

Summary: Spike and Angel have Shanshu'd and Giles brings together 'The Men Behind the Slayers' for a retreat, where discussion on recent research trends yields sadly literal results.
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Warnings: Mpreg; constant sarcastic references to threesomes; unapologetic puns and mastering of the single-entendre; what passes for humor

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Notes: Set post "Not Fade Away." Spike and Angel have Shanshu'd and Giles brings together 'The Men Behind the Slayers' for a retreat, where discussion on recent research trends yields sadly literal results.

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1. [Chapter 1](#) by crazydiamondsue

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Rio de Janeiro, 2006

Giles lifted his glass, looking at each one of them in turn. "Here's to the men."

Two voices rejoined the toast heartily, if a bit distractedly, while three others only gave it lip service, said lips being hurriedly buried into glasses.

Giles stared at them, not even bothering to sip in acknowledgement of his own toast. "Well, that was dismal."

Gunn, Wesley and Angel exchanged uneasy glances before Gunn coughed slightly, ducking his head and chuckling as he said, "Well, you gotta admit, 'to the men'? Kinda losin' the buddy cop vibe, what with the floor show..."

"And not likely a phrase often heard in these rooms," Wesley interrupted quickly, looking around Willow and Kennedy's Caribbean blue décor. "I mean, it..." he floundered, quaffing his own drink and then looking desperately at Angel.

Angel started, dragging his eyes away from the 'floor show' and shrugging helplessly. "Maybe 'champions' would have made it sound more manly?" He swallowed hard, lifting his own drink. "Or less?"

Spike and Xander said nothing. Xander did moan louder as Spike's hand tangled in the back of his hair, arching Xander's throat so that Spike's tongue could plunder deeper, the glasses in their hands forgotten.

"Ah," Giles said, nodding slightly. "Point taken." He took another deep drink and settled back in

his chair, looking over at Wesley, who just happened to be the furthest point away from the moaning on the couch. "You were, ah, saying?"

"I was?" Wesley asked, "oh, yes!" he said, recalling their pre-Scotch conversation. "You were asking about trends in post-apocalyptic research." He leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees as he cupped his glass loosely in his hands. "It's interesting, really, how in tumultuous times, focus turns to the inconsequential and fantastical and," he caught himself, looking over at Angel and Gunn. "I'm sorry, this must be quite boring to the two of you."

"No," Gunn and Angel answered together, heads shaking and gazes firmly fixed on Wesley and away from the thumping cream colored couch.

"We're fascinated," Angel clarified.

"Really," Gunn added, reaching for the bottle of Scotch.

Wesley frowned, and then nodded slightly before looking back at Giles. "There has been a great deal of discourse in even the most conservative circles recently as to the astonishing amount of precedent for male mystical pregnancy and procreation."

Giles started to speak and Wesley lifted a hand, "Now, now, I know. I realize that's something we'd all believed to be the stuff of unauthenticated texts and first year Watcher's Academy term papers, but the recent study by Divil M. Pregathon, *Beyond Arse Babies: Patriarchal Erotics and the Margins of Neocolonialist Reception in Mystical Male Pregnancy* has really given it somewhat of a standing in the research community."

Giles nodded thoughtfully, tapping the stem of his glasses against his lower lip. "Ordinarily, that's something to which I'd give you a patronizingly British response and summarily trounce you in a fencing match to add insult to injury. However, in light of your own growth as both a Watcher and demon fighter and recent cultivation of facial hair, not to mention the intriguing study on male cloning I caught on NOVA, I'm inclined to hear you out."

Angel groaned quietly and sagged back into his chair. "Not really the distraction I was hoping for," he murmured to Gunn.

Gunn snorted. "That's 'cause we were expecting two English guys to distract us from two gay guys."

Angel snorted in agreement. "So, killed anything scary lately?"

Gunn's response was interrupted by the sound of Spike and Xander's Scotch glasses clinking together as they were dropped to the floor. Spike groaned lustily as Xander pressed him back into the couch and climbed atop him, arms and legs tangling together as they continued to kiss frantically.

"As I was...saying..." Wesley began haltingly.

"Oh, enough of this," Giles sighed, standing. "Spike! Xander! Sit up and participate. This is a men only retreat, not a bathhouse."

