

Summary: Um...I beg your forgiveness, right from the start. It isn't my fault, you see. It's totally [info]shotofjack's fault. She started it. And it was crack. And...Okay...so...please don't kill me. This is...mpreg...See...John gets kidnapped and....

Categories: [Supernatural](#) Characters: John, Original, Other Female

Genres: Het

Warnings: Adult Situations, Birth - Implied, Coercion, Complete, Crack fic, Domestic Abuse, Dubious Consent, Forced Conception, Forced Sex, Implied Sexual Situation, m/f, Non- Con, Paranormal Conception, Partner Abuse, Rape

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

A/Ns & Warnings: Really...it's just a bit of crack. And it's Mary's fault. I'm absolutely, totally innocent. Really...

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

Chapter 1 by Phantisma

She swore that she loved him.

Of course, he'd be more inclined to believe her if she didn't keep him chained in some hell with silk sheets and red lights and dismembered body parts. She fed him from filthy fingers and rubbed her stringy hair over his naked body, which seemed to betray his disgust for her by rising to the occasion whenever she had an itch.

He felt soiled and used and like he was losing his mind as she spread her legs and sank onto his abnormally hard dick, murmuring her love and how she would keep him with her forever and they'd make children together.

He didn't know how long he'd been there. He couldn't remember past telling Dean he'd be gone a few days.

Her kisses tasted like ash and sulfur, though at least now she was appearing in a human form that was at least more pleasing to the eye than her real one. He huddled in the corner, planning his escape, but she was insistent, never gave him long enough to get past the daze her affections left him in. She'd pull on him and position him and fuck him until he came and she came and then it would start over again...all the while she'd whisper her love and her plans.

"If you love me, let me go."

It wasn't the first time he'd said it. It was the first time she looked at him though with that hurt in her fake brown eyes. It was the first time she considered his words.

"Please. I don't belong here."

And just like that...he was free.

Dean stretched in the bed and contemplated getting up. They had circled back around to the small house that they'd hunkered down in the months before the disappearance. It had been almost six months and they'd found little.

It was raining again. The sound was echoed by the shower and it made him have to pee. He got up and shuffled into the bathroom, grinning when he flushed.

“Dean!”

He pulled his boxers up and headed out to make coffee. There was a sound on the front porch and Dean froze, reaching for the gun on top of the bookshelf, he moved toward the door.

Sam appeared wrapped in a towel, a gun in his hand too. Dean counted to three and swung the door open, gun up. It took a few seconds to register, but then he was stepping back and dropping his gun arm.

John Winchester nodded to his son and stepped inside, looking bedraggled and out of sorts. There were scratches on his face and arms, and his clothes looked too small for his big frame. He was barefoot and shivering.

Sam disappeared and came back with a blanket to wrap around him. He nodded thanks and moved slowly toward the black leather recliner, sinking into it and closing his eyes.

It was quiet. Dean looked at Sam who shrugged, then back at his father. “Dad?”

John’s eyes opened and there was something like panic in them, but it drained away and John smiled sleepily. “Yeah...Dean. ‘S good. I’m just...rest.”

“You really should get dry first.” Sam said, but John was already sleeping.

“Let him sleep. He looks like he needs it.” Dean said, standing.

“Light a fire then, he’ll get sick.”

“So what do you think happened?” Sam asked when he was dressed and sitting at the kitchen table, his eyes skipping over to where their father was still asleep.

Dean shrugged. “Sure he’ll tell us when he wakes up.”

“He looks like shit.” Sam sipped at his coffee. “How did he know where to find us? I mean, Dean...we’ve been all over the place looking for him.”

Again Dean shrugged. “Maybe he didn’t. Maybe he just came back here, hoping.”

Sam rolled his eyes. “That doesn’t sound like Dad.”

Dean had to admit that was true. It didn’t sound like their Dad...but neither did the odd whimpering that he’d heard earlier while Sam was getting dressed. Something really wasn’t right.

Something really wasn’t right.

John sat up fast, then lurched to his feet and ran for the bathroom. He fell to his knees beside the toilet and threw up until he was sure he was going to bring up organs, then heaved for a few seconds longer. When he was sure it was done, he flushed and stood, turning to find his two sons standing in the bathroom door.

“You okay?” Dean asked, concern on his face.

