so easily. "I can bring you some. Cereal? Eggs? Pamcakes?" He grinned at his own wittiness.

"Hmm? Oh, coffee would be nice."

Red frowned. "Aren't you supposed to be eating for two now `Scout?"

"I'm not hungry right now, Red. Just coffee, thanks," John murmured absently as he flipped to the next page.

"Should you be even drinking coffee? I heard that caffeine isn't good for pregnancies. Maybe I should check with Blue first..."

"It's just one cup, Hellboy."

"Maybe I can find some tea instead..."

"Red!" John finally looked up exasperated. "If you can't do something as simple as getting me a cup of coffee then stay out of my way and don't bother me at all. I have a lot of work to do here and would appreciate some peace and quiet."

Luckily, there was no one else in the library to see the 6'9" demon berated by a slight human almost a foot shorter than him. Only the ticking of the second hand of the large overhead clock can be heard over the flipping of pages as Myers promptly ignored his lover.

Hellboy shifted uncomfortable from one foot to the next. "I think I'll go get us some coffee," he carefully replied, not wanting to set off another bout of bad temperament.

"Thank you."

Without another word, Hellboy quickly, and quietly, hurried out of the large room and headed straight for the cafeteria. His nerves were running shot and it wasn't even noon yet. Unwilling to further upset his partner, Hellboy made sure to make the coffee exactly as he knew the human liked it. As an afterthought, he also grabbed a slice of key lime pie. Although it was too early in the day to be eating desserts, he knew that John loved the stuff and hopefully this will soften the man back to his sweet self.

Silently he let himself back into the library and found John seated behind a large work desk. A small frown had formed on the young agent's face as the man was deep in concentration. Gently,

he placed the steaming mug down to the table, and the dessert plate next to it. Myers thanked him distractedly and reached out for the coffee, but the hand paused when it wavered over the pie plate.

"Key lime pie?" John asked confused.

"I thought you might want something to snack on," Hellboy told him nervously.

"I love key lime pie," John mentioned softly.

"I know. That's why I brought you some." Myers looked up suddenly at Hellboy, his brown eyes shining with unshed tears. Red froze in panic. "You don't have to eat it if you don't want to," he blurted. "Oh man, please don't cry," Hellboy begged.

"I'm sorry," John sniffed. "It's just that, you're so thoughtful. I love you."

"Oh? Oh... I love you too," Hellboy repeated, relief washing over him. He picked up the fork and fed the man a bit of the pie. John took the pro-offered bite into his mouth and licked the crumbs off of his lips with his tongue. He closed his eyes and made a soft sound of pleasure as he swallowed the sweet substance. Hypnotized, Hellboy watched the blissful expression on John's face and the way that tiny piece of pink flesh glistened across full lips.

When John opened his eyes again, there was a sparkle of mischief in them. "I like having dessert for breakfast," he whispered.

"I like watching you eat dessert for breakfast," Hellboy mumbled stupidly as he fed the man more of the pie. Each time Myers took a forkful into his mouth, the demon eagerly awaited for the small tongue that poked out each time. All too soon, the last bite of the dessert was fed and the plate was empty, save for some crumbs.

"That was so good," John grinned and took a long sip of his coffee. "Oh, this is good too," he murmured as the hot flavourful liquid washed down his throat. He closed his eyes again and gleefully enjoyed his drink.

Hellboy gulped. Since when did watching Myers eat become so erotic? John never made those sexy expressions or sinful sounds before. And now here he was, hard as hell just from watching the man drink coffee? "I better get going," Red stuttered. John blinked up at him innocently. "Uh... I need to... go do something," he finished lamely. "I'll be back in a few hours."

John watched in confusion as Hellboy seemed to hurry out of the library. Shrugging, he set aside the rest of his coffee to be enjoyed later and found his last place in the notes.

According to Abe's carefully written work, a common practice among the Hebrew was, indeed, to place pregnant women and newborn infants in the presence of magical amulets. Flipping through the next several pages, he found photocopies of such charms taken from the Kabbalah and Sefer Raziel. As the sources of Lilith's origin were Hebrew, it was only logical that the examples of these amulets contained the star of David, surrounded by a circle, as well as the names of the three angels, as Abe had mentioned last night. The translations of 'Adam and Eve excluding Lilith' were even inscribed on a more than a few of the illustrated charms.

Incantations and invocations to the three angels were also commonly utilized. In fact, this practice continued on for as late as the early nineteenth century in many cultures. John found an old photograph of such manuscripts, written in Hebrew. Without a thought, he photocopied it and ran to the nearest phone.

Rabbi Hillel requested that the copy of the manuscript be faxed to him and he would reply with

the translations as soon as possible. About two hours later the fax came in and John found himself on the phone again with the Rabbi.

"Agent Myers, I must admit that this is a most unusual request. It is not often that I come across such incantations in this day and age."

"Yes, I know Rabbi. I really appreciate the time you've spent on this. But may I ask another question of you, Rabbi?"

"Of course my child."

"Are these amulets still in use?"

"Few people believe in such superstitions anymore. However, I understand there are a few shops of mystical nature in some of the older districts, particularly within the Jewish community. That may be a good place to start."

"Thank you again, Rabbi." John scribbled this down onto a scrap piece of paper to give to another agent.

"I surmise that you plan on using this tonight most likely?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," John answered in surprise. "How did you guess that?"

"I understand that tonight is the new moon."

"Yes," he carefully confirmed. "I suggest you look up the book of Isaiah, chapter 34, passages 14 and 15, my child. It may come in handy." Myers mentally engraved what the Rabbi said, although it made no sense to him. He thanked the man and went in search of Abe.

He found the aquatic being floating upside down in his water chamber. John stood quietly by the thick glass and waited patiently to be noticed. When Abe saw him, he grinned wide. "This sure beats gravity," he joked. John grinned back and proceeded to tell Abe about what he found via his notes and his conversation with the Rabbi.

Abe looked thoughtful. "I believe he is making a reference to the passage that is most commonly thought to be referring to Lilith. It reads `Wildcats shall meet with desert creatures, goat-demons shall call to each other; there too Lilith shall repose, and find a place to rest. There shall the owl nest and lay and hatch and brood in its shadow.'"

John tried to make sense of the passage and was lost in thought. Then, his stomach suddenly growled, causing Abe to look up sharply.

"When was the last time you ate?" Blue demanded.

"Um," Myers looked at his watch. "About six hours ago?"

"You need to eat, John," Abe chided. "Your body requires proper nutrients to nourish your child."

"I know, I've just been so caught up with the research," John admitted. "I'll go grab something to eat now," he promised.

"Please make sure that you do. In the meanwhile, I am going to ponder upon that passage for a little while longer."

Myers nodded and headed off to the cafeteria as promised. Even though his stomach was

growling at him for food, nothing behind the glass partitions appealed to him. He was about to settle for just a plain ham and cheese sandwich when something caught his eye...

Key lime pie.

>>>> TBC... Feedback appreciated!

References:

The following link is to an interpretation of what I based my Lilith on. I do not own the rights for this picture.

For more references concerning Lilith:

<http://ccat.sas.upenn.edu/~hummm/Topics/Lilith/>

<http://sraye.20fr.com/custom4.html>

<http://www.angelfire.com/realm/shades/demons/emlilith.htm>

http://www.ritmanlibrary.nl/c/p/exh/kabb/kab_pheb_25.html

Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient leather and papyrus scrolls first discovered in 1947 in caves on the Northwest shore of the Dead Sea. Most of these documents were written or copied between 50-100 AD.

Alpha Beta of Ben Sira: Anonymous hebrew text said to be dated as early as 800 BCE.

The Talmud: A vast collection of Jewish laws and traditions.

The Zohar: A group of books which include scriptural interpretations as well as material on theosophic theology, mythical cosmogony, mystical psychology.

Kabbahal: a doctrine of esoteric knowledge concerning God and the universe. Considered part of the Jewish Oral Law and includes the understanding of the spiritual spheres in creation, and the rule and ways by which God administers the existence of the universe.

Sefer Raziel: An influential book of scholarly magic. Thought to be given to Adam by the angel Raziel.

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Chapter 4 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy double-checked to make sure that his heavy weapon was loaded, for the fifth time in the last ten minutes. A feeling of unease came over him and he knew that something bad was going to happen. He couldn't explain it, but he just *knew*.

Frustrated with what he was feeling, Hellboy cast his gaze over at the group one more time, trying to pinpoint the cause of his restlessness. The same collection of men from last night were assembled together outside of the converted van, which was parked near the pier of the industrial zone. His eyes paused on the slender figure of his lover as Myers stood apart from the other men, giving them their last briefing.

Hellboy sighed. There was absolutely no persuading the man out of coming with them tonight. And oh how he had tried. He grimaced as he thought back to the series of frightening tantrums alternated with the heart wrenching tears.

By the end of the whole ordeal, Hellboy was a complete wreck and ended up letting John have things his way. Sometimes Hellboy wondered if maybe the human wasn't playing things up just a little. Suspiciously, he narrowed his eyes in Myer's direction.

John had just finished giving the other agents their orders and looked up to see Hellboy frowning

at him. He gave the demon a dazzling smile before checking the barrel of his .38 special. Hellboy sighed once more, loudly, and slowly approached the agent. He drummed his fingers thoughtfully on the Samaritan as he thought about what he was going to say next.

Just as Hellboy opened his mouth...

"I feel fine, Red. Yes, I'm sure I want to do this... No, I don't think this is a bad idea... Yes, I'm absolutely sure I want to do this... And no, you can't change my mind." Myers cocked his gun ready, and smiled brightly up at Hellboy's look of astonishment.

"Are you two ready?" Abe came up to stand beside them. "Red, what is wrong with you?"

Hellboy finally closed his mouth and scowled. "Nothing's wrong," he growled. "Let's find this demon and get this over with." John and Abe looked at each other and shrugged before stepping into their positions.

The plan was simple. Lure the she-demon out and eliminate her with an old incantation. Unfortunately, executing the actual blueprint into practice was a whole other story. There was no guarantee that Lilith would make her presence known, or even if the old invocations would work. As with most of their assignments, they were flying by the seat of their pants and relying on sheer luck.

Overhead, the night sky was an inky black. Tiny stars sparkled faintly in their backdrop, their brilliance hindered by the neighbouring city lights. And as was expected, the moon was absent.

John took in a deep breath of the fresh air, cleansed by the nearby Atlantic. Gentle breezes caressed his hair and he could hear the leaves of the few trees close by rustle in the wind. An agent coughed quietly and another cleared his throat. It was just like the calm before a storm.

An owl could be heard all of the sudden, flapping its wings and hooting at them. The men aimed their guns at it, but then they relaxed once they realized what it was. The sounds the bird made seemed unusually loud in the dark quietness. Gracefully, it landed on its legs a few metres away and silently gazed at them with its yellow eyes.

"What is that? An owl?" Hellboy questioned loudly.

"It's a Snowy Owl," John breathed as he took a step closer towards the bird of prey to study it. "It's so beautiful. Look how white its feathers are." The owl calmly gazed its slanted eyes at the human, letting the man come close. Myers marveled at how fearless of people the animal was.

Hellboy rolled his eyes and the other agents watched the interaction between man and animal in amusement. When John was but a few feet away from the owl, tentacles shot out of nowhere from behind the bird and snatched onto his limbs. Myers cried out in surprise and the other men around him jumped in a belated response.

"John!" Hellboy screamed. He cocked his weapon, ready to shoot at the demon, but a dense haze abruptly enveloped both John and the bird, hindering his view. He didn't want to risk shooting blindly at his target so he cursed and started running towards his lover. Hellboy relied on following the sound of the man's screams. Behind him, he could hear Abe and the other agents following him. "Keep yelling!" he shouted.

The fog cleared and they found John with tentacles wrapped tightly around his waist. His legs dangled uselessly in the air as the man futilely tried to loosen the grip around him with his arms. It was apparent that Myers was having difficulty breathing. Lilith brought the agent closer to her, the white orbs of her eyes gazing intently on her victim.

Hellboy aimed the Samaritan at the demon and, just as he was about to pull the trigger, a set of tentacles shot out and plucked the weapon away from him. "Aw crap," he cursed and raced right after it. Abe continued to shoot at Lilith with the same type of firearms the other agents were using, and although his aim was accurate, the small bullets didn't seem to slow the she-demon down one bit. The moonless night was her crowning glory and her power was at her peak.

She gazed, curiously, at the human she held and studied him. She could sense a child within this one; yet, he was unlike any mother she had ever bled children out of. More bullets showered upon her, and with a screech of impatience, Lilith threw a thick appendage at the group of humans, swiping them all off their feet and onto their backs. Then she eyed the large red one haughtily... another demon.

Keeping the human safely behind her for further examination later, Lilith screeched again and focused all her energy towards Hellboy. She let her tentacles do all the work, knowing that her limbs were much quicker than the other demon could move. Easily she was able to trip him and hold him down. She was not deterred when he ripped from her grasp and kicked open wounds in a few of her appendages. With her new strength and power, Lilith was able to renew her damaged limbs and regenerate her torn ones. She had faith that the other demon would tire out eventually.

As an afterthought, she scattered the other humans with another swipe of a tentacle when she saw them rousing out of the corner of her eye. She would enjoy tormenting them later, once she was done with the red one.

After a few minutes of the same thing, Lilith lost her patience and held firmly onto Hellboy's arms. With knife-like precision, she started to cut into his flesh with the force of her limbs. The stone hand of Hellboy's right arm worked its way out of the grip and tore that tentacle off in one swipe. But quickly, another writhing limb took its place. Having had enough, Lilith used all her strength to lift Hellboy up, and threw him out into the ocean waters.

>>>>

John stared in horror, helpless, as Lilith easily beat his lover to a pulp. He knew that Hellboy could hold his own, but eventually even the red demon would tire out. The tentacles were relentless; for each one that Hellboy put out of commission it seemed like two more took its place. Lilith didn't even take her haunted eyes off of her opponent when she periodically took care of the other agents. Even Abe was looking a little worse for wear.

The grip around him had loosened slightly, enough so that he could breath again but it was still impossible to get away. When he heard Hellboy cry out loudly, John looked up in time to see his lover thrown out into the Atlantic waters. He screamed in horror and tears started falling from his eyes. He had no idea if Hellboy could swim, but given the weight of the heavy stone hand, the current status of Hellboy's physical condition, and the height he'd fallen from, Myers doubted it.

John started struggling again, more determined than ever to escape and take his vengeance out on the she-demon. The grip suddenly tightened around him as he was brought closer to Lilith. Her white blank eyes observed him as he tried to break out. She waited him out until finally his persistence stalled due to his weakened state. Anguished, Myers stilled in her lethal hold as he stared sadly at the spot in the water where Hellboy had been thrown. He wiped the tears from his eyes, clearing his blurry vision. There were no bubbles... no sign of life. Tiredly, he turned his head and saw that all the agents were lying deadly still on the ground. Even Abe laid unmoving, the rise and fall of his chest barely detectable.

"What do you want?" he screamed hoarsely at Lilith. John had no idea if she understood him, but he was desperate for a reaction from her. "What do you want from us?" When he received no immediate answer, he dropped his head in an exhausted defeat, letting the tears flow freely down

his face. John suddenly didn't care anymore if she killed him. Hellboy was dead. Was there any more point to living? Everything else just seemed so insignificant now.

Suddenly, he felt a prick on the back of his head. It wasn't particularly painful, but it did take him by surprise. Shifting his eyes to his left, he could see a thin tendril leading from it and followed it to its source. Slowly it widened into a thicker stem until it reached inside of Lilith's mouth. His eyes widened when he realized that it must be a tongue of some sort and frantically prayed that she wasn't going to suck his brains out.

A voice, a very indistinct voice could be heard. John flicked his eyes over at the demon, but saw that her lips never moved. Then he heard the voice again. Lilith must be communicating with him through this strand. He focused in on the vocal feed and concentrated on what was being said.

~~Insolent mortals.~~ It sounded like a multitude of whispering, but there was faintly one main source of thought. ~~You try to defy me. You have failed.~~

"Not till the fat lady sings," John muttered under his breath.

A numerous amount of her tentacles appeared and deftly grabbed a hold of each of John's limbs. Once he was immobilized, the appendage around his waist was removed and it started prodding at his abdomen. Myers almost laughed at the sudden look of confusion on Lilith's face, and he would have if the current situation weren't so dire. The probing intensified and two more tentacles impatiently ripped apart his shirt and exposed his naked skin.

"Hey!" he loudly protested and, with renewed strength, John started struggling against his holds again.

~~Your child...~~

"Let go of me," John futilely demanded.

~~What is it?~~

"What?"

~~The child is demon. I must have it.~~ The rest of his shirt was torn apart and suddenly the writhing limbs paused. There, hanging on a chain around John's neck, was an amulet. The small wooden ornament was engraved with a crude interpretation of three little figures. In Hebrew, the names of the three angels were carved directly above the pictures.

~~What is this?~~ Lilith sounded almost amused. To John's unexpected surprise, the demon reached out with her hand to grab the amulet. Myers briefly had a vision of seeing the hand around the wooden charm sizzle and melt, but to his disappointment nothing happened. Instead, with one sharp tug, Lilith pulled at the amulet, causing the thin chain to break. She threw it over her shoulder and kept her white gaze on John. ~~Foolish. You demon child will receive no reprieve from an oath that protected human infants.~~

John swallowed hard and, with renewed vigor, began struggling in her hold once more. When he felt another prick behind his head, he looked and saw that the tongue that was attached to him had been retrieved. Another tentacle came to take its place and started forcing its way into John's mouth. He stopped moving as it required all his effort to keep his lips pursed against the unwanted intruder. But when the hold around his neck tightened suddenly, the agent let out a small gasp of pain, which allowed the tentacle to slither into his mouth.

John could feel the organ try to work its way down his throat. With the large blockage inside of his pharynx, he found that he was unable to breathe and he could feel himself becoming light

headed from lack of oxygen. His eyes began to close as his surroundings became black, until eventually all bodily movement ceased.

>>>>

Wildcats shall meet with desert creatures...

>>>>

Abe shook his head to clear it, and immediately regretted it when a sharp pain filled his skull from inside out. Slowly, the merman began to take in his surroundings and saw the other agents with him were lying on the ground, scattered all around and clearly exhausted.

When Abe looked up, all he could see clearly was the Lilith demon, holding John spread out with her tentacles. He started to panic when he realized that one of the serpentine limbs was lodged down the agent's throat and that the man looked unconscious. Desperately, he looked around for Hellboy but couldn't find him. Deciding that it was now up to him to save everyone, Abe hurriedly searched his body for the written incantation he had brought with him.

Praying to all entities above that the spell would have an effect on the she- demon, Abe began to loudly recite the first few phrases:

"You are bound and sealed,
all you demons and devils and liliths,
by that hard and strong,
mighty and powerful bond with which are tied Sison and Sisin..."

He stopped when Lilith looked down at him and started screeching. She began to attack with her tentacles, which he quickly dodged. Now that the she-demon's attention was on Abe, she did not notice a change occurring within the human she held in her grip.

>>>>

Deep inside the man's body was an unborn entity that realized its continued existence was in peril. Afraid for its shortened life, as well as for its carrier, mRNA was produced and sent out to appropriate cells, demanding for an increase in hormonal production.

>>>>

Lilith howled in pain when one of her tentacles was abruptly bitten off and many more torn out. She momentarily ignored the aquatic being to begin assault on her new attacker. The human she had once held was now crouched low to the ground. When he raised his head to look up at her, there were yellow pupils in the eyes and the black viscous liquid of her body fluids dripping from his sharp fangs.

Myers, or the half breed he had once more become, smiled briefly and wiped the liquid from his lips. The sharpened claws on his fingers glimmered with the same dark substance. Before Lilith was able to determine what she was dealing with, the feline demon leaped up high into the air and proceeded to tear deeply into the tentacles she abruptly threw at him. Black liquid splattered everywhere; she could hardly keep up with the quickness of the half-breed.

Meanwhile, with his attacker momentarily occupied, Abe quickly continued on with the chant.

"The evil Lilith,
who causes the hearts of men to go astray
and appears in the dream of the night

and in the vision of the day,
Who burns and casts down with nightmare,
attacks and kills children,
boys and girls.
She is conquered and sealed
away from the house
and from the threshold of Bahram-Gushnasp son of Ishtar-Nahid
by the talisman of Metatron,
the great prince
who is called the Great Healer of Mercy....
who vanquishes demons and devils,
black arts and mighty spells
and keeps them away from the house
and threshold of Bahram-Gushnasp, son of Ishtar-Nahid
Amen, Amen, Selah."

Lilith's movements slowed to a sluggish pace. She was definitely no longer a match for the angry cat demon she fought. Myers somehow knew that his unborn child's life was threatened, and he mercilessly set his sights on destroying the Tortuous Serpent. He ripped and tore and scratched at his weakening opponent. Sharp claws opened up flesh like a hot knife through butter, and he spat out the chunks of vile tissue that he bit off with his fangs.

Abe's voice remained loud and strong. He easily sidestepped the few tentacles that had tried to reach out to stop his chanting.

"Vanquished are the black arts and mighty spells.
Vanquished the bewitching women,
they, their witchery and their spells,
their curses and their invocations,
and kept away from the four walls
of the house of Bahram-Gushnasp, the son of Ishtar-Hahid.
Vanquished and trampled down are the bewitching women --
vanquished on earth and vanquished in heaven.
Vanquished are their constellations and stars.
Bound are the works of their hands.

"Amen, Amen, Selah," Abe yelled as loud as he could. The other agents had picked themselves up by then and had watched the calm merman they thought they had known so well surge with power, his voice becoming a forceful weapon. Then they saw the mild mannered man that was their commanding agent, in all his feral glory, attack at Lilith effortlessly. The men had a feeling that the current situation was now way beyond their scope of training so they stood sensibly off to the side to stay out of the way.

A wind tunnel swirled into being as the last word left Abe's lips. They tornadoed around Lilith, who had weakened dramatically and was protecting the last shred of her existence from the half demon fighting her. One of the wind funnels blew off of the port and into the ocean. There, the waters parted and before long, something was moving within the wind tunnel, blown centrally around and around until it finally broke free from the tornado and landed onto the cemented harbor.

>>>>

...goat demons shall call to each other...

>>>>

It was a large red figure standing there, dripping wet and full of wrath. His eyes were blood red and giant horns curved high above his crown. Anung Un Rama stood tall and regal, the dark prince setting his burning eyes upon the female demon. Everyone paused, unsure of what to do. Even Myers momentarily froze in mid-swipe when he saw the newcomer.

The red demon slowly started walking towards Lilith and with a frightening speed, he suddenly had his stone hand around her neck. Tentacles lashed out randomly, reaching for whatever was in its path, as Lilith struggled to escape the lethal hold of the angered demon.

The wind tunnels had disappeared by now and were replaced by a strong gale. The ocean waters of the Atlantic crashed hard against the port and violent waves formed. All eyes were on the two demons and everyone waited to see how the serpent witch would expire. When Anung Un Rama finally opened his mouth, foreign words were spoken loudly.

"Lilith, abitu, abizu, hakash, avers hikpodu, ayalu, matrota...*"

>>>>

...there too Lilith shall repose, and find a place to rest.

>>>>

With a loud cry, her final cry, Lilith wavered and twisted until she was surrounded with a screen of smoke. Once the air cleared, all that was left of the she-demon was a statue of her made of dust. Its details blurred as small particles were blown off by the dying wind, and it continued to swirl away until eventually nothing was left. The ocean waves were now calmed to a gentle current and the night sky was silent once more.

"Red?" Abe slowly approached the large demon and breathed a sigh of relief when the eyes became yellow and lucid again.

Hellboy reached up to his horns and broke them off. "I never thought I'd become that demon again," he grumbled.

"How are you feeling?"

"Not too badly, considering I sat like a lump of stone underwater for the last ten minutes." Hellboy picked up his Samaritan from the ground and shook water off of its metallic surface.

"Uh, Red?" Abe sounded decidedly uncomfortable.

"What is it?" He looked up to see the merman pointing behind him. Hellboy turned around and saw Myers still crouched low to the ground. Yellow eyes gazed back calmly at him, but the hybrid's stance was tense and he looked ready to pounce. "Aw crap."

"It must have been a protective mechanism to ensure the baby's survival," Abe mused. "We will have to get him back to the BPRD so that I can inject an antidote into him. Pregnant demons are extremely volatile and dangerous. We must turn John back into his human form."

"Easier said than done," Hellboy muttered as for every step he took towards his lover, Myers jumped back one. "For God's sakes, Kitty... it's me! You're having my baby dammit, the least you can do is remember who I am."

Myers purred warily at him, but continued to keep his distance. Suddenly, he dropped to his knees and hissed in pain. His arms wrapped around his waist and he started vomiting. Without another thought, both Hellboy and Abe ran to his side. The half demon allowed himself to be

wrapped up in Hellboy's arms and mewed pathetically. Abe took a hold of his arm, and despite his current situation Myers still tried to swipe at the merman, albeit weakly. Risking injury to himself, Abe grabbed firmly to the pale arm and felt for the wrist.

"We need to get John back to the Bureau now, Hellboy," Abe ordered. "His pulse is weak, and if he is vomiting I am willing to bet that his blood pressure is dropping as well." Hellboy quickly gathered up the whimpering feline demon in his arms and ran towards the van; Abe fast at his side.

"Mission success," Hellboy yelled at the gathering agents. "Head back to HQ immediately. We have one man down."

Abe slammed the door behind them and almost immediately the vehicle started moving. "This is not good," he fretted.

"What's going on, Blue?" Hellboy demanded. "What's happening to John? What's not good?"

"While John was in Lilith's grasps, I witnessed him lose consciousness for a brief while due to suffocation. If he was out for long enough, there is a risk that he may have suffered from brain damage."

"What?" Hellboy tightened his hold on his lover and looked down to see that Myers had his eyes closed and was breathing very faintly.

"It is a small risk as I do not believe he was out for long, but it is something we must not rule out. The other factor that I am worried about is the aggressive handling he endured. A violent enough jar to his system may be enough to cause a miscarriage. It did not help that he also transformed, which places a considerable amount of stress to his physiology." Abe took John's pulse again to reassure himself. "We must get him into the medical ward as quick as we can. I cannot be sure of anything until I perform an ultrasound on him."

