

Summary: Summary: The First Evil has nowhere to go but down after its coup with the Turok-Han really, as far as evil plans go. That doesn't mean it will stop trying. (Post-Showtime for Buffy, Rain of Fire/Apocalypse Nowish for Angel, spoilers through those episodes.) (Parody.)

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

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Crack, Crack fic, m/f, m/f sex, m/m

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Warnings: For this section, mpreg and excessive character bashing of a certain souled vampire. Uh, the dark-haired one.

Notes: Huge love to little_bit and Nongenius for agreeing to hop into the fire and co-write one last parody. And for allowing me to finally use the bulk of the crappy mpreg parody I wrote last April. (Completed 1/17/03)

Notes 2: This is part 1 of a three-part story, but can be read stand- alone. The other parts, when bit and ng finish them, will be found here. (Searching for the other parts. Admin. note)

1. [Chapter 1](#) by None given

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Spike was sitting cross-legged in the Summers?living room, patiently letting his hair be brushed as he listened to idle chatter.

"So anyway, then Justin Timberlake is all singing a song about a girl cheating on him like, hello, we all know he's talking about Britney, and why not just come out and say it?"

Spike couldn't believe he agreed to this. Stupid soul making him feel all guilty, making him agree to the most ridiculous things, as if a little mass murder warranted this torture.

"Could you stop moving your head? It's making the brushing very difficult. Oh my god, did you see the new Christina Aguilera video?"

Just then, Buffy walked into the room. "Xander, stop brushing Spike's hair. I told you to go pick up all the Slayers in Training from the mall almost an hour ago!"

"How come I never get to brush Spike's hair?" Andrew whined from the couch that he was stretched across, reading a Superman comic.

Xander ignored him and said, "It's okay, Buff. Anya said she'd go. She has some new idea to make money, since the kids all suck up so much cash eating all the food in the house. Which I do not appreciate, by the way. I'm losing so much weight I can see my feet again!"

"Money? She's not going to rob a bank again, is she?" Buffy asked.

Xander shrugged and continued brushing Spike's hair.

"No, seriously, Xander. How is she going to make money?"

Across town, near the docks, Anya nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, that will do."

"Wot d'yeh wont `s t'do, `en?" asked Molly, the Potential Slayer from England. Or Australia. Or possibly Ireland. The Scoobies had been unable so far to tell where some of the girls had come from. Buffy said that they all had horrible accents like she'd heard Angel speak with in their shared dreams when the First Evil had first visited Sunnydale. So Ireland was looking likely.

Anya looked at Kennedy. "Translation?"

"She asked you what you want us to do," Kennedy replied.

"Oh, that's very simple. Make sure you keep your skirts high and lips shiny and we should be able to feed you for at least another week. Assuming you don't get chopped up into tiny pieces first."

Rona raised her hand. "I'm still a little unclear on what you want us to do."

"Have any of you girls seen Pretty Woman?" The Potentials shook their heads. "What about Leaving Las Vegas? Taxi Driver? Fingers? Jade? Belle du Jour? Milk Money? Last Exit to Brooklyn? The Hunted? Sadie Thompson?"

"I'm getting dizzy here," Vi complained. "Just tell us how wearing tight tops and short skirts and hanging around on the docks is going to make us money."

"Okay, okay," Anya said. "Girls, let me tell you a little story about another vampire Slayer named Faith?"

In the basement of Sunnydale High School, The First Evil paced around. It had to do something to distract the Slayer. It considered showing up at her house and giving her another threatening speech, but decided to wait until it had finished the one it was currently working on. It involved a detailed look at the Slayer's fashion mistakes throughout the years, guaranteed to leave her a sobbing mess. The First Evil grinned wickedly as it envisioned itself pulling out a picture of Buffy in that godawful black cowboy hat and showing it to the devastated Slayer.

But there would be time for that later. Now, it needed to create a diversion. Suddenly, inspiration struck.

"The Slayer was willing to die to protect her sister. Let's send her a baby and see what happens."

It sent a Harbinger out to retrieve some of Buffy's clothes so that a fertility spell could be done. Then it sat back and tried to think of some really cutting remarks about Buffy's animal print years.

"Hey, Buffy!"

"What, Spike?" Buffy walked to the bottom of the stairs and looked up to see a very distressed Spike standing on the landing.

"Where did my shirt go?"

"What one?"

"My blue one."

Buffy suppressed a shudder at the mental image of Spike and his tight blue three-quarter sleeved shirt. Somewhere between Africa and insanity, he must have raided Dawn's closet. When would the boys in her life learn to wear clothes their size? She nearly fell to the ground in tears when she remembered walking in on Xander trying on her mini skirt and tube top. And there was that one night with Giles that was best left unmentioned. She headed up the stairs to her bedroom.

"I borrowed it the other day, it should still be near my hamper?." Buffy stopped short when she saw her room was in shambles.

Back downstairs, Buffy, Xander, Spike, and Willow were in the kitchen.

