

Summary: Angel and his big mouth...what are they to do?

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Of all the things Rupert Giles ever saw himself doing, standing over a grovelling Angel as the vampire sat nervously before him in a hotel room in Los Angeles was never one of them. Especially in a room in a hotel Angel actually owned! But there he was. All angered and enraged, finger wagging no less! Doing the deranged parent bit to perfection.

"So, now you believe him? Just because I said it is so, you now accept that it is so?" Giles began to pace, a parental pacing he never thought he'd have to do on Spike's behalf. Xander, yes, without a doubt. Even Buffy, if she were still with them, and heavens forefend, Dawn, but never Spike. "You know, I'm so tempted to just take him home with me. You don't trust him, you don't believe him, that rather indicates that you don't lo... you don't reciprocate his feelings!"

"It's not that! I do love him. Damn it Rupert this is my childe your talking about. Spike is mine and you don't have any rights over him. He's.." Angel didn't get to finish his statement. Not that that was unusual, other than hello and do come in Giles had yet to let him finish what he had started to say.

"He's like a son to me. Granted he's older than I am, in years anyway, but he looks to me for parental guidance. Not you! You, he looked for love from. And all you did was laugh in his face." He continued to pace his very therapeutic arc wishing he had an old fashioned school cane to swish through the air in dramatic swipes. Honest, thrashing Angel didn't cross his mind. It merely moved in and sat down to wait. "Damn it man, he was crying by the time he phoned me. The only thing that stopped him walking in the sunshine was the meeting he has on Wednesday with Dawn's teacher! He's a very dedicated big brother you know."

"I know, he's..." Interrupted again, Angel sighed dramatically.

"He is outside that door." Giles pointed to the bedroom door.

"Will you please let me apologise to him?" At last a whole sentence without interruption.

"And what will you say to him? It's all right you believe he's pregnant, but it's not yours?"

"No, no, no... You and he both say it is my child then I have to admit it's my child... HOLLY FUCK! HE'S PREGNANT!!!" Angel finally realised the whole enormity of all Giles had been trying to tell him.

"Yes, he's emotionally fragile at the moment so please don't ridi..." this time it was Giles' turn to be interrupted.

"He's having MY child. My childe is having MY CHILD! I'm going to be a daddy! Spike's belly has got MY baby in it." Angel was off his naughty chair and dancing around his room. All but claiming sole responsibility for the creation of new life. "I wonder how I did that?"

"I rather think Spike was involved too, somehow." Giles glared at the overjoyed vampire.

"Oh yeah, yeah. But I made him pregnant. I fathered a child on a male vampire!" Like a lot of fathers-to-be the world over, his was the only sperm to ever make a baby - in the entire history of the world. Granted he was likely to be the only male vampire to ever make another male vampire pregnant, but he did have outside help.

"Willow and Tara did it." Giles enjoyed popping Angel's self congratulatory bubble. "It was their silly spell that went wrong and affected Spike in such a... a unique way. So, the question remains, what are your intentions towards Spike? Or shall I just take him and Dawn home with me and keep them there?"

"My Spike, my baby - you take Dawn!" Angel entered the next state of impending fatherhood rather quickly. Possession was uppermost in his mind. Giles was NOT getting to be daddy to HIS SON! And so he slipped unknowingly into stage three, the 'Spike' stage - or 'that's my boy!' if you watched Tom and Jerry cartoons.

Angel did not watch cartoons. Nor did Giles and so stage three went by unnoticed.

"Spike!" Angel threw open the door and dragged the startled, pregnant vampire into his bedroom. "Oh Gods, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed. You are pregnant, I accept that now. You, my baby, oh Gods that's a sexy package..." A hand slowly stroked up Spike's belly, gentle and caring. The very idea of just how potent he was almost left Angel drunk. He totally discounted Willow and Tara's potential involvement all he cared about was... "You're carrying my baby. Do you know just how sexy that is? How sexy you are?"