"Dammit," Hellboy swore.

"Hellboy," Abe reluctantly continued. "If John indeed did just suffer from a miscarriage... if we do not remove the fetus from his body... we may lose him too."

>>>>TBC * The secret names of Lilith, revealed to the prophet Elijah.

http://www.ritmanlibrary.nl/c/p/exh/kabb/kab_pheb_25.html

<http://ccat.sas.upenn.edu/~hummm/Topics/Lilith/bowls.html>

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Chapter 5 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy kicked opened the heavy metal doors to the Health Ward effortlessly with the heel of his boot. Held close to his chest was John. The young agent remained unresponsive in his hold and appeared to be barely breathing. "C'mon Squirt," Hellboy mumbled desperately to himself, "stay with me here. Don't leave me..." The quiet mantra was repeated over and over again under the demon's breath as he hurried his precious package through the wide, sterile halls.

Abe ran beside him matching him step for step. He steered Hellboy into an unoccupied operating room and ordered the nearby nurses to prepare the screening monitors and IV units.

"Agent is down, possibly due to traumatic shock," Abe informed his staff. "Start me up with point two milligrams of epinephrine. I will also need a saline drip and an epinephrine drip for backup." The medical crew moved about to efficiently perform their tasks. Meanwhile, the merman glanced over at his large friend, who was currently giving the orderlies grief. "Red," Abe admonished. "Let the men do their jobs and put John down onto the table."

"Forget it," Hellboy growled. If anything, he held the human even closer to his body.

"Hellboy," Abe said firmly. "Let John go." He walked right up to the red demon and stared him straight in his yellow eyes. "Hellboy," he said again. "If you do not let him go then I will not be able to perform on him. I must attend to John and the baby."

It slowly dawned on Hellboy what his friend was saying and very reluctantly his grasp on his lover slackened ever so slightly. The orderlies took this opportunity to take the fallen agent away from Hellboy and carefully laid the body onto the table. When they began to tie down the man's limbs with wide straps of leather, Hellboy protested loudly.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded as he stood up to his full height of 6'9". "Why are you strapping him down?" He moved to his lover's side and was about to rip apart the holds when Abe quickly stepped up to him and held him back with a simple push of the hand. There was no force needed, just the serious gaze of his expression was enough to make Hellboy pause.

"It is only a precautionary, Red. As sick as John is at the moment, please remember that he is still in his Felesdaemn form. Until we can normalise his condition we must assume that his actions will be unpredictable."

"Why don't you just stick the antidote into him and take care of that problem?"

"Unfortunately, I am not certain if John's physiology can handle a sudden shift in physical and chemical change at this time. I am going to play on the side of caution and wait until we get his condition stabilised first before dealing with his transformation. So until then, I am afraid that the straps stay."

Hellboy was breathing hard and tried to calm himself down. "Blue, look at him.

He's not going to hurt anyone. I'll stay here and make sure of that," he beseeched.

"I am sorry, Hellboy." Abe gently, but firmly, began to push him towards the door. "I can not allow you to stay in this room at this time. You must wait outside like everyone else. I can not afford to make any mistakes and in your emotional state you may compromise what goes on in here."

Red sputtered and begged and pleaded. Then he growled and snarled and threatened. But to no avail, he soon found himself out in the waiting area with the metal door slammed shut in his face. In disbelief, he listened to the sound of the heavy lock on the other side of the door engaged into place. And cursed, did he ever.

>>>>

After taking a long breath of relief, Abe stepped away from the door and accepted the clear syringe that was given to him by a nurse. "That's point two of the epi," she confirmed.

He nodded and tapped lightly at the inside of Myer's wrist. Carefully he inserted the tip of the needle into the faintly blue vessel of a vein and injected the vasodilator into the man's bloodstream.

"BP is slowly rising," another nurse announced. "Heart rate is at 65... 67... 70..."

He's plateau'd at 73."

"That appears to be working for now," Abe said. He took a small penlight and pried open John's eyelids to direct the small beam into the pupils. They constricted from the sudden light source,

which pleased the merman. "What is his BP at currently?" he asked.

"It's reached only about 90 over 60."

"Hook him up to the saline bag and put him on an epi drip for the time being. Once his BP hits his norm please remove the drip." Abe pulled aside the last remaining shreds of what was left of the agent's shirt and applied some gel onto the man's bare abdomen. "I am going to take an ultrasound of the fetus while he's out. Please prepare the sound head for me."

As one of the nurses hooked an IV to John's arm, another prepped up the required equipment for the ultrasound. Once the fuzzy images cleared up slightly, Abe stared at the black and white screen with a look of disbelief. Uncertain if he was seeing things, he moved the sound head to another angle for a better view. The new imaging did not clear things up for him.

While he pondered over this new bit of information, one of the nurses glanced over his shoulder to see what was so puzzling. She glanced down at the file she held, which contained all of Myer's health records, and did a double look at the ultra- screen. "Is this record correct?" she asked incredulously as she waved at the file.

"Yes," Abe murmured as he moved the sound head to yet another angle. "I recorded the information down myself. This is very remarkable," he mused.

The other nurse stood next to them to see what the new commotion was about. As she looked down at the screen, then compared it to the records, the same look of confusion appeared on her face. "That's odd," she commented.

"Indeed," Abe solemnly agreed.

>>>>>

Hellboy glared through the glass pane of the operating room and controlled his urge to break through the thick panel. Instead, his foot tapped impatiently at the ground and his tail twitched in agitation. Sitting on a fine line of wrath and fear, he watched as Abe and two other aides moved around the pale figure on the bed.

A bag of a saline solution was hooked up through an IV to Myer's left arm, and several more wires were attached to his chest and temples. The monitor sitting on the right of the patient bleeped with readings of BP, EEG and EKG. Hellboy could see the green numbers on the black screen clearly though the glass panel, but had no frickin' clue what they meant.

"What's going on?"

Hellboy scowled when he realised whom it was that stood all too closely next to him. "John somehow changed back into his demonic form when we were dealing with that Lilith demon. He was held captive and Blue thinks that he might've undergone some physical injury to the baby. They've been in there for..."

"What? Myers is a demon again?" Manning interrupted and glared hard through the glass. "Should we have those aides in there?"

"The man is strapped down for God's sake," Hellboy growled.

The Director still seemed antsy about the idea. "Shouldn't they be feeding him the antidote or something?"

"They will as soon as they have his condition stabilised," Hellboy slowly gritted between his

teeth. "Trust me, Myers is no threat to anyone."

Manning made a sound of disbelief but spoke no more of it. "I trust the mission was a success then?"

Hellboy grunted an affirmative, having decided that he'd spent too much energy conversing with the man already. Instead, he returned his attention to his lover and perked up when he realised that Abe and his two assistants were coming out of the room. "How's John?" he demanded when Abe had no more than opened up the door. Hellboy moved to fit through the door but the merman stopped him.

"His condition is stable for the moment, his body went into shock and he seems to be responding well to the dose of epinephrine I have administered. The IV will ensure that his body recovers the fluid that he had lost and he should be well by tomorrow."

"Will you be giving him an antidote for the transformation?" Manning asked. Hellboy glared warningly at him; the man was starting to rip away at his last nerve.

Abe nodded. "As soon as John's vital readings become satisfactory once more I shall inject a dose of the serum into his system."

"So can I see him now?" Hellboy wanted to know. He was anxious to get to his lover's side.

"In a moment. I have something I need to tell you first."

"Is it something that I'll need to know as well?" Manning questioned. "If not, I have other things I need to attend to."

"No, it really only concerns Hellboy," Abe told him. The older man nodded and quickly exited the health ward. "It is about the baby," Abe continued.

Hellboy paused and stopped breathing. "What about it?" he finally asked.

"The fetus caused a heavy influx of hormones to be produced, which was what caused John to transform into a Felesdaemn again..."

"Yeah yeah, you've already covered that," Hellboy prodded along. "Cut to the point already."

Abe pursed his lips but continued, "When I took an ultrasound of the fetus, it had grown exponentially from the last time we did an imaging, which was only two days ago. Originally we had determined the fetus to be roughly around 11 weeks along, but now it appears to be about 13 weeks or so."

"The baby's growing faster? So what does that mean?"

"As you know, a human male's body is not designed to undergo certain stresses, pregnancy being one of them."

"Uh huh."

"If the fetus continues to develop at this rate, John will be ready to deliver in 2 weeks instead of 4 months."

"Go on."

"I am hoping that once the antidote is working and John is back to his human state again the

development will slow down."

"Okay."

"If not, I do not know if John's body will be able to cope."

Hellboy paused. "Exactly what are you getting at here Blue?"

"I just want you to be aware of the current scenario."

"But John will be okay right?" Hellboy persisted.

"If everything goes as I anticipate it will."

"Right," Hellboy mused slowly. He wasn't quite sure if he fully understood what Abe was telling him, and therefore not sure whether to be concerned or relieved. Meanwhile, Abe himself wondered if he should try to explain it again, in more simplistic terms. The two of them quietly pondered in silence when a faint hiss could be heard through the door. They both turned their heads towards the glass panel and saw John alert and well, thrashing about in his restraints. "I guess Kitty's up again." Hellboy followed the merman into the room, refusing to be locked out again, and rushed over to his lover's side.

>>>>

He watched warily as two large figures entered the room and he hissed and screeched at them. If his arms were free he would have happily scratched their eyes out as well. When the larger of the two, the huge red one, approached closer, the hybrid sniffed delicately and recognised the scent of his mate.

Immediately, he stopped with his hissing and began to purr. His mate started to stroke his hair and he closed his eyes in contentment. He could feel the little one inside of him stir in its sire's presence.

When he suddenly felt a sharp prick on his arm, his eyes flew opened and he began his verbal assault on the other figure in the room. The blue one had a syringe piercing his flesh, injecting some clear serum into his system. His mate began to whisper soothing words into his ear, and he looked up with a wounded look, confused at what was going on. Soon, he felt his eyes begin to drop, heavy with sleep, and slumber took over.

>>>>

John felt like crap. There was a small man with a jackhammer going at it inside of his head, and a fire burning behind his eyes. His whole body was sore and his throat was dry as a desert. He went to scratch his chest, and opened his eyes when he realised that he was strapped down.

"What the hell?" he muttered and looked up to see Red slumped over in a nearby chair, asleep. "Red," he yelled, trying to wake the demon up.

Hellboy snorted and jerked awake, nearly falling out of his chair in the process. Suddenly alert he frantically surveyed the room before his gaze settled on the agent. "Scout, you're awake!" he exclaimed.

"Red, why am I tied to the bed?"

"You somehow transformed into a Felesdaemn again last night." Hellboy stood up and stretched, yawning loudly.

"I did?" John was in shock. He didn't realise that he still had the capability to change form. "What happened? What happened to Lilith? Did anyone get hurt? Where's Blue?"

"Calm down Squirt." Hellboy reached over and began to gently undo the leather straps. "We kicked ass, what can I say? You were great out there. My little Kitty... attacking the big mean demon with your claws and... Dammit!"

Hellboy rubbed the back of his head, wincing from the pain radiating back there. "You've been getting very abusive lately," he muttered to John, who was busy rubbing the circulation back into his limbs.

The man glared at the demon. "First of all, do not under any circumstances ever call me Kitty. And second, do not talk to me like I'm a five year old. I am not a child, and will not tolerate being treated as such."

"Mood swings again huh?"

"I am *not* having mood swings!" John screamed. Angry, he jumped off the bed, and immediately regretted it when he was hit with a dizzy spell. His head throbbed painfully and he instinctively reached out with his arms to steady his balance. A pair of strong hands wrapped around his waist and John leaned back into the hard body.

"Are you okay?" Red fretted as he steered the man back towards the bed.

"Yeah," he mumbled. "I guess I moved too fast."

Hellboy sighed, pulled John onto his lap and rubbed him soothingly. "You'd just had the snot beaten out of you, you were suffocated, and you were transformed back into a demon all in the last 12 hours. Please, John, I'm begging you to take it easy."

Myers rested his cheek against the warm chest and listened to Hellboy's heartbeat. He could hear it quicken slightly so he knew that his lover was scared. When he looked up he could see the concern written all over Hellboy's face. "Fine," he finally conceded. "I'll try to take things easy from now on."

"Promise?" Hellboy demanded.

"Yes," he muttered petulantly. "But just until the baby comes out," he warned.

"Who will take care of the child then?"

John stared at him, blinking in confusion. "What?"

"Who's going to baby-sit the kid? If you're off running around playing with guns, who's gonna take care of..."

"We'll cross that bridge once we get to it," John said dryly. Carefully, he removed himself off of Hellboy and stood on his own two feet. Once he was sure that he wasn't going to fall down, he walked over to the bathroom to relieve himself.

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Hellboy came rushing in at the cry and looked ready to do battle. "What is it?" he demanded. His yellow eyes scanned the small room for signs of danger.

"How the hell did my gut get so big? It was still flat last night!"

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"I can tell you that."

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"Goddammit!" he swore as he hopped around on his good foot. Quickly, he landed on the bed and rubbed his sore limb. "I hate this," he scowled. Once the sharp pain in his foot subsided, he fell back onto the mattress. In boredom, he stared up at the ceiling.

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When he heard a knock, Myers quickly pulled the towel out and threw it back onto the rack before the door opened. He turned to see a nurse coming in with a tray of food.

"Good morning, Agent Myers," the friendly woman greeted. She placed the plastic tray onto the side table and began to rearrange the pillows and linens on the bed.

"Morning," John said. He walked over to the bed and stared down at the tray in disappointment. It contained only a couple slices of toast, a cup of herbal tea and a glass of apple juice. There was also a small paper cup that contained a few colourful pills. He stared at the nurse in mild disbelief. "What's this?" he asked.

"Your breakfast," she chirped.

Myers eyed the dry looking toast again. "There's not really much to it," he commented.

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He grabbed a slice and bit into it, washing it down with the clear juice. "Can I at least have a cup of coffee? I'm not a big tea drinker.

"Absolutely not," the nurse said adamantly. "Your caffeine intake will be limited throughout the duration of your pregnancy." She smiled at the look of forlorn that came across the young man's face. "You'll be able to have the odd cup of coffee every so often. No more than a cup every other day maybe. You just won't be receiving any of it while you're here that's all."

Relieved at the news, John swallowed down the rest of the toast and juice. Next, he tried the tea. After the first sip, he decided that it was really not his... cup of tea... so to speak. He made a face at the fruity tang and stuck his tongue out.

The nurse caught his look of distaste and laughed. "It's a blend of chamomile and orange extract. It will keep your stomach calm. Abe insisted that you drink all of it."

"Figures he would," he grumbled. He took another tentative sip and made another face. Oh how he longed for the strong bitter taste of coffee.

"Don't forget to take your pills," the woman reminded him. "There's vitamin A and C, along with iron and calcium supplements. The child will depend more and more of your own body's resources to nourish itself with, so we must ensure that you don't find yourself depleted of those nutrients."

Myers threw the pills into the back of his mouth and took another reluctant sip of the tea to wash it down with. He stomach began to churn. "I don't think I can finish the rest of this," he mumbled. "I think it's making me sick." He rubbed his lower chest when it started to feel uneasy, and threw his legs over the side of the bed incase he needed to make an emergency trip to the toilet.

The nurse frowned in concern and quickly took the tray away. "Let me get you some water," she said. "I'll make sure to let Abe know that you're having an adverse reaction to this tea." She hurried out of the room and returned shortly after with a glass of room temperature water.

John took it gratefully and swallowed a large gulp. He made sure to swish it around the inside of his mouth before swallowing to remove the lingering taste of citrus and flowers. Immediately, his stomach calmed down and he leaned back against the bed's pillows. A wave of fatigue suddenly overcame him and he felt sleepy.

The woman began to fuss over him and pulled the blankets over his body. "Sleep now, Agent Myers. You've been on your feet and running around for the last few days. Absolutely no way for someone in your condition to behave." John was too tired to even glare at that comment. "I will be back in a few hours to wake you up for lunch and your next dose of medication. Will you need anything else before I go?"

The man shook his head and closed his eyes. Faintly he heard the door closed as the nurse left the room, but already he was starting to drift asleep. When he saw his lover's face smiling down at him, John knew that it was going to be a good dream and he smiled himself.

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Chapter 6 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy kicked opened the heavy metal doors to the Health Ward effortlessly with the heel of his boot. Held close to his chest was John. The young agent remained unresponsive in his hold and appeared to be barely breathing. "C'mon Squirt," Hellboy mumbled desperately to himself, "stay with me here. Don't leave me..." The quiet mantra was repeated over and over again under the demon's breath as he hurried his precious package through the wide, sterile halls.

Abe ran beside him matching him step for step. He steered Hellboy into an unoccupied operating room and ordered the nearby nurses to prepare the screening monitors and IV units.

"Agent is down, possibly due to traumatic shock," Abe informed his staff. "Start me up with point two milligrams of epinephrine. I will also need a saline drip and an epinephrine drip for backup." The medical crew moved about to efficiently perform their tasks. Meanwhile, the merman glanced over at his large friend, who was currently giving the orderlies grief. "Red," Abe admonished. "Let the men do their jobs and put John down onto the table."

"Forget it," Hellboy growled. If anything, he held the human even closer to his body.

"Hellboy," Abe said firmly. "Let John go." He walked right up to the red demon and stared him straight in his yellow eyes. "Hellboy," he said again. "If you do not let him go then I will not be

able to perform on him. I must attend to John and the baby."

It slowly dawned on Hellboy what his friend was saying and very reluctantly his grasp on his lover slackened ever so slightly. The orderlies took this opportunity to take the fallen agent away from Hellboy and carefully laid the body onto the table. When they began to tie down the man's limbs with wide straps of leather, Hellboy protested loudly.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded as he stood up to his full height of 6'9". "Why are you strapping him down?" He moved to his lover's side and was about to rip apart the holds when Abe quickly stepped up to him and held him back with a simple push of the hand. There was no force needed, just the serious gaze of his expression was enough to make Hellboy pause.

"It is only a precautionary, Red. As sick as John is at the moment, please remember that he is still in his Felesdaemn form. Until we can normalise his condition we must assume that his actions will be unpredictable."

"Why don't you just stick the antidote into him and take care of that problem?"

"Unfortunately, I am not certain if John's physiology can handle a sudden shift in physical and chemical change at this time. I am going to play on the side of caution and wait until we get his condition stabilised first before dealing with his transformation. So until then, I am afraid that the straps stay."

Hellboy was breathing hard and tried to calm himself down. "Blue, look at him.

He's not going to hurt anyone. I'll stay here and make sure of that," he beseeched.

"I am sorry, Hellboy." Abe gently, but firmly, began to push him towards the door. "I can not allow you to stay in this room at this time. You must wait outside like everyone else. I can not afford to make any mistakes and in your emotional state you may compromise what goes on in here."

Red sputtered and begged and pleaded. Then he growled and snarled and threatened. But to no avail, he soon found himself out in the waiting area with the metal door slammed shut in his face. In disbelief, he listened to the sound of the heavy lock on the other side of the door engaged into place. And cursed, did he ever.

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After taking a long breath of relief, Abe stepped away from the door and accepted the clear syringe that was given to him by a nurse. "That's point two of the epi," she confirmed.

He nodded and tapped lightly at the inside of Myer's wrist. Carefully he inserted the tip of the needle into the faintly blue vessel of a vein and injected the vasodilator into the man's bloodstream.

"BP is slowly rising," another nurse announced. "Heart rate is at 65... 67... 70..."

He's plateau'd at 73."

"That appears to be working for now," Abe said. He took a small penlight and pried open John's eyelids to direct the small beam into the pupils. They constricted from the sudden light source, which pleased the merman. "What is his BP at currently?" he asked.

"It's reached only about 90 over 60."

"Hook him up to the saline bag and put him on an epi drip for the time being. Once his BP hits his norm please remove the drip." Abe pulled aside the last remaining shreds of what was left of the agent's shirt and applied some gel onto the man's bare abdomen. "I am going to take an ultrasound of the fetus while he's out. Please prepare the sound head for me."

As one of the nurses hooked an IV to John's arm, another prepped up the required equipment for the ultrasound. Once the fuzzy images cleared up slightly, Abe stared at the black and white screen with a look of disbelief. Uncertain if he was seeing things, he moved the sound head to another angle for a better view. The new imaging did not clear things up for him.

While he pondered over this new bit of information, one of the nurses glanced over his shoulder to see what was so puzzling. She glanced down at the file she held, which contained all of Myer's health records, and did a double look at the ultra- screen. "Is this record correct?" she asked incredulously as she waved at the file.

"Yes," Abe murmured as he moved the sound head to yet another angle. "I recorded the information down myself. This is very remarkable," he mused.

The other nurse stood next to them to see what the new commotion was about. As she looked down at the screen, then compared it to the records, the same look of confusion appeared on her face. "That's odd," she commented.

"Indeed," Abe solemnly agreed.

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Hellboy glared through the glass pane of the operating room and controlled his urge to break through the thick panel. Instead, his foot tapped impatiently at the ground and his tail twitched in agitation. Sitting on a fine line of wrath and fear, he watched as Abe and two other aides moved around the pale figure on the bed.

A bag of a saline solution was hooked up through an IV to Myer's left arm, and several more wires were attached to his chest and temples. The monitor sitting on the right of the patient bleeped with readings of BP, EEG and EKG. Hellboy could see the green numbers on the black screen clearly through the glass panel, but had no frickin' clue what they meant.

"What's going on?"

Hellboy scowled when he realised whom it was that stood all too closely next to him. "John somehow changed back into his demonic form when we were dealing with that Lilith demon. He was held captive and Blue thinks that he might've undergone some physical injury to the baby. They've been in there for..."

"What? Myers is a demon again?" Manning interrupted and glared hard through the glass. "Should we have those aides in there?"

"The man is strapped down for God's sake," Hellboy growled.

The Director still seemed antsy about the idea. "Shouldn't they be feeding him the antidote or something?"

"They will as soon as they have his condition stabilised," Hellboy slowly gritted between his teeth. "Trust me, Myers is no threat to anyone."

Manning made a sound of disbelief but spoke no more of it. "I trust the mission was a success then?"

Hellboy grunted an affirmative, having decided that he'd spent too much energy conversing with the man already. Instead, he returned his attention to his lover and perked up when he realised that Abe and his two assistants were coming out of the room. "How's John?" he demanded when Abe had no more than opened up the door. Hellboy moved to fit through the door but the merman stopped him.

"His condition is stable for the moment, his body went into shock and he seems to be responding well to the dose of epinephrine I have administered. The IV will ensure that his body recovers the fluid that he had lost and he should be well by tomorrow."

"Will you be giving him an antidote for the transformation?" Manning asked. Hellboy glared warningly at him; the man was starting to rip away at his last nerve.

Abe nodded. "As soon as John's vital readings become satisfactory once more I shall inject a dose of the serum into his system."

"So can I see him now?" Hellboy wanted to know. He was anxious to get to his lover's side.

"In a moment. I have something I need to tell you first."

"Is it something that I'll need to know as well?" Manning questioned. "If not, I have other things I need to attend to."

"No, it really only concerns Hellboy," Abe told him. The older man nodded and quickly exited the health ward. "It is about the baby," Abe continued.

Hellboy paused and stopped breathing. "What about it?" he finally asked.

"The fetus caused a heavy influx of hormones to be produced, which was what caused John to transform into a Felesdaemn again..."

"Yeah yeah, you've already covered that," Hellboy prodded along. "Cut to the point already."

Abe pursed his lips but continued, "When I took an ultrasound of the fetus, it had grown exponentially from the last time we did an imaging, which was only two days ago. Originally we had determined the fetus to be roughly around 11 weeks along, but now it appears to be about 13 weeks or so."

"The baby's growing faster? So what does that mean?"

"As you know, a human male's body is not designed to undergo certain stresses, pregnancy being one of them."

"Uh huh."

"If the fetus continues to develop at this rate, John will be ready to deliver in 2 weeks instead of 4 months."

"Go on."

"I am hoping that once the antidote is working and John is back to his human state again the development will slow down."

"Okay."

"If not, I do not know if John's body will be able to cope."

Hellboy paused. "Exactly what are you getting at here Blue?"

"I just want you to be aware of the current scenario."

"But John will be okay right?" Hellboy persisted.

"If everything goes as I anticipate it will."

"Right," Hellboy mused slowly. He wasn't quite sure if he fully understood what Abe was telling him, and therefore not sure whether to be concerned or relieved. Meanwhile, Abe himself wondered if he should try to explain it again, in more simplistic terms. The two of them quietly pondered in silence when a faint hiss could be heard through the door. They both turned their heads towards the glass panel and saw John alert and well, thrashing about in his restraints. "I guess Kitty's up again." Hellboy followed the merman into the room, refusing to be locked out again, and rushed over to his lover's side.

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He watched warily as two large figures entered the room and he hissed and screeched at them. If his arms were free he would have happily scratched their eyes out as well. When the larger of the two, the huge red one, approached closer, the hybrid sniffed delicately and recognised the scent of his mate.

Immediately, he stopped with his hissing and began to purr. His mate started to stroke his hair and he closed his eyes in contentment. He could feel the little one inside of him stir in its sire's presence.

When he suddenly felt a sharp prick on his arm, his eyes flew opened and he began his verbal assault on the other figure in the room. The blue one had a syringe piercing his flesh, injecting some clear serum into his system. His mate began to whisper soothing words into his ear, and he looked up with a wounded look, confused at what was going on. Soon, he felt his eyes begin to drop, heavy with sleep, and slumber took over.

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John felt like crap. There was a small man with a jackhammer going at it inside of his head, and a fire burning behind his eyes. His whole body was sore and his throat was dry as a desert. He went to scratch his chest, and opened his eyes when he realised that he was strapped down.

"What the hell?" he muttered and looked up to see Red slumped over in a nearby chair, asleep. "Red," he yelled, trying to wake the demon up.

Hellboy snorted and jerked awake, nearly falling out of his chair in the process. Suddenly alert he frantically surveyed the room before his gaze settled on the agent. "'Scout, you're awake!" he exclaimed.

