

Summary: Spike and Xander get drunk. The bartender puts something in their drink, and when they wake up the next morning they're in the same bed. A week later Spike finds out he's pregnant.

Categories: [Angel/Buffy](#) Characters: Ensemble, Spike, Spike/Xander, Xander

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Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Disclaimer: I don't own Spike or Xander. If I did they would be doing much more interesting things on the show.

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

Chapter 1 by RogueSpike

"Why am I sitting here drinking with you?" Xander asked for the hundredth time that night, even though he already knew the answer.

"Dunno," Spike answered. "Why 'm I sittin' here drinkin' with YOU?"

Spike knew the answer to that, too. He was lonely and he was, though he would only admit it to himself, attracted to Xander. He was fairly certain that Xander was attracted to him too.

Xander sat silently for a minute, then said. "So, how come you haven't been showing up at meetings?"

"Buffy's a bitch," Spike said. His words were becoming a little slurred.

Xander snorted. "Good reason," His words, too, were slurring.

Spike glanced over at Xander at the same time Xander glanced at him. Neither saw the bartender walk by and slip something into the drinks.

Spike lifted his glass and took a large gulp. He felt a funny twist in his stomach and wondered if it was the drink or if he was just imagining things. He saw Xander make a face as well.

"How many drinks've ya had?" Spike asked.

Xander shrugged. "Los' count."

Spike looked down and wondered how many he'd had. His brain was starting to get very foggy. He had a lightheaded feeling, and all of a sudden he was feeling much less melancholy than before.

"Think this stuff's workin'," Spike couldn't even remember what it was called any more. Xander smiled vaguely at him. Spike suddenly sniffed his drink and was aware something had been added to it before he stopped thinking.

\*

Spike woke up to a splitting head ache. He groaned. He lifted a hand to his forehead and realized he was lying in a bed. Naked. Spike blinked and sat up. He looked over and nearly fell out of bed when he saw who was lying next to him.

"Five more minutes," Xander mumbled.

"Bloody hell!" Spike yelled. Xander shot up, then groaned and clutched his head.

"Wha..." Xander trailed off when he saw Spike. Naked Spike. With no blanket.

"Spike!" Xander squeaked. "You...you're naked!"

Spike grinned in amusement, realizing they must have had sex while they were drunk. "Glad you noticed, luv. So are you."

Xander looked down at himself and squeaked again. He yanked the blanket up. "You...and me...we..."

"We had sex," Spike finished for him. "I'd say. I'd also say you topped."

An image of Spike lying submissive beneath him appeared in Xander's head. He bit back a groan as he hardened at the image. \*No! Bad! Think of something else!\*

"Um, why would you say I topped?" Xander asked, trying to distract himself.

Spike smirked. "Because my ass is sore."

Xander squeaked yet again. "But...but you must have done it bunches, so why...?" \*Oh, good distraction, Xan man, wonderful!\*

Spike laughed. "Yeah, pet, but I'm starting to get little memories. You did me bloody hard."

Xander fell off the bed. He dragged the blanket with him and wrapped it around him as he tried to find his clothes.

"Denial," He said, trying to ignore Spike. "Denial is a good thing. Denial is safe. Denial is...Spike!"

Spike had climbed off the bed and was now walking toward him. "Hmm?"

Xander suddenly had a memory of the other night. In his head he saw himself slam Spike down on his back on the bed. He saw Spike grin at him before Xander kissed him hard. He saw clothes start to disappear, then the image vanished.

"You...you let me...I was...Eep!" Xander dressed as fast as he could.

"You look cute when you babble," Spike commented before he thought.

Xander stopped dead. "I look WHAT?"

"Um..."

Xander turned to see Spike with his hands behind his back, kicking the ground with one toe. \*Cute. no!\*

Xander turned and fled.

\*

"Hello all!" Xander said a little too enthusiastically as he walked into the Magic Shop.

"Hey Xander," Willow and Buffy greeted.

Giles nodded at him. Tara gave him a little wave.

"Where's Spike?" Buffy asked.

Xander nearly dropped the book he'd just picked up. "Spike?" He squeaked. "I don't know. Why should I know?"

Buffy frowned. "Are you okay, Xander?"

"Yeah, fine," Xander said too quickly. At least the squeak was gone. "What are we researching?"

\*research is good. No Spike at research. Just ugly demons...Ack, no!\*

Spike had just walked...well, ran in the door with a blanket over his head. He dropped the blanket and stamped out the fire that had started there before he looked up. His gaze passed over Xander, and Xander was shocked to see Spike actually looked shy. He glanced away and ducked his head. Xander couldn't help but grin a little.

"Okay, Spike, are YOU okay? Not that I care," Buffy asked.

Spike looked up and immediately the big bad came back. "Yeah, Slayer, why wouldn't I be?" He walked toward the table, but Xander saw Spike glance at him again and toss him the tiniest smile. Xander wondered when Spike had gone from only being amused that they had sex to being shy about it.

\*Oh, no, my life isn't weird.\*

Spike sat down on one chair and pretended to be looking at a book. \*Bloody hell, mate, what's wrong with you? So you have sex with the git. Big deal.\*

\*Admit it\* that other voice said annoyingly.