Xander lifted his head sheepishly while Spike crawled from beneath him, scowling.

Spike looked up into Giles' stern glare and then sighed, sitting up.

"Sorry, love," Spike muttered to Xander, who was attempting to blot Scotch from Willow's coven-woven throw rug, "guess we were queerin' things up a bit much for the rest of our men only

group.” He looked back at the others. “So, we were talking about arse babies?”

“We weren’t,” Angel and Gunn said quickly, flexing.

Giles took his seat, frowning. “No, do pay attention. Wesley was just sharing with us some of the recent findings in post-apocalyptic research.”

Spike nodded. “Arse babies.”

“It’s not quite that simple, Spike,” Wesley began.

Spike scoffed, lighting a cigarette. “Talking about knocking up blokes, right? Sounds pretty simple to me. Basic biology, innit? Only one way a man’s gonna whelp anything.”

“Arse baby,” Xander supplied helpfully.

“But that’s what makes this new discovery so fascinating,” Wesley said. “With the recent increase of combined resources from both technology and mysticism, sadly culled from the defunct Initiative project, the actual birthing process has taken on...”

“Right,” Spike interrupted, crushing out his cigarette in a mage crafted crystal, “goin’ back to snogging Xander now.”

“Fine,” Giles snapped, “we’ll change the bleeding subject.”

“Please,” Angel and Gunn sighed together.

“Sorry, Rupert,” Spike smiled as he leaned back against Xander and lifted his freshened glass, “but c’mon, mate, mystical male pregnancy? Bloody stupid.”

“Spike, I realize enlightened thought isn’t precisely your forté, but look around you, man!” Giles leaned forward, gesturing. “I’ve had my life force sucked out of me and lived to tell the tale, Wesley is here with us only through a demonically sealed perpetuity clause and Charles had his entire brain reprogrammed and upgraded through mystical means. You and Angel survived the largest demon attack in recorded history and received instant humanity because of it, which allowed you to not only retain your current physical appearance but your manufactured accents, as well! Not to mention the fact that Xander has refrained from wearing orange for an entire year. And yet male mystical pregnancy is the only thing beyond your understanding.” Giles shook his head sadly.

Spike shrugged. “Understand it all right, just think it’s bloody stupid.” He sighed nostalgically. “Still think the vampire way was the best way to breed. Mutual suck-fest, little bit of digging and up they popped, ready to go out and prey on the world on their own. No nappies, no sodding college funds, no coddling.”

“So why’d I end up with you toddling after me for twenty years?” Angel grouched. “‘Oi, Angelus, look what I killed!’ ‘Oi, Angelus, look what I shagged!’ ‘Oi, Angelus, come read my latest poem!’”

“Pay no mind to him, love,” Spike said, throwing a leg over Xander’s lap and straddling him. “He’s just trying to make you jealous.” He grinned goofily up into Xander’s face. “What’s that all about?”

Xander grinned back at him. “Don’t have a bloody clue, love.”

Angel groaned. “Giles, they’re talking like each other again!”

“Man, I just gotta say it,” Gunn said, nodding at Spike and Xander. “Does it seem freaky to anyone else to see William the Bloody crawling all over a guy who looks like he could be Angel’s younger brother?”

“Younger?” Angel gasped.

“Hey!” Spike sputtered, glaring at Gunn. “He’s nothing like Angel! Angel’s dull as a table lamp and they...” Spike cocked his head, considering. “I guess they do have similar coloring...”

“Well, I must say, while it doesn’t surprise me to see Spike take such a, er, visceral interest in someone like Xander,” Wesley said thoughtfully, “it does kind of take me aback to see Xander return that interest, considering their past history and Xander’s well documented hatred of vampires.”

“Uh, so not a vampire anymore, Wes,” Xander said, yanking up Spike’s t-shirt to reveal a tan of the no-lines variety, “and what do you mean, someone like Xander?”

“It was all the pink and orange, pet,” Spike murmured, “someone was going to clue in eventually.” He turned and looked at Wesley, frowning. “And I think someone like you, Percy, could realize that all that ‘past history’ was good old repression,” he said, looking between Angel and Wesley pointedly, as Wesley squirmed uncomfortably. “Sides,” Spike continued, “I may not be as dark and mysterious as I once was, but I’m still the prettiest one here.” He grinned wickedly, “And you all know it.”