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The nurse caught his look of distaste and laughed. "It's a blend of chamomile and orange extract. It will keep your stomach calm. Abe insisted that you drink all of it."

"Figures he would," he grumbled. He took another tentative sip and made another face. Oh how he longed for the strong bitter taste of coffee.

"Don't forget to take your pills," the woman reminded him. "There's vitamin A and C, along with iron and calcium supplements. The child will depend more and more of your own body's resources to nourish itself with, so we must ensure that you don't find yourself depleted of those nutrients."

Myers threw the pills into the back of his mouth and took another reluctant sip of the tea to wash it down with. His stomach began to churn. "I don't think I can finish the rest of this," he mumbled. "I think it's making me sick." He rubbed his lower chest when it started to feel uneasy, and threw his legs over the side of the bed in case he needed to make an emergency trip to the toilet.

The nurse frowned in concern and quickly took the tray away. "Let me get you some water," she said. "I'll make sure to let Abe know that you're having an adverse reaction to this tea." She hurried out of the room and returned shortly after with a glass of room temperature water.

John took it gratefully and swallowed a large gulp. He made sure to swish it around the inside of his mouth before swallowing to remove the lingering taste of citrus and flowers. Immediately, his stomach calmed down and he leaned back against the bed's pillows. A wave of fatigue suddenly overcame him and he felt sleepy.

The woman began to fuss over him and pulled the blankets over his body. "Sleep now, Agent Myers. You've been on your feet and running around for the last few days. Absolutely no way for someone in your condition to behave." John was too tired to even glare at that comment. "I will be back in a few hours to wake you up for lunch and your next dose of medication. Will you need anything else before I go?"

The man shook his head and closed his eyes. Faintly he heard the door closed as the nurse left the room, but already he was starting to drift asleep. When he saw his lover's face smiling down at him, John knew that it was going to be a good dream and he smiled himself.

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Chapter 7 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy kicked open the heavy metal doors to the Health Ward effortlessly with the heel of his boot. Held close to his chest was John. The young agent remained unresponsive in his hold and appeared to be barely breathing. "C'mon Squirt," Hellboy mumbled desperately to himself, "stay with me here. Don't leave me..." The quiet mantra was repeated over and over again under the demon's breath as he hurried his precious package through the wide, sterile halls.

Abe ran beside him matching him step for step. He steered Hellboy into an unoccupied operating room and ordered the nearby nurses to prepare the screening monitors and IV units.

"Agent is down, possibly due to traumatic shock," Abe informed his staff. "Start me up with point two milligrams of epinephrine. I will also need a saline drip and an epinephrine drip for backup." The medical crew moved about to efficiently perform their tasks. Meanwhile, the merman glanced over at his large friend, who was currently giving the orderlies grief. "Red," Abe admonished. "Let the men do their jobs and put John down onto the table."

"Forget it," Hellboy growled. If anything, he held the human even closer to his body.

"Hellboy," Abe said firmly. "Let John go." He walked right up to the red demon and stared him straight in his yellow eyes. "Hellboy," he said again. "If you do not let him go then I will not be able to perform on him. I must attend to John and the baby."

It slowly dawned on Hellboy what his friend was saying and very reluctantly his grasp on his lover slackened ever so slightly. The orderlies took this opportunity to take the fallen agent away

from Hellboy and carefully laid the body onto the table. When they began to tie down the man's limbs with wide straps of leather, Hellboy protested loudly.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded as he stood up to his full height of 6'9". "Why are you strapping him down?" He moved to his lover's side and was about to rip apart the holds when Abe quickly stepped up to him and held him back with a simple push of the hand. There was no force needed, just the serious gaze of his expression was enough to make Hellboy pause.

"It is only a precautionary, Red. As sick as John is at the moment, please remember that he is still in his Felesdaemn form. Until we can normalise his condition we must assume that his actions will be unpredictable."

"Why don't you just stick the antidote into him and take care of that problem?"

"Unfortunately, I am not certain if John's physiology can handle a sudden shift in physical and chemical change at this time. I am going to play on the side of caution and wait until we get his condition stabilised first before dealing with his transformation. So until then, I am afraid that the straps stay."

Hellboy was breathing hard and tried to calm himself down. "Blue, look at him.

He's not going to hurt anyone. I'll stay here and make sure of that," he beseeched.

"I am sorry, Hellboy." Abe gently, but firmly, began to push him towards the door. "I can not allow you to stay in this room at this time. You must wait outside like everyone else. I can not afford to make any mistakes and in your emotional state you may compromise what goes on in here."

Red sputtered and begged and pleaded. Then he growled and snarled and threatened. But to no avail, he soon found himself out in the waiting area with the metal door slammed shut in his face. In disbelief, he listened to the sound of the heavy lock on the other side of the door engaged into place. And cursed, did he ever.

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After taking a long breath of relief, Abe stepped away from the door and accepted the clear syringe that was given to him by a nurse. "That's point two of the epi," she confirmed.

He nodded and tapped lightly at the inside of Myer's wrist. Carefully he inserted the tip of the needle into the faintly blue vessel of a vein and injected the vasodilator into the man's bloodstream.

"BP is slowly rising," another nurse announced. "Heart rate is at 65... 67... 70...

He's plateau'd at 73."

"That appears to be working for now," Abe said. He took a small penlight and pried open John's eyelids to direct the small beam into the pupils. They constricted from the sudden light source, which pleased the merman. "What is his BP at currently?" he asked.

"It's reached only about 90 over 60."

"Hook him up to the saline bag and put him on an epi drip for the time being. Once his BP hits his norm please remove the drip." Abe pulled aside the last remaining shreds of what was left of the agent's shirt and applied some gel onto the man's bare abdomen. "I am going to take an ultrasound of the fetus while he's out. Please prepare the sound head for me."

As one of the nurses hooked an IV to John's arm, another prepped up the required equipment for the ultrasound. Once the fuzzy images cleared up slightly, Abe stared at the black and white screen with a look of disbelief. Uncertain if he was seeing things, he moved the sound head to another angle for a better view. The new imaging did not clear things up for him.

While he pondered over this new bit of information, one of the nurses glanced over his shoulder to see what was so puzzling. She glanced down at the file she held, which contained all of Myer's health records, and did a double look at the ultra- screen. "Is this record correct?" she asked incredulously as she waved at the file.

"Yes," Abe murmured as he moved the sound head to yet another angle. "I recorded the information down myself. This is very remarkable," he mused.

The other nurse stood next to them to see what the new commotion was about. As she looked down at the screen, then compared it to the records, the same look of confusion appeared on her face. "That's odd," she commented.

"Indeed," Abe solemnly agreed.

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Hellboy glared through the glass pane of the operating room and controlled his urge to break through the thick panel. Instead, his foot tapped impatiently at the ground and his tail twitched in agitation. Sitting on a fine line of wrath and fear, he watched as Abe and two other aides moved around the pale figure on the bed.

A bag of a saline solution was hooked up through an IV to Myer's left arm, and several more wires were attached to his chest and temples. The monitor sitting on the right of the patient bleeped with readings of BP, EEG and EKG. Hellboy could see the green numbers on the black screen clearly though the glass panel, but had no frickin' clue what they meant.

"What's going on?"

Hellboy scowled when he realised whom it was that stood all too closely next to him. "John somehow changed back into his demonic form when we were dealing with that Lilith demon. He was held captive and Blue thinks that he might've undergone some physical injury to the baby. They've been in there for..."

"What? Myers is a demon again?" Manning interrupted and glared hard through the glass. "Should we have those aides in there?"

"The man is strapped down for God's sake," Hellboy growled.

The Director still seemed antsy about the idea. "Shouldn't they be feeding him the antidote or something?"

"They will as soon as they have his condition stabilised," Hellboy slowly gritted between his teeth. "Trust me, Myers is no threat to anyone."

Manning made a sound of disbelief but spoke no more of it. "I trust the mission was a success then?"

Hellboy grunted an affirmative, having decided that he'd spent too much energy conversing with the man already. Instead, he returned his attention to his lover and perked up when he realised that Abe and his two assistants were coming out of the room. "How's John?" he demanded when

Abe had no more than opened up the door. Hellboy moved to fit through the door but the merman stopped him.

"His condition is stable for the moment, his body went into shock and he seems to be responding well to the dose of epinephrine I have administered. The IV will ensure that his body recovers the fluid that he had lost and he should be well by tomorrow."

"Will you be giving him an antidote for the transformation?" Manning asked. Hellboy glared warningly at him; the man was starting to rip away at his last nerve.

Abe nodded. "As soon as John's vital readings become satisfactory once more I shall inject a dose of the serum into his system."

"So can I see him now?" Hellboy wanted to know. He was anxious to get to his lover's side.

"In a moment. I have something I need to tell you first."

"Is it something that I'll need to know as well?" Manning questioned. "If not, I have other things I need to attend to."

"No, it really only concerns Hellboy," Abe told him. The older man nodded and quickly exited the health ward. "It is about the baby," Abe continued.

Hellboy paused and stopped breathing. "What about it?" he finally asked.

"The fetus caused a heavy influx of hormones to be produced, which was what caused John to transform into a Felesdaemn again..."

"Yeah yeah, you've already covered that," Hellboy prodded along. "Cut to the point already."

Abe pursed his lips but continued, "When I took an ultrasound of the fetus, it had grown exponentially from the last time we did an imaging, which was only two days ago. Originally we had determined the fetus to be roughly around 11 weeks along, but now it appears to be about 13 weeks or so."

"The baby's growing faster? So what does that mean?"

"As you know, a human male's body is not designed to undergo certain stresses, pregnancy being one of them."

"Uh huh."

"If the fetus continues to develop at this rate, John will be ready to deliver in 2 weeks instead of 4 months."

"Go on."

"I am hoping that once the antidote is working and John is back to his human state again the development will slow down."

"Okay."

"If not, I do not know if John's body will be able to cope."

Hellboy paused. "Exactly what are you getting at here Blue?"

"I just want you to be aware of the current scenario."

"But John will be okay right?" Hellboy persisted.

"If everything goes as I anticipate it will."

"Right," Hellboy mused slowly. He wasn't quite sure if he fully understood what Abe was telling him, and therefore not sure whether to be concerned or relieved. Meanwhile, Abe himself wondered if he should try to explain it again, in more simplistic terms. The two of them quietly pondered in silence when a faint hiss could be heard through the door. They both turned their heads towards the glass panel and saw John alert and well, thrashing about in his restraints. "I guess Kitty's up again." Hellboy followed the merman into the room, refusing to be locked out again, and rushed over to his lover's side.

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He watched warily as two large figures entered the room and he hissed and screeched at them. If his arms were free he would have happily scratched their eyes out as well. When the larger of the two, the huge red one, approached closer, the hybrid sniffed delicately and recognised the scent of his mate.

Immediately, he stopped with his hissing and began to purr. His mate started to stroke his hair and he closed his eyes in contentment. He could feel the little one inside of him stir in its sire's presence.

When he suddenly felt a sharp prick on his arm, his eyes flew opened and he began his verbal assault on the other figure in the room. The blue one had a syringe piercing his flesh, injecting some clear serum into his system. His mate began to whisper soothing words into his ear, and he looked up with a wounded look, confused at what was going on. Soon, he felt his eyes begin to drop, heavy with sleep, and slumber took over.

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John felt like crap. There was a small man with a jackhammer going at it inside of his head, and a fire burning behind his eyes. His whole body was sore and his throat was dry as a desert. He went to scratch his chest, and opened his eyes when he realised that he was strapped down.

"What the hell?" he muttered and looked up to see Red slumped over in a nearby chair, asleep. "Red," he yelled, trying to wake the demon up.

Hellboy snorted and jerked awake, nearly falling out of his chair in the process. Suddenly alert he frantically surveyed the room before his gaze settled on the agent. "'Scout, you're awake!" he exclaimed.

"Red, why am I tied to the bed?"

"You somehow transformed into a Felesdaemn again last night." Hellboy stood up and stretched, yawning loudly.

"I did?" John was in shock. He didn't realise that he still had the capability to change form. "What happened? What happened to Lilith? Did anyone get hurt? Where's Blue?"

"Calm down Squirt." Hellboy reached over and began to gently undo the leather straps. "We kicked ass, what can I say? You were great out there. My little Kitty... attacking the big mean demon with your claws and... Dammit!"

Hellboy rubbed the back of his head, wincing from the pain radiating back there. "You've been getting very abusive lately," he muttered to John, who was busy rubbing the circulation back into his limbs.

The man glared at the demon. "First of all, do not under any circumstances ever call me Kitty. And second, do not talk to me like I'm a five year old. I am not a child, and will not tolerate being treated as such."

"Mood swings again huh?"

"I am *not* having mood swings!" John screamed. Angry, he jumped off the bed, and immediately regretted it when he was hit with a dizzy spell. His head throbbed painfully and he instinctively reached out with his arms to steady his balance. A pair of strong hands wrapped around his waist and John leaned back into the hard body.

"Are you okay?" Red fretted as he steered the man back towards the bed.

"Yeah," he mumbled. "I guess I moved too fast."

Hellboy sighed, pulled John onto his lap and rubbed him soothingly. "You'd just had the snot beaten out of you, you were suffocated, and you were transformed back into a demon all in the last 12 hours. Please, John, I'm begging you to take it easy."

Myers rested his cheek against the warm chest and listened to Hellboy's heartbeat. He could hear it quicken slightly so he knew that his lover was scared. When he looked up he could see the concern written all over Hellboy's face. "Fine," he finally conceded. "I'll try to take things easy from now on."

"Promise?" Hellboy demanded.

"Yes," he muttered petulantly. "But just until the baby comes out," he warned.

"Who will take care of the child then?"

John stared at him, blinking in confusion. "What?"

"Who's going to baby-sit the kid? If you're off running around playing with guns, who's gonna take care of..."

"We'll cross that bridge once we get to it," John said dryly. Carefully, he removed himself off of Hellboy and stood on his own two feet. Once he was sure that he wasn't going to fall down, he walked over to the bathroom to relieve himself.

He pulled the elastic waist of the white pants down and aimed at the toilet. As he let go of a stream, John glanced down at the front of his abdomen and almost lost his aim. Quickly, he finished with his business and, after pulling his pants back up, he lifted the hem of his scrub top and stared disbelievingly at his stomach. "What the hell?"

Hellboy came rushing in at the cry and looked ready to do battle. "What is it?" he demanded. His yellow eyes scanned the small room for signs of danger.

"How the hell did my gut get so big? It was still flat last night!"

The red demon slapped his face in relief and looked to see what the fuss was about. It was true that Myer's abdomen had grown larger in the last 24 hours. What was once a very soft curve was now a definite lump. It was still easy to hide it underneath clothing, but there was now no denying

Myer's pregnancy.

Hellboy brought his hand up to touch the warm skin of his lover, only to have it abruptly slapped away.

"Don't touch me," John growled and quickly pulled his top back down. He promptly sidestepped around the large demon and headed back into the room. The door was almost opened, when Hellboy materialised beside him.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Hellboy asked quietly.

"I'm going to find Blue and make him tell me what is going on with my body."

"I can tell you that."

John stared hard up at Hellboy. "Spill," he ordered.

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Myers paced the small room from one end to the other. Red had clumsily explained the situation. John had listened in frustration as Hellboy stumbled along with the details of the pregnancy, the hormones, and the antidote. Just as John became thoroughly confused and ready to punch his lover out, Abe had appeared in time to soothe his nerves over. He definitely didn't like the thought of delivering the fetus in two week's time and hoped that the merman's final hypothesis was correct.

John had all of a matter of minutes to digest this information in when Manning unexpectedly dropped by. The Director had given him a brief look over and asked insincerely if he was alright, before proceeding to tell them that they were needed. Unexplained activity going on deep in the sewers was reported and required immediate investigation. With so much as a kiss and a hug goodbye, his two friends abandoned him.

He grunted in agitation. Not only had they not allowed him to go along on the mission, they had the audacity to lock him inside the room! Annoyed, John glared and kicked furiously at the door, only to wince in pain as his bare foot contacted the metal panel... hard.

"Goddammit!" he swore as he hopped around on his good foot. Quickly, he landed on the bed and rubbed his sore limb. "I hate this," he scowled. Once the sharp pain in his foot subsided, he fell back onto the mattress. In boredom, he stared up at the ceiling.

He wondered what the others were doing. He hoped that the mission wouldn't run into complications leaving Hellboy hurt. But what if they didn't plan well enough? Normally he was the one who developed the tactics... what if they missed an important piece of information? What if there was some vital factor they didn't account for? What if the mission goes all horribly wrong and Hellboy gets injured? Or worse, he ends up getting killed?

Myers realised that the boards on the ceiling looked blurry, and when he blinked he could feel drops of tears running down the sides of his face. Surprised, he wiped at his eyes with the back of his hand and saw that it was wet. Dammit, he hated these sudden mood swings. He couldn't wait until the pregnancy was finally over and done with.

Tired of feeling sorry for himself, John got up and walked over to the bathroom. He saw that his cheeks were flushed and his nose slightly pink so he rinsed his face with some cold water. Then, curious, he studied his body in the mirror. With the loose scrub he wore he couldn't even tell that there was a bulge in his abdomen. He turned to his left and then to his right, scrutinizing his profile.

Myers even went as far as extending his body backwards and thrusting his pelvis forward in an attempt to emphasise the belly. When he had seen enough, he straightened up and lifted the hem of his top. Looking into the mirror, he carefully stroked his belly and traced along the curve. Thoughtfully, he cocked his head to the side and gazed at what he was doing. In his head he imagined that it was Hellboy's red hand, instead of his own, that was caressing his skin.

Stroking the tight skin, John dreamily wondered about the unborn child. Will it be a sweet little boy or girl? And what will he or she look like? Will the child have any Felesdaemn attributes? And what about Hellboy's heritage? Of course, he can't forget that Hellboy had born from a human mother and was therefore technically a half demon. "Your just going to surprise the whole world when you come out aren't you?" he whispered at his belly.

Next, he wanted to experiment a little and grabbed a towel off of a nearby rack. John scrunched it up into a ball and shoved under his top, right over his abdomen. He raised an eyebrow at the weird sight he presented in the mirror. The agent wasn't sure he liked what he saw. Granted, the bulge under his shirt was uneven and lumpy.

When he heard a knock, Myers quickly pulled the towel out and threw it back onto the rack before the door opened. He turned to see a nurse coming in with a tray of food.

"Good morning, Agent Myers," the friendly woman greeted. She placed the plastic tray onto the side table and began to rearrange the pillows and linens on the bed.

"Morning," John said. He walked over to the bed and stared down at the tray in disappointment. It contained only a couple slices of toast, a cup of herbal tea and a glass of apple juice. There was also a small paper cup that contained a few colourful pills. He stared at the nurse in mild disbelief. "What's this?" he asked.

"Your breakfast," she chirped.

Myers eyed the dry looking toast again. "There's not really much to it," he commented.

The older woman moved around the room briskly to open up the curtains, letting the sunlight in. "Your lunch will be more substantial, Agent Myers. This is just to ensure that you don't get nauseous this morning."

He grabbed a slice and bit into it, washing it down with the clear juice. "Can I at least have a cup of coffee? I'm not a big tea drinker.

"Absolutely not," the nurse said adamantly. "Your caffeine intake will be limited throughout the duration of your pregnancy." She smiled at the look of forlorn that came across the young man's face. "You'll be able to have the odd cup of coffee every so often. No more than a cup every other day maybe. You just won't be receiving any of it while you're here that's all."

"Scout... hey 'Scout. Wake up babe." John stirred awake at the softly spoken request and smiled when he saw Red grinning down at him.

"Hey," he slurred sleepily. A kiss touched his lips and John sighed in bliss. "How did the mission go?" he asked.

"A walk in the park," Hellboy snorted. "There was no creepy crawly monster there. It was a huge gator that someone had flushed down their toilet years ago." He scoffed again. "I mean really, I have better things to do with my time."

"Oh really? Like what?"

A large red hand slid under the blanket and slowly crept up his inner thigh. "Three guesses," Hellboy leered and wiggled his eyebrows at the human.

His cock began to stir with interest. When fingertips brushed across the tip of his dick, the sensations he felt caused his eyelids to flutter. Hellboy kissed him again and John let him deepen the kiss so that they were tongue wrestling. The hand that had been so gentle on his organ before had found its way into his pants and was now pumping furiously at his hardened shaft.

John could feel an orgasm coming on, and when it did he was glad that Hellboy had his mouth covering over his to keep him from yelling. The last thing he wanted was for the nurses and orderlies to come running in at this moment. His back arched up off the mattress and his head was pushed into the pillow as thick cum spurted out of his piss slit. Hellboy continued his oral assault on his mouth and the hand job never once ceased.

He began to squirm. "Red," he whimpered, managing to break away from the kiss for a second. "It's too sensitive, you have to stop." His lover did not heed his request and continued right on doing as he was before. "Please," he tried again but was interrupted when Hellboy began to kiss him. Just as the sensations around his cock were about to reach the point of pain, the hand stopped and shifted to massage his testicles and stroke along his perineum.

As much as he was enjoying the attentions Hellboy was suddenly lavishing upon him, John couldn't help but think that something was slightly off. He tried to push the demon away from him and to put some space between their bodies. But Hellboy was too strong and didn't allow him to be distanced away for some reason. Just as John was about to vocally protest, a thick finger suddenly penetrated him with no preparation at all.

He gasped. The intrusion wasn't exactly painful, it was just very unexpected. The finger began to thrust in a rhythmic pattern inside of him, and it wasn't very long until a second finger was inserted. John turned his head to try to look at Hellboy's face, but the demon had his face nestled into the crook of the human's neck, intent on kissing and nipping at the tender skin in the area. John gasped louder, and instinctively spread his legs out wider when the fingers began to brush across his prostate. He could feel his cock begin to harden again, despite having just cummed only moments before.

Through the heady haze of sexual influence, John was just barely able to try to stop Hellboy again. "Please Red, stop," he pleaded softly. The massage on his prostate gland kept him moaning and sighing in bliss, and his cock was already starting to weep precum. But the digits penetrating him were becoming more aggressive and the light nipping at his neck became deeper bites that began to hurt. His heart started to beat with fear and he knew that something was very wrong.

"Hellboy, please look at me," he begged. The red demon ignored his pleas and continued to graze teeth along the tender flesh of his neck. At times John was absolutely certain that blood was being drawn.

As another uncontrollable wave of ecstasy came over his body, Myers felt himself shooting his cum once more. He bit down hard on his lower lip to try to muffle his cries, and tears began to track down the sides of his face. John tasted the saltiness of his tears, and the copper tang of blood. He licked his lower lip and discovered that he had accidentally bit down too hard and had cut himself open.

Without missing a beat, Hellboy finally stopped nipping at his neck only to pull the man's wet cock out from his scrubs and wrap his mouth around it. The semen was roughly lapped up and the fingers up his ass continued still with their thrusting. As his cock was milked dry, sobs began

to wrack his body. John couldn't understand why Hellboy was being so cold and aloof during what should have been an intimate moment.

"Why?" John whispered. "Why are you doing this, Hellboy? Why are you doing this to us?" He breathed a small sigh of relief when the red demon finally stopped sucking on his over-sensitized dick, pulled fingers out of his ass and slowly began to raise his head to look at the man. When he finally made eye contact, the agent felt his breath catch in his throat and suddenly wished that he wasn't looking at those blank white orbs that stared back at him. "Who are you?" he shakily demanded. Desperately, Myers covered himself up and tried to crawl backwards, creating more space between him and this new entity.

Without a word, Hellboy reached out with his stone hand and held John down to the bed by his throat. The struggling man reached up frantically to try to loosen the tight grip, as his breathing was severely restricted. He was unable to yell or cry out and helpless, he watched as the large figure of his lover loom over him.

The glowing white eyes that replaced Hellboy's yellow ones eerily reminded him of Lilith. But it wasn't this fact that made cold shivers run up his spine. It was the blank stare; the expressionless gaze that the red demon wore. Hellboy looked right through John with no signs of recognition. The facial muscles were slack and the bodily movements seemed almost robotic.

John was still weakened from the last bout of shock he had endured, and was no match against Hellboy's superhuman strength. Defenseless, he involuntarily remained silent as a hand began to rip away his pants and roughly fondle his genitals. His thighs were kicked apart and more tears streamed down his face as he was once more penetrated forcefully with fingers.

As his prostrate was purposely bumped against, Myers could feel his cock begin to respond. Ashamed of his body's betrayal at the violent treatment it was receiving, he closed his eyes and prayed that Hellboy would come to his senses and stop. After a few minutes had passed, it became apparent to John that Hellboy had no intention of stopping until he climaxed.

Every time the agent was close to coming, the large demon would back off and abruptly pull fingers out of the man's ass. Once John's dick wilted just slightly, the fingers were inserted in once more to assault his gland. This went on for many repetitions, until finally he was allowed his orgasm. Very little spewed out of his cock and the triggered nervous response was painful. As his body wracked with his climax, John didn't notice that the hold around his throat was getting progressively tighter until he suddenly became very light headed. His vision started to blacken and the last thing he saw before he passed out were the bright white eyes of his lover.

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Abe and Hellboy chatted amicably with each other as they casually made their way towards John's room. They had just arrived at the Bureau a short while ago, and had already had a quick debriefing with Manning. Their latest field mission turned out to be nothing more than a walk in the park. A sewer snake, of gigantic proportions, had greeted them at the end of the tunnel deep below the city streets. Hellboy was currently trying to impose a new rule that his presence was not to be wasted on such ridiculous outings.

"All I'm saying is that if there's no creepy monster bigger than six feet in height or length, I don't want to have anything to do with it."

"Red, that is unreasonable," Abe chided. "Wait until John hears about that."

"John won't hear nothing," Red assured him. "He'll be too..."

A whole slew of nurses and doctors came rushing past them just then. One of them noticed Abe

and stopped long enough to pull him alongside. When Hellboy realised that they were headed in the direction of his lover's room, he hurried after them.

"What is going on?" Abe asked and gasped when he reached the window panel to the room the young agent was in. His eyes widened in horror as he watched the man convulse violently on the bed; hair wild with sweat, face flushed and eyes wet with tears. John looked like he was in a great deal of pain and appeared to be screaming.