John nodded. He felt fine now. “Yeah, Dean.” He smiled at his sons. “Sam.”

"Where the hell have you been?" Dean asked, crossing his arms.

"Long story." He bent over the sink, rinsing out his mouth.

"We've got time." Sam said, though his tone wasn't as harsh as Dean's.

"I'm hungry, we got any food?"

"We?" Dean looked at him as he pushed past and headed for the kitchen. "You've been gone for months Dad. Sam and I just got back here two days ago. We've been looking for you."

John stopped and looked at them. "I'm glad the two of you are together."

"Dad! Focus." Sam said. "Where were you?"

John sighed and sank to the table. "I was...caught...and held prisoner."

They both sat quickly, looking at him closely. "By who?"

"What." John countered. "She was definitely a what." He shivered as he remembered the first time he saw her, the way she smelled as she licked his naked body.

"She?" Sam asked.

"She. Lefoniera. Part demon...I don't know..."

"How'd you get away?"

John sighed again. "Not sure."

"You should let us check you over, make sure you're okay." Sam said and John nodded. Sam and Dean stared at him, then Sam seemed to decide someone needed to take charge. "Why don't you go shower, Dad. I'll make us some breakfast. Dean can check you over when you're done."

John was asleep again, stretched out in the recliner. "He's covered in scratches, but nothing serious. Whoever this Lefoniera was, she worked him over." Dean said.

"Worked him over how?"

"Unless I misunderstand, sexually."

Sam swallowed and followed Dean's gaze. "But he's okay?"

Dean shrugged. "He's Dad."

The next days were filled with John sleeping, throwing up, eating and sleeping some more. Sam found him some clothes that fit better than whatever he'd stolen off a clothes line when he found himself free and naked in the night.

He shuffled between the recliner and the couch and the kitchen table like he was old and tired. The only time he moved quickly was when he was dashing for the bathroom.

It was few weeks before he started talking about hunting. He had Sam researching and Dean cleaning weapons while he showered. He'd decided he needed to get back in the swing of things. He was starting to put on weight. He could use some exercise. It was just that he was so tired all the time.

He pulled on the sweat pants Sam bought him and frowned. They'd fit last week. Now they were tight. He walked out into the living room and the boys looked up.

"Dad?" Sam's voice was warily, concerned. He was standing slowly.

"Yeah?"

"Your stomach...that isn't normal." He was coming toward John and John looked down. "You look..."

"Pregnant." Dean said.

"I just need some exercise." John said, shaking his head. Then the room tilted and he passed out.

"What are we going to do, Dean?" Sam asked, pacing.

Once again, John was asleep in the recliner, his belly round and obvious. "How am I supposed to know, Sam?"

Dean was as far away from their father as he could get without actually leaving the room, hovering in the doorway to the bedroom.

"He's pregnant, Dean."

"I can see that, Sam."

"It's not normal."

Dean shot his brother a dirty look and shook his head. "We deal with it. We find out if this has happened before, we figure out what to do next. We keep him safe."

"I don't even know how to start researching this." Sam muttered as he pulled his battered laptop to him. "And we sure as hell can't go to anyone...not even Bobby."

"You got that right." Dean said. "One thing at a time, okay?"

Sam was surprised to find a fair amount of information over the next few weeks, though none of the texts said anything about actual delivery. He was able to determine that his father was somewhere in his fifth month, of an approximate 6 month gestational period.

"According to the one text, the baby should be mostly human, since it is the human parent giving birth."

"De-e-ean."

Dean rolled his eyes and got up from the table, crossing to the recliner where John whined.

"What is it, Dad?"

John sighed heavily and rubbed at his swollen tummy. "I'm hungry."

"You've eaten just about everything here."

"I want pizza...and beer."

It was Dean's turn to sigh heavily. "You can't have beer. We can go get pizza though."

"And ice cream." John added as Dean reached for his wallet and car keys.

As John's stomach grew bigger, Sam and Dean's patience grew thin. He almost never left the recliner, except to pee. The television ran all day long and Sam had ended up having to get a job just to keep the old man in bon bons and pretzels and root beer.

"I think he's losing his mind." Sam said as he joined Dean in the kitchen. "He's out there in the recliner mumbling again."

"I swear he's not just pregnant, he's possessed." Dean responded, slamming down a beer and reaching for another one.

"What are we going to do Dean?" It was Sam's favorite question anymore.