Giles harrumphed into his Scotch glass. “Please.”

Spike turned to look at Giles, his eyes narrowing. “Oh, right, Rupert. Could’ve had you that summer after Buffy’s swan dive, when you were burying yourself into any bottle that sloshed and into anyone that spread out for you.”

Giles looked shocked at that and Spike tapped his nose knowingly. Giles looked away and Spike grinned, continuing.

“Could’ve had you, Charlie,” he said, as Gunn started, “after that brain updo when you went all metrosexual and Gilbert and Sullivan. Enlightened you in all kinds of ways, didn’t they?”

Wesley snickered at that, drawing Spike’s gaze. “And you,” Spike said to him, and then stopped, frowning. “When couldn’t I have had you?”

Spike settled back against Xander, satisfied, and then quirked a brow as Giles began stuttering.

“I, erm, that is, I, uh, notice you didn’t mention Angel,” Giles said carefully, wincing as Angel glared at him.

Spike looked at Giles solemnly. “Sometimes it’s the silences between people that speak the loudest.”

Xander laughed at that, burying his face into Spike’s neck and kissing it loudly.

Angel frowned. “Spike,” he began, and then broke off, sighing. “Oh, never mind. Like it’s a big secret: omnisexual vampires. But you, still the attention whore. I can’t believe you’d just blurt all that out in front of Xander.”

“Uh, kinda my lap he’s sitting on,” Xander said, rolling his eyes at Angel. “Jealous much, Deadb...dammit!” Xander said, remembering, as Angel smirked. “Stupid Shanshu.” He tilted his head, looking at Angel. “But yeah, younger.”

Angel sat back with a frown, cautiously feeling the skin beneath his eyes.

“Yes,” Giles drawled slowly, “when Willow was so kind to offer her condo for our ‘Men Behind the Slayers’ retreat, this was precisely what I had in mind.”

Spike and Xander snickered and went back into a happy, groany grope-fest as Gunn stood up, muttering about needing to clean his weapons and headed upstairs.

Wesley smiled wryly and then turned to Giles. “Rupert, if you’re interested in continuing our discussion on trends in post-apocalyptic research, I brought along some reading materials on the most recent findings. In fact, I’d be interested in hearing your thoughts on some of the more unusual discoveries, such as the cloned donator and receptor developing familial feelings toward each other as well as to their mystical offspring.”

“Really?” Giles asked, standing and following Wesley toward the stairs. “While I’m open to the possibilities of the process itself, that idea seems a bit manufactured by its proponents...”

Spike lifted his head, looking at Xander. “Want to come up and see my post-apocalyptic research, mate?” he asked, in a devastatingly accurate impression of Wesley’s crisp accent.

Xander waggled his eyebrows. “Bow-wow-chicka-bow-wow.”

Angel sighed.

“Night. Finally.” Harmony turned from the window of her hotel room, looking back at the Shaman. “You know what that means,” she chuckled darkly.

The Shaman nodded solemnly, his robe shrouding his features in shadow.

“Midnight bikini sales at the all night bazaars!” Harmony said, clapping her hands together with a gleeful hop.



The Shaman frowned.

Harmony sighed, waving a hand. “Oh, yeah, and time to put the plan in action.” She rolled her eyes, slapping him playfully on the shoulder. “God, you chanty types have no sense of fun, do you? Okay, come on,” she said, walking over to the balcony railing. “I want to get this done before I have to get my waxing touched up.” She tugged at the hem of her miniskirt, squirming uncomfortably for a moment. Shrugging, she leapt gracefully over the railing to the boardwalk below.

She stood outside in the balmy night air, waiting for the Shaman to gather up his robes and tiptoe down the catwalk to join her. Impatient, she turned to glare at him as he stopped at the bottom step, fussily readjusting his pendants, charms and belts of baby teeth.

“Come on, grandma! Two hours ‘til midnight! What part are you not getting? Bikini sales! Oh, and mystical time of whos-its, whatever,” she said, turning and leading them toward the high-rise apartments across the beach.