As the door opened to let a couple of the nurses in, he could indeed hear the heart wrenching cries coming out from inside the room. "What is his status?" Abe demanded of a physician that was just coming out.

"About a half hour ago we recorded an increase in Agent Myers' EEG. He appeared to be in a deep state of slumber so we figured that he was dreaming. Then shortly after, his BP and EKG started to rise as well. His physical state became more agitated and increasingly continued to worsen. We've tried everything we could to break him out of his sleep." The doctor looked frazzled and glanced nervously at Hellboy intermittently throughout his diagnosis.

"I'm going in there," Red growled and pushed his way into the room. Abe followed on his heels and rushed over to the side of John that wasn't now occupied by the red demon. The merman grabbed a hold of the agent's wrists and felt for the pulse. It was strong and rapid. Quickly, he mentally absorbed all the information that the doctor had told him and tried to come up with a plan of action.

Meanwhile, Hellboy grabbed a hold of both of John's shoulders and tried to shake him awake. But the man only continued to tremble and moan in pain. Helplessly, he watched as his lover cried out in hurt, as if being tortured. Faintly, they could hear words that sounded like "Who are you?" whimpering from the agent's lips.

John's head whipped from side to side, and his hands suddenly reached up to grab around his own throat. The two stared in disbelief as they watched the man apparently struggle for breath.

"Blue, do something," Hellboy begged. In desperation, he placed a hand on Myers' forehead to soothe him, but quickly lifted his hand at the surprising heat that was radiating off of the skin. "He's burning up," he sharply retorted.

Abe placed his hand where Hellboy's was earlier to confirm the statement. "His temperature is rising," he mumbled to himself. "How can that be? Could he be fighting off a bacterial infection?"

"Blue, I said do something," Hellboy repeated louder. John was whimpering out words of 'no' and 'stop' by now. But before Abe was able to do anything to help, Myers' whole body suddenly arched up off of the bed, before landing down limply again. "What just happened?" Red demanded, his yellow eyes flickering across John's face for signs of distress.

The merman had his mouth opened in confusion. One minute the man was struggling and the next he was sleeping peacefully once more. His eyes turned in the direction of the monitor screens and Abe saw that all the readings were dropping and stabilising. "I am not entirely sure, Red," Abe managed to respond.

Meanwhile, John was beginning to stir awake. The medical staff that was inside the room was dismissed and the two stared down at the agent in anticipation. With a quiet groan, bright blue eyes finally blinked opened and settled on their faces.

Hellboy smiled down at his lover and reached out to touch him. But then, in a matter of seconds, Myers widened his eyes in fear and started to scream. The large demon froze in place as he watched the man literally scramble backwards in bed, desperate to put distance between them.

Abe, who had been standing on the other side of the bed, reached out for the agent when the human was threatening to fall out it. Startled at the sudden hands on his back, John jumped and glanced over his shoulder to see who it was. Upon seeing Abe's familiar face, he rushed towards the merman and clung firmly to his side. "Please don't leave me, Abe," he begged frantically. John had his arms tightly wound around Abe's waist, staring in apparent fear at Hellboy.

Confused and concerned, Abe placed his hands on John's head and shoulders to rub soothingly. "John, I will not leave you," he promised the man. "But please tell me what is going on. You are scaring us."

"Evil," he mumbled under his breath. "Hellboy... evil. He's not him. He's not him... not Red... not Hellboy. Evil." Hellboy stared in confusion. He was heartbroken over John's reaction to him. When he took a small step towards the two, the man began to scream again. "No! Stop! Stay back... not Red!"

"John," Hellboy murmured quietly. "It *is* me. It's Red..."

"Stay back!" Myers yelled. The distress in the young man was clearly evident and worsening with every step Hellboy tried to take.

"Red, maybe you should step out of the room," Abe suggested. "I do not know what is going on here but we need to calm him down as soon as possible. His vitals are rising again and I am afraid of what this stress is doing to the baby."

"But..."

"Now Red." Abe had had enough and his voice brooked no room for argument.

Hellboy made a loud sound of disbelief and punched his fist into the wall in frustration. His temper tantrum dramatically calmed when he saw that he had punched a hole in the wall. This sudden pulse of violence caused John to tremble even more fiercely, his hands clutching even tighter around Abe. "Aw crap, I'm sorry," Red earnestly apologised. Unable to stand the fact that he was the cause of Myers' emotional distress, he mumbled another apology under his breath and quietly let himself out of the room.

It was only when the heavy metal door closed behind the red demon did John finally let out a small breath of relief. His hold on Abe never ceased, but his body was less tense. Abe sat down onto the bed, still making sure to cradle the man in his arms, stroking his back. Several minutes passed by before John was finally calm and silent. He stirred in Abe's embrace and blinked up at the merman.

"Blue?" he mumbled.

"Yes?" Abe looked down at Myers' eyes and saw that they looked relatively lucid. He next quickly eyed the monitor that John was still wired to and was glad to see the readings were steady. "How do you feel John?"

"Pretty tired. My head hurts a bit." John sat up and released his hold on Abe. "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be out on an investigation?"

"We were done earlier than expected." He stared intently at the man's face for any signs of what happened earlier. "John, are you feeling alright?"

"Yeah, why?" John looked at him in confusion and then glanced around his surroundings. "Where's Red? He's not hurt is he?" He began to worry.

“No, please stay calm,” Abe assured him. “When we had arrived here about a half hour ago you were in quite a frantic state.”

“What do you mean?” Myers stared at his friend, a small frown developing between his eyes.

“Well, I am still trying to determine what had happened. But your vitals were almost off the chart, and you began to convulse and cry out in your sleep. When we were finally able to wake you up, you started becoming very distressed at the sight of Hellboy.”

“What?”

“You screamed whenever he came near you. You clearly did not want him in here. I had to send him out.” John widened his eyes and turned his head towards the glass panel in hopes that his large lover would be standing on the other side. To his dismay, there was no one there. “He punched that hole in the wall just prior to leaving,” Abe pointed out. Myers couldn’t remember or recall any of the events his friend was telling him, but there was all the physical evidence that he needed. The man gaped at the size of the opening made in the drywall.

He moved around, and to his embarrassment realised that the inside of his pants were wet and sticky. John blushed slightly when Abe asked him what was wrong. “Nothing important,” he mumbled.

“John,” Abe admonished. “What did I tell you about disregarding anything whether or not you believe is important?”

“It’s really nothing,” John insisted. “I just... I must’ve had a wet dream.” The man looked down at the blanket covering him in shame, unable to make eye contact with his friend.

“Recently?” the merman asked with a frown on his face.

“Yeah,” John mumbled quietly. “It hasn’t hardened yet I think.”

“That is odd. Are you certain?”

“Do we have to talk about this Blue?”

“I am sorry. I do not mean to dwell on such an embarrassing topic with you,” Abe apologised. “It is just that you appeared to be in a great deal of pain when I had arrived. Your emission must have occurred just before your ordeal began.” He quickly stood up and started heading towards the door without another word. At the last minute Abe stopped and glanced over his shoulder at the man. “Will you be okay?”

“Yeah, I’m going to have to take a shower though. Where are you off to in such a hurry?” Myers gathered the thin blanket around his waist, still self-conscious of his situation.

“I am going to review the security tapes for this room. There is something I suspect, and I am hoping that I am wrong.”

“What’s that?”

“I do not want to indulge the information just yet in the case that my theory is wrong. I shall tell you all the details once I have it figured out. Do you trust me?”

“You know I do,” John easily confirmed. “Blue?” he called out again as his friend was about to leave. “Will you send Red in here?”

“Certainly,” Abe smiled and quietly closed the door behind him. Myers grimaced at his current condition, and decided that taking care of his personal hygiene was his first priority.

Quickly he stepped into the shower, reveling under the hot water as it fell onto his skin. John placed his hands on the wall in front of him and dropped his head downwards, letting the soothing rhythm of the water cascade over his neck, back and shoulders. Sighing in contentment, he closed his eyes and relaxed as the warmth eased his tight muscles.

>>>>

Hellboy knocked briefly on the door and poked his head inside. There was no one in the room but he heard the shower in the adjoining bathroom running. Moving slowly, as to not scare the occupant inside, he stepped into the small room and was about to call out John’s name.

One look at the sight of his lover’s naked body under the shower was all it took for his voice to seize up. The shower door was a cheap glass pane that showed off John’s body in all its glory. The droplets on the door and the steam from the hot water did little to offer coverage.

The man had his head down; his neck curved downwards and dipping between his shoulders like a large feline. Water dripped from the brown hair and sluiced down the long lean muscles of his back and legs. A slight curve on Myers’ abdomen was evident above a flaccid cock and Hellboy very badly wanted to wrap his arms around his unborn child.

He shifted where he stood, and Myers must’ve detected some movement as his head suddenly flicked towards him. Sharp blue eyes bore into him, until they softened with realisation of who was standing there. John smiled and reached to turn the water off. Hellboy met him with a large towel by the time he had the door opened and enveloped him in it.

“Good to see you in a better mood,” Hellboy said quietly as he watched the man dry himself off.

John wrapped and tucked the towel around his waist and reached up with his arms to wrap around Hellboy’s neck. He pressed his face against the strong chest and inhaled the familiar scent of his lover. “Blue told me what happened. I don’t remember any of it,” he admitted.

Hellboy was finally able to embrace his arms around the young agent like he’d been yearning to for the past hour. “Yeah, that’s what he said. He’s looking over the security tapes right now as we speak. If anyone can figure out what happened to ya, it’s him.”

Myers let out a huge sigh and rubbed his cheek against the material of Hellboy’s shirt. “I really hope so. I can’t stand the thought that I’m not able to be in your presence without freaking out on you.” He could feel soft kisses on the top of his head, and without another word, John stood up on his tiptoes and leaned his head back to face the demon. “Kiss me,” he whispered.

Hellboy eagerly obliged, and touched his lips to the human’s. It began as a soft kiss, and slowly deepened to the point that their tongues danced with each other. Strong hands pressed John’s lower back against a hard body, the bulge of an arousal very evident against his stomach. When they finally broke apart for a much-needed breath, John’s eyes fluttered in bliss and he stared up lovingly at Hellboy.

A brief glimpse of white glowing eyes suddenly hit him, and his body froze at the image. He blinked his eyes again to make sure that he wasn’t seeing things, and was relieved to see his lover’s warm yellow eyes staring down at him in concern.

“What is it?” Hellboy asked, his hold on John tightening in an unconscious act of protectiveness.

"I don't know," John admitted. "This image of you with these bright white eyes just popped into my head out of nowhere."

"White eyes?"

"Yeah. They glowed. Like Lilith's did." The agent grew silent and looked up at Hellboy with alarm on his face. "I think I remembered what happened," he whispered.

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Chapter 8 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy kicked open the heavy metal doors to the Health Ward effortlessly with the heel of his boot. Held close to his chest was John. The young agent remained unresponsive in his hold and appeared to be barely breathing. "C'mon Squirt," Hellboy mumbled desperately to himself, "stay with me here. Don't leave me..." The quiet mantra was repeated over and over again under the demon's breath as he hurried his precious package through the wide, sterile halls.

Abe ran beside him matching him step for step. He steered Hellboy into an unoccupied operating room and ordered the nearby nurses to prepare the screening monitors and IV units.

"Agent is down, possibly due to traumatic shock," Abe informed his staff. "Start me up with point two milligrams of epinephrine. I will also need a saline drip and an epinephrine drip for backup." The medical crew moved about to efficiently perform their tasks. Meanwhile, the merman glanced over at his large friend, who was currently giving the orderlies grief. "Red," Abe admonished. "Let the men do their jobs and put John down onto the table."

"Forget it," Hellboy growled. If anything, he held the human even closer to his body.

"Hellboy," Abe said firmly. "Let John go." He walked right up to the red demon and stared him straight in his yellow eyes. "Hellboy," he said again. "If you do not let him go then I will not be able to perform on him. I must attend to John and the baby."

It slowly dawned on Hellboy what his friend was saying and very reluctantly his grasp on his lover slackened ever so slightly. The orderlies took this opportunity to take the fallen agent away from Hellboy and carefully laid the body onto the table. When they began to tie down the man's limbs with wide straps of leather, Hellboy protested loudly.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded as he stood up to his full height of 6'9". "Why are you strapping him down?" He moved to his lover's side and was about to rip apart the holds when Abe quickly stepped up to him and held him back with a simple push of the hand. There was no force needed, just the serious gaze of his expression was enough to make Hellboy pause.

"It is only a precautionary, Red. As sick as John is at the moment, please remember that he is still in his Felesdaemn form. Until we can normalise his condition we must assume that his actions will be unpredictable."

"Why don't you just stick the antidote into him and take care of that problem?"

"Unfortunately, I am not certain if John's physiology can handle a sudden shift in physical and chemical change at this time. I am going to play on the side of caution and wait until we get his condition stabilised first before dealing with his transformation. So until then, I am afraid that the straps stay."

Hellboy was breathing hard and tried to calm himself down. "Blue, look at him.

He's not going to hurt anyone. I'll stay here and make sure of that," he beseeched.

"I am sorry, Hellboy." Abe gently, but firmly, began to push him towards the door. "I can not allow you to stay in this room at this time. You must wait outside like everyone else. I can not afford to make any mistakes and in your emotional state you may compromise what goes on in here."

Red sputtered and begged and pleaded. Then he growled and snarled and threatened. But to no avail, he soon found himself out in the waiting area with the metal door slammed shut in his face. In disbelief, he listened to the sound of the heavy lock on the other side of the door engaged into place. And cursed, did he ever.

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After taking a long breath of relief, Abe stepped away from the door and accepted the clear syringe that was given to him by a nurse. "That's point two of the epi," she confirmed.

He nodded and tapped lightly at the inside of Myer's wrist. Carefully he inserted the tip of the needle into the faintly blue vessel of a vein and injected the vasodilator into the man's bloodstream.

"BP is slowly rising," another nurse announced. "Heart rate is at 65... 67... 70..."

He's plateau'd at 73."

"That appears to be working for now," Abe said. He took a small penlight and pried open John's eyelids to direct the small beam into the pupils. They constricted from the sudden light source, which pleased the merman. "What is his BP at currently?" he asked.

"It's reached only about 90 over 60."

"Hook him up to the saline bag and put him on an epi drip for the time being. Once his BP hits his norm please remove the drip." Abe pulled aside the last remaining shreds of what was left of the agent's shirt and applied some gel onto the man's bare abdomen. "I am going to take an ultrasound of the fetus while he's out. Please prepare the sound head for me."

As one of the nurses hooked an IV to John's arm, another prepped up the required equipment for the ultrasound. Once the fuzzy images cleared up slightly, Abe stared at the black and white screen with a look of disbelief. Uncertain if he was seeing things, he moved the sound head to another angle for a better view. The new imaging did not clear things up for him.

While he pondered over this new bit of information, one of the nurses glanced over his shoulder to see what was so puzzling. She glanced down at the file she held, which contained all of Myer's health records, and did a double look at the ultra- screen. "Is this record correct?" she asked incredulously as she waved at the file.

"Yes," Abe murmured as he moved the sound head to yet another angle. "I recorded the information down myself. This is very remarkable," he mused.

The other nurse stood next to them to see what the new commotion was about. As she looked down at the screen, then compared it to the records, the same look of confusion appeared on her face. "That's odd," she commented.

"Indeed," Abe solemnly agreed.

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Hellboy glared through the glass pane of the operating room and controlled his urge to break through the thick panel. Instead, his foot tapped impatiently at the ground and his tail twitched in

agitation. Sitting on a fine line of wrath and fear, he watched as Abe and two other aides moved around the pale figure on the bed.

A bag of a saline solution was hooked up through an IV to Myer's left arm, and several more wires were attached to his chest and temples. The monitor sitting on the right of the patient bleeped with readings of BP, EEG and EKG. Hellboy could see the green numbers on the black screen clearly through the glass panel, but had no frickin' clue what they meant.

"What's going on?"

Hellboy scowled when he realised whom it was that stood all too closely next to him. "John somehow changed back into his demonic form when we were dealing with that Lilith demon. He was held captive and Blue thinks that he might've undergone some physical injury to the baby. They've been in there for..."

"What? Myers is a demon again?" Manning interrupted and glared hard through the glass. "Should we have those aides in there?"

"The man is strapped down for God's sake," Hellboy growled.

The Director still seemed antsy about the idea. "Shouldn't they be feeding him the antidote or something?"

"They will as soon as they have his condition stabilised," Hellboy slowly gritted between his teeth. "Trust me, Myers is no threat to anyone."

Manning made a sound of disbelief but spoke no more of it. "I trust the mission was a success then?"

Hellboy grunted an affirmative, having decided that he'd spent too much energy conversing with the man already. Instead, he returned his attention to his lover and perked up when he realised that Abe and his two assistants were coming out of the room. "How's John?" he demanded when Abe had no more than opened up the door. Hellboy moved to fit through the door but the merman stopped him.

"His condition is stable for the moment, his body went into shock and he seems to be responding well to the dose of epinephrine I have administered. The IV will ensure that his body recovers the fluid that he had lost and he should be well by tomorrow."

"Will you be giving him an antidote for the transformation?" Manning asked. Hellboy glared warningly at him; the man was starting to rip away at his last nerve.

Abe nodded. "As soon as John's vital readings become satisfactory once more I shall inject a dose of the serum into his system."

"So can I see him now?" Hellboy wanted to know. He was anxious to get to his lover's side.

"In a moment. I have something I need to tell you first."

"Is it something that I'll need to know as well?" Manning questioned. "If not, I have other things I need to attend to."

"No, it really only concerns Hellboy," Abe told him. The older man nodded and quickly exited the health ward. "It is about the baby," Abe continued.

Hellboy paused and stopped breathing. "What about it?" he finally asked.

"The fetus caused a heavy influx of hormones to be produced, which was what caused John to transform into a Felesdaemn again..."

"Yeah yeah, you've already covered that," Hellboy prodded along. "Cut to the point already."

Abe pursed his lips but continued, "When I took an ultrasound of the fetus, it had grown exponentially from the last time we did an imaging, which was only two days ago. Originally we had determined the fetus to be roughly around 11 weeks along, but now it appears to be about 13 weeks or so."

"The baby's growing faster? So what does that mean?"

"As you know, a human male's body is not designed to undergo certain stresses, pregnancy being one of them."

"Uh huh."

"If the fetus continues to develop at this rate, John will be ready to deliver in 2 weeks instead of 4 months."

"Go on."

"I am hoping that once the antidote is working and John is back to his human state again the development will slow down."

"Okay."

"If not, I do not know if John's body will be able to cope."

Hellboy paused. "Exactly what are you getting at here Blue?"

"I just want you to be aware of the current scenario."

"But John will be okay right?" Hellboy persisted.

"If everything goes as I anticipate it will."

"Right," Hellboy mused slowly. He wasn't quite sure if he fully understood what Abe was telling him, and therefore not sure whether to be concerned or relieved. Meanwhile, Abe himself wondered if he should try to explain it again, in more simplistic terms. The two of them quietly pondered in silence when a faint hiss could be heard through the door. They both turned their heads towards the glass panel and saw John alert and well, thrashing about in his restraints. "I guess Kitty's up again." Hellboy followed the merman into the room, refusing to be locked out again, and rushed over to his lover's side.

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He watched warily as two large figures entered the room and he hissed and screeched at them. If his arms were free he would have happily scratched their eyes out as well. When the larger of the two, the huge red one, approached closer, the hybrid sniffed delicately and recognised the scent of his mate.

Immediately, he stopped with his hissing and began to purr. His mate started to stroke his hair and he closed his eyes in contentment. He could feel the little one inside of him stir in its sire's presence.

When he suddenly felt a sharp prick on his arm, his eyes flew opened and he began his verbal assault on the other figure in the room. The blue one had a syringe piercing his flesh, injecting some clear serum into his system. His mate began to whisper soothing words into his ear, and he looked up with a wounded look, confused at what was going on. Soon, he felt his eyes begin to drop, heavy with sleep, and slumber took over.

>>>>>

John felt like crap. There was a small man with a jackhammer going at it inside of his head, and a fire burning behind his eyes. His whole body was sore and his throat was dry as a desert. He went to scratch his chest, and opened his eyes when he realised that he was strapped down.

"What the hell?" he muttered and looked up to see Red slumped over in a nearby chair, asleep. "Red," he yelled, trying to wake the demon up.

Hellboy snorted and jerked awake, nearly falling out of his chair in the process. Suddenly alert he frantically surveyed the room before his gaze settled on the agent. "'Scout, you're awake!" he exclaimed.

"Red, why am I tied to the bed?"

"You somehow transformed into a Felesdaemn again last night." Hellboy stood up and stretched, yawning loudly.

"I did?" John was in shock. He didn't realise that he still had the capability to change form. "What happened? What happened to Lilith? Did anyone get hurt? Where's Blue?"

"Calm down Squirt." Hellboy reached over and began to gently undo the leather straps. "We kicked ass, what can I say? You were great out there. My little Kitty... attacking the big mean demon with your claws and... Dammit!"

Hellboy rubbed the back of his head, wincing from the pain radiating back there. "You've been getting very abusive lately," he muttered to John, who was busy rubbing the circulation back into his limbs.

The man glared at the demon. "First of all, do not under any circumstances ever call me Kitty. And second, do not talk to me like I'm a five year old. I am not a child, and will not tolerate being treated as such."

"Mood swings again huh?"

"I am **not** having mood swings!" John screamed. Angry, he jumped off the bed, and immediately regretted it when he was hit with a dizzy spell. His head throbbed painfully and he instinctively reached out with his arms to steady his balance. A pair of strong hands wrapped around his waist and John leaned back into the hard body.

"Are you okay?" Red fretted as he steered the man back towards the bed.

"Yeah," he mumbled. "I guess I moved too fast."

Hellboy sighed, pulled John onto his lap and rubbed him soothingly. "You'd just had the snot beaten out of you, you were suffocated, and you were transformed back into a demon all in the last 12 hours. Please, John, I'm begging you to take it easy."

Myers rested his cheek against the warm chest and listened to Hellboy's heartbeat. He could

hear it quicken slightly so he knew that his lover was scared. When he looked up he could see the concern written all over Hellboy's face. "Fine," he finally conceded. "I'll try to take things easy from now on."

"Promise?" Hellboy demanded.

"Yes," he muttered petulantly. "But just until the baby comes out," he warned.

"Who will take care of the child then?"

John stared at him, blinking in confusion. "What?"

"Who's going to baby-sit the kid? If you're off running around playing with guns, who's gonna take care of..."

"We'll cross that bridge once we get to it," John said dryly. Carefully, he removed himself off of Hellboy and stood on his own two feet. Once he was sure that he wasn't going to fall down, he walked over to the bathroom to relieve himself.

He pulled the elastic waist of the white pants down and aimed at the toilet. As he let go of a stream, John glanced down at the front of his abdomen and almost lost his aim. Quickly, he finished with his business and, after pulling his pants back up, he lifted the hem of his scrub top and stared disbelievingly at his stomach. "What the hell?"

Hellboy came rushing in at the cry and looked ready to do battle. "What is it?" he demanded. His yellow eyes scanned the small room for signs of danger.

"How the hell did my gut get so big? It was still flat last night!"

The red demon slapped his face in relief and looked to see what the fuss was about. It was true that Myer's abdomen had grown larger in the last 24 hours. What was once a very soft curve was now a definite lump. It was still easy to hide it underneath clothing, but there was now no denying Myer's pregnancy.

Hellboy brought his hand up to touch the warm skin of his lover, only to have it abruptly slapped away.

"Don't touch me," John growled and quickly pulled his top back down. He promptly sidestepped around the large demon and headed back into the room. The door was almost opened, when Hellboy materialised beside him.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Hellboy asked quietly.

"I'm going to find Blue and make him tell me what is going on with my body."

"I can tell you that."

John stared hard up at Hellboy. "Spill," he ordered.

>>>>

Myers paced the small room from one end to the other. Red had clumsily explained the situation. John had listened in frustration as Hellboy stumbled along with the details of the pregnancy, the hormones, and the antidote. Just as John became thoroughly confused and ready to punch his lover out, Abe had appeared in time to soothe his nerves over. He definitely didn't like the thought of delivering the fetus in two week's time and hoped that the merman's final hypothesis was

correct.

John had all of a matter of minutes to digest this information in when Manning unexpectedly dropped by. The Director had given him a brief look over and asked insincerely if he was alright, before proceeding to tell them that they were needed. Unexplained activity going on deep in the sewers was reported and required immediate investigation. With so much as a kiss and a hug goodbye, his two friends abandoned him.

He grunted in agitation. Not only had they not allowed him to go along on the mission, they had the audacity to lock him inside the room! Annoyed, John glared and kicked furiously at the door, only to wince in pain as his bare foot contacted the metal panel... hard.

"Goddammit!" he swore as he hopped around on his good foot. Quickly, he landed on the bed and rubbed his sore limb. "I hate this," he scowled. Once the sharp pain in his foot subsided, he fell back onto the mattress. In boredom, he stared up at the ceiling.

He wondered what the others were doing. He hoped that the mission wouldn't run into complications leaving Hellboy hurt. But what if they didn't plan well enough? Normally he was the one who developed the tactics... what if they missed an important piece of information? What if there was some vital factor they didn't account for? What if the mission goes all horribly wrong and Hellboy gets injured? Or worse, he ends up getting killed?

Myers realised that the boards on the ceiling looked blurry, and when he blinked he could feel drops of tears running down the sides of his face. Surprised, he wiped at his eyes with the back of his hand and saw that it was wet. Dammit, he hated these sudden mood swings. He couldn't wait until the pregnancy was finally over and done with.

Tired of feeling sorry for himself, John got up and walked over to the bathroom. He saw that his cheeks were flushed and his nose slightly pink so he rinsed his face with some cold water. Then, curious, he studied his body in the mirror. With the loose scrub he wore he couldn't even tell that there was a bulge in his abdomen. He turned to his left and then to his right, scrutinizing his profile.

