

Summary: None given

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Caveat Lector

Challenges: None

Series: Father of the...Bride?

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 2820 Read: 0 Published: 12/17/2017 Updated: 12/17/2017

Story Notes:

Fourth story: Father of the...Bride? series

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Shamenka

Chapter 1 by Shamenka

Buffy had noticed a heightened degree of excitement in Spike's body for some while now. The usual slow whoosh-whoosh of Spike's system working it's vampire magic was replaced with an almost constant whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh as it all sped up.

And the cause of all that excitement was summed up in one word Wedding. His and Angel's Wedding Day had finally arrived. After so many false starts and flounderings it hardly seemed possible that their day of days was finally there. And happening!

The water cascaded over his body as he washed, ready for the day... the evening, he self corrected. Soon he would be standing next to Angel taking the vows Wesley and Giles had fought like dogs over for the past week or so. He'd even had enough free time to head for Sunnydale and the Wednesday night parent/teacher meeting with Dawn's year head. She wasn't doing too well. Her English was slipping. She was not using the correct standard spellings for certain words, and when the teacher had thrust the offending book at him and demanded he looked, he looked. His laughing hadn't helped either.

"And what is so funny?" The woman had demanded.

"Oddly enough, my dear Mrs. Wilson, her spelling is somewhat exemplary in my eye. It can not be helped that for the moment she is studying under your somewhat colonial system, but that is as standard as standard English gets. As used by English people. As standard."

The meeting had gone downhill, somewhat rapidly, from there.

It hadn't helped that he'd brought Dawn and Angel with him, both of whom were bigger kids than himself. Angel had looked at the offending pages and had immediately agreed with his fiancé's opinion.

The woman had squealed like a stuck pig. She demanded clarification of that comment. She got graphic clarification of that comment. She squealed some more and in the end he had withdrawn Dawn from that school and brought her back to LA with them.

They now had a new meeting arranged for the following week. What would the stupid mortal think when he turned up with his husband this time.

"I'm getting married in the evening... ding dong the bells are gonna chime!" Spike gave full voice to a selection of show tunes from the musical My Fair Lady... He concluded that being fair, even if peroxide fair, was good enough. It didn't help matters much when he started to adapt the songs to fit his life, or rather his unlife. "I have often walked, down this hall before, but the ceiling always stayed above the walls before! All at once am I, sure and certain I - never should have had that junky for lunch....."

"Spike! Enough! Please!" Xander's voice cut through the murdered show tune and the closed bathroom door to the showering vampire within. "Come on, it's almost time. You should be getting dressed by now." The bathroom door opened and Xander entered.

Buffy could hear his voice getting louder and cleared, until at last she could make out the words he was saying. Spike having shut off the water had helped too.

"Your suit is set out on the bed, your Groom is pacing the floors on every floor. Anxious is one word that comes readily to mind. Irritating is another one."

Ah, she thought, that was what all the extra whoosh-whoosh was about! Spike and Angel were getting married. Married! That startled her awake, and bumping head long into Gurgle woke her up too! Spike and Angel were getting married, she'd divined as much over the last few days since sentience had returned, fine! But tonight? Now? While she and Gurgle had to be around, inside, for the honeymoon?

"I have to say, Spike, that I have never seen you so damned happy. Not since BC time." Xander laughed and there was much giggling from Spike and Xander as they did untold things out there that only succeeded in cutting off what little light filtered through Spike's belly.

Buffy was trying to puzzle out BC - Spike was Angel's child, that much she now knew. So it couldn't be before Christ. had to be before something. C... C... C... CHIP! It had to be Before Chip! And little wonder Spike was that happy, he was marrying his fiancé, her ex-boyfriend. Okay, Angel was way too old to be a boyfriend, but the thought was the same.

All Spike was aware of was a gentle tightening in his belly. He put it down to nerves and let Xander help finish getting him dressed. Then they were out the door and heading for the foyer and the actual ceremony. They reached the stairs and stopped. Xander stood looking down at the crowd below. Angel had been held at peace, finally, by Gunn threatening to stake him and marry Spike himself if need be. The dark haired youth coughed, loudly, and got everyone's attention.

Giles looked up at Xander and smiled. He dashed up the stairs two at a time and reached Spike and Xander in record time.

"Are you sure about this Spike. This is your last chance to back out of this marriage and no one will say anything about it if you do?" Giles' voice carried clearly into Buffy and Gurgle. Gurgle didn't seem to care one way or the other; but Buffy was down right pissed off at Giles trying to mess with her family and her rebirth.

"I know Rupert. Form observed and appreciated, but I want to do this. This is with my full understanding and co-operation." Spike sounded awfully formal. Buffy was now wishing she'd paid more attention during the rehearsal the other night, rather than falling asleep as she had. Well, for once it was a full Scooby gang meeting that she was technically at but didn't need to do anything at all. So she'd done nothing but sleep.