“God, this is so exciting! All these months of planning and waiting, and waiting’s hard, like

remembering to get in before sunrise even though you're talking to a really hot guy kind of hard, you know?" Harmony twirled around, digging her bare toes into the sand. "But here we are   in Rio! And they're here, too, and they don't even know I'm coming! They think they're so smart, both of them, but they don't know because, you know, being Angel's secretary and stuff, and working at W&H? They didn't know I was watching and I learned how to be all stealthy and stuff and not just burst in? Like, I learned how to not tell everyone my plan before I did it? And not let anyone know I was coming until I was ready to...oh, hey, Todd!"



The vampire draining a tourist next to an abandoned speedo shop lifted his head, bloodlust glazed eyes lighting up as he recognized her. "Hey, Harmony."

"That's Todd," Harmony said as they continued down the beach. "Anyway, I've been working on this thing for practically ever, because even though Angel wrote me that really nice recommendation letter?" She snorted. "Yeah, that was a big help when he destroyed all the companies that would possibly hire me. Knowledge of demonic rituals and eating habits? Not a big plus at The Gap. And he even killed Hamilton, so there went my promised job at Maybelline." She pouted for a minute and then shook her head, continuing. "But it doesn't matter, because now I'm going to get everything I ever wanted, on my own. Sisters are doin' it for themselves! Wow, you're like, a really good listener."

Her companion smiled grimly, wishing for the first time in over 300 years that biting off one's own tongue hadn't been a stipulation of the You Can Be a Shaman! ritual.

"Okay, here we are," Harmony said, stopping outside a tall building of rose colored glass. She turned to the Shaman. "Now, remember your targets?"

The Shaman drew from his robes a photograph of two men embracing and held it out to her.

"Yeah," Harmony sighed, looking at the picture. "Spike's the blond one. He's short and kind of mouthy, but naked...guh." She closed her eyes for a moment, shuddering, and then shook her head, going back to the mission at hand. "Angel's taller, with dark hair and hot in a permanently pissed off, 'Harmony, I said no phone calls   except Buffy!' kind of way. Go for Spike first, because he'd be more likely to throw himself in front of Angel to save him in an 'I love anyone that's not Harmony' kind of way. But get both of them and then meet me back at the hotel."

Harmony hesitated for a moment, and then stepped forward, hugging the Shaman firmly. "Good luck!"

Angel gave up trying to feign interest in Wicca For Dummies and tossed it aside. He was about to head upstairs to see if Gunn needed help cleaning his weapons when he was struck by the thought that it might have been a euphemism. Before he could weigh the pros and cons of that, Spike was calling his name.

"Angel," Spike said, sitting up and actually detangling from the Spander-hybrid he and Xander had been morphing into most of the evening. "Something we've been meaning to talk to you about."

"Listen, Spike," Angel said wearily, "I think I know where this is going. Yes, I get it about you and Xander. Your all-night floor show was quite explanatory. No, I don't care. We're not vampires anymore, remember? You don't have to come to me for some kind of 'almost-sire's blessing,' okay? No mystical bonding, no blood sharing and besides, I think the ritual three-way thing

would just be sort of...weird, now.”

Spike and Xander stared back at him blankly until Angel started to fidget, mentally sighing and figuring that, leaving out the bloodplay, the three-way might be doable with enough rum. If Spike could keep his mouth shut, because what happens in Rio...

Xander choked, a giggling fit giving into a coughing one as Spike slapped him on the back and rolled his eyes at Angel, saying, “No, you pervy git, I was going to say that Xander and I are wanting to get a place together. Xander’s planning on asking Giles for a transfer from London to L.A. and we were wondering what you thought about him joining up with our team.” Spike frowned, “Although if that means you’re going to start busting into our bedroom yelling, ‘Tag me in,’ we may have to re-think...”

“Spike!” Angel growled. “It’s fine. I don’t mind Xander coming to L.A., although it means having to watch the two of you...”

“Ah,” Spike said, nodding, “just wanting to watch, are you? Always knew that voyeur thing wasn’t just an Angelus affectation.”

Xander elbowed Spike sharply and then turned to Angel. “Thanks,” he said simply.

“No problem,” Angel muttered, looking away.

“Ah, c’mon, Angel,” Xander said, grinning as he stood and walked over to perch on the arm of Angel’s chair. “It won’t be that bad. Just think, with me there, Spike will be too distracted to give you a hard time.”

Xander watched as Angel’s face brightened at that thought. Unable to help himself, he leaned in closer to Angel and whispered, “Because he’ll be too busy giving me one.”