Dean shook his head and drank more of the beer. "Fuck if I know Sammy. Maybe we should do an exorcism?"

Sam looked at him, horrified. "Dude, what would that do to the baby?"

"It's demon-spawn, Sam." He shook his head. He didn't even know what he was saying. "Maybe it would...go away."

"Or maybe it would explode...or something." Sam said. He sighed and stood. "I've got to go to work."

"Fucking bitch."

Dean looked up. His father was staring to the left of the television where two men were arguing. "Dad?"

"She did this to me. Said she loved me. Lying fucking bitch."

John muttered under his breath until Dean reached for the remote. "I'm watching that."

Dean nodded. "It's a soap opera."

"Leave it."

"Yes, sir."

Dean was relieved when Sam came home and he wasn't alone with his crazy, pregnant father any more. Sam settled a hand on John's shoulder in hello.

"I'm not going to let you hurt my baby." John said darkly.

"What?" Sam asked, squatting down beside him.

"I heard you and your brother talking about an exorcism."

Sam sighed. "Dad, you're not thinking clearly. We're just trying to do what's best for you."

John's long fingers curled around his stomach. "Won't let you hurt him."

Sam nodded and brushed a hand over the round belly. "We don't want to hurt him Dad."

"He's my baby."

Dean squatted down on his other side. "Um...Dad? It is a demon baby."

John turned a harsh stare on his oldest son. "He's your brother. You'll be nice to him."

"Of course we will." Sam placated, rolling his eyes at Dean. They both stood and headed for the kitchen. "He's close. We have to be ready."

"Ready?"

Sam looked out at their father. "How do we get it out of him?"

"What?"

Sam shook his head. "The baby. Obviously he can't...just give birth Dean. He's got no...I mean...he can't...he's a man!"

"No shit, Sam." Dean paced the kitchen. "We could...cut it out?"

Sam nodded. "We may have to."

They stood in the doorway staring at him until he called out, asking for some potato chips and a soda. "We're out of potato chips, Dad." Dean said, moving into the room.

His father sniffled.

"Dad, are you crying?"

"No." John sounded petulant and upset and very much like he was in fact crying.

Sam came around his other side. "You are crying."

John stood suddenly, lurching forward awkwardly and latching onto Dean's shoulder. "You would cry too if some psycho crazy fucking demon bitch did this to you and you were as big as a house and no one would bring you the goddamn potato chips and Lars left Anthony!" He gestured wildly at the television, tears streaming down his face and into his beard. "I gotta pee."

He shambled off toward the bathroom leaving Sam and Dean to stare at each other. There was a yell and a thud and by the time they got to him, he was on the floor of the bathroom, holding his stomach and yelling.

"This is it." Sam said, though it was pretty obvious. John's stomach moved. He doubled up, panting.

“Get it out...it’s got to come out.”

“Hold on Dad.” Dean moved in, a scalpel stolen from some hospital somewhere along the way in his hand. “Sam, towels, first aid kit.”

By the time Sam got back, Dean was kneeling, John’s pants pulled down under his belly, his shirt pushed up. His hand hesitated over the stomach, his eyes searching out Sam’s. Sam nodded and John howled and Dean bit his lip as he put the knife to skin.

It took a few minutes, in which the only sound in the room was their combined harsh breathing, then crying as Dean found his way in and his hand disappeared inside his father, emerging with a screaming bundle of pink skin and dark hair. “It’s...” Dean handed it to Sam, then tied off the umbilical chord and cut it.

“Let me see.” John gasped and Sam held the baby where his father could see it. John smiled, then grimaced and Dean moved to stitch up the wound.

Sam worked at cleaning the baby up while Dean worked on their father and by the time Dean was done, Sam had determined that their new brother had all ten fingers and twelve toes...which he supposed was better than horns or a tail or something hard to hide. “He’s got Dad’s nose.” Sam said when Dean emerged from the bathroom.

“Yeah well, let’s hope he’s got a lot more of Dad than Mommy dearest in him.” Dean said. “And that Mommy dearest doesn’t come looking for him.” Dean peered down at the baby. “And that Dad goes back to normal now.”

“Dean!” John bellowed and Dean smiled.

“That’s more like it.”

Sam groaned and tried to cover his head. The baby was only two months old, but was already as big as a two year old...and was currently banging two pots together and singing.