"Xander, Spike. It's time." Giles must have turned away because his voice became indistinct. Then there was a lot of clomp-clomp-clomping as they all walked down stairs.

"I call upon the vampire Angel to step forward and state his plea!" Giles' voice came back a bit louder. Buffy concluded that it was nice of him to shout for her benefit.

"I am Angel. I come before the house of my love and ask that he be released to my hand, my heart, my very soul as mine for ever and beyond." Angel's voice wavered slightly, he was obviously nervous. Buffy had a moments passing sympathy for him. Then she wondered what damn stupid thing he'd say next and spoil everything as per usual.

Spike watched as Wesley stepped forward at that demand and looked at him, eye to eye, never wavering.

"I call upon the vampire Spike to offer his response."

Xander squeezed Spike's arm in support and let the bleach blond vampire step slightly forward and say his piece.

"I am Spike. I come before the house of my love and ask admittance. That I can give him my hand, my heart, my very soul, as his for ever and beyond." Buffy heard Spike's voice catch, right at the very moment her living space shrunk and returned to normal.

Spike gasped in sudden pain, a hand instinctively going to his bump to feel the contraction.

"Spike? What's wrong?" Form held sway, Xander was the only one that could now talk to Spike until he gave him up to his husbands keeping. His question was whispered, mostly to prevent Angel from panicking and saying something and causing them to have to do the whole thing over, yet again!

"Contraction. A mild one." Spike whispered back.

"Shamanka?" Xander asked for the guidance of the wise woman guiding proceedings for the two utterly in love vampires.

"Child of light?" The Shamanka crossed to converse with Xander.

"You'd better hurry it along to the I do's, the birth is starting." Xander whispered, very, very softly to the Shamanka.

That regal wise woman looked at the Child of Light that guided the Childe of Dark to his new life. She cast her near eternal gaze on the Darkling Childe and took in his physical plight. She reached out a wizened hand and touched his aura, then his belly and felt the faint echo of the contraction that had been but moments before.

"Oh fuck!" She wisely spoke.

"Gunn, do you vouch safe Angel's honourable intent towards this Childe of Darkness?" She rushed head long as Gunn made to give the long, much practised piece he had to say as Angel's Honour Guardian. "The short version is sufficient!"

"I do - I suppose." Gunn muttered, realising that something was up a fraction of a second before Angel did, luckily. He managed to clamp a hand over Angel's mouth before he could utter a syllable.

"You suppose?" The Shamanka took a moment to glower at the unfortunate man. Well, she thought, there was a while yet before the babies would be making an appearance. Time for a glower or two. Very old venerable age had few, if any, perks so she didn't want to miss out on a sour expression when the opportunity arose.

"I do!" Gunn said with much more conviction.

"Xander, do you vouch safe Spike's honourable intent towards his Sire of Darkness?"

"I do!" Xander didn't even wait for the metaphorical ink to dry before responding.

"Gunn, do you offer your strength to protect Spike against Angel failing in his sacred duty to his sworn mate?" She made a hurry up gesture quite unkeeping with the seriousness of the ceremony.

Buffy realised what was happening and grabbed a hold of Gurgle. She physically got her baby sister facing in the right direction when, wham, another, slightly stronger contraction hit. She felt and heard Spike groan as he rode the pain of the contraction.

'Soon be over!' She thought. Then she panicked. How was Spike to have them born anyway? Then she relaxed, Caesarean Section, she thought. Nice safe operation, quick scoop out of the two of them, a bit of sewing and hey presto instant family!

Gunn pressed his hand firmly against the fangs he felt dropping into place in Angel's mouth.

"Xander, do you offer your strength to protect Angel against Spike failing in his sacred duty to his sworn mate?"

"I do!" Xander was shaving nano seconds off his response time. And getting a sore back from supporting Spike's sudden weight falling against him. But he didn't let the pregnant vampire down.

"Gunn, does Angel love Spike?"

"He does!" Gunn was getting into the swing of things. He'd seen enough babies born to know what was happening over there.

"Xander, does Spike love Angel?"

"He does!" Shortest response in the history of short response times.

"Angel, do you affirm as your Honour Guardian has so sworn?"

"I do!" He muttered from behind Gunn's still tight grasp of his troublesome mouth.

"Gunn, let the vampire speak?" The Shamanka pointed at Angel's mouth.

Gunn hissed in a warning fashion in Angel's ear. Hoping the vampire was going to be smart, for once.

"I do!" Angel replied. As soon as he had said those two short words Gunn re-acquired lock on his mouth. The better to gag him with.

"Spike, do you affirm as your Honour Guardian has so sworn?"

