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Story Notes:

Second in: Father of the ...Bride? series

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Shamenka

Chapter 1 by Shamenka

Angel was silent. Stalking through the city drainage system, brooding on his most demanding thoughts. Wolfram and Hart could go take a flying fuck at themselves as far as he was concerned. Even the recent death of Buffy didn't hold a candle to his current emotional cataclysm. When things went wrong for him they went wrong in spades!

And it was usually his mouth to blame!

Just like this time. Why had he done it? Why had he opened his mouth and said the first thing to cross his mind? Did Spike really need to know, in public no less, that he thought he was looking a little more rounded than normal? That their baby... babies, he mentally corrected himself, were beginning to show? That he thought that the sight of his belly was possibly the sexiest thing he'd seen since he saw his first... No, that wasn't really sexy, more terrifying than sexy! But the idea was right. Spike was the sexiest thing since ever...

And did he say 'Oh Spike you're so damn sexy!?' Oh no!

Did he say, 'You're carrying new life, from our bodies and hearts and souls!?' Oh double no!

Did he say 'To know that our babies are in your belly, safe from everything, makes me horny!' Oh triple no!

What did he say? What romantic thoughts poured out his mouth, unchecked?

'Gods, Spike you're putting on the beef a bit!'

So here he was, cast out of his own hotel as his friends tried to calm down his near hysterical fiancé. Near hysterical? Livid was closer to the mark. Add to that the fact that he refused to go through with tomorrow's ceremony, refused to marry such a... He couldn't think it, let alone say it. But, to be honest he deserved it!

Granted only Wesley and Giles had caught the full meaning of Spike's descriptive term for him. And he himself of course. Angel had to thank providence that his American colleagues didn't know anything about the more obscure slanderous insults used in Britain. Especially the real old ones from Spike's time as a mortal.

What if Spike explained to them just what he had said? What it meant?

How could he explain, make them believe he wouldn't... not that! He knew how vicious they could be when annoyed, and he was damn certain that doing that to one of them would more than annoy it. In the dark too. Very nervous making time for animals, anyone trying would get bitten and boots filled with...

"NO!" Angel screeched out the denial. That was too disgusting a train of thought to continue with. Anyway, he'd never been in Aberdeen - let alone a member of the Black Watch!

Okay, he shouldn't have called Spike fat. That much was a given. He should have said sexy, blooming, wonderful... Or even blooming wonderfully sexy! That much was also a given. And true. He stopped in his tracks and thought about naked Spike for a while. Grinning goofily in the darkened tunnel.

Finally he looked at his watch and sighed, about turning he headed back to see if he still had the sexiest fiancé on the whole damn planet. Or had Giles taken him back to Sunnydale once Xander had finally arrived.

Xander was cute. Xander hadn't made one derogatory remark to Spike about his 'delicate condition', not even a little one. Xander had agreed to be Spike's best man. Xander was going to be Goddess Father to the babies. Xander was building them cribs. Xander was young, virile and there where he wasn't!

"Fuck Xander!"

No, no, bad mind, bad mouth. No fucking of Xander, not even figuratively. Not with his, not with someone else's and most definitely not with Spike's.

Angel concluded that he really ought to think things through carefully. His Spike regarded Xander as a sort of little brother these days. Xander had started to look up to Spike like an older brother. Spike had taken over the raising of Dawn after all. Had assisted Anya in getting things sorted for her and Xander's wedding. Everyone loved having Spike around these days...

But he was his Spike. His fiancé, his babies, his lover, his passion slave... No! Think only the thoughts Spike would want to hear! Gods, but his brain was stubborn.

Red, Willow, think of Willow. What had she been saying the previous night? That the spell had been designed to let Buffy return to life. That she knew if one of the babies was Buffy then she couldn't do better than having Spike for her mother. Considering that Joyce had predeceased her daughter and was unavailable. Then she'd started on about how Spike was wonderful; and had she ever told him that Spike had taken time to reassure her that he would bite her if he could. That he thought she was so very biteable. Wasn't that sweet?

If Spike was going to bite anyone he was going to bit him! Not Willow, not Xander, not anyone else but him! Of course Spike was sweet, damn it all to every hell ever invented, but why did folks think he'd turned Spike in the first place? Because he was so sweet and innocent and delicious... Delicious? Well, naturally. Just thinking about Spike's hard cock in his mouth made that self same mouth water, a veritable Niagara.

Wesley had been right, he did need to wear clothes and keep his mouth full at all times. He picked up his pace back towards home, and his beautiful Spike.

Imagining that rounded belly made him hard. Just to know that it was his cock that had made those babies, not Xander's, not Giles' no one else's but his! He wanted to take Spike in his arms and hold him and love him and cherish him.

He hurried even faster.

He'd crawl, he'd eat humble pie, he'd beg for forgiveness. Spike would smile that shy, sweet smile he had and touch him, anywhere, he didn't mind where. Just so long as Spike's hand, or in deed hands, touched him, and only him. Then he'd sweep him up into a close, but not crushing, embrace and he'd carry his lover, his soon to be spouse up stairs to bed. Their bed! And once

there they'd make love for the rest of the day.