Myers even went as far as extending his body backwards and thrusting his pelvis forward in an attempt to emphasise the belly. When he had seen enough, he straightened up and lifted the hem of his top. Looking into the mirror, he carefully stroked his belly and traced along the curve. Thoughtfully, he cocked his head to the side and gazed at what he was doing. In his head he imagined that it was Hellboy's red hand, instead of his own, that was caressing his skin.

Stroking the tight skin, John dreamily wondered about the unborn child. Will it be a sweet little boy or girl? And what will he or she look like? Will the child have any Felesdaemn attributes? And what about Hellboy's heritage? Of course, he can't forget that Hellboy had born from a human mother and was therefore technically a half demon. "Your just going to surprise the whole world when you come out aren't you?" he whispered at his belly.

Next, he wanted to experiment a little and grabbed a towel off of a nearby rack. John scrunched it up into a ball and shoved under his top, right over his abdomen. He raised an eyebrow at the weird sight he presented in the mirror. The agent wasn't sure he liked what he saw. Granted, the bulge under his shirt was uneven and lumpy.

When he heard a knock, Myers quickly pulled the towel out and threw it back onto the rack before the door opened. He turned to see a nurse coming in with a tray of food.

"Good morning, Agent Myers," the friendly woman greeted. She placed the plastic tray onto the side table and began to rearrange the pillows and linens on the bed.

"Morning," John said. He walked over to the bed and stared down at the tray in disappointment. It contained only a couple slices of toast, a cup of herbal tea and a glass of apple juice. There was also a small paper cup that contained a few colourful pills. He stared at the nurse in mild disbelief. "What's this?" he asked.

"Your breakfast," she chirped.

Myers eyed the dry looking toast again. "There's not really much to it," he commented.

The older woman moved around the room briskly to open up the curtains, letting the sunlight in. "Your lunch will be more substantial, Agent Myers. This is just to ensure that you don't get nauseous this morning."

He grabbed a slice and bit into it, washing it down with the clear juice. "Can I at least have a cup of coffee? I'm not a big tea drinker.

"Absolutely not," the nurse said adamantly. "Your caffeine intake will be limited throughout the duration of your pregnancy." She smiled at the look of forlorn that came across the young man's face. "You'll be able to have the odd cup of coffee every so often. No more than a cup every other day maybe. You just won't be receiving any of it while you're here that's all."

Relieved at the news, John swallowed down the rest of the toast and juice. Next, he tried the tea. After the first sip, he decided that it was really not his... cup of tea... so to speak. He made a face at the fruity tang and stuck his tongue out.

The nurse caught his look of distaste and laughed. "It's a blend of chamomile and orange extract. It will keep your stomach calm. Abe insisted that you drink all of it."

"Figures he would," he grumbled. He took another tentative sip and made another face. Oh how he longed for the strong bitter taste of coffee.

"Don't forget to take your pills," the woman reminded him. "There's vitamin A and C, along with iron and calcium supplements. The child will depend more and more of your own body's resources to nourish itself with, so we must ensure that you don't find yourself depleted of those nutrients."

Myers threw the pills into the back of his mouth and took another reluctant sip of the tea to wash it down with. He stomach began to churn. "I don't think I can finish the rest of this," he mumbled. "I think it's making me sick." He rubbed his lower chest when it started to feel uneasy, and threw his legs over the side of the bed incase he needed to make an emergency trip to the toilet.

The nurse frowned in concern and quickly took the tray away. "Let me get you some water," she said. "I'll make sure to let Abe know that you're having an adverse reaction to this tea." She hurried out of the room and returned shortly after with a glass of room temperature water.

John took it gratefully and swallowed a large gulp. He made sure to swish it around the inside of his mouth before swallowing to remove the lingering taste of citrus and flowers. Immediately, his stomach calmed down and he leaned back against the bed's pillows. A wave of fatigue suddenly overcame him and he felt sleepy.

The woman began to fuss over him and pulled the blankets over his body. "Sleep now, Agent Myers. You've been on your feet and running around for the last few days. Absolutely no way for someone in your condition to behave." John was too tired to even glare at that comment. "I will be back in a few hours to wake you up for lunch and your next dose of medication. Will you need anything else before I go?"

The man shook his head and closed his eyes. Faintly he heard the door closed as the nurse left the room, but already he was starting to drift asleep. When he saw his lover's face smiling down at him, John knew that it was going to be a good dream and he smiled himself.

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Chapter 9 by En_kaiiz

>>>> Interlude

Abe and Clay leaned in close to a small black and white monitor. Inside the attached VCR played the recording that was taken from the security camera found in Myers' ward unit. The two had been watching the tape for the past 25 minutes now, and they're currently reviewing it again for the fourth time.

For the most part the tape showed the agent sleeping peacefully. When John began to exhibit signs of physical agitation the recording was slowed to a frame-by-frame playback. John's unease continued in a minor way; the man's head turned from side to side, and the hands and feet twitched slightly. This behaviour continued for several minutes before it began to dramatically worsen. The bodily agitations were becoming more erratic, John's mouth could be seen moving in speech, and there was a very evident look of pain on the man's face.

Doctors and nurses were seen rushing in and out of the room. Many attempts were made to wake the agent up, but to no avail. One doctor even went as far as to shake John by the shoulders, yet still the sleeping man continued to convulse.

When the recording finally reached the moment Hellboy and Abe entered the room, Clay suddenly yelled for the tape to freeze frame and he pointed at the fuzzy screen.

"Right there, when you guys were watching Myers strangle himself." Clay tapped repeatedly at the monitor. "I think he's erect at this point. You can't really tell because his legs are flailing around but see when his legs go down again?" Abe peered closer to the monitor and watched as the image flickered from one frame to the next. The other agent was right, there was a very subtle bulge right where John's groin was.

"What could possibly be the cause of an erection while in a state of distress?" Abe mumbled to himself. When Clay looked at him blankly he felt compelled to explain. "The human body functions on two nervous systems... well, actually three but that is a topic for another day. We have the parasympathetic and the sympathetic nervous systems, the PNS and SNS respectively.

"The PNS is responsible for the human erection. However, when someone is in a state of mental distress, like John is in this case, the SNS overwhelms the body, making it nearly impossible to achieve an arousal." Abe scratched the side of his head, deep in thought.

"So, there's no way around that?" Clay asked. "What about in the case of rape where the victim responds to erogenous stimulation?"

"That is one of the few exceptions. A victim responds bodily to a rape because of the physical stimulus. But there was no one touching John in such a way. Whatever it was, it was subconscious. And there is only one thing that I can think of that can cause such a response." Abe frowned in disappointment.

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

The merman stood up and knew that he had to head into the library right away. "A succubus. It is a female demon that seduces men in their sleep." He paused to look at the agent. "Will you please tell Red that I am in the library and that I would like to see him?"

“Sure thing, Blue.” Clay watched him go and glanced back at the screen in front of him. He worried about his younger coworker and was concerned about all the phenomenal events that seemed to evolve around the man lately. “I sure hope Blue figures something out for you Myers,” he muttered under his breath in sympathy. Slowly, as if suddenly exhausted, Clay stood up and made his way towards the health ward.

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“What happened then?” Hellboy asked, trying not to sound too rushed. He was desperate to know what was the cause behind his lover’s previous episode so that he could try to eliminate it. He did not want to have John screaming at him again, it was not an experience Hellboy cared for.

“I had this dream, and you were in it. It started off really nice, you were kissing me and touching me in places.” John paused and smiled shyly up at the demon. Then he began to draw light circles on Hellboy’s chest as he thought about the scene that followed. “You were making me feel so good one minute, then the next it was as if you didn’t care anymore. In my dream you were doing to me whatever you wanted to, like I was just a body to you and nothing more.” Strong hands tightened further around his waist and Myers stroked the arms that were attached to calm its owner.

“And?” Hellboy asked tightly. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to know what happened next.

“You kept trying to make me come. I remember it was painful and you wouldn’t stop, even when I told you to. In the end you began to suffocate me and that’s when I finally blanked out.” John took in a deep breath when he realised that he was gasping for air suddenly. “Sorry, it was so real,” he apologised. Hellboy nuzzled his face close to his neck in response. “All I could remember seeing were these bright glowing eyes. They were all that I could see. The next thing I remember was seeing you in the room again with Abe.”

Hellboy pulled his head back and stared down at John. “You know that wasn’t me though right?” he demanded. “You know that I would never purposely hurt you like that?”

Myers glared up at him. “Of course I know that, Red. Give me some credit will ya? But you can’t blame me for being confused when I was barely even awake after having such a traumatic nightmare.”

“I know, but geez ‘Scout. I just can’t stand the thought of you being in pain because I was in the same room as you.” The two lovers embraced again in silence as they thought about what was just said. Together, they stood like that for several more minutes until a knock on the door brought their attention back to the present.

They turned their heads to see Clay standing, sheepishly, at the door. “Sorry to interrupt guys,” he mumbled. He was embarrassed for having walked in to what was clearly an intimate moment between the two. “But Blue told me to ask you to meet him in the library, Red.”

“Did he say what he wanted?” John asked.

“We think we might know what happened to you today, Myers.” Clay desperately tried to maintain eye contact with his younger supervisor, but he found this gaze wanting to linger lower to the swollen abdomen. “He’s probably in there right now researching on it as we speak.” John stepped out of Hellboy’s embrace and began to walk past the other agent. “Uh, Myers? Blue only wanted to see Hellboy.”

Clay began to shift uncomfortably where he stood as he was subjected to the hard scrutiny of the younger man. Luckily for him, Hellboy stepped in between them to embrace John once more. “I’ll go find out what the deal is and we’ll brief you in on it as soon as you feel better,” Hellboy

soothed.

“As soon as I feel better?” Myers exclaimed indignantly. ‘I’m absolutely fine.

“Just humour me here please?” Hellboy pleaded.

John glared harder but quickly softened his look when he finally gazed up to see his lover’s worried expression. “Okay,” he finally conceded.

Red grinned and quickly left, not wanting to allow the chance for the man to change his mind. “Clay, you stay here to watch after him,” he shouted over his shoulder as he closed the door shut behind him.

Before his instinct to widen his eyes in a state of mild horror managed to kick in, the seasoned agent trained his face to look calm as he made eye contact with Myers. The two men stared at each other in an awkward silence, neither saying anything.

It was John that finally broke the monotony. “I need to change,” he simply said.

Clay nodded curtly and quickly stepped out of the bathroom to allow the other man his privacy. As he closed the door behind him, he could feel his face flushing for unexplainable reasons. He’d seen the other man naked before, in the showers and change rooms. Clay couldn’t understand why the sudden thought of seeing Myers change now made him feel like a voyeur.

He stiffened and straightened his posture when he heard the door behind him open. John was dressed in a fresh set of white scrubs and he walked past him and towards the bed.

“So how you feeling, Myers?” Clay pulled a nearby seat up to the side of the bed and slouched into it.

“I’ve had better days,” John grouched as he tried to get himself comfortable. It was finally when he settled for an inclined position did he close his eyes, suddenly tired. The older agent allowed his eyes to briefly scan across the swelling mound of Myers’ abdomen. He saw a slender hand unconsciously rubbing over it and he wondered what exactly it was that John was going through.

“You can go now,” Myers spoke out quietly, his eyes still closed. “I’m just gonna fall asleep any minute now anyways; no point in you wasting your time with me playing babysitter.”

Clay continued to gaze at the moving hand. “Nah, I’ll stay here. Red will have my hide if he returns to find you alone. Besides, this way I get to slack off for a few more minutes.”

“Mmphm,” John replied non-committally. When the hand had stopped its movement, Clay knew that his supervisor had fallen asleep.

Feeling confident now, his gaze traveled up onto the face of the younger man and allowed himself the luxury to study it. Clay was never one to think of other men in terms of attractiveness. No sir, he was a full-blown heterosexual through and through. But looking at Myers’ face he couldn’t help but notice how soft the skin looked, or how peaceful and serene the man appeared. He doubted that Myers had shaved lately, and yet there was no sign of stubble or growth. Even the brown hair looked softer and richer, and the sudden urge to run his fingers through it concerned him only slightly.

In the recent few weeks due to the shortage of staff he knew that Myers had been working constant overtime. The man was always looking fatigued and lacked energy. But now the dark shadows that used to colour under the man’s eyes were gone, and the tired, pale skin was replaced with a healthy, fresh glow.

Clay wasn't sure how much time he spent staring at his supervisor, and snapped to alertness when the door to the ward suddenly opened without any warning. He tried to not look guilty, not to look like the proverbial boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar, when a nurse walked in.

"Good evening Agent Clay," the older lady pleasantly greeted him as she moved around to the other side of John. "And how is our patient doing tonight?" she asked. She placed the dinner tray she was holding onto a nearby side table and efficiently went about checking for the pulse and temperature of the slumbering man.

"Myers' good so far. He fell asleep a while ago and I'm just here doing my duty as babysitter," he joked.

"As per Mr Hellboy's requests I'm sure," she chuckled back. "Well, I'll just let him be then. He needs his rest more than he needs this dinner." She puttered around some more and jotted some notes into a folder she pulled out from the end of the bed. "I'll be back in an hour to wake him," she said before smiling at Clay and leaving.

Curious, the agent stood up and lifted the lid off of the tray. There were slices of what looked like poached chicken breasts and steamed vegetables staring up at him. It looked very bland and, making a face, he covered up the dish again. A plastic carton of apple juice sat beside the plate on the tray, along with a plain roll. No wonder the nurse wasn't too concerned with the food not being eaten right away, he doubted that food would taste any worse cold than warm.

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Hellboy poked his head through the doors of the library and instantly spotted Abe. He strolled over to his friend and sat down across from him. "What the good word?"

The merman didn't look up from the page he was reading and asked instead, "How is young John doing?"

"He's doing good, hopefully in bed," Hellboy muttered. "John told me everything he remembered." Abe looked up now and stared at Hellboy expectantly, waiting. He listened carefully to the details as Hellboy told him everything he knew.

"That only serves to prove my final conclusion," Abe finally said as he leaned back to digest everything he heard. "What John went through fits the description of a succubus. I suspect that this is an after effect of an encounter with Lilith."

"How's that?" Hellboy asked, leaning back in his chair also to prop his feet up onto the tabletop.

"I assume that I need not remind you about the origins of Lilith?" Abe raised an eyebrow up and ignored the dismissive gesture that Hellboy made. "During her time at the Red Sea, she spawned numerous lesser demons called lilims. The lilim became spirits of the night, which seduced, and perhaps had intercourse, with sleeping men in order to sustain themselves.

"By definition, this makes lilims the succubi. The very word succubus derives from the Latin word succubae, which means prostitute. And it's not always just one lilim at work at a time. Although the number of incubi vastly outnumbers the succubi, I'm afraid that there may be a great deal at work here. John may experience an assault from a succubus until we figure out a way to eliminate them."

Hellboy sat up, his body tense. "How do we do that? Please tell me it's as simple as pulverising them with my Samaritan," he pleaded. The half demon had the desperate need to physically destroy the creatures responsible for his lover's suffering with his own hands.

Abe shook his head in regret. "I am sorry, Red. Everything that I have come across so far indicates that prayer is the only way to get rid of these demons. A succubus is not something that we can see as a physical entity, instead they seem to inhabit the victim's unconsciousness."

"Goddammit," Hellboy swore as he pounded his fist onto the tabletop with his flesh hand, and therefore leaving an indent on the wooden surface. "Blue, he doesn't need this kind of stress right now. He should be resting in peace and letting me take care of him so that his pregnancy goes smoothly. How is that going to happen when sex demons are attacking him in his sleep?" He stopped his tirade momentarily as he dropped his head into his hands, rubbing his face tiredly. "Why does it seem like all these bad things are happening to Myers... and only Myers?" he asked quietly.

Abe leaned over to rub a hand soothingly over the red half demon's shoulder in sympathy. "I wonder that myself, Hellboy. But we will find a way to eliminate this new harm that has come across John. Do not worry, in a few more months you will be taking care of a young crying child in the middle of the night and wishing that you are running around town hunting down creatures instead."

Hellboy snorted and gratefully looked up at his friend, the twinkle now back in his yellow eyes. "I really hope so, Blue. And thanks, I needed to hear that."

"Just remember that we all care for John," Abe gently reminded him.

Red nodded thoughtfully before finally sitting up straighter in his seat. "So, now what?"

The merman closed the tomes and texts around him. "I suggest we speak to a man of faith about this subject to see if he would have any ideas on how to exorcise the succubi." He reached over for a notebook and flipped through several pages. "A few days ago John had spoken to a local Rabbi, who offered invaluable help in defeating Lilith. Perhaps we can contact him again for his insight on our new situation."

"Gimme his name, I'll get one of our new probies to interview the guy."

"The recently transferred men are all highly qualified agents from their own respective federal branches," Abe lectured.

"Probies," Hellboy confidently repeated himself and stood up. "I'm gonna go check in on John. Just to make sure he's comfortable and hasn't torn Clay into pieces by now."

"Sounds good. I shall accompany you," Abe decided as he scribbled down something onto a piece of paper. He gave the scrap to Hellboy and started to stack the thick books around him into neat piles.

Hellboy glanced down at the paper before pocketing it. "I'll make sure the probie reports directly to you after meeting with this Rabbi Hillel," he said.

Blue nodded in agreement and together the two strolled towards the health ward.

>>>>TBC

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Chapter 10 by En_kaiiz

John squirmed in his sleep when he felt someone brush across his cheek and stirred awake. Sleepily he blinked his eyes and stared back at Clay. "What's going on?" he murmured, trying to contain his yawn as best as he could.

"Nothing, you were having a nightmare I think," the older man said, making eye contact with John. But when Clay continued to stare at him, he awkwardly turned his head away and stared elsewhere.

It was after several seconds when the other agent continued to sit on the edge of the bed, close to his proximity, did Myers finally make eye contact again. "Is there anything else?" he asked.

Clay stared intently, his expression blank and stony. Myers started to worry and a feeling of something was wrong begun to stir in the pit of his stomach. The feeling intensified when the other man began to lean in closer. "Clay?" he asked, a hint of desperation in his voice. Mentally he calculated his chances of jumping out of the bed and making his way towards the door. But before he had a chance to execute it, a pair of lips pressed up against his and he stared in horror at the man that was attached to them.

He tried to sit up but strong hands pushed him firmly back down onto the mattress. Desperately he twisted his head to one side, and then to the other in an attempt to break away from the unwanted intimacy. John knew that he could easily cause damage to the other man's body and make his escape, but Clay was a fellow agent that he had grown to like and admire. There was no way that he could voluntarily injure the older man without feeling deep remorse for it.

"Stop," John tried to gasp out, turning his head just in time to get a tongue jabbed against his jawbone. He pushed back as hard as he could but due to the position he was in and their size differences, the larger man above him was able to easily overwhelm him. As lips roughly worked against the tender skin at the crook of his neck, Myers also had to endure the rough treatment of hands working their way up inside his scrub top and paw at his skin.

"So smooth," was murmured against his skin. Myers eyed his surroundings as best as he could from under Clay, willing the ward door to open. The blinds on the window, which looked out into the hallway, were turned shut to provide privacy and he knew the room was sound proof. As well there were no electrodes attached to his body to alert the staff outside of his distress, nor was he able to reach his arm out far enough to hit the red button. The situation he was in seemed dire.

The front of his top was ripped apart with a force that surprised him and exposed his torso. Clay pulled back far enough to look down below him and the greedy gleam that appeared in the agent's eyes as they scanned across his naked skin frightened Myers. There was something very wrong with the picture and John was at a loss of what to do. Although he appeared normal, John knew that Clay was somehow not in full control of all his senses.

He gasped as teeth nibbled almost painfully on one nipple, while the other one was roughly pinched at. John continued to push back at the man's shoulders but, besides being at an already physical disadvantage, he was still weak from his previous encounters. His efforts did not make a difference at all in stopping his assault from Clay.

John let out a small breath of relief when his abused nipples were finally abandoned, only to hold it in again as moist lips and rough stubble made their way slowly down his abdomen. His heart thumped within his chest as unwanted kisses made their way over the swell of his unborn child. Myers leaned up onto the back of his elbows and tried to crawl out from under his subordinate, but hands on either side of his hips held him firmly down.

When he protested loudly and tried to forcibly remove himself from the grip Clay took both of his hands and pinned him by the wrists to the mattress above John's head. With strength

unbeknownst to Myers, the older agent was able to hold him down with just his one hand, allowing the other one to freely roam across John's body as he pleased.

With a touch so gentle and in paradox to the current situation, Clay carefully caressed over the bulge of John's stomach and traced along the smooth curves, dipping lightly into the naval. Despite the delicate nature of the touch, Myers feared for his child's life and remained frozen, worried that by making a wrong, unnecessary movement Clay would be triggered into hurting the fetus.

He breathed carefully and as evenly as possible, calming himself. For the moment the man above him seemed content to spend several minutes just gazing and studying his abdomen. In fact, Clay seemed almost to be observing very carefully at the texture of the skin, the tone of the belly, and perhaps even the rhythmicity of his breathing pattern.

When his hands were finally freed, his body was in such a state of shock from the sudden release that he paused for a moment, not quite sure what to do next. This was to be a bad response on his part because the next thing John knew, the elastic waist of his pants were pulled down to his mid-thigh and his limp cock was enveloped within a warm moist mouth.

He cried out in despair and he could feel tears rolling out from his eyes and down his cheeks as he felt his body begin to respond to the unwanted ministrations. John clenched at the bed sheets beneath him as he felt his dick begin to harden inside of Clay's mouth. His legs were trapped beneath the weight of the heavy man and there was no way he could have pushed him off without risking harm to himself.

A metallic, coppery taste filled the insides of his mouth and John knew that he must have bit his lower lip open as he attempted to muffle the sounds of his release. As he swallowed his blood, he felt his body let loose a jet of come out of his cock and into the waiting mouth. Clay swallowed it all without so much as a blink of an eye and he continued to suck on the organ even as it began to soften once more. Tears were streaming freely down John's face now, as he felt betrayed by his teammate, as well as by his own body.

When he felt Clay brush up against his naked body and forced a kiss upon him again, John opened his eyes to glare up at the man above him. All words of scorn froze on his lips and his throat contracted at the white glowing eyes he saw in place of Clay's brown ones. And before he could gather his senses together again, his lips were ravaged and he felt like the air was being sucked out of him. Breathing was difficult, almost impossible, and soon the feelings of light-headedness surrounded him until blackness fell all around him.

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Clay sat up straight from the chair he was slouched into when he heard a small noise coming from Myers. He turned to see the man stirring restlessly in his sleep and worried that John was experiencing another demonic nightmare. He stood up and walked over to the bed, his hands out on either side of John's shoulders, and shook lightly at first. When the man continued to sleep through his ministrations, Clay shook with more force.

To his relief, John sleepily blinked his eyes opened and stared up at Clay in confusion. "What's going on?" he slurred.

Clay leaned back, now seated on the edge of the mattress. "You were making noises in your sleep and moving around. I thought you were having a nightmare and woke you up."

Myers smiled, his whole face lighting up. "Thank you," he said. "I don't know what I would've done without you." Clay could feel a small frown developing between his eyebrows as he puzzled over John's uncharacteristic words.

“Um, you’re welcome,” he finally said. Myers continued to stare up at him, the smile still on his face. The older man quietly studied the rosy skin of the other agent, and wondered when those cold blue eyes became so soft and smoky, or when the lips became so full looking.

He wasn’t sure which was a bigger shock to his system. To suddenly find himself leaning over and touching his lips to Myers’, or having Myers respond eagerly to his advances. Abruptly, Clay broke the kiss and pulled back, his eyes wide with shock.

John stared up at him in disappointment. The lips that he had just been kissing curled into a small pout and Clay tried to shake his head clear, horrified that he found himself wanting to go back in for more. “You don’t find me attractive?” Myers asked coyly, his eyes blinking serenely back at him.

“Yes, I mean NO! That is, you’re attractive, but I don’t swing that way. So yes, no I mean no…” Clay found himself stuttering and he closed his mouth and leaned further away when John sat up.

The smile on the younger man’s face grew and the eyes lit up. “So you do find me attractive?”

Clay opted to stay silent for the time being and waited to see what the other man was up to, wondering also what had gotten into him. He blinked hard to steady his vision and when he opened them again he found himself looking deeply into John’s eyes, mesmerised.

As if moving on its own will and accord, he watched in a dream like daze as his hand reached out to caress John’s face. He marveled at how soft the skin there felt and said so. Next, he brushed a thumb across the rosy lips. His cock stirred slightly inside the confines of his pants when the lips suddenly parted and sucked at his digit. A shiver of delight ran down his spine, to the tips of his toes.

He was in a state of peacefulness and bliss and didn’t object when John lifted a hand to the back of his neck in order to guide him towards another kiss. A tongue touched his and Clay responded back in earnest. When Myers began to lean back, Clay gently guided him back down to the mattress, making sure to hover over and not press any of his weight onto the smaller man.

His hands hesitantly began to wander down John’s body. With a slight hiss, Myers arched his body up towards him and moaned. “Yes, please touch me. I need your touch,” he begged. The white top was quickly pulled off and Clay gazed down at the expanse of skin before him. He wasn’t sure where to begin. The texture was so smooth, hairless and silky, yet it was still so unlike a female’s body. His fingers strayed over a brown nipple and brushed it ever so lightly, causing John to gasp breathlessly. “Yes, like that,” he implored.

Gently, Clay flicked and rubbed a pert nub between his fingers, eliciting soft sounds of pleasure out from John. Gazing at the other nipple, left untouched, he leaned down and flicked his tongue against it. When the man beneath him moaned loudly and unconsciously spread his legs out, Clay knew that he had made the right decision. Eagerly, he suckled on the nub and made sure to continue playing with the other one. He leaned even closer to Myers to make himself comfortable and found himself situated between the man’s legs, the limbs slightly bent out on either side of his waist. Through the thin material of the hospital pants and bed sheet Clay was able to feel Myers’ erection pressing up into his stomach.

Slowly, he released the piece of flesh from his mouth and started to kiss his way down the rest of the naked abdomen. When he reached the swell, he sat up and stared wonderingly at it. Almost reverently, he caressed the bulge, his hands seemingly ridiculously large in comparison to the small bump beneath it. Lightly and gently he touched, for he feared to do something wrong and end up hurting Myers.

