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1. [Chapter 1](#) by Shamenka

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Author's Notes:

Third stories: Father of the... Bride? series

The revelations came thick and fast. First she thought she was dreaming one of those yucky dreams where you wake up in water ready to drown. Then she realised she was indeed in water but she wasn't breathing it much. The very next thing to strike her was a leg and since it wasn't her leg, she knew she wasn't alone. Well, not entirely alone, there was at the very least a leg in there, where ever there was, with her.

Then she found the thing.

The thing took a bit of thinking about. It was slimy, pulsed and drifted up above her. It was also attached to her, where her belly button should be. Instead of a belly button she had the thing.

That was when she realised. She was a baby! A twin if she were not mistaken. She had been an adult, that much she fully recalled now. She had fallen and had died. That had hurt. A lot! Then the memories came tumbling thick and fast. Who she had been, where she had been, doing what she had been doing.

And now she was being reborn as some poor woman's twin... hmm. She reached for the not her leg and followed it up.... as one of some poor woman's twin daughters. Her and gurgle were fairly well developed. At least she thought they were. What she could discern in the dark by touch alone.

Now that she was aware of them she could hear both their heart beats. Going so damn fast they could put a humming bird to shame. That was when yet another revelation jumped up and made itself know. But quietly, that was the thing.

There was no boom-boom of their mother's heart beat. Just a soft, constant rushing of something going somewhere. It was a slow, powerful sound. A soft, caressing sound. Not so much a boom boom, more of a whoosh whoosh. It did rather suggest they she and her new sister were not in an actual living breathing woman. Were they part of some sick government project to mass produce slayers in vitro? Was this some hideous gestation tank as seen in some of Xander Harris' worst ever SF movies?

Then the gestation tank moved. She knew it moved because she could feel the bunching of the muscles all around her. Whoever or what ever she was in was waking up. The soft whooshing sped up slightly. Red hued light came flooding in and a something pressed down over the side of the womb nearest her.

A hand? Her new mother's hand.

Then a voice, not from inside but out there in real people land.

It was Angel! And... and... and he was saying what?

"Hi, how's our babies today? Wow, that one's wiggling a bit!" Then another hand joined the first hand. "Did it wake you? Do you want to rest some more?"

Buffy Summers as was bearily managed to process the information. Angel, her former lover Angel was now her father? Or at least being in her father's role.

"They're fine, Angel. We're fine. Can't wait till it's all over, but it's nothin' I can't handle." That voice was much louder and seemed to come from the inside, right above her head in fact.

Oh she knew that voice. She opened her little mouth, drew in a huge mouthful of what she now knew was amniotic fluid and almost barfed. She remembered what babies did in the amniotic fluid! Shit, she wished she'd never taken that particular Biology class! And now her she was, with a twin and they were both doing it. Eww!

Fighting her immediate distraction she dragged her mind back to the current wiggins making situation.

Spike, that second voice had been Spike! Her mother was Spike! Her nice cosy womb was inside Spike! Obviously he'd killed her real mother and had stolen her and her new sister, somehow. Although she felt a little guilty at the almost immediate thought that Spike could have just killed that other one. Kept only her. She was fed up of all these mysterious sisters turning up all over the place. First Dawn now gurgle over there.

"You're so beautiful, you know?" That was Angel again. And he clearly saw the bump in Spike's belly, he had to know Spike had stolen her from somewhere. Why didn't he rip open Spike and set them free?"

"I am? I feel so fat, and slow. It took forever to deal with that lphulk demon last night." Spike moved again, obviously stretching. "Ow! I take it back, my back is hurting! Ow!" She hear all of Spike's words clearly. Angel muttered something back but all she heard was over. And since up was changing places with along, Spike must have been told to roll over. He had moved onto his side.

Then something else struck her.

Angel had let her pregnant Spike fight demons. A pregnant Spike that Angel was fully aware was a pregnant Spike, go out and fighting demons? Why? Was he insane? In frustration she kicked out, hard.

"Ow!" Spike screamed out.

Then half the light was obscured as something grabbed around Spike.

"What is it? What's wrong?" Angel's concerned voice was back in range again. No doubt it was his arm obscuring the light.

"One of them moved, kicked out and damn near ripped my side off. That one has to have been Buffy. I don't think any ordinary three quarters ready baby could kick like that. That was a karate side kick I tell you. Ow!" He added for good measure at the sight of the huge bruise growing on his side. "See? It's left a huge bruise!"

Buffy felt guilty, she'd hurt her mother. Even if that mother was Spike, he didn't deserve to be hurt quite that badly just because Angel had let him get into danger. It was really Angel that she was angry with.

"Are you sure you're up to going through with this? It's okay if you want to abort you know. I'll stand by your decision either way." Angel's voice came through clear and strong. He didn't want them. Not Buffy, not her sister. He was willing to let Spike kill them! And Spike would no doubt jump at the chance, him being evil incarnate and all and... what was that noise?