Angel groaned. “God. I thought that maybe the two of you being together would, I don’t know, cancel out the irritation factor. But no, it’s just double the fun for me.”

“Hey,” Spike said sharply from the couch, “I said no three-ways, Angel.”

“‘Cause we’re family now,” Xander nodded, patting Angel’s shoulder. “And that would be weird. Wow,” Xander said, tilting his head, “that makes you like my dad now. Which is cool, ‘cause I’m familiar with the whole not liking my dad thing. Since ‘Deadboy’s’ defunct, I could get used to ‘Dadboy.’ Whatta ya think?” Angel glared and Xander grinned. “No? How about ‘Pop-Pop’? ‘Angel-pop’? Oh, I know,” Xander said, his voice lowering to a sultry tone, “Daddy.”

Angel looked so horrified that Xander couldn’t resist and leaned down and gave Angel a smacking kiss on the lips. They drew apart, their eyes widening, and Xander turned to look at Spike. “So that no three-way thing’s a definite...?”

Spike’s eyes were wide as he gave a shaky, “No.” He swallowed hard, started to speak again and then broke off with a strangled gasp as a dark figure suddenly loomed from behind the couch and thrust a hypodermic needle into his throat.

“Spike!” Angel and Xander leapt to their feet, starting toward him. They fell back as the robed assailant vaulted over the couch and skidded to a stop in front of them, looking as confused as they were.

The Shaman looked between them, taking in the double visions of dark hair, leather pants and seriously pissed off expressions. Shrugging, he reached into his robes and took out a third needle, doing a double-handed needle stick into their throats, and smiling as they dropped to the

floor at his feet.

Spike stirred restlessly in his sleep, curling in automatically to the warm, broad back in front of him. He buried his face into Xander's hair and then drew back with a grunt as the hair beneath his cheek crunched. His eyes popped open and he found himself nose-to-tattoo and cock-to-ass with Angel.

Rearing back, he nearly impaled himself on Xander's not inconsiderable bit of morning interest and eeped. Sighing, he sat up and rubbed his eyes, muttering half-heartedly, "Dammit, Xander, I said no three-ways unless they're boy-boy-Ewan McGregor."

His stomach rumbled, and he reached down automatically to rub it, his eyes widening as his hand kept curving and more stomach kept coming. He stared down at the rounded mass causing his favorite paisley shirt to hang half-open in a way that was slightly less sexy than usual.

"Oh, balls."

He waited, but Xander and Angel slept on. Clearing his throat, he tried again. "Bloody hell!"

Angel sat straight up, his eyes going first to Spike's tumescent tummy and then widening as he looked down at his own. "Jesus Christ!"

Xander snapped awake, taking in Spike and Angel's bountiful bellies and then reaching, horrified, for his. "Holy shi..." his hand curved over flat, taut muscle beneath his shirt and he frowned. "I didn't get one."

Angel jumped up from the bed, taking in the room around them. It was a bland, standard hotel room, empty of anything but the bed, a cloth draped surgeon's tray, a Nagel print and a King James Bible. He looked back at Spike and Xander. "We need to find a way out of here," he said, pacing. "We need to find some sort of weapons. We need to contact Wes, Gunn and Giles. We need to..."

"We need to be less naked," Xander said, crawling out of bed and tossing Angel and Spike their pants. He wiggled into his leather jeans, finding that zipping them while commando was much easier than usual, since Xander Junior was trying his best to crawl back up into his body at the sight of what he hoped to God weren't two Xander Juniors of a different sort causing Spike and Angel's jeans to gape open.

Spike sat on the edge of the bed, staring down at the paisley print on his shirt as it was stretched by his belly into blurry balloons. He looked up, his face grim. "Angel, what is this?"

Angel gave up trying to get his shirt to button over his navel and just let his now outie be outie. "Something bloody stupid."

The sound of the lock turning in the door had them whirling to face it as it opened.

"Wakey, wakey, Papa Bears!" Harmony tip-toed into the room, her ponytail bouncing and her silver mini-dress shimmering.

"Harmony!" Spike spat, getting unsteadily to his feet.

“Harmony,” Angel said darkly, giving her his best ‘I said otter, not opossum’ glare. “Why are you in Rio? Why do you have us locked in this room? Why are Spike and I suddenly craving ham-and-mustard shakes? Why...”