In awe he continued to caress, marveling at the idea of a child stirring soundly behind the wall of muscles. Briefly, he toyed with the fantasy of the child actually belonging to him and the idea turned Clay on very much. So much, in fact, that the agent quickly pulled the waist of Myers' pants down as far as they would go without him actually having to move from where he was. The other man's cock lifted up and stood at attention, a single pearly drop of precum already leaking from the piss slit.

Wanting to know what it tasted like, Clay did not hesitate in bringing his lips to the tip of the hard cock in front of his face. He swallowed the head and swirled his tongue over the slit, tasting the saltiness of the liquid present. A few more drops leaked out and he licked them away just as eagerly. He could feel Myers squirming delightfully beneath him, the slender hips trying to arch up to push more cock into his mouth.

"Yes, suck me," John sighed. "Suck me hard, suck me good..."

Clay had never sucked cock before, but what he lacked in experience he more than made up for in enthusiasm. He tried to mimic what previous girlfriends had done for him in the past and judging by the insistent thrashing occurring underneath him, he was doing something right. Clay found that he was enjoying himself and before he knew it, he felt John's body tense up and waited for the imminent orgasm.

A strong jet of come shot into his mouth while Myers' dick was still deep inside his mouth, so Clay had no choice but to swallow. It went down his throat so fast he could barely even taste it. It was only with the last lingering spurt into his mouth was he finally able to detect the salty and bitter taste of John's ejaculation. Not quite willing to let the cock go just yet, he continued to suckle on the now softening organ until it finally grew limp. With regret, he released it and looked down at the sated, content look of the other man.

John smiled alluringly back at him and beckoned him closer with his index finger. He kissed Clay deeply when the larger man climbed close and it was only after several seconds was the kiss broken, allowing him the chance to breathe. Panting, the agent glanced down at the man on the bed and suddenly froze, panic clenching at his throat when he noticed that the hooded eyes were now white and unearthly. His instinct to pull back was halted by a strong hand behind his head and he was drawn down to a kiss again.

Pushing against the smaller man with all his force, Clay was still not able to stop the kiss from happening and he thrashed his limbs around as lips pressed against his own. He felt suffocated and his head grew light and dizzy. Something wrong was happening and he was helpless to stop it. With one last quiet groan of distress, he felt the room around him spin before fading into darkness.

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Hellboy walked into the room first, closely followed by Abe. They had run into the nurse on their way in and were given explicit instructions to wake John up to eat his dinner. The smile on Red's face fell apart at the scene he walked into, halting his step and causing the merman to walk into his back.

"What is it, Hellboy?" Abe asked as he tried to look over a red shoulder. "Oh dear..."

"What the fuck is going on here?" Hellboy roared. There, sitting on the bed with his lover, was Agent Clay in a tight lip lock with John. But neither man seemed to have heard them come in, nor the outburst coming out from the large demon. They continued to kiss, oblivious to the world around them.

Hellboy barged into the room, intent on causing bodily harm to the older agent, when Abe noticed the blank looks on both human's faces. "Wait, Red stop!" he exclaimed.

"Like hell I will," he snarled. He had on hand firmly on Clay's shoulders, but before he attempted to separate him from John the kiss broke apart and the agent fell. It was due to Hellboy's timing and quick reflexes that the man didn't fall off of the bed and to the floor. Meanwhile, Myers fell backwards and landed onto the pillows behind him.

Impatiently, Hellboy maneuvered the body in his arms to the other end of the mattress and quickly moved over to his lover's side. He tried to shake the man awake, but no response. "Abe?" he asked worriedly. His attention was so concentrated on John; by the time he looked up again he saw that the room was almost brimming with medical staff.

Abe came in and gently moved Hellboy out of the way so that he could properly examine John. He began to feel for a pulse and found it rapid and weak. And when he pried open the man's eyelids, he saw that although the pupils were slightly dilated they were still responding to light. Similar signs to what Clay was also experiencing. "Move Agent Clay into another ward and have his vitals monitored. I will also need the security tapes from this room." Various people nodded at him and took off to do as told. A stretcher was pushed in and Clay's body deposited on it before rolling away. Another nurse approached and attached an IV to John's arm, as well as several other electrode pads.

"Blue, what's going on?" Hellboy finally demanded after waiting for as long as he could. The unknown was eating at him and he needed to know that John was going to be okay.

"Unfortunately I am not sure, Hellboy," Abe answered. "I will not be able to come to a conclusion until I view the security rolls. Although I fear the worst now that another person besides John is involved. If Clay was affected also then it might mean that the succubi are possessing bodies as well to influence others. Red, you need to find out more information quickly about how we can deal with this situation." Abe looked up as another nurse walked in with a tape in her hands. He took it and began to stride out the room. "You need to contact that Rabbi, Red. I need more help on this."

Hellboy swore and raced after his friend. "I'll do it myself, Blue. I'll call the guy myself and do whatever it takes to get the cure for this."

The two walked briskly down the hall, only to separate when they reached an intersection. "That last thing we need is for you to be detained by some other government agency if you are seen, Hellboy. Send another agent in and please try to keep out of trouble. I share the same concern you have for our young friend, and I do not need the stress of trying to figure out a way to get you out of imprisonment. I would not count too highly on help from Manning either," Abe warned.

Hellboy waved his hand thoughtlessly in the air as he took off down the opposite path. "I never do anyways. Don't worry, Blue. I won't do anything too stupid."

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"Hello, this is Rabbi Hillel speaking."

"Rabbi, thank you for taking my call," Hellboy said, trying to sound as charming as possible over the phone, when behind him his tail flicked back and forth in irritation.

"It's my pleasure. But may I ask what this is concerning?"

"A few days ago you spoke with my partner, Agent Myers. You were able to provide him with some invaluable information regarding Lilith."

“Ah yes,” the other man’s voice portrayed recognition. “He was a very pleasant man. I was glad to have helped him.”

“Yes, thank you, your help was much appreciated. I’m Agent Red, Agent Myers’ partner. He’s unable to make this phone call himself but we were hoping that you’d be able to provide some more information for us.”

“Oh, is everything alright?” the Rabbi asked in concern.

“Things have been better, I must admit,” Hellboy responded. “Now, I was hoping that you might have some useful knowledge on the lilim?”

“Lilim? The spawn of Lilith you mean? They are not as well heard of amongst the Jewish I’m afraid. All I know is that they are creatures of the night and haunt the dreams of sleeping men.”

“Yah, a succubus,” Hellboy exclaimed excitedly, momentarily forgetting to stay in character.

“Yes yes, that’s right,” Rabbi Hillel agreed heartily. “They are the succubi. What can I do to help?”

“Do you know of a way to get rid of them?” he asked hopefully.

“Alas, my child. I’m afraid that I do not. Like I have said, the lilim are not well documented in our literature. I understand that exorcism is involved in their banishment, but that is out of my realm of expertise.” Hellboy let out an exasperated breath, only to suck it back in when he realised that the man on the other line could hear it. Then he heard a soft chuckle. “Do not fret, child. I cannot believe I am saying this, but maybe your best chance will be to consult with the Roman Catholic. They’re quite fond of exorcism.”

Hellboy couldn’t help but chuckle back at the light jibe and thanked the Rabbi before hanging up.

“Oh great, now I have to look for a priest?” he mumbled to himself.

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Chapter 11 by En_kaiiz

Hellboy walked into John’s room and headed directly for the chair by the bedside. The nurse on duty nodded his acknowledgement in Hellboy’s direction and went back to monitoring the various readings on the EKG screen. The demon sat down ungracefully and immediately reached for John’s hand, reassuring himself with the cool touch of his lover’s skin and presence.

After a few minutes the nurse left, closing the door quietly behind him. Hellboy took this opportunity to let his calm façade fall apart and allowed the tears to form in the corner of his eyes. His external shell of indifference was crumbling and he wasn’t sure how much longer he could watch his lover suffer. Desperately he wished he could switch places with John, or at the very least share the stress load.

With effortless power Hellboy destroyed creatures of a dark and evil nature. Without so much as a blink of an eye he was able to take down a building and dismantle its structure. With a few whispered words and his right hand of doom he was able to open up the gates of Hell and bring upon Armageddon to the world.

And yet, here was John. One mortal; vulnerable and oh so fragile. One man who used himself as bait to bring out a demon, one man who brought down Lilith with his own bare hands, one man who endures the pain and effects of the succubi alone...

...The one man who is selfless and strong enough to carry Hellboy’s child, out of love.

Hellboy watched quietly and willed John to awake, to come back to the conscious world. He craved to gaze into those blue eyes again, lighting up at the sight of him. He yearned to see those lips smile again, and laughing at his lame jokes. He wished he could hear that voice again, even if to lecture him once more.

Suddenly, he shook his head clear and quickly wiped away at the tears before they had a chance to fall down his face. He needed to rid those morbid thoughts from his mind, John was merely unconscious for the time being, and it was nothing permanent. Hell, Red had faith that in the next few minutes Myers will wake up and laugh at him for being so melancholic.

The thought of a sarcastic John brought a smile to his lips and he gazed fondly at his lover's face. In his sleep the man looked younger than he already did, and so serene and peaceful at the same time. Dark lashes stood out as they fanned across the pale skin of the man's cheeks. Thin pink and purple veins lightly traced along the delicate eyelids, and for once the seemingly permanent frown the agent always seemed to wear was absent.

'At least he looks healthier now than before,' he mused to himself. He listened to the rhythmic ticking of the clock on the wall and the beeping on the machines. Realising that he had been up and about on his feet almost non-stop for the past couple days now, Hellboy allowed himself to finally close his eyes to rest. Gently, he stroked the hand he held in his with a thumb, content with his safety blanket.

>>>>

He slowly opened his eyes and blinked quickly, surprised that he was looking up at the leaves of a tree and the blue sky above. What was he doing outside? For another second he pondered his situation when he heard the high pitched giggling of a child beside him.

Quickly he glanced to his right and stared into large brown eyes. The owner of these eyes giggled and cooed happily back at him, short stubby arms waving in the air in his direction. A thin line of drool had escaped from the corner of a widely opened mouth and made its way down the chin to add to the already wet spot on the bib.

Another giggle accompanied the child's and Hellboy managed to tear his gaze away from the infant to stare at its guardian. John grinned back at him, his eyes shining bright and looking absolutely beautiful. "Did you wake your Da up?" he asked the baby. The child giggled louder at the thought and blew raspberries at Hellboy.

"John?" he asked, unsure of what he was seeing before him.

"Yah Red?" John looked away from the baby in his arms and smiled down at Hellboy again. "He's your son, don't blame me he woke you up. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree it seems," he chuckled. The man readjusted his hold on the baby and lifted the small bundle up in the air. "You woke Da up didn't you?" John cooed. "Didn't you?"

Chubby hands and feet waved joyfully and more giggling ensued.

"We had a son?" Hellboy asked dreamily, unable to tear his attention away from the sight of his child and its bearer.

"Of course we had a son," John chided him. "I didn't endure that horrible pain for nothing. Well, at least watching you faint and ending up with a concussion made me feel a bit better."

"He beautiful, just like his mother," Hellboy whispered.

John nudged him with his foot and scowled lightly. "I thought I told you never to call me mother,

mom or any other crap like that.”

Hellboy laughed and offered a finger to his son, who immediately latched onto it with his own tiny fingers. “What’s his name?”

“Hellboy,” John answered, smiling.

“Hellboy? Why?”

“Hellboy,” John repeated.

Hellboy stared at his smiling lover in confusion. “Huh?”

“Hellboy... Hellboy...”

>>>>

“Hellboy!” Abe finally yelled next to the red demon’s ear. Hellboy snorted loudly and jumped up out of the chair he had been sleeping in.

“What?” he snarled. Then quickly and frantically he studied his surroundings. “Goddammit,” he swore. His glance fell back to the bed to where John was lying, still unconscious. “Aww damn, it was just a fucking dream,” he cursed.

“Hellboy, are you quite alright?” Abe asked, his face portraying concern.

“Yeah, just great,” he muttered. “What’s up, Blue?”

“Have you any information for me?”

“Yeah. Rabbi Hillel suggested I contact the Roman Catholic. Turns out that we might need to exorcise the succubi out of John and he doesn’t deal with that. So I grabbed one of the probies to look around for a priest that can do us the favour.”

“I thought you were going to take care of it?”

“Yeah I know,” Hellboy mumbled. “I was going to but I couldn’t bring myself to...”

“Red?” Abe finally asked when the demon grew silent. “What is it?”

“Pops was a big believer in that stuff,” Hellboy said quietly. “That whole Godly stuff. He had a bible in his hands when I was conjured out from the portal almost 61 years ago. All my life I remember seeing him reading that same book, and praying every night before going to bed. And every Sunday morning he would leave me for two hours to attend church. He believed so strongly in his God, and devoted most of his life to it.

“But where was his God when he was murdered?” the half demon asked bitterly. “Killed point blank by a creature that made a pact with the Devil. Killed and left all alone, his blood dripping down his clothes and soiling the floor he laid on, while his precious bible sat all pristine on his desk. Why wasn’t his God there to help him? To save him? To prevent the goddamned kill?”

Hellboy looked away and glanced softly down at John. “Why wasn’t I there to save Pops?” He reached for the man’s hand again, stroking it in both an effort to alert the agent of his presence, as well as to soothe his own nerves. When a hand was placed on his shoulder, he glanced up briefly at the merman and grunted in appreciation. “Didn’t mean for that bitch fest there to happen, Blue.”

“You can always count on me to be there to listen to you Hellboy,” Abe said. “I was very fond of Professor Broom, and his death affected me a great deal also. We can sympathise together one day after this whole ordeal is over with.”

“Thanks Abe.” Hellboy gruffly cleared his throat and looked up at his friend. “So any news for me?” he asked.

Abe went to grab another chair and pulled it close to the other side of John. “I have viewed the surveillance tapes. It appeared that John and Agent Clay were both sleeping at the same time at some point. That seemed to be when the succubi attack occurred. For no apparent reason at all, Clay stood up and sat on the bed at the same time John sat up by himself. Their eyes were opened and they stared at each other for several minutes. It was quite odd; they exchanged no words, nor body language. And although their eyes were opened it looked like they were not seeing anything.

“Then shortly before we walked in the two men started to gravitate towards each other, like magnets. Their lips touch but that was about it. Nothing else happened. This is unusual, I have not been able to find anything that documents a similar occurrence.”

“Wait, nothing happened you say?” Hellboy asked. When Abe nodded, he went on to say, “I don’t have to kill Clay when he wakes up then. That’s good, cuz I like him.”

“Yes, I am sure he would appreciate that, Red,” Abe said dryly. “I shall continue now, if I may?”

“Go on ahead,” Hellboy agreed cheerfully, shamelessly happy for the moment that no one else, except for him, had been physically intimate with his lover.

“I was just going to say that although our case is unusual, there have been some instances in which they describe the succubus drawing the life source from her victims through their mouths. Hence the saying...”

“‘Sucking the life right outta me’,” Hellboy exclaimed excitedly. “I’m not just a pretty face you know,” he said pointedly when Abe stared at him in silence.

“Both Clay and John are exhibiting normal vital signs. The only thing is they seem to be experiencing extreme delta waves. This is not a coma they are in, but a case of a really deep sleep.”

“I’d always thought that I would be the one to sleep through World War 3 if given the chance,” Hellboy mused distractedly.

“At this point it is difficult to tell who drew on whose breath. In fact, I am not even sure how to wake either man up. We have tried almost all tricks in the book and still they continue to sleep. My only hope is that once we find someone who is familiar with the exorcism of the lilim they will awaken.”

Hellboy sat up straight and looked Abe in the eyes. “Trust me, Blue. We’re gonna find a way to nip this in the bud. Failure is not an option.”

>>>>

“Father Anthony Ricci, the senior priest of the St. Mary’s Holy Sacred Heart.” Agent Connolly flipped through the pages of the small notebook he held and cleared his throat nervously as he glanced at the large, looming red half demon he was reporting to. “On several occasions he’d been approached to perform exorcisms and cleansing rituals. He’d apparently dealt with all sorts

of possession and hauntings, people and buildings alike.”

Out of the corner of his eye, the newly recruited FBI agent could see Hellboy’s tail twitched in agitation and impatience. Clearing his throat quickly, Connolly continued on, “I told him about the situation with the succubi and he immediately became interested. Father Ricci seems to be quite familiar with this sort of demonic activity. We’re waiting for clearance to go through and then he will be escorted here to perform the ritual immediately.”

“And how long will that take?” Hellboy drew deeply from his cigar. He had been dying for a smoke all day but his need to be by John’s side in the Health Ward was stronger. So naturally, the first thing he did when he was kicked out of that wing was light up a Cuban. He nearly wet himself with that first puff. And he had been enjoying himself so much when this probie showed up.

Although, he had to give the kid brownie points for getting the job done so quickly. Silently he studied the young agent, amused with the man’s apparent willingness to please and not disappoint. A bit wet behind the ears and Hellboy couldn’t help but compare the newbie to the first day he met John almost a year ago.

Perhaps about a year or two older than Myers currently was, Connolly wore the same look of eagerness, mixed with a touch of naivety, that John had then. Hellboy frowned when he thought about how much his lover had hardened since that time. As time passed the bright eyed, optimistic look that John used to wear slowly faded away, to be replaced with a more worn, hard-edged look. Hellboy wondered how long it would be before the kid in front of him took on the same attitude, assuming he lasted long enough for the change to occur.

When he saw the frown form on the large demon’s face, Connelly stopped himself from fidgeting nervously. “As long as it takes for the papers to process. The Director needs to read the application and give his approval.”

“Fuckin’ Manning,” Hellboy muttered under his breath as he let out a long stream of cigar smoke. “As soon as the clearance goes through, bring the good priest in to see Myers and come get me ASAP.”

“Yes Sir,” Connelly replied.

“Aw shit, don’t call me ‘Sir’,” Hellboy grunted. “I’m not some old stick in the mud. Everyone else around here just calls me Red.”

“Okay, Red. Got it.”

Hellboy nodded and took another deep drawl of his cigar. Lazily he glanced over at the young agent and noticed that the man was still staring at him. The not-so-subtle look of awe on Connelly’s face was starting to make him feel uncomfortable. “What is it?” he finally asked, his voice sounding a bit exasperated.

Connelly blinked and blushed lightly, not realising that he had been staring. “I’m sorry. It’s just that... you’re Hellboy,” he exclaimed. “I used to read about you in comic books when I was a kid. And now I get to work with you.”

Hellboy snorted and inhaled his cigar some more. “Funny kid, Myers said about the same thing when I first met him. I’m gonna like you, I think,” he decided aloud. “Now go, I’ll be back with John as soon as I’m done with this. When the priest gets here you’ll find me there.”

“But, didn’t Abe kick you out of that ward?” the man asked, confused. He still couldn’t believe that he was working with these legendary beings, and looked up to these so-called ‘super heroes.’

Hence his reluctance to piss them off, but he had been given strict orders to keep Hellboy away from Agent Myers' room until the demon got some sleep. "I was told to make sure that you get some rest," he said hesitantly.

"That's gonna be tough for you, cuz I don't really feel like resting," Hellboy told him. "If you need to know, I won't be able to rest peacefully until John wakes up again, so Blue can just kiss my big fat red ass." He grounded the stub of his cigar into a nearby ashtray and started to walk towards the door.

"Red? Seriously, you can't go back in there. You need to rest," Connelly protested firmly.

Hellboy sighed and rolled his eyes. His hands rested akimbo on his hips as he turned around to face the frustrated agent. "Kiddo, there's two very important things you'll need to learn if we're to get along." He held up his index finger. "First, my food always get to me on time, no exceptions." Then he added his middle finger to it. "Second, no one never ever gets in my way when it comes to John. Understood?"

Dean Connelly swallowed hard. He needed to learn to pick his battles. And judging by the glint in the demon's yellow eyes, he figured that receiving a reprimand from Abe was less detrimental to his health than taking up on Hellboy's unspoken threat. So he nodded in understanding and didn't say a word when the red half demon walked out of the room.

He predicted that his time spent here in the BPRD was going be an interesting experience.

>>>>

"Why am I not surprised to find you here again?"

Hellboy tore his eyes away from John's face to grin up at Abe. "Persistence is my virtue," he smirked.

"I hope you did not scare Agent Connelly too much, as I am sure you must have if he had let you come back in here," Abe responded dryly.

"Let me' back in here?" Hellboy snorted. "That's a hoot. Like he could've stopped me from coming back here. Well, he did have good intentions and tried. Not as hard as I'm sure John would've if their places were switched, but 'Scout's always been a tough scrapper," he said fondly.

"Well, regardless, try not to frighten him too much, Red. He will be taking over John's former duties to you until this whole ordeal is over. He will also be acting as John's aide once he is back on his feet again."

"A babysitter eh? I wonder who'll be more pissed off when they find out... Connelly or John?"

"It is most required," Abe stated. "The amount of trouble that John attracts is frightening, and I worry about what he will get himself into if there is no one watching over him. Especially in his pregnant state. I cannot be around him constantly, nor can you. Connelly is very reliable and trustworthy. He shows a lot of potential. Unfortunately for him, he has limited field experience, so hopefully through this temporary position he will be able to pick up a few pointers from John."

"Is that wise?" Hellboy asked. "John can get pretty nasty if the wrong mood swing hits."

"This shall test how good of a diplomat Agent Connelly will prove to be," the merman simply replied. The two friends shared a knowing smile and sat back in silence, each contemplating their own private thoughts while sitting vigilantly by John's side.

About a half hour later, Hellboy stirred out of his thoughts when he felt his hand weakly squeezed. Startled, he looked down at the hand he held and felt the light squeeze again. When he glanced over to his lover's face, his face lit up with a mixture of surprise and relief to see John blinking up at him. The blue eyes that stared looked tired, and were barely opened, but Hellboy let out a loud whoop of glee. Abe sat up in alert and looked to see what the demon was getting so excited about.

"John!" he exclaimed. "You are awake."

Myers turned his head over in Abe's direction and smiled weakly. "Tir'd," the man managed to whisper. "Sle'p now." And the eyes closed again.

At that very moment, a nurse came through the door in search of Abe. "Agent Clay is awake," she announced.

The merman got up to leave. "I will just be next door if you need me," he told Hellboy before stepping out of the room.

Hellboy watched his friend leave with the nurse and gazed back down at his sleeping mate. He resumed stroking his thumb over the pale hand he held and smiled.

>>>>

"Agent Clay, good to see you awake again," Abe greeted the rumpled looking man. "You were beginning to worry us."

"Hey Blue," he mumbled, head still feeling a bit hazy. "What happened? Is Myers okay? How long have I been out? God, I feel like shit..."

"John appears to be alright for the time being. And you have been unconscious for approximately twelve hours now." Abe went to read the charts he was handed and gazed at Clay. "As for what happened, I am hoping that perhaps you can give me a little insight as to what you know."

Clay scratched his head and rubbed the back of his neck. A frown formed on his face as he concentrated on bringing up the wanted memories.

"I was watching over Myers and I guess I must have dozed off. I remember waking up and saw that he was having a nightmare or something. So I tried to wake him, and when I did Myers started acting really weird."

The seasoned agent told Abe all that he could remember. Despite the horrible sense of embarrassment he was experiencing, in addition to the bright reddening that must be developing on his face, he plowed right on with the details. He knew well enough that harbouring any facts, regardless how important or not they may seem, was a sure way to hinder an investigation.

"Quite interesting," Abe mused when Clay finally stopped talking. "It appeared as if John was acting in the role of the succubus and seducing you. Do you remember how you felt just prior to passing out?"

"Like I was being suffocated. Like he was sucking the life right out of me," Clay slowly described. "White eyes, I also saw white eyes," he suddenly exclaimed. "I remember opening my eyes at the last minute and saw these bright glowy things staring back at me."

Abe stiffen his posture, alert. Facts were starting to add up and match. "That definitely sounds like the work of the lilim. I will need John to wake up to tell me his side of the story to see what it is we

are facing. And to find out exactly what their intentions are.”

“Anything else I can do help?” Clay asked.

“No, but thank you Agent Clay. For now I just want you to rest and restore your strength.”

“Roger that,” he said as he pressed his head back into the pillow. “Feels like a steamroller went over my chest,” he chuckled.

“That would be due to the acute constriction that occurred in your respiratory vessels. We injected you with some epinephrine. You may be sore for awhile yet,” Abe explained ruefully.

The man shrugged. “Well, it comes with the job I suppose. I guess that’s what I get for enlisting with the FBI instead of going to accounting school.”

“Your optimism is quite refreshing.” Abe smiled as he quietly closed the door, the sound of Clay’s laughter ringing out after him.

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Chapter 12 by En_kaiiz

Abe sat down with John as the young man related his side of events. The agent had finally regain full consciousness and was able to stay awake for several hours at time now. Because John still looked exhausted however, Abe decided to keep the man in the infirmary for a few more days under close observation.

Despite all of Abe’s vocal threats and reprimands, in the end all it took was a soft smile from John to send a sulking Hellboy out of the room for some much needed rest. This was fortunate as the absence of the red demon’s presence made it easier to talk to John.

Abe mused over what John had told him. “That sounds like quite a similar experience to the one you had a few days ago.”

John nodded solemnly and let a yawn escape from his mouth. “Sorry,” he grinned sheepishly.

Abe smiled indulgently at him and was about to tease him when there was a sudden knock on the door. Although the medical staff did make a habit of knocking before entering, he had asked for no interruptions for the hour. He went to see who it was and stood face to face with BPRD’s newest agent.

“Ah, Agent Connelly. How may I help you?”

Dean smiled briefly at Abe before gesturing to the men that stood behind him. “Red told me to report back to him here as soon as security was cleared for the priests.” He stood back and allowed the two shocked men a clear view of the blue merman.

“Excellent,” Abe exclaimed. “I am Abe Sapien. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintances.” He extended his webbed hand out in offer.

“Deus,” one of them finally whispered, a look of both curiosity and fear was apparent on his face. “What sort of demonic activity is this?” Both men took a step back and crossed themselves repeatedly as they chanted quietly under their breaths. Abe cocked his head to the side in amusement while Connelly looked embarrassed for the visitors.