"I do!" He was excused adding the non vocalised grunt as he felt yet another contraction go through his body. Right before he felt very wet feet, and trousers.

"By the power of all the Gods of Love and Caring, of Nurturing and Family I bless this union as to be fruitful and satisfying. Keep yourself one to the other, only, for as long as you both shall... exist. I now declare you husbands betrothed. Gunn you may release the Groom!" She stepped to one side as Angel sped past her to sweep Spike into his arms, kiss him and carry him bedward at near warp speed.

"Shall we follow? Lend what assistance we can?" Wesley asked, playing host in his friends absence.

"I think we should." The Shamanka replied and allowed herself to be guided towards the bed prepared for Spike to give birth in.

Buffy was vaguely aware that Angel and Spike were now married. She was vaguely aware that Angel was carrying Spike at great speed. What most impinged on her consciousness was the other thing she had discovered, and was by no means eager to think about. It was big, as compared to a baby's hand, and getting bigger. It was the bigger she had most problems with.

It was a birth canal.

And they wanted her to use it?

In a male vampire?

Where did it come out anyway?

And more importantly, which way was up?

"I love you!" She heard Angel say as she suddenly realised that up was the way she was facing. Because it was behind her that had impacted the bed or whatever Angel had laid Spike down on. He didn't expect to consummate their wedding now did he?

"Love you tooo... ohhhhhhh!" Spike, Buffy and Gurgle rode out yet another contraction. "Help me undress.." Spike shuffled as best he could as Angel eased the now sodden garments off Spike's body.

"Good Lord!" Angel uttered as he saw the opening widen. "It damn near winked at me!"

"hahahhahahahahahaha - oohohohohohoo don't make me laugh, it hurts.." Spike giggled softly anyway.

"Now child, let me see how you are doing?" The Shamanka asked. Not that Buffy knew who or what she was, other than some nosy old bat, peeking at her mom-Spike's naughty bits.

'Naughty bits!' That thought set up almost blind panic in Buffy's little mind. There was such a thing in an unborn baby's life as too much information.

Then something grabbed her and squeezed her alone that tight space.

All the push, breath, pant and hold ons went, quite literally, over her head and the sudden bright light was blocked out by two very hand light shades. Until she realised they were made of skin, sparsely haired, wrinkly skin at that. And she opened her mouth to scream, too late realising that gravity works... she got a lot closer to Spike's naughty bits than she ever envisioned getting.

The only thing left to do was scream! So she did!

Minutes later Gurgle was nowhere near as traumatised by the faceful of mommy-Spike's naughty bits as her big sister was.

Washed, wrapped, dressed and cuddled. Buffy took in her surroundings and realised that she was snuggled in Spike's arms. Gurgle was opposite her and all her friends were looking at her.

"They're beautiful, Spike, what are you calling them?" Giles, as surrogate father figure was given the privilege of reaching over the bed towards Spike, Angel and the babies first.

"We're fairly sure the one with the grumpy expression is Buffy, so she's going to remain Buffy. But

no more Anne Summers, sorry, couldn't live with naming a child of mine after a sex toy catalogue."

"What?" Xander asked, not sure he had heard things right.

"Anne Summers is a sex toy catalogue company. A bit like Tupperware, only a hell of a lot more fun!" Giles responded.

"And you knew this, like from the very beginning?" Xander spoke for the aforementioned Buffy Anne Summers if he but knew it.

"Erm, yes.. why do you think I had such trouble with her name? Buff means naked in the UK, not muscular, and Anne Summers is a sex toy company.. I felt vaguely paedophilic calling her naked sex toy company every time I had to say her name..."

"And the other baby? What are you going to call her? Is she a reincarnation of someone else?" Willow tried desperately to change the subject.

"No, she's all ours. A present for giving Buffy form and a body I think." Angel looked at Willow, if he looked at baby naked sex toy company he's lose it, he knew he would.

"But I'd like to call her Cathy, well, Catherine. If Angel doesn't mind.." Spike smiled shyly at his new husband, father of his babies.

"Cathy? After my sister?" Angel wiped away the tears that formed in his eyes at Spike's generous offer.

"Of course." Spike told him.

"That would be wonderful. Hello Cathy, hello Buff..." The scream that drowned out the rest of his statement came from the baby formerly known as naked, sex toy company..

"So, Cathy and Buffy what exactly?" Giles managed finally. Luckily baby lungs didn't have the power of mature slayer lungs. Buffy had had to fall silent.

"They're getting my surname. Catherine Mary and Buffy, or more formally Elizabeth Anne Windham-Price!" Spike replied.

The last sound Buffy heard before she fell asleep was the very loud thunk of a former watcher hitting the floor in a dead faint.

Once more - The End....

bye bye

Sha.....

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=195>