“Why are you dressed like a Fem-bot?” Xander interrupted.

“Xander Harris?” Harmony gasped, glaring. “What are you doing here?” She looked up and down at his black silk shirt and leather jeans combo. “And why are you dressed like Angel?”

“S not dressed like bloody Angel,” Spike began...

“Repressed daddy!kink issues,” Angel coughed into his fist.

“Not now, Mamasita,” Xander said, glaring at Angel. “What’s going on, Harmony?”

Harmony whirled on the Shaman easing up serenely behind her. “Why is Xander ‘Lame Ass’ Harris here? And why aren’t Spike and Angel wearing their jumpsuits?!” she snarled, whipping the cover off of the surgeon’s tray and revealing two silver spangled, ABBA-esque bodysuits.

“Oh, kill me now,” Spike groaned.

The Shaman drew the photograph of the ‘targets’ from his robe, holding it out to Harmony and gesturing between Spike and Xander.

Harmony shook her head at him, frowning, and the Shaman walked over to Xander, taking him by the hand and drawing him closer to Angel. He waved a hand between them, made the international symbol for ‘leather pants’ and then shrugged helplessly.

“You can’t tell the difference between Angel and Xander?” Harmony gaped.

“Yeah, Spike has that problem, too,” Angel grouched, and the Shaman looked at him gratefully before making the international symbol for ‘you all look alike to me’ and falling silent.

“Whatever,” Harmony said, shrugging. “I mean, as long as you didn’t waste any of the cloning syrup on Xander, it’s no big.”

The Shaman made a few clicking noises in the back of his throat and seemed to shrink into his robe. He made a few incomprehensible sweeping and swirling gestures with his hands before bowing his head.

“You used Xander Harris goo to clone Spike and Angel?! Are you like, totally dumb and dumber? That’s so not what I said! I even made notes!” Harmony screeched, waving a Nick Carter memo pad and a glitter gel pen.

The Shaman shrank back against Angel, and Harmony crossed her arms over her chest, stomping her foot. “I said I wanted Super Vampire Ass Babies™, not hair pulling, sissy fighter dweeb boys!!”

“Hey!” Xander yelled.

“Arse babies!” Spike snarled, looking at Angel. “Did you hear that, Angel? She said arse babies!”

“Okay, they’re not really,” Harmony said, shrugging. “I just like saying ‘ass babies’ ‘cause it’s funny. Shammy here will get them out of you with his thingamajig.”

Angel, Spike and Xander backed away from what might have been the location of the Shaman’s

thingamajig. Angel whirled around suddenly, clocking the Shaman and sending him spinning into Spike who knocked him out with a kick to the jaw. Unfortunately, the weight of Spike's arse baby, er, male mystical pregnancy, overbalanced him and he went sprawling into Xander.

Angel reached down and hauled Spike and Xander up, nodding to Harmony. "Flank her; she can't take three on one."

"Not what I heard," Xander sniped, but fell in between Spike and Angel. They dropped into defensive positions, Angel's arms swirling Tai Chi; Spike bouncing lightly, well, amusingly, on the balls of his feet and Xander making Strong Man poses.

"Wow," Harmony breathed, "that is so hot. Well," she said, her nose wrinkling, "except for the fat thing."

"Hey!" Xander said, and then stopped, looking at Spike and Angel. "Oh, you meant them."

"Come on, boys," Angel said, "let's take her down."

"Bring it on," Harmony said, waving them forward, "you might get past me, but you knocked out any chance of getting my Vampy Bears out of you without making that whole ass baby thing happen..."

"She's right," Angel said, holding Spike and Xander back. He looked over at Spike. "Do something. She likes you."

Spike rolled his eyes and then bit his lip for a moment, thinking. How to make her do something she doesn't want to do...

He nodded quickly and then stepped forward, taking a deep breath and trying to remember how this went. He opened his eyes wide and reached out for Harmony's hand, lacing his fingers tightly through hers. He met her gaze and let his lips tremble for a moment and then said quietly, "I love you."

Harmony stared at him for a moment and then wrenched her hand free. "You don't love me! You never loved me! Anyway," she said, wiping her hand against her thigh, "I don't want you to love me. I want you to love him!" Her finger shot out, pointing at Angel.