\*Admit what? There's nothing to admit\*

\*You're in love with that 'git' over there.\*

Forgetting that the scoobies were there, Spike grabbed the big hard cover book he was looking at and hit himself hard over the head with it. He dropped it and rubbed the spot he'd hit, mumbling under his breath. He glanced up to see the scoobies giving him weird looks.

"Sod off," Spike muttered.

Buffy shrugged. "You wanna hurt yourself, go right ahead."

Spike allowed himself to do one childish thing. He stuck his tongue out at Buffy. Buffy rolled her eyes and looked away.

Xander sat down opposite from Spike. He tried to concentrate as Buffy started to talk about the latest demon, but he kept glancing at Spike.

'Knock it off,' Spike mouthed at him.

'You're doing it to,' Xander mouthed back.

Spike put a hand over his eyes and looked like he was trying not to laugh, which confused Xander a little, but he just ignored it. He tried to concentrate on Buffy again.

Half way through Buffy's talk Spike suddenly got up, grabbed the blanket and ran out of the Magic Box. Xander followed him seconds later. Buffy glanced at Willow, and they both grinned.

"Spike!"

Xander caught up to Spike in the cemetery. Darkness hadn't fallen yet, but the sun had disappeared. Xander saw Spike sit down with a thump on a low gravestone.

"What?"

Xander walked up and looked down at Spike. Spike looked up at him, then tilted his head back farther and looked at the stars. Xander swallowed nervously, suddenly unsure of what to say.

"Do you really hate me, Xander?" Spike asked suddenly, looking at Xander again.

Xander was startled at the question, and he answered before he thought. "No."

Spike's blue eyes looked at him with a mixture of doubt, hope and insecurity. The insecurity threw Xander off guard. Was this really Spike?

"Okay, who are you and where did you put Spike?" Xander asked jokingly.

Spike smiled. Really smiled, not the sarcastic smile or smirk he usually did. Xander was surprised at the difference it made.

"Don't tell the others," Spike murmured.

"About."

"This side I'm showing you."

Xander suddenly realized exactly what Spike was doing. "Oh. Okay. Um, why are you showing me?"

Spike groaned. "Daft git," He muttered before he got up and walked the rest of the way to his crypt, leaving a confused Xander.

\*

It had been one week since Spike and Xander had sex. Spike had closed himself up again, Xander was pretty sure he'd been trying to tell Xander something, but now he was acting like a jerk again. Xander just fell back into the old routine of fighting almost non stop with Spike.

Right then Xander was looking at a particularly ugly demon and wondering how the thing used its arms when he heard Spike make a funny noise. He looked up to see Spike's face was turning a funny shade of green.

"What's up with you?" Buffy asked.

"Don't...don't know," Spike groaned. "Stomach feels funny."

It didn't even occur to Spike to run to the bathroom, as he hadn't been sick in over a hundred years. His stomach gave a strange lurch again, and suddenly Spike leaned over the side of his chair and threw up right on the floor.

Spike leaned back again and groaned. His throat felt like it was on fire.

Xander made a face at the mess on the floor. "Who's cleaning?"

Willow smiled, murmured a spell and the mess vanished. Xander grinned. "Go Willow. You okay, Spike?"

"I can't get sick," Spike said, confused. "Why the hell did I just throw up?"

Xander shrugged. "I dunno. What did you eat last night?"

Spike glared at Xander. "That wouldn't have anything to do with it," He snapped.

"Yeah, whatever," Xander looked away. "Sorry for being concerned."

He looked back again and saw a look that was something close to shock on Spike's face.

"Sorry," Spike murmured. Then he groaned again. "Bloody hell, now I've got a head ache!"

Giles had walked over now and was looking confused. "I've never heard of a vampire getting sick before."

"Yeah, well, maybe you should research. 'Cause that's what I'm going to do," Spike growled at him. Then he proceeded to grab the nearest book and start looking.

Giles, of course, went and picked out a watchers diary. Spike kept up the reading for about half an hour before he suddenly turned green again.

"Bathrooms over there," Buffy pointed and Spike ran for it.

"Bloody...hell," Spike said when he came back. "Does it always burn when you throw up?"

Xander nodded. "Mostly. Fun, huh?"

Spike flipped him off and slumped back down in his chair. Xander snorted.

Spike started to grab the book again before he heard the sound of a book hitting the floor. He looked behind him to see Giles whipping off his glasses as he picked up the book.

"What is it?" Buffy asked.

Giles put his glasses back on and read the part again before he looked at Spike. "There's an entry here about a vampire who somehow became pregnant."

Spike shrugged. "So what?"

"Spike, it was a male vampire. He started getting sick around the first week, and later he started having mood...Spike?"

Spike had apparently fallen off his chair, but when Xander got up for a closer look, he realized Spike, the big bad, had fainted. He heard Buffy laugh as he knelt down next to Spike. He pulled him away from the table a bit and then shook him.

"Spike? Are you ali...undead in there?"

Spike's eyes opened and he blinked a bit before he looked at Xander and said the first word that came to his head.

"Huh?"

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