"No..." Spike's unaccustomed quiet voice replied. "You want us then? Me and the baby? We're a package deal ya'know?"

"What a package.." Angel slipped the duster off Spike's shoulders and half removed the black tee-shirt beneath it before he registered the very bad cough Giles had and then the fact that Giles was still in the room, about to see his Spike semi naked! "Giles? Still here?"

"What do you intend to do... other than seduce Spike that is..." Giles was not going to let the older vampire renege on his responsibilities.

Angel was swamped with the odd notion that maybe Giles wanted his Spike for himself. After all Spike was a very sexy vampire, and now that he was pregnant, he was all the sexier... and HIS! And stage three gave way to stage four... mine, mine, mine!

"Spike, marry me, let me take care of you and our baby." Angel even went down on one knee to ask him.

Giles was just about to comment on cheap theatricals when Spike finally responded.

"Yes! Yes, yes, yes, Oh! Giles I'm getting married!" Spike's face was a picture of contentment. Giles had to admit defeat, Angel had taken his responsibilities seriously after all.

"So I witnessed!" he worded it quite deliberately. Reminding the sex crazed, baby struck dark haired vampire that there was a witness to his proposal. "Congratulations Spike. I'll go let the others know. When will you be having the ceremony? And what sort of ceremony will you be having?"

"As soon as possible and whatever suitable ceremony Wesley can find." Angel didn't even glance at Giles, he just looked at his Spike. "C'mere!" and he dragged the blond vampire towards the bed.

Letting himself out Giles pulled a mobile phone from his pocket and dialled a well known number.

"It's a go! Yes, Xander, you were right, we're all due you lots of money. Angel did go all possessive on us. He did claim Spike as his own, damn, he even proposed to him! They're getting married. Yes, I said married. What? Oh! Having sex I wouldn't wonder. Ok, see you soon." He headed down to the foyer and Wesley. They had a wedding to prepare for. Watcher to watcher, father figure to father figure.

Behind him Angel finally had Spike on his bed, naked, stroking the pregnant body by his side. Kissing him to within an inch of his life or death or something. He wanted to celebrate. He didn't want to waste time on finesse.

"Wanna fuck!" was as romantic as he managed.

"Hell yeah!" was as romantic as Spike managed.

As he prepared his beloved Spike tenderness took over. He carefully made sure Spike's body was ready for him. He had his child wriggling in delight, fucking himself on his fingers. Just like he had so many other nights. He made sure there was no possible friction burning as he slid carefully into Spike's tight body. He rocked slowly, just like the he had the night they made their baby...

"What happened?" Spike spun round in a panic, he had felt Angel's glorious erection fade instantly and slip from him.

"What if I hurt the baby?" Angel fretted.

"I could fuck you?" Spike offered as a compromise.

Angel looked at him, his face screwed up in horror.

"What if I end up pregnant too?"

It was the wrong thing to say. Even as he felt the words run away from his stupid tongue, he knew they were entirely the wrong words to say. But he still said them!

Not even waiting to get fully dressed a half clad, or rather a nearly naked Spike dashed out the bedroom door, crying again.

"Giles, take me home!" he shouted on his Watcher friend

"Spike, baby, sweetheart, love, I didn't mean that the way it sounded. Please honey, love, Spike whom I worship and adore... please come back!" It was amazing how effective embarrassing oneself in public could be for ones sex life.

From the foyer below the stairway Wesley's voice drifted up with sage advice.

"Angel, put some clothes on and for God's sake, keep your mouth shut! Unless it's filled with something."

"Spiiiiiike? Wanna stuff something in my mouth then?" Disaster averted Spike went back upstairs and allowed a very naked and contrite Angel to lead him back to bed.

"How did you mean it then?" The emotionally see-sawing blond asked.

"Can't talk with my mouth full!" replied Angel, right before he filled his mouth with Spike.

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