Spike looked at Angel for a moment, who was making the international expression for 'don't look at me, she said it' and then turned back to Harmony. "What?!"

"It took me, like, weeks to get over you," Harmony said, glaring at Spike. "And then you were dead, and then you were back and I had you in a totally Slayer-free zone and every time I turned around? Angel. Every time I walked into his office, there you were, up in his face, poking at his chest, rubbing all over him."

Harmony pushed past Spike, dropping down on the edge of the bed and staring at the floor. "And at first, it really pissed me off, because Buffy? Okay, she is kind of pretty in a Charlize Theron kind of way. But Angel? He's like, a guy! And then I realized that the two of you were really pretty together, and it was kind of hot, like, way hot." She looked up at them sighing. "I mean really. So I used to imagine having little Spikes and Angels that I could make do whatever I wanted, like kiss and read love poems? And then Hamilton said that there was this magicky cloning thing in South America? And he knew this Shaman?" She nudged the Shaman with the toe of her boot. "So I planned and I planned and I drew sketches, well, I took pictures of gay porn and glued your heads on them, but you get the idea. And it didn't matter," she said, tears shimmering on the ends of her lashes, "it all got messed up anyway and I got Harris cooties in my baby batter."

“But did you have to make us preggers?” Spike growled. “That all you wanted, why couldn’t you be the one with our buns in your oven?”

“Het?” Harmony asked, looking up and making a face. “Eww.”

Xander sighed, looking at Angel. “So what do we do now?”

“I suggest you stake the vampire, rouse the Shaman and pay more attention to us when we’re discussing post apocalyptic trends involving male mystical pregnancy,” Giles said from the doorway.

“Step one,” Gunn said, drawing a stake from his pocket and lunging at Harmony.

“I don’t eat people anymore!” Harmony squealed, jumping and running to cower behind Xander.

“What’s that?” Wesley asked, lowering his crossbow.

“I mean, I tried to,” Harmony said, peering over Xander’s shoulder and wringing her hands. “But it tasted funny. You know, kind of like when you drink real Coke after drinking Diet Coke for a long time?”

Gunn reached over Xander’s shoulder and grabbed Harmony’s chin, squeezing her mouth open. “Blow,” he said.

Harmony looked confused for a moment and then huffed at him. Gunn sniffed, and then turned back to others, shrugging. “She’s clean. I’m thinkin’ pork.”

“Thanks,” Harmony giggled, winking at him.

Angel and Spike groaned simultaneously, bending over and clutching their stomachs.

“Get them on the bed,” Giles commanded Gunn and Xander. “Wesley, bring that Shaman ‘round and get ready to assist.”

“Oh, my God,” Xander said, staring at Spike and Angel as the Shaman was roused and the male mystical birthing process began. “It’s just hitting me...I knocked up Spike and Angel. I topped Spike and Angel. Who’s bad?” he asked, grinning.

“Oh, whatever,” Harmony sighed. “It was like, totally mystical. They just got poked with needles. You probably just laid there. Like usual.”

“Still,” Xander said, shrugging, “a little bit of Harris got into Spike and Angel. I’m savoring the moment.”

“Savor while you can,” Giles said, “seeing as you’re the only one on actual payroll, I’m expecting the words ‘child support’ to come up in your very near future.”

“Oh, God,” Xander said weakly, “I knocked up Spike and Angel.”

The Shaman began his dance of twigs and berries and a few unnecessary, but artful, handfuls of glitter.

Harmony bounced in excitement. “My vampire ass babies! My ass kicking, possibly fashion-challenged thanks to someone being where he shouldn’t be, super vampire ass babies!” she squee’d.

“Harmony,” Angel groaned, “we’re not...argh!” he yelled as the Shaman’s hands fluttered over him, “tell her, Spike!”

“We’re not vampires, you nit!” Spike bellowed.

“What?” Harmony stopped in mid-bounce. She looked at Giles. “What?”

“It’s, ah, a rather interesting happenstance, actually. Based on an archaic prophecy called the Shanshu...”

Harmony shook her head, turning to Xander. “What?”

“It’s true,” Xander said, shrugging. “They’re not vampires anymore. They’re human.”