Then she realised, Spike was crying! He was deeply upset, she could tell. The so soft whoosh whoosh that she now realised was his vampiric equivalent to a heart beat had sped up considerably.

"You hate us, don't you?" His voice wailed at Angel. "All you've ever wanted is excuses to be away from us. Well, go, don't let me stop you! But if you lay one finger on my babies, hurt them in any way, I swear I'll rip your heart out myself!" Spike moved again, sudden changes in orientation lead Buffy to suspect that they were now standing up. And Spike was still distressed.

"I do want you, and our babies. Spike, I'm sorry, I was only trying to think of you. That is a serious bruise the baby left you. You're bleeding internally everytime it, Buffy kicks out. I don't want to loose you. Please sweat heart, my love whom I worship and adore!"

Buffy had to admit several things.

One: She was feeling dreadfully guilty. Spike knew he was somehow carrying her and her kicking was putting his life on the line and he refused to abort her. Which was so sweet...

Two: Angel was a dork. A total and utter ass. Didn't he know Spike by now? How could he think Spike would abort them? And he was crap at loving platitudes too! She didn't know why Spike put up with him!

Three: Of all the creature on the entire planet, Spike was the last one she ever thought would have maternal instincts. Least of all just because he was a male demon and all...

Four: If she were being born again as a baby she was going to make damn sure she pissed and barfed on Angel at every possible opportunity.

"And please don't be angry, but I don't want you fighting demons anymore. Not until the babies are safely born and you are fighting fit again. I don't want to loose either you or the babies. But especially you! You are here with me, they are there, I know, but I can't touch them, can't hold them, can't see them All I see is you being bruised and hurt and in danger every second you carry them. Once it's all over I'm going to make Willow and Tara reverse this spell they put on you and get an oath from them to never do it again!"

Okay, it seemed that maybe Angel wasn't as much of a dork as he at first seemed. Buffy could picture a naked, or near naked Spike, all bruised and hurting and tearful. It would be a hard sight for anyone to resist. The way he looked when he needed to be held but was too proud to say anything. All bright blond and gorgeous and softly alluring and...

"EEK!" She did manage that small sound. Even if it was all burbly. Was it right to have these sexual thoughts about a parent, while still inside said parent? Spike was her mother now... oh, Gods no! She couldn't be having such ideas about her mother! Not even if it were Spike! Her Spike, since it was she he had been in love with the last time she knew anything. And now Angel had taken him from her and had suggested getting rid of her again? He was going to pay!

"It took her death to bring us back together, as we should have always been.." Angel was speaking again. "I don't ever want to loose you. I couldn't take it. You are everything to me, always have been ever since I first turned you. Only, Angelus is even worse at being in love than I am."

Angel had turned Spike? Buffy thought it was Drucilla that had had that honour, that was what Spike had told her. Why had he lied? Why did he deny that Angel was his sire and claim Drucilla?

"Angelus loved me?" Spike squeaked. Buffy could feel his tension levels fluctuating. Didn't Angel know anything? Didn't he know he shouldn't let Spike get this upset. It wasn't good for him or them. She swam around and looked at 'gurgles' her new sister and tried to make out some details in the soft red light. Which reminded her that Spike was still standing about stark naked.

"Of course Angelus loved you. Making the world think Dru had sired you was the only way he, we, I could save you from the Master's hands! Not to mention the rest of him." Angel's voice got louder as he got closer. "There was no way I was letting that ugly old bastard get his anything on you. Hell's teeth, even Darla backed up my claim that you were Drucilla's minion. Although I think she thought I'd let her near you as a reward for her support with the Master."

Buffy could tell from Spike's shudders that that mental image didn't appeal to him anymore than it did her. She somehow couldn't see Spike with either ugly old Darla or the truly ugly and old Master. Her mom had better taste. Be that mom Spike or her other mom... she gave up that thought as too confusing.

Then she felt something. Angel's hand on her back.

"I love you!" Angel whispered into Spike's ear.

"I love you too!" Spike whispered back and the soft whoosh whoosh picked up its pace once more.

"Want me to prove it?" Angel asked, a laugh clearly heard in his voice.

"Please do!" And Spike followed that with a squeal as he and the babies were picked up and returned to the bed. As Angel's weight joined them Buffy knew just exactly what they were going to do. Looking around there wasn't really anywhere to go, to get away from her boffing parents. Especially while she was on the inside. Listening. Hearing Spike's soft moans and almost shy giggles. Angel's throaty laugh did little for her peace of mind either.

A little foot kicked her, reminding her that she wasn't alone.

'So, who are you then?' She thought at her mysterious sister. 'Ground rules to live by, kido. You do not touch my toys. You do not muscle in on my cuddle time with mommy.' She giggled mentally at that one. 'You do not kick out while we're in here room mate. Got that?' And wrapping herself around her baby sister, she held the other baby calm. Giving Spike time to heal from her unfortunate kick. And anything to take her mind off of the mental image of naked Spike. And naked Angel and especially what they were doing together...

Parents could be so damn embarrassing at times!

The End - again

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