“Gentlemen,” the agent said tightly. “We had already discussed this earlier when we had you sign those confidential clauses. Abe is not what we are here for. Remember, you are both under federal contract that you are not to disclose anything that you have seen during your time here.”

“Of course, Agent Connelly,” the elder priest replied. He gave Abe a thorough look-over and hesitantly took the proffered hand. “Yes Mr Sapien, I am Father Ricci. This is my deaconate, Stephen Lawrence.” He looked over to see his companion still staring wide eyed at the unusual looking being and subtly elbowed him, coughing gently. The deacon startled slightly and had the grace to look embarrassed.

“My apologies,” he murmured as he offered his hand next. “Excuse my behaviour. Agent Connelly and your Director Manning had warned us of your, um, appearance. But it is still a shock to see it with our own eyes.”

“I insist you call me Abe and do not worry. Apologies are not necessary,” Abe said graciously. “I am used to people’s reactions to my appearance. And besides, you still have Hellboy to meet. I believe your reactions to seeing him well more than make up.” He smiled enigmatically as the two men of the church exchanged nervous glances with each other.

Abe stepped away from the door and invited them in. He could see John sitting up in his bed, dying of curiosity. “Gentlemen, this is Agent John Myers. You will be working closely with him.” He glanced over at the young man in bed. John had glanced briefly over at Ricci and Lawrence, but his attention paused on Connelly.

“John,” Abe began. “This is Father Ricci and Reverend Lawrence. They will be performing the exorcism that we spoke about.” Myers nodded absently but kept a suspicious eye on Connelly. “This is Agent Dean Connelly. He is new to the BPRD and will be taking over most of your duties until you are fit for duty again.”

John glared at him. “Who says I’m not fit for duty?”

“Until you are well again,” Abe quickly consoled.

John narrowed his eyes at his friend and glanced over at the newest agent again. “Who hired you?” he demanded. He had been the one responsible in looking over potential candidates for field work and he didn’t recall ever coming across this man’s profile.

Connelly cleared his throat and stood straighter. “Sir, Director Manning had enlisted me just two days ago. I haven’t been with the Bureau for too long and had just actually transferred back to Quantico from England only recently.” Dean knew that he was being severely scrutinised as he spoke and he tried to remain unaffected. Sitting on the bed in white scrubs with wires attached to his body, Agent Myers appeared fragile. But Connelly had heard stories about the younger man and knew that appearances were deceiving indeed. When Myers finally looked away and focused his attention on the two visitors, he breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

“Please to meet you,” John greeted them. “What do I get to look forward to exactly?”

“It’s quite an intense ritual,” Father Ricci began. “There will be a series of rites that must be recited and religious sacraments that will be applied and utilised.”

“Is it going to hurt?” John asked. He wasn’t so much concerned about his own well being as he was about his unborn child’s. Subconsciously, his hands reached around himself to rest lightly and protectively across his abdomen.

“The experience may be exhausting and tiring,” the priest admitted. “As I have said, it is an intense ritual and everyone reacts differently. I understand it is a succubus you are inflicted with?” When he received a terse nod in response, Ricci continued on. “This type of demonic possession is quite tricky to be released from, depending on the type of hold it may have on you. I will need to return to my parish to retrieve some instruments. We will be back shortly.”

“Thank you,” Abe intervened when he realised that John was looking troubled. “Agent Connelly shall arrange for your escort.” The two men nodded their thanks and followed the new agent out.

Once the door was closed behind them, Abe sat down on the side of John’s bed and made eye contact. “What are you worried about?” he asked.

John blinked and shrugged. “I’m not sure exactly. My first instinct in this whole ordeal is that exorcism is all a bunch of hokiness and voodoo mumbo jumbo. But my time with the BPRD so far had been nothing but dealing with the mumbo jumbo and chasing the hokey.” John shook his head and let out a short laugh. “I don’t know if I’m more worried that the exorcism won’t work or that it will and something will go very, very wrong.”

Abe patted his hand in reassurance and stood up. “Rest for now, John. I assure you that we will do everything in our powers to ensure that nothing goes wrong. You know how Hellboy is, he will never let any harm come to you.”

John snorted and nodded in agreement. “I don’t know if I should count my blessings or not.”

>>>>>

The room was dark, lit only by several candles. John laid on the bed, staring up at the two ordained men curiously. Of to the side of the room stood a fully recovered Agent Clay, Agent Connelly, Tom Manning, Abe, and of course, Hellboy.

To John’s amusement, he couldn’t stop laughing at the sight of their visitors’ faces when they caught sight of the large red demon for the first time. Especially when his lover had stood up to his full height of 6’9” to greet the men. Their first instinct, of course, was to cross themselves over and over again, while brandishing a crucifix at Red’s disbelieved face. But once Manning and the agents had calmed the men down and had the whole situation under control, they had set about busily, preparing what they needed to perform the exorcism.

It hadn’t pleased Hellboy at all when he learned that he couldn’t be near John. The priest had insisted that the person to be exorcised on had to be segregated from others so that the prayers would be easily concentrated on one person. With a low growl, and a pout when Myers had snapped at him to stand aside like he was told, Hellboy loomed over by the wall along with the other non-participants. He stood as close to John as he knew he could get away with.

Both Father Ricci and Reverend Lawrence stood in front of the bed, staring solemnly down at John. They wore pristine white robes with purple stoles around their necks. In the deacon’s hand he held various bottles and a crucifix. The priest held also held a crucifix, as well as a small bible.

Father Ricci stepped up towards John and held out the bible to him. “Please read the passage as indicated, Agent Myers.”

He solemnly did as asked and in a loud, clear voice he read, “Father, in Jesus’ name I ask you to forgive me of all my sins. I repent Lord. Come into my life. Fill me with the Holy Spirit. With your help, I will stop sinning.”(1)

“Amen,” Father Ricci whispered. The deacon could be heard whispering the same thing. John glanced quickly to his left when he heard a soft growl emanating from his lover. He knew that the passage he had read had put the blame on himself, but he did as told, wanting to get this over and done with and as quick as possible.

The priest stepped up beside John and made a sign of cross over the agent before taking his stole off to place around Myers’ neck. Next, he placed his right hand on top of John’s head at the

same time that Lawrence had walked up to the other side of him to do the same. John stared up dubiously at the two men as they closed their eyes and appeared to be lost in some silent prayer. They remained as they were for several seconds before Ricci finally reached into a pocket of his robe and took out a small medal. This he placed around his neck, on top of the purple stole and announced loudly, "Ut piissima et Immaculata caelorum Domina vos protegat atque defendat."(2)

The crucifix was then suddenly placed in front of his face. John leaned back a bit, startled at the unexpected appearance of the sacrament. "Keep focused on this, my son," the priest requested. "Ut quoties triumphum divinae humilitatis, quae superbiam nostri hostis deiecit. Dignare respicere, bene dicere et Sancti ficare hanc creaturam incensi, ut omnes languores, omnesque infirmitates, atque insidias inimici, odorem ejus sentientes, effugiant, et separatur a plasmate tuo; ut numquam laedatur amorsu antiqui serpentes."(3)

"I said to focus on the holy crucifix!" Ricci suddenly yelled when John had found his attention wandering. The sight of the sacrament was making his eyes water and a feeling of dizziness was beginning to overcome him the longer he gazed at it. "Numquam laedatur a morsu antiqui serpentis,"(4) Ricci quickly finished. "Now it is time for the blessed oil," he said to Lawrence, who handed him a small vial.

John suddenly felt his throat constrict and he gasped for breath. He tried to sit up but hands firmly held him down. "No!" he screamed loudly. "Let me go, I need to go."

"Be calm, my son. This will not hurt, I assure you," Lawrence reassured. "You must stay calm."

"Damn it, let me go," John snarled as he fought harder to escape the holds on him. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Abe holding Hellboy back from reaching out for him. He turned to look at his lover, his best look of helplessness on his facial features. "Please, Red. Help me, they're hurting me. Help me escape, please."

Hellboy growled again and tried harder to reach out for John. He could see his human lover struggling against the hold the two men had on him. He couldn't stand to see John in pain and he wanted to grab the man into a protective hold, to keep him safe from all dangers in the world. However, both Clay and Connelly were now holding him back also, and Abe was standing in his way. "Get out of my way, Blue," he ordered.

Abe placed a hand on Hellboy's chest and tried to calm the demon down. "Red, you are being deceived by the succubus. That is not John that is speaking to you. Let the priest do his job and stay calm. I will not hesitate to put you in quarantine if you do not cease this behaviour right this instance." Hellboy stopped his fight and relaxed a bit.

"Red, please," John whined pitifully. The voice tore at Hellboy's heart and he watched helplessly as the man kept eye contact with him, anguish and pain in those blue eyes as he stood in place, unable to reach out for him.

"Hurry it up will ya?" he yelled at the exorcists.

With Lawrence now using both hands and all his strength to hold the possessed man down, Ricci pried open John's mouth by pressing firm fingers onto either side of his jaw. With his other hand he popped off the cork stopper and jammed the vial of oil between the teeth. The struggling increased as Ricci forced John's mouth closed, making him swallow the oil.

"Exorcizo te, creatura olei. Omnis virtus adversarii, omnis exercitus diaboli, omnis incursus, omne phantasma Satanæ eradicare. Uf fiat omnibus, qui eo usuri sunt, salus menti et corporis. Ab omni languore, omni qui infirmitate, insidiis inimici liberentur. Cunctae adversitates separentur a plasmate tuo."(5)

Myers let out a blood curdling scream, which frightened everyone in the room. "You will regret this," he cried. "This human will pay, you will pay!" John's eyes had taken on the appearance of glowing orbs and he was staring straight at Hellboy. "You will pay dear for what you have done to our Mistress. Your lover will pay, your child will pay!"

"Silence, demon of Tortuous Serpent! Silence now!" Ricci commanded. He took another vial filled with a clear liquid and, again, pried John's mouth open once more to empty it into his cavity, forcing the man to consume it. "Drink this blessing of water in the vigil of the Epiphany of the Lord.

"Sancte Mícheál Archángele, defénde nos in proélio contra nequítiam et insídias diaboli esto praesídium. Imperet illi Deus, súpplícés deprecámur: tuque, princeps milítiae caeléstis, Sátanam aliósque spíritus málgno, qui ad perditiónem animárum pervagántur in mundo, divína virtúte, In inférnum detrude. Amen."(6) Ricci chanted this over and over in a calm soothing voice. Myers seemed to have passed the peak in his struggles and slowly calmed his resistance.

Several minutes in the five figures that had been standing more or less quietly against the wall watched with baited breaths as Lawrence finally let go of Myers' body. The priest had stopped chanting now and quickly made a cross over himself and John, the deacon doing the same to himself.

"Is it... is it over?" Clay hesitantly asked after several more minutes of silence.

"Yes, I believe the exorcism is complete," an exhausted Ricci answered, keeping his eyes on the man in bed.

"So, that's it then?" Hellboy asked. He was slowly approaching his lover's bedside when John suddenly sat upright and stared at him with panic in his eyes. "John?"

Just as sudden, John's eyes closed and, as a soft breath escaped parted lips, he fell bonelessly back to the bed. Hellboy stared on in confusion, not quite sure of what to do next. He was jolted out of his reverie as Abe pushed him out of the way.

"Something is not right here," he said. Quickly he put his ear down next to John's chest and placed fingers against the carotid artery. "There's no pulse here," he muttered. "We have a code blue, get the defibrillator in here, stat," he demanded as he moved to begin CPR. Both Clay and Connelly ran out of the room to grab the necessary equipment and medical crew.

It was within seconds that the small room was suddenly crowded with people, all having their duties to perform to keep John alive. "All non-essential staff get out now," Abe barked as he prepped the paddles that he was quickly handed. The two agents dragged a somber Hellboy out of the room as Manning politely escorted the priest and deacon out.

As soon as the door closed on them, shutting out the frenzied action, Hellboy loomed over the two ordained men and towered above them. "What the fuck did you guys do to him? I swear to God if he dies, so will you," he vowed quietly.

"Hellboy," Manning barked. "Get away from them."

"I promise you, Mr Hellboy," Ricci began, his voice shaking slightly. "I have done this exorcism many times. I promise you that this is the first time this reaction had ever occurred. I have no idea why his heart would stop beating like that."

"Don't worry about it, Father," Manning assured them as he shot an icy look over in Hellboy's direction. "Of course you didn't do this intentionally, you had no control over how Agent Myers would react to the ritual. Clay, Connelly," he ordered. "I want you two to take the Father and

Reverend to the commissary and make sure they're comfortable."

Manning and Hellboy stared back at each other, neither person willing to back down in defeat. Once the four other men were out of earshot, Hellboy growled at the Director. "I wasn't joking, Manning," he said. "If John dies, so will they." And without another word, the red demon left the infirmary and kicked open the doors in front of him to leave the building.

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Abe glanced over at the EKG screen and breathed a huge sigh of relief as the cardiac spikes finally stabilised. Wearily, he handed the paddles of the defibrillator to a nurse and wiped a hand across his face, a small smile lingering on his lips. "Thank you," he whispered quietly to no one but himself. He gazed down at an unconscious John, another nurse wiping the lubricant off of his chest, before turning around to leave the room. Abe had expected to be instantly ambushed by a frantic Hellboy and was shocked to not find the red demon there. Instead, Tom Manning stood up from where he was seated and waited for Abe to approach him.

"How is Agent Myers doing?"

"As you know, he had undergone cardiac arrest. I am not sure how this came to be, it might simply be the result of the stress from the exorcism combined with over exhaustion from previous events. Either way, he is stabilised for now and I must speak with the priest if he is still around."

"I sent Agents Clay and Connelly to escort the gentlemen to the commissary. We had a bit of a...," Manning paused to carefully choose his word. "Altercation here," he finally amended.

"Ah, I see," Abe nodded his understanding. "I take it that would be the reason why Red is not here pacing a hole through the floor?"

Manning nodded tightly. "I'll be leaving now, Abe. You'll find me in my office if you need me, and please keep me updated on Myers' current condition."

Abe nodded again and they went their separate ways. The merman headed off in the direction of the food mess and caught the four men sitting at the same table, all nursing mugs of coffee. They looked up simultaneously as he pulled up a chair to join them. "Good evening, gentlemen," he greeted them. Pleasantries were exchanged and Abe asked them how they were doing.

"None too worse for the wear," Father Ricci smiled briefly before letting it fade into a look of nervousness. "I wonder though, how is Agent Myers fairing?"

"A case of cardiac arrest. As I have already told Director Manning, it was most likely the combined result of stress from the exorcism and fatigue from previous events. Agent Myers had been through a lot almost non-stop for the past week now. In fact, I believe the only rest he had been receiving is from the infirmary."

The two men exchanged looks and smiled in relief. Abe smiled back, "Do not worry about Hellboy. He is truly overprotective where his partner is concerned and can get a bit illogical at times. Once he hears that John is well again he will not even remember you. I just wanted to assure you men that there is nothing to worry about. Now, I must return to Agent Myers' side and make sure everything remains well. Is there anything else I should know about the effects of the exorcism before I go?"

"Yes actually, it is recommended that you burn some incense in Agent's Myers' presence for the next few days to ensure that all signs of evilness is completely obliterated. For at least the next 72 hours will do nicely."

"I shall make sure we have that burning constantly during that time period. Thank you for taking the time to aide us through this and for tolerating the unusual parametres of this visit," Abe said.

Both men shook his hand in farewell, this time there was no hesitation involved. "It had been quite the unusual experience indeed," Lawrence commented. "But no worries, we understand the conditions of the security clearance we were given and we do look forward to working with you in the future should you need our assistance again."

Abe watched as they left the building with Connelly in tow and quickly turned on his heels in search of his wayward friend. He exited through the rear doors nearest the infirmary. There was a small private patch of greenery there for patients to walk through, catching a breath of fresh air. He knew that Hellboy sometimes came here to smoke whenever John was stuck in the ward.

He strolled over to a lone bench and sat down. Leaning back, he gazed up into the clear night's sky, taking in the bright stars that were not overwhelmed by the city's lights. Taking a deep breath in, Abe inhaled the fresh scent of trees and flowers and cigar smoke. "He is stabilised, you know," he commented quietly.

After a few seconds of pause, he heard the rustling of the leaves in the large tree next to the bench. Before long, the ground beneath him vibrated as Hellboy landed heavily on his feet, dropping down from the tree above. Red took a long drag from his cigar and blew out the smoke before settling himself next to Abe.

There was another moment of comfortable silence between the two. Only the sounds of the city's night noises could be heard faintly around them. Hellboy was the first to finally break the quietness.

"I don't know what I'd do if I lose him."

"He would want you to be strong and happy and move on without him," Abe answered matter of factly.

Hellboy snorted. "That sounds like something he would say."

"If he found out that you had been sitting around, moping over him, he would never let you hear the end of it," Abe warned.

"Who else knows that I was here except for you?" The ember end of the cigar lit up brightly as Red took in another drag.

Now it was Abe's turn to snort. "Just go back in there and keep him company. You know how happy he is when you are the first person he sees when he wakes up."

Hellboy nodded. "That I will. I'm just gonna finish this one off first, then I'll go make sure Sleeping Beauty gets his Prince Charming."

Abe stood up to leave, patting Red on the shoulder as he walked past. "Prince Charming indeed? I thought I just told you that John would want to see you when he wakes up?"

"Ha ha, Blue. Ha ha."

TBC...

Feed a starving muse... feedback is always welcomed!

-En-

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References:

(1) John 5:14

(2) May the Holy and Immaculate heavenly Lady protect and defend you.

(3) How often the divine humility has triumphed casting out the pride of our enemy. Deign to care for bless and sanctify those being inflamed by passion and weakness, any sickness, deceits of the foe and suspicious resentments felt by them. Be cast out and driven away from your creature.

(4) Never to be hurt by the bite of the ancient serpent.

(5) I exorcise, creature oil. All power of the adversary, all diabolical armies, all hostile attack, eliminating every satanic apparition. And all who would use this would have health of mind and body; all weakness and all sickness, freed of any snares of the enemy. All of the opposing powers that separate your creature from you.

(6) Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle; be our defense against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray. And do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

<http://www.stmichael.pair.com/index.htm>

<http://www.demonbuster.com/incubus.html>

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Chapter 13 by En_kaiiz

'Damn I hurt... why does it feel like there's a sledgehammer war going on inside my head? And my chest... is that a concrete slab lying on top of me?' John took a deep breath in to try and expand his chest. 'Good Lord, what is that smell? C'mon Myers, get up off your ass and investigate.'

Hesitantly, he blinked his eyes to test the room's lighting. The sun hadn't quite fully risen yet and the lights were turned off so there was no glare to distract him. His eyes first roamed down his front to convince himself that there was nothing sitting on his chest, and next across the room to target the source of the horrible smell. John tried to lift his head up for a better look and bit back a moan when the pain in his head began to ring louder.

"Scout?"

John averted his eyes towards the direction of the voice and smiled weakly at the sight of his lover sitting close to him. "Red," he whispered, his voice hoarse and dry. He cleared his throat and managed to croak out, "Water." A straw was quickly placed between his lips and he took a few sips of cold water before letting go of the plastic tube.

Feeling marginally better now that his throat didn't feel so parched, John gamely tried to sit up again. He didn't have to struggle for long as large strong hands were immediately at his beck and call, helping him to upright himself. Pillows were propped up behind his back and he gazed around the room. "What is up with that smell?" he demanded. His stomach, though empty, was feeling queasy from the odor.

"It's incense," Hellboy answered as he perched himself carefully on the edge of the bed. He leaned his arm against the headboard and John leaned into him, nose wrinkled up and a look of disgust on his face.

"Why are we burning incense?" John rested his hands lightly on top of his abdomen and tried to calm his stomach down.

“The priest guy said that we have to burn this stuff for the next 3 days.”

John groaned. “I have to put up with this smell for 3 days?” he whined. “My stomach feels like it joined the acrobats or something.”

Red looked down fondly at his lover. The brown hair was mussed and sticking up in all sorts of direction and there was some dried crust around the edges of his eyes. He leaned down to place a kiss on top of John’s head as the man continued to rant and whine about the smell. A newly awoken, pre-caffinated John was never fun to be around, but after the close call of last night’s near death experience, Hellboy was ready to cherish any and everything about Myers.

John stopped talking when he realised that Hellboy wasn’t really listening to him. The large half demon was, instead, staring distractedly into space. He elbowed Hellboy to get his attention. “What are you thinking about?”

Hellboy broke out of his thoughts and glanced down at John. “Oh, just about how much I love you,” he murmured. Without giving the man a chance to respond to his heartfelt announcement, he quickly swooped down and gave the agent a deep kiss, morning breath and all. He chuckled as he felt hands on his chest trying to push him away and the sounds of protest coming out of the young man. Finally he relented and let go of his lover.

Myers glared at Hellboy and wiped the spit from his mouth. He didn’t care how much his lover chastised or told him that it was okay... he absolutely could not get over his own stigma about morning breath. He hated it when Hellboy surprised him with a kiss first thing in the morning before he was able to brush his teeth. Luckily, that didn’t happen too often as he was an early morning riser; whereas Hellboy will sleep in through the whole day if given half the chance. “Help me up,” he muttered. “I need to brush my teeth and I gotta pee in the worse way.”

Hellboy did one better and with effortless strength he lifted John up and cradled him to the bathroom. Carefully, he set the man down to the floor and steadied him when John began to sway slightly. Worried that the agent will fall, he wrapped his arms around John by the waist and contented himself with stroking the soft skin beneath the scrub top as the man attended to his morning routine. Once he was done, Hellboy carried him back to the bed.

John allowed Hellboy to fuss over him. He couldn’t remember much about last night’s ritual, and although Hellboy hadn’t said anything about it yet John knew that something must had gone horribly wrong for his lover to be fretting over him so much today. So once he was tucked in and given more water to drink, he decided to breach the subject. “So,” he asked. “How did the exorcism go last night?”

Hellboy looked at him suspiciously. “You don’t remember any of it?”

“Only up to the point when I was told to look at the crucifix. Things started to get dizzy shortly afterwards and the next thing I knew it was morning.” Hellboy began to blink rapidly. “Red?” John asked, worry evident in his voice. He placed a hand over Hellboy’s and stroked the red skin. “I know that something happened so just tell me.”

Hellboy looked away slightly and focused on nothing. “You became possessed. Something, I’m guessing the succubus, took control of your body and started to make threats about making you and the baby pay for what we did to Lilith. After the exorcism was over you went into cardiac arrest. Blue said your heart had stopped beating and they had to use the shock paddles to bring you back to life.”

John let out a gasp. He didn’t realise things had gone that bad. “I don’t know what to say,” he finally murmured as he continued to rub his lover’s hand. Suddenly the hand he was stroking

moved and John found his own hand engulfed in it. He looked up and was shocked at what he saw. "Red?"

"Hmm... yeah Squirt?"

"Are... are you... crying?"

Hellboy took his flesh hand back to angrily wipe away the tears that had formed in his eyes. He glared at John and silently dared the man to make another comment about it. But Myers never spoke another word. Instead, he wrapped both his arms around the demon and curled up against him. He began to rub Hellboy's back and before long, Hellboy let go of the façade he had been wearing for the last several hours and wept long and hard.

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John stirred awake when he heard the door open. He blinked his eyes and saw a nurse coming into the room with his breakfast tray. Hellboy was still snoring loudly beside him and the nurse noticed this with disapproval. Behind the nurse followed Agent Connelly. Myers studied him wearily as he elbowed his lover awake. Hellboy snorted as he jolted awake and proceeded to yawn loudly as he stretched.

"Good morning Agent Myers. Good morning Hellboy," the nurse greeted them as she placed the tray onto a side table and pulled it up to the bedside. "Perhaps Agent Myers would be more comfortable if you slept in your own bed," she hinted in a not so subtle manner as she looked pointedly at Hellboy.

Hellboy looked innocently back at her as he stood up and sat in a nearby chair. The nurse threw her hands up in frustration before leaving the room, mumbling something about errant demons under her breath as she left. But the other agent still remained in the room.

"What is it, Connelly?" John asked.

"Sir, I was wondering if Hellboy would like to receive his breakfast here or in his room."

"Bring it on here Probie," Hellboy told him as he lifted up the lid that covered John's food. "Sausages and pancakes, make it extra syrupy." Once Connelly had left, he looked over in John's direction and found an annoyed look on the man's face. He didn't think that his lover could work up such irritation towards the simple eggs and toast sitting on the plate, bland as they looked, so he asked what was wrong.

"He's getting you breakfast now?" John asked instead as he picked up a fork and began to play around with his scrambled eggs.

"Well somebody's gotta feed me," Hellboy began to joke. "And it's obviously not gonna be you since you're all knocked up and laid up in bed." He stopped chuckling when he felt a fork hit him on the head.

"It's your fault that I'm like this," John scowled at him. Hellboy opened up his mouth to apologise but before a word could slip out a spoon was next thrown at him. "Get out!" Myers yelled. "Get out of my face now!"

Hellboy scrambled to his feet and quickly hurried out of the room. As the door closed behind him he heard another object hit it. Most likely a knife. He swallowed hard and took a step away from the door for safety measures. When he heard the sound of a wheeling cart approaching, he looked up to see Connelly pushing in a large bowl containing his breakfast. "Erm, slight change of plans, Probie. I'm gonna be eating in my room after all."

Connelly looked at him in confusion but nodded. He strolled beside the tall demon as they walked back out of the infirmary and towards Hellboy's living quarters. "The nurse kicked you out of the room?" he asked.

Hellboy shook his head and snorted. "The nurse? Kick me out? Yah right, that's a good one."

"Mood swings?"

"Oh yeah, in the worse way."

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It was lunch time when Hellboy stuck his head back into his John's room. The man was finishing up a bowl of Jell-O and smiled brightly when he caught sight of his lover. Hellboy wasn't sure how his reception would be received and had been wary, but smiled back in relief at John's apparent good mood. "How was lunch?" he asked.