“Not vampires?” Harmony asked, looking back at Spike and Angel. “So they’re just like, gay?” She rolled her eyes, sighing. “Boring. I can see that on ShowtimeTM.”

A few more twigs and berries, a few flashes of light, and Spike and Angel were both holding two tiny, pink faced baby boys. Both had dark shocks of hair and Xander’s wide grin, but one had eyes that were vividly blue while the other’s were either hazel or deep chocolate brown, depending on who you asked.

“Hey little Xander,” Xander said, taking one baby’s tiny hand and waving it. “Hey, other little Xander,” he said, doing the same to its brother.

“They need real names, pet,” Spike said, looking horrified. “Sodding hell...they need names, and nappies, and college funds, and all manner of coddling...”

“Names first, okay, Spike?” Xander said, rolling his eyes. He thought for a minute and then said, “You know, since you’re not using them or anything, why not call them William and Liam?”

Spike and Angel looked at each other and then back at Xander. “You realize that’s the same name, right, love?” Spike asked, frowning at Xander.

“It is?” Xander said, frowning. “Huh. It is. Well, we’re not naming them after anyone in my family. Harris is going to be jinx enough. Hey, I know! What were your dads’ names?”

“John,” Spike said, looking at Angel. “Sean,” Angel said, shrugging.

“Well, there you go,” Xander said, grinning.

Spike sighed. “Again, those are the same bloody name!”

“Well, don’t yell at me about it, Post Partum Boy,” Xander grumbled. “What, you had like two names on that whole island and just spelled them a bunch of different ways?”

“Rupert, Wesley, Charles,” Giles said, sighing. “All good English names.”

“Lame, lamer, reminds me of Xander dancing like Snoopy,” Spike said, clutching nameless non-vampire ass baby #1 to his chest.

“Why not just do what Xander said first but not be stupid about it?” Harmony said, leaning in and cooing at the babies in vamp face. “Call one Will and the other Liam?”

“Liam,” Angel said softly, stroking a thumb down non-vampire ass baby #2’s cheek before sighing and handing the baby to Xander. “Here. I guess he’s yours.”

“Hey,” Xander said, taking the baby carefully and trying to mimic how Spike was holding its brother. “It takes two to mystically inject, buddy. You’re not going out for a pack of cigarettes on me and this kid.”

Xander walked around the bed and climbed in next to Angel, scooting them together until both babies lay half over Angel’s lap.

“There are a great many things we still need to discuss,” Giles said, looking at Spike, Xander, Angel and their male mystical progeny and trying to ignore the words, ‘Uncle Rupert’ that kept rising unbidden. “Such as what we’re going to do about Harmony...”

“Nanny,” Spike murmured, trying to ignore the fact that their vampire Mary Poppins was singing the My Little Ponies theme to his children.

“Fine,” Giles said, rubbing his forehead wearily. “But we still have the Shaman to attend to...”

“Gone,” Angel sighed, watching as Liam wrapped his hand around his finger.

Giles, Wesley and Gunn looked around, noticing that all evidence of the Shaman had disappeared except a trail of baby teeth and the faint smell of patchouli.

“But there’s still the study of the ramifications of this mystical event to take into consideration,” Wesley said. “We’ve been given a great opportunity to test all of the relevant theory on these occurrences...”

“Why don’t you take Giles and show him your ‘research trends’?” Spike said, brow lifting knowingly. “Maybe make one of these of your own?”

“Oh, for God’s sake,” Giles said impatiently, “would the three of you stop cooing and realize what’s at stake here? This has changed everything about how you live your lives, the very foundations of your relationships...”

Gunn nodded. “Yeah, like the fact that ya’ll have only been human for a year, and now you’re Baby Daddies. What’re you gonna do now?”

Xander grinned. “We’re gonna be three demon hunters and babies.” He looked quickly at Spike and Angel. “But I am not the Steve Guttenberg in this scenario.”

“Right,” Spike nodded. “No Guttenberg.”

Giles and Wesley walked out, muttering about relevant texts and trend spotting while Gunn alternately grinned at the babies and watched Harmony’s skirt ride up her butt.

Xander and Angel both bent their heads to kiss Liam, and if their lips maybe met and clung a bit at the same time and Spike’s eyes lit up at that, well, that’s okay, right? After all, they did miss out on all that ‘wicked good’ pregnancy sex...

The End

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