“Dad!”

“Dad left.” Dean grumbled, crawling out of the other bed and going to the play pen. He snatched the two pots away and gave the baby two stuffed toys, which promptly got thrown across the room.

“What?” Sam sat up and squinted toward his brother. Brothers, he amended.

“Hunt. Something about a rawhead near Bakersfield.”

“Great. We get left with Hellboy?”

“At least he’s not teething any more.”

“No, he’s just eating everything in sight.”

“I don’t like it any more than you do.” Dean said, crawling back into bed. “But what are we going to do, leave it to fend for itself?”

They looked at each other, then at the baby who was starting to cry. Sam shook his head. “You’re

going to have to feed him. I have to go to work.”

“Sam!”

“Someone has to earn enough money to keep feeding it, and obviously Dad isn’t going to do it.”

“I hope you brought home food. Hellboy’s been trying to eat my legs.” Dean greeted Sam with as he came in the door.

Sam held up the bucket of chicken. “Any word from Dad?”

Dean shook his head and tossed a chicken leg at the red-faced, screaming demon-spawn that neither one of them could bring themselves to call by the name their father had given it.

He stopped screaming and chomped on the leg.

“I swear, if he doesn’t own up to this and get his ass back here to take care of his little problem, I’m breaking out the Latin.” Sam said, slumping into a chair in the kitchen.

Dean snorted. “You were the one who told me we couldn’t exorcise our little brother, Sammy.”

“That was before he ate my shoes, Dean.”

They both looked up at the knock on the door. Sam’s hand closed around the shotgun while Dean pulled a glock from a drawer. Hellboy stopped making noise and looked up, his eyes wide.

Somehow Sam didn’t think that was a good thing.

Dean inched to the door, pulling it open only once Sam was standing next to the baby. A man in a suit stood there. “I’m looking for John Winchester?” He didn’t seem bothered by the weaponry. Dean lowered his gun and started at him.

“He’s our father. He isn’t here.”

The man nodded and handed Dean a business card. “A lawyer?”

“I represent the mother.”

They both turned to look at him and he blinked up at them. “The mother.” Sam said incredulously. “The demon who kidnapped my father and tormented him for months?”

“Her name is Lefoniera, and she is only three quarters demon.” The man indicated the car over his shoulder. “She has expressed deepest remorse for her treatment of your father, and wishes only to have her child.”

“She wants Hellboy?”

“Is that the child’s name?”

“What?” Dean blinked as a window in the car rolled down and he got his first real look at Lefoniera. He shuddered and shook his head. “No, that’s not his name.”

He looked at Sam and made a face to make sure Sam knew the chick was fugly. “Maybe we should give the little dude to his mother.” Dean said.



Hellboy wrapped his arms around Sam's leg. The lawyer waved a hand at the car and suddenly she was there, on their porch, reaching in for the baby who squealed and hung on to Sam.

"Come to Mama, little John baby."

She got him loose, and lifted him. She was all dark skin and stringy hair and she smelled of sulfur like she'd bathed in it. "I miss my lover, where is he."

Dean crinkled his nose and backed off a step. "Like I'd tell you. You got the kid. Go."

She stepped closer to Dean. "Ooh, you're a pretty one...maybe you can warm my bed a little."

Dean brought the gun up between them before she could even blink. "So not into having little demon spawn, lady."

Sam was beside him now, watching his baby brother in her arms. His eyes had gone all liquid brown, big fat tears spilling. He reached for Sam.

"Dean."

"I know."

They both shot at once, Dean hitting her between the eyes, Sam in the throat. Hellboy rolled clear and was climbing into Sam's arms before he could even put the gun down.

Dean kicked the carcass out the door. "Better get your client off our porch." Dean said to the attorney as he closed the door, reaching for the salt canister and drawing a line quickly over the door.

Sam bounced the kid in his arms, earning a giggle. "He may be a demon-spawn, but he's still a Winchester." He tossed him in the air and turned to Dean. "We can't keep calling him Hellboy."

"There's no way I'm calling him Tad." Dean countered, putting the gun away.

"I'm sure Dad didn't mean it." Sam said, putting him back down on the floor to play.

"Tad."

They both looked. Hellboy was standing, holding the coffee table and pointing to his chest. "Tad."

Dean groaned. Sam smiled. "There you have it."

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