John made a face. "It's your usual hospital fare, nothing great. Even this Jell-O tastes bland. What I could really use is a large greasy plate of fries and a huge cup of coffee to go with it," he sighed wistfully as he finished off the last of his apple juice.

Hellboy chuckled. "We'll make sure to get you your fill of the stuff as soon as we break you out of this pop stand," he promised.

Myers smiled and closed his eyes as he imagined the taste of caffeine and ketchup in his head. "Actually, I don't care what I eat as long as I don't have to smell that incense again. I think it's actually making me lose my appetite."

"It's only two more days," Red consoled.

"Yeah right," John snorted. "Plus the rest of today technically makes more than two and a half more days. And I'm so bored out of my wits, I've been allowed to do nothing but lie in this bed and I'm going crazy. I need to do something, anything." He perked up. "Maybe you can bring me some of my paperwork so that I can catch up on it while I'm stuck here. I might as well be productive."

"Sorry Squirt. I'm not gonna bring you nuttin'. You're supposed to lie there and rest and that means mentally as well as physically. And besides, Manning has Connelly doing most of your paperwork now. See? Nothing to worry about." Hellboy grinned, and he shouldn't had been surprised by the shocking behaviour of the other man as he was told the news, but yet he was.

"The new guy is doing what?" John cried incredulously. "Connelly is doing my work? MY work? How can he possibly know what needs to be done?" he demanded.

"Hey, John calm down. Connelly will be just fine, you know that Manning wouldn't have let him do anything he's not capable of." Hellboy made sure that John didn't look like he was going to throw anything at him and sat down close to the man. "The kid's not going over tactics or research you know. Just menial shit, like requisitions and filing."

John took a deep breath and looked pleadingly at Hellboy. "Do you think? Are you sure?"

"Yes I'm sure." Hellboy frowned at the man. "Squirt, are you afraid that he's out to get your job or something?"

"He IS out to get my job!" John snapped. "He's a leaner, meaner agent. And most importantly,

he's not some pregnant freak like I am!" And at the drop of a hat, John broke out into tears. Hellboy froze and desperately replayed their conversation, wondering how it went so wrong. He stood and shifted from foot to foot, unsure of how to handle a crying John. When the young agent showed no signs of calming down, he finally went with instinct and gathered the man into his arms, praying that this was the right move to make.

Fortunately, John wrapped his arms around Hellboy's neck and buried his head against his chest, still sobbing. He rubbed his left hand soothingly across John's back and murmured soft sounds of reassuring nonsense. His lover seemed to buy it as he eventually calmed down to just the odd hiccup. When Myers finally pulled away he quickly wiped away the remaining tears on his face, but his eyes were puffy and his nose and cheeks pink. "I don't know what's wrong with me," he whispered. "I cry over nothing and get mad at the smallest thing. It's starting to drive me crazy."

"That is perfectly normal and to be expected during pregnancy." Both John and Hellboy looked up at the voice and saw Abe walking through the door and towards them. "Good afternoon, young John. I am so sorry that I have not been able to visit you until now. How are you feeling today?"

"Pretty lousy, Blue," he admitted. "These mood swings are driving me crazy, my appetite is shot, and I think I'm finally getting used to that God awful smell."

"Yes, I apologise for the incense. Father Ricci said that demons can not stand the smell of incense." He cocked his head to the side in thought. "Which is quite odd as Hellboy do not seem to mind it very much."

"Half-demon, Blue boy," Hellboy said, smirking.

"Riiight," Abe drew out. Then he looked at John again. "Your appetite should start picking up again once you begin to gain more weight. If it does not we will have to look further into it. The muscles of your child are beginning to lengthen and organise by this point, and it is important that you maintain a satisfactory intake of protein."

"Steak every night?" John asked.

"Perhaps, but I would not count on it," Abe grinned. "Now, on to other matters at hand. I wish to take another ultrasound of your fetus to make sure that it was not harmed during the exorcism."

Myers shrugged in compliance. Abe retrieved the necessary equipment that now sat on a trolley and wheeled it next to the bed. Without a word, John shoved the blanket that covered him down to his waist and lifted the hem of his top up, exposing his swollen abdomen. Efficiently and wordlessly, Abe applied a clear, cool gel to the surface of John's skin as Hellboy looked on curiously. With the flick of a switch, the merman turned the sonograph machine on.

As the screen revealed a series of black and white images, Abe and John looked on in concentration. Hellboy didn't even pretend to know what he was supposed to be looking for and stared with a confused look on his face. As Abe slowly moved the sound head against John's abdomen, changing the angles of the gadget, the images on the small screen would change. Now and then Abe would make a soft sound of approval. Finally, he paused at one angle and pointed at a small blob on the screen.

"See that?" he asked quietly.

"Is that the face?" John whispered.

Hellboy looked from Abe's face, to John's, and then back again. He squinted hard at the image and then studied his companions' faces once more. "What am I looking at?" he asked loudly.

“Look closely at this Red,” Abe instructed. “You should be able to make out a pale oval in this darkness, and two tiny black beads against it. That is your child’s face. Now see this tiny protrusion with little buds coming out of it? That is its hand.” Abe took a closer look at the ultrasound as the fetus shifted. Then he smiled widely. “Your child is sucking its thumb.”

Hellboy concentrated on what he was supposed to be seeing and eventually the image made sense to him. “That is so fucking cool,” he grinned. “Lil’ Baby Red,” he cooed to the screen. “Good to know that it doesn’t have no horns,” he noted. Then he squinted some more. “Damn, kid’s got a big head or what?”

Abe turned the ultrasound off and began to wipe the gel off of John’s stomach. “The brain is fully formed by now,” he told the man. “As it continues to expand your child will begin to experience pain. So,” he said assertively to the agent, “it is very important that you do not participate in field missions anymore as we had discussed before. Do I make myself clear?”

Myers nodded, too shocked at the implications of potentially harming his child to have any snarky comeback for Abe.

“Nothing to worry about there Blue,” Hellboy assured him while keeping a firm eye on his lover. “He won’t be going no where, and I’m gonna be taking his gun away from him. We’ll see how far he goes without that.”

John snorted some more at the thought. He was torn between being irritated at the over protectiveness of his two friends, and being pleased that they were so concerned over his well-being. “I’m more than aware that I have months of bed rest to look forward to, as well as needless amounts of coddling,” he muttered.

“Just for the next four months,” Abe consoled.

“Three and a half as I recall,” Myers corrected him.

Hellboy laughed loudly. “Scout, if you think the coddling is gonna stop as soon as Junior pops out then think again.”

John looked on in horror while Abe just smiled smugly.

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The moment John was released from the infirmary, he made a beeline for the commissary. Abe had been occupied in his tank and many of the nurses were busy with other patients so John okay’d his own check out. The nurse on staff in admissions had been reluctant to let him go, but John had been counting the days until he was allowed to be released so he knew that it was fine and convinced her of such. He had been so eager to leave the Health Unit that he didn’t even bother to wait for Hellboy to come retrieve him.

Since he had been stuck in bed for the last week, he had worn nothing but scrubs for the entire duration. The last suit he wore was destroyed in the mission with Lilith, and to his dismay his spare suit that he had kept in his locker didn’t fit his changing body. Not wanting to walk around the Bureau in a set of scrubs, he grabbed some BPRD issued sweat pants and t-shirt to wear.

Because the shirt was slightly baggy, nobody could tell very well that his belly was larger than normal unless they looked very closely. But he figured that many of the agents here must know about his current condition by now and he felt self conscious every time he passed by someone. Nobody gave him a look of scorn or disgust; in fact, everyone had smiled or at least nodded in acknowledgement. The unease was still with him, however, until he was safely in the

commissary, which was empty for the most part at this time of day. It was just after the breakfast hour and everyone should be out and about performing their duties by now.

He followed his nose towards the coffee pot and filled his cup to the brim with the hot beverage. Surprisingly, it was the strong scent of caffeine that actually calmed him instead of bringing his stomach through a somersault. As he walked towards the cashier to pay he caught sight of all the various displays of food and paused to see if anything caught his eye.

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Hellboy ran through the halls of the building, frantically searching for his errant lover. He had gone into the infirmary about fifteen minutes ago to be told that John had approved his own release from the ward. He made a mental note to ream out both John and Manning for the seriously deranged loophole as he searched all over for John. First he had looked in the man's office, and next in his living quarters in case they had someone passed each other. When he came up empty his next destination was the commissary.

He breathed a huge sigh of relief when he ran through the entrance to find his lover sitting alone in the empty room. For the moment, all plans to throttle the man were put on hold as he looked on. John had a mug of coffee cradled in both hands and he was inhaling the scent like it was the elixir of life. His eyes were closed and there was such an expression of bliss on the agent's face. Red smiled in amusement and hurried over to the table, then stopped short as he examined the contents that overflowed the surface. Plates containing key lime pie, fries loaded with ketchup, honey and peanut butter sandwiches, pizza, and cookies sat on the table alongside bowls of soup, pudding and ice cream.

"Hey Red," John said, grinning up when he caught sight of him. "Wanna share?"

Hellboy raised an eyebrow and pulled up a seat. "Hungry are we?" he asked. He picked up a slice of pizza and ate it in a few bites. He selected a random glass of milk to wash it down with and watched his lover as the man took alternate bites of pie, fries and soup. He shuddered at the madness of the combination of food but made no comment.

"You try living on hospital food for a week and you'll understand," John managed to say between mouthfuls of food.

"Oh, well I'll just have to take your word for it. I'm never stuck in the infirmary," Hellboy said proudly.

Myers rolled his eyes as he reached for a sandwich, biting into it with a contented sigh. Was there a better combination in the world than nutty peanut butter with sweet honey? He quickly ate the sandwich as he eyed the cookies, anxious to get to that next.

Red watched in fascination as his lover ate. "I don't think I'd ever seen you eat this much and this fast before, 'Scout."

John shrugged as he reached for a chocolate chip cookie. "It must've been that damn incense you guys insisted on burning. Now that I can breath normal air again I guess I gained my appetite back."

He sensed a shadow come up from behind him and he stopped eating long enough to look to see who it was. To his dismay he found Connelly standing there, looking down at him. John scowled. "What is it?" he asked.

"Sir, as my superior I'm here to report to you for my duties today." Myers looked at Hellboy questioningly and the demon shrugged his shoulders. "I've caught up on all the necessary

paperwork that Director Manning had me working on. All that is left to do is out of my expertise so I'm here to find out what my next orders are."

John munched thoughtfully on a bite of pie as he considered Connelly's words. "All the requisitions are done? All the filing and briefing reports?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It takes me the entire day to even get through a few folders," John muttered. "You must be either really good or really shotty with your work."

"C'mon 'Scout. Lay off on the Probie," Hellboy chuckled. "It takes you the whole Goddamned day to get anything done because you have a crap load of other work to do on top of field missions. Kid here hasn't been cleared for any of that yet."

Connelly stiffened. "I assure you that my work is impeccable," he said formally.

John nodded dubiously and gestured to an empty chair. "Pull up a seat then, Connelly. Once I'm done stuffing my face I'm sure we can find something for you to do."

Dean sat down in the offered seat and gazed at the array of food in front of him. The experience was almost surreal as he looked on. A comic hero to his right, and a pregnant man to his left, both enjoying a bowl of ice cream. "Help yourself to whatever you see here," Red said. "You better hurry though before John boy here eats it all up."

Myers glared at the red demon but remained silent as the man reached for another cookie. Connelly shook his head as he reached for a bowl of pudding himself. He was actually looking forward to his time here.

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Chapter 14 by En_kaiiz

Author's Notes:

For the purpose of this story, "Hellboy II: The Golden Army" never happened, John is definitely NOT in Antarctica, and Liz does not play a role here. This is purely a work of fiction and entirely AU.

Four Weeks Later

Abe smiled, pleased with himself, as he jotted down some notes in his folder. "Well young John, things are progressing quite nicely. You are nearing the end of what is considered your second trimester now and baby is doing well." He looked at John, who was now sitting up on the examining table. There was no hiding the bump on the man's waistline now and John had taken to wearing sweats or scrubs on a full time basis, as nothing else would fit him. And although he moaned and whined about it, in reality it was certainly no headache on his part to dress down since he detested wearing suits, and especially ties, anyways.

A healthy glow had developed on the man's face and Abe thought he never looked better. John rested a hand on top of his stomach and rubbed lightly as he smiled brightly up at the merman. "That's a relief. I can't believe how big I'm getting."

"Just a little over two months more to go," Abe smiled.

"Oh, the countdown's already begun, trust me," John muttered. "I can't wait till junior comes out and rid me of this constant heartburn." He rubbed his other hand over his chest to make his point.

Abe chuckled in sympathy as he reached over for the prints from the ultrasound they had just performed. "Here are the newest images," he said. He pulled them back as John reached for them. "There is just one thing," he began to mention. "These prints show for the first time the

gender of the baby.”

Myers gasped as his eyes widened. “You know if the baby is a boy or a girl?” he demanded.

“Indeed I do,” Abe answered smugly. “Would you like to know what it is?”

John thought for awhile. He got up and began to pace as his back was beginning to ache from being in one position for too long. Slowly, he rubbed his stomach as he contemplated whether or not he wanted to know if he carried a son or daughter. Then he glanced over at Abe, who was patiently waiting for his answer. “I think I’m gonna wait and be surprised,” he finally declared.

“Very well,” Abe said. “Then there is no way I can let you see these images,” he announced as he stuck them into the folder he held. “Red might not know what to look for, but there is no way you could look at them and not know what sex your child is.”

The agent pouted and wondered if he made the right decision. “Is it what you thought it would be?” he asked.

“I am not surprised by the gender. I knew that it would be either a male or a female,” Abe said, thoroughly amused.

“Yeah I know that, obviously,” John said impatiently. “But does it follow the percentage of results as according to the X-Y sex determination system?”

The aquatic man raised an eyebrow at the question. “I beg your pardon?”

Myers stopped pacing and glared at his friend, hands planted on either side of his hips. “You know damn well what I’m talking about. I’ve been doing research online so I know I’m not talking nonsense.”

“I’ve had no doubts that you have been doing your own research,” Abe consoled him and smiled again as the man began to pace once more. “Why don’t you tell me about this sex determination system.”

John gave him a look of exasperation. “The sex chromosomes of a woman is XX and a man is XY. If you work it out on a Punnett square the chances of a female or a male offspring is 50/50. A daughter receives one X chromosome from each of her parents, and a son receives his X chromosome from his mother and his Y chromosome from his father.

“Because Red and I both have XY chromosomes, using the same Punnett template we can assume that there is a two to one ratio of our child being a boy rather than a girl.” John shrugged and waved a hand in the air in a careless gesture. “Sure there’s that chance that our child will be YY sexed but the fetus wouldn’t be viable and you’ve already said that the child is as healthy as can be.” Myers stiffened and glanced nervously at Abe. “I’m right... aren’t I?”

Abe laughed heartily and patted his friend on the shoulder, reassuring him. “Well done, John. You have indeed done your research well. Do not worry; your child is very healthy. It is definitely viable and definitely either male or female.” A sparkle developed in his eyes. “You can hang on to your theories of what sex your child will be if you wish, either way I am sure that you will not be disappointed by the final the outcome.”

John rolled his eyes. “No kidding, Blue. Now is there anything else or do you wish to probe me some more?”

“Just one more item to cover before you leave,” Abe mentioned. He opened up a textbook that he had brought in with him and flipped to a marked page. He showed Myers the picture of a sagittal

cross section of a human male body. John glanced at it and wondered what he was supposed to be looking at. Taking out a pen, Abe used the tip of it to indicate an area on the page.

“See this small space here between the bladder and the rectum?” Abe asked. “That is called the retrovesical pouch.” He tapped the page twice with the pen tip. “This just happens to be where the embryo and pseudo uterine cavity has implanted. As the fetus grows and the cavity enlarges it will eventually start to press against your bladder and rectum, if it has not already. That will mean you will have the need to urinate more, as well experience the odd bout of constipation.”

“Yeah, been there done that,” John grouched. “It’s like I have to pee every hour now.”

Abe smirked. “I’m afraid that it will get worse as your pregnancy progresses. Anyway, I have no idea if the Felesdaemn markers in you are programmed to create a birthing channel when the time comes. If that is the case then that would explain why the cavity chose to develop so close to the rectum.”

John stared at him in horror. “Are you saying that I’m gonna have to delivery the baby through my... through my ass?”

“I cannot say at this point,” Abe reminded him. “But I can say that if that scenario is not feasible the fetus should develop to the point that it will begin to push your small intestines out of the way, enough so that the uterine cavity will be close to the surface of your abdomen and make a caesarian an easy procedure.”

“I don’t care if a birthing channel develops or not, you’re giving me a c-section,” John ordered. Then he shuddered slightly at the idea of the alternative possibility. “Now that you have me thoroughly grossed out, can I leave?”

“But I was not done yet,” Abe protested.

Myers sighed tiredly. All he wanted at this point was to sit down and relax with a nice hot cup of black coffee. His intake of the stuff was already severely limited to just one serving every other day. He’d been looking forward to drinking his next cup since before even finishing his last cup, which was two days ago. John forlornly glanced up at the wall clock, knowing that it would be another few minutes at least until he could be reunited with his love of coffee.

“What else is there?” he asked, almost sulking.

Abe moved the tip of his pen just a bit lower from where he had been pointing before. “This is your prostrate,” he said.

“Okay. And?”

“The heavier the baby becomes, the more it will rub down against it,” Abe stated simply. He waited patiently as the human processed this bit of information.

“Rub against it? Like... like...,” John stuttered.

Abe nodded. “Yes, John.”

“Oh great. That’s just great. Wonderful!” John cried sarcastically. “Not only will I have heartburn, swollen feet, and the bladder tolerance of a five year old girl, I’m gonna be having spontaneous hard-ons on top of that?”

“Just wait until the baby starts to move.”

John covered his face with his hands and sighed loudly. "Please tell me that's all you have to tell me for today."

"That will be all for today," the merman replied obediently. "And please make sure to retrieve your new supplements from the nurse before you leave. I have changed some of your dosages."

"Thanks, Blue," John muttered as he left the examination room. He picked up various bottles from the admin nurse as told, and shoved them into the front pocket of his hoodie. Then he made a detour for the commissary and rewarded himself with a large cup of coffee to take back with him to his office. Once he was in the privacy and comfort of his room he collapsed into his leather chair and leaned back. He sighed as he closed his eyes and inhaled the aromatic scent of the coffee.

He had only a chance to take one blissful sip when there was a knock on the door. Without having to open his eyes he already knew who it would be. Only one person in the entire BPRD would have the courtesy to knock on his door. "Yeah, Connelly?" he asked.

"You left the infirmary early." The other agent had an almost accusing tone to his voice.

"Yeah? So?" John took another sip and opened his eyes to regard the other man.

"You were supposed to wait for me to escort you out of there."

"We're both more than aware that I am capable of walking from one end of the BPRD to the other," John commented.

"As we are both more than aware of the consequences that I must endure at the hands of an over bearing red demon should anything was to happen to you while you're under my watch," Connelly countered dryly.

John smirked at the thought and considered the other agent for a long moment. "Exactly what's in it for you?" He smiled to himself as the handsome face of the blond man faltered.

"Excuse me, Sir?" Connelly asked in confusion.

"I looked through your profile. Finally," Myers muttered the last part under his breath. "You graduated the top of your class and was even transferred out of country for undercover work. Had you stayed with the FBI you'd probably eventually be snatched up by DHS and working for the White House. Why on earth would you stay here knowing that you're essentially a glorified babysitter?"

Connelly looked shocked at John's assessment of him. "You think I would've been good enough for a White House assignment?" he asked. Then he shook his head. "England was my one and only field assignment. I got lucky; the Special Agent that was meant to go had been KIA'd just the week before. I was on the alternate list because I was the only other person that was familiar with the case files and suspect profiles, since I had been previously partnered up with the dead agent to pick up on experience. And even then I was given menial responsibilities once we arrived on UK soil." Connelly shrugged. "The assignment looked good on my slate and the bureau might've given me another undercover job in time, but most likely I knew I would've been playing desk jockey for the most part.

"So when the BPRD approached me with a permanent field assignment here, despite being green behind the ears, I jumped at the opportunity. That's why I stay on even though I'm just a so-called babysitter."

He glanced over at Myers who had grown silent. "But you, you were the sterling pride of

Quantico. Everyone knew who you were. You were already busting down international drug cartels and taking out psychopathic kidnapers by the age of 25. It's no wonder you were snatched up by Bruttonholm and partnered up with Hellboy." Connelly smiled. "I remember reading Hellboy Comics when I was a kid and imagined what our conversations would be like if I ever met him. I've always wondered what it would be like to be a superhero that people write comics and stories about. That's probably why I joined the FBI. On TV they always make it seem so surreal. And now I get to work with Hellboy. Who'd think my dream would come true?"

Connelly stopped suddenly and stiffened once he realised what he was saying and to whom. Not only was he rambling off in front of a superior commander, but he was also talking about the man's lover like some idolising adolescent. "Sorry, Sir," he said smartly.

Myers processed over what the other man had said and was now looking at him in a new light. Finally, he looked over at a spare seat and motioned for the agent to sit down. "First of all," he began to say as he placed his coffee down onto the desk between them, "don't ever let Red know that you think he's a hero. His ego is big enough as it is." John smirked and rubbed his abdomen with a hand. "Second, there is no way that I'll be chasing down any evil doers and things that go bump in the night any time soon. As much as I hate to admit it my reaction time is slow, my reflexes sucks, and my physical isn't what it used to be.

"You *will* gain field experience and become Hellboy's partner in time." Connelly snapped his head up at this announcement. "The Academy covers very little with what the BPRD faces anyways, so you weren't assigned here based on your experience so much as your abilities and skill. If Manning chose you to be a part of our team then you deserve to be here."

"Thank you, Sir," Connelly finally murmured as he digested what was said.

John shrugged and picked up his coffee again. "Don't thank me yet, I've yet to see you in real action." He glanced at the agent over the rim of his cup. "I'm counting on you to cover Red's ass out there. He's gotta be safe, I don't tolerate anything less. If you don't think you can follow him down through the dungeons of hell then you better hand in your badge and issue and resign now before I waste time training you."

"I never leave a partner behind," Connelly proclaimed sternly.

"I'm gonna hold you to your word," Myers assured him.

"Of course, Sir."

"And another thing, stop calling me 'sir'. If you're gonna be my babysitter then we might as well be on a last name basis," John muttered.

"Are you going to insist on calling me that?" Connelly asked.

"It has a ring to it, don't you think?" Myers finished the rest of his coffee and handed the mug to the other man. "Do me a favour and refill this for me will you? Getting up out of chairs is more work than it's worth these days."

"Uh, Abe says you're not supposed to have more than one cup."

"You're about to receive lesson one in the handbook of all good secret agents." John leaned back and settled himself comfortably into his chair. "'Never disobey a direct order unless the prime directive is compromised.' In which case you must utilise all available intel and resources to adapt to the situation as best as you could."

Dean raised an eyebrow. "Meaning?" he finally asked. "I get what you're saying but I don't see

how this applies to what we were talking about.”

“It’s simple Connelly,” John smiled wickedly. “You were given orders to not allow me any more coffee. However,” he raised a finger up in the air, “I am prepared to undergo drastic measures to get myself a refill. Now that your mission to keep me unfairly decaffeinated is compromised you need to think of your options here. Do you continue to follow orders, which would force me to search off on my own in obtaining MY own objective or do you simply do as I request and get my cup refilled for me? Keeping in mind, of course, that if I was to get hurt in the process of getting up out of this chair or burn my hand with the coffee pot Red WILL find out about it and come after you.” Myers smiled and was the picture of serenity.

Dean drummed his fingers against the desktop as he considered his choices. He sighed in defeat when John innocently slid the empty mug across the desk to rest by Connelly’s hand. “Blue is gonna have my hide,” he groaned.

“It’ll be worse if Red gets to it,” John promised.

“Either way I’m fucked.”

“I take it straight black.”

With narrowed eyes, Connelly stood and snatched up the offending mug. As he left the room, he could be heard muttering, “Dungeons of Hell? That’s gotta be easier than looking after you.”

“Pie would be great too,” John yelled out the door after him.

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“Hey Probie, where you going off with that?” Connelly froze in his step and turned around to face Hellboy. He held a cup of hot coffee in one hand, and a slice of Key Lime pie in the other.

“To Agent Myers,” he answered.

Red peered at the cup and his tail twitched with interest. “There’s dried coffee stains on the edges of the cup,” he observed. Connelly looked closely and found the statement to be true. “That’s not his first cup today is it?”

The agent tried to remain stoic but swallowed nervously. He decided to remain silent and hoped that the large demon would let him pass. “Myers’ not going to be happy if this coffee turns cold,” he mentioned.

“Why are you getting him another cup of coffee?” Hellboy asked. “Didn’t Blue tell you that too much caffeine is bad for the baby? If Junior comes out with some nasty defects because John’s drinking too much coffee I’m gonna come after you.” Hellboy frowned at him for a moment before continuing off in his own path again.

“This stress can’t be good for me,” Dean grumbled as he renewed his steps back to Myers’ office. He found the younger man doing paperwork when he finally arrived and John beamed up at him as he immediately dropped the pen he was holding and reached for the cup. He took a large gulp and let his disappointment show.

“What took you so long? This is barely hot anymore.”

Wordlessly, Connelly placed the plate containing the pie onto the desk and tiredly rubbed his face.

“You didn’t even get me a fork?”

Dean then shoved his fingers through his hair in frustration, messing it up in the process. He could feel his shoulder holster, which secured his .38 issue, grow heavy.

“You look kind of stressed there, Connelly,” John said, concern on his face. “Maybe you should sit down.”

TBC...

References & Images:

The Retrovesical Pouch is the space between the bladder and the rectum, sitting below the intestines. In the following images at the lowest point of the internal body you will find a pear-like shape on the left (bladder) and a sausage-like shape on the right (rectum). The whitish, round like structure below where these two organs meet is the prostate.

<http://www.netterimages.com/image/detail.htm?variantID=2140>

<http://www.netterimages.com/image/detail.htm?variantID=2982>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Y-chromosome>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/XY_sex-determination_system

<http://www.epigee.org/fetal2.html>

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