He broke into a run.

He'd even let Spike take him. No more irrational fears of getting pregnant. He'd bought in an extra big box of condoms, and Gunn had shown him how to use them. That had been fun. Him and Gunn moaning the names of their lovers, getting hard enough to slip a condom on. Only they'd forgot the first couple of times and had laid there groaning and coming and eventually Gunn had shown Angel just how to use a condom. It wasn't something he'd ever had to think about before. Not even as a mortal. Mark you, he had only just cottoned on to the connection himself before he was turned. Then it hadn't mattered, until now!

He was going to be a father. Two new lives would depend on him for everything. They'd look up to him as the best daddy in the whole world. And they'd look at Spike, who would be the best mother ever envisioned, any time, any where, ever!

Spike who would be at home, in the Hyperion, waiting for his triumphal return from fighting whatever demon he'd be out fighting. He's kiss his children and tuck them into bed, all safe and sound. They'd beam bright smiles at him and he'd snuggle them down to tell them stories. Stories of all the demons and goblins out there, of how he knew several of the fairy tale demons personally and they regularly exchanged Christmas cards...

Maybe that wasn't such a good idea. Engage brain before telling bedtime stories!

Gods! He couldn't even tell bedtime stories without traumatising the kids! He was going to be such a bad daddy. They'd be getting therapy for years to come, just to recover from his tales of familial woe. And if he upset the kids too much, his beautiful Spike would take them and go home to his... Giles! Oh yeah, granddad Giles would simply love that, all ready with wide open arms a there, there, there and possibly even an I told you so! And what would he be left with? Other than therapist bills? Nothing, an empty nest, and empty bed. Just because he couldn't think before he spoke!

He wiped a tear away, grateful that no one was around to see him doing so. He knew full well he was just winding himself up into a state over nothing. But he simply couldn't help it. He was due to marry tomorrow and his beloved Spike would be giving birth to his babies in maybe a month to five to six weeks time. Too right he was an emotional wreck. All he had to do was think before he spoke. That was all he had to remember.

Angel climbed up the entry ladder to the basement of the hotel. From there it took only seconds to locate everyone. They were in the main foyer, and judging by the voices Xander and Anya had arrived. The laughter and happiness did reassure him that they had calmed Spike down. Now all he had to do was go in there, apologise and sweep him off his feet.

A smile crept over Angel's face as he recognised Spike's lively laughter. His Spike was happy again. He heard the gentle teasing from Anya, and smiled at that image. He listened to Spike tease her back. More laughter.

He crossed over to the group of happy people and slipped an arm around Spike's waist. He smiled at Spike, abashed that he had hurt his beloved. His other hand stroked Spike's beautiful face, making the blond vampire blush crimson.

"Hey, Angel!" Xander got the older vampire's attention.

"Hmm?" Angel quizzed, glancing at the young mortal who would be by his Spike's side at their marriage tomorrow.

"Spike was showing us the sono thing image. Quite something isn't it? So clear!" Xander held up the image as he spoke. Angel looked at it, he'd seen it earlier and still though it one step below those magic eye pictures.

"I'm sorry, but it still looks like Elvis to me!" As his beloved Spike squirmed away, Angel was so very aware of one thing and one thing only!

He should have kept his big mouth shut!

"Spike, angel, baby, lovely... I need you, want you, please forgive me. I'm just no good at seeing these things. It's like those magic eye pictures, I can't see them either. All I can ever see is YOU! I close my eyes and I see you. I think of the future and all I see is you and the babies. Please forgive me.." He walked at Spike's side, finally. "And I bought a big box of condoms. You could always fuck me..."

Spike ran off again.

"Damn it, Spike, how the hell am I supposed to speak to you!" Angel ran off after his beloved Spike.

"Has anyone told him he just can't win with a pregnant lovely?" Xander asked the remaining group.

"Hell no, this is too much fun!" Gunn grinned at the young man and pulled his lover close.

"He'll figure it out for himself, eventually, once Spike's had the babies and gets rational again." Wesley snuggled into Gunn's arm. "In say, thirty years or so from now..."

"Wow! They're like a long balloon.." Angel's surprised voice floated back to the foyer. "What else can you do with them?"

"Should we ask?" Willow suggested.

"Hell no, imagining is half the fun.." Cordeilia laughed and headed for the kitchen and something to eat. "Anyone hungry?" A chorus of me and me too's followed her as the foyer began to clear.

"My God! That is soooooo slimy! Are you sure mortals do this for fun?" Drifted back to them... They all hurried up and cleared the foyer.

"All gone?" An unusually quiet British voice asked.

"Totally!" A confused voice swinging between Irish and American replied.

"Let's get out of here then, the sun's just set." The British voice giggled, delightedly.

"Love you." Angel took Spike in his arms and kissed him soundly.

"Love you too." And Spike kissed him back. "Now, lets go get that drink you promised me."

And they ran for it. Making the door and freedom before anyone could discover their flight.

The End

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