"Do you know what's missing?" Willow asked.

"Yeah. Spike's blue shirt, the ring Angel gave me on my seventeenth birthday, and Xander's Backstreet Boys lunchbox that I borrowed."

"So the important question," Buffy said, "is what evil plan could The First Evil be hatching that involves stealing a ring, a feminine blouse, and a teenybopper accessory."

Two days later, Angel was pacing around one of Hyperion Hotel's bathrooms nervously, beads of sweat forming on his gigantic forehead. There was a knock at the door, followed by Cordelia's shrill "Angel, what are you doing in there? Come on, I have to go screw my boyfriend, Con? stance. Constance. Who you've never met. Anyway, my water heater is being fixed, and you promised I could use the office bathroom!"

He ignored her and continued pacing. After what seemed like an eternity, the egg-timer went off. Hands shaking, he walked over to the counter and peered at the object placed gently on it.

Two. Oh god.

He grabbed his vat of hair gel, threw it in his overnight bag, and wrenched open the door.

"Cordy, I have to go to Sunnydale."

The car had barely come to a stop at the curb outside Buffy's house when Angel sprang out and ran up to the door. Buffy opened it and her jaw dropped as soon as she laid eyes on Angel.

"Oh my god, you too? Hey, Willow, Dawn, Angel's pregnant too!" she yelled over her shoulder. She ushered Angel in and patted his expansive belly. "Oh my god, how far along are you? Seven months? Eight?"

"Uh, no." He pulled his shirt back down and grimaced. "More like a day or two."

"Oh. Oh! Oh, eww! I mean?oh, you look great!"

"So wait," Angel said as he followed Buffy past her living room full of teenage girls fawning over Giles and into the kitchen, "why doesn't this surprise you? I'm a guy. And a vampire. This usually doesn't equal pregnant."

"I'll tell ya why, you wanker." Spike walked in, the distinct beginnings of a belly poking out from under his skintight black shirt. "Because you're not the only pregnant souled vampire who's slept with Buffy around here. Hey, pet, my blood heated up yet?"

Buffy nodded, handed the "I Went to Africa and All I Got Was This Lousy Soul" mug to Spike and turned to Angel. "He's right. You, Spike, and Xander, so far."

"Wait?Xander's a souled vampire too? And you slept with him?!"

"Yes. And also, it turns out Dawn and Willow are both Vampire Slayers." Buffy rolled her eyes and Spike smirked. "No, Xander is pregnant, just like you two. God, were you this stupid when I first met you?"

Angel shrugged. "Yes. But my creepy stalker act made you so swoony you never noticed. So

wait, Dawn and Willow are Slayers?"

"Anyway," Buffy continued, ignoring Angel, "we figure that The First Evil is doing this somehow. A spell or something. And the pregnancies seem to be accelerated. Each day equals 2 months, or something. Giles explained it, but he pulled out all these charts and I was so busy thinking about how the diagram's pen?dulum, wasn't half as huge as Spike's giant coc?tail."

"Stupid First Evil wasn't satisfied torturing me for weeks on end, had to make me preggers too," Spike remarked sadly.

"Weeks? It only bothered with me for a day or two!" Before Angel could glower any more, Xander entered the kitchen.

"I've got good news, guys. Giles figured out who the mothers of all the babies are. Turns out, we're all pregnant by the person who loves us the most in the world."

Angel felt a lump forming in his throat. "Buffy, I can't believe? we're finally having a child. If it's a daughter, we'll name her Destiny."

The Slayer shook her head. "Nuh uh."

"Aw, Buffy, Destiny is a great name. And considering her parents are named Buffy and Angel?."

"No, what I mean is, there's no way you're having my baby." Xander grinned. "She's right. Spike is having Buffy's baby, and I'm having Anya's."

Angel blinked. "Oh. In that case, Buffy, I have something to tell you that might be hard to hear. You remember how I told you that Cordelia and I were getting closer?"

"Don't even finish that thought, Dead Pregnant Boy," Xander interrupted. "Nice try, but you're pregnant by some chick named Lorne."

Angel stood staring blankly at Buffy and Spike, mouth agape, which meant that he was too angry for words. Or possibly shocked. Or bored. Or constipated. Either way, he remained immobile for several minutes until Buffy, Spike, and Xander all shrugged and headed into the living room to help Anya finish getting the Slayers in Training ready to begin their training at the Doublemeat Palace. With any luck, enough would manage to not be eaten long enough to bring home some more money. Besides, they needed all the free food they could get, as pregnant Xander had already eaten all the food in the house and was starting on the furniture.

The next morning, Spike was resting in Buffy's bedroom. Willow had graciously and inexplicably volunteered to dorm with the Mini Slayers, so Angel was still asleep in her room. At noon, Buffy decided to bring Spike some lunch to eat while watching his soap operas. She almost dropped the tray of Buffalo Wings she was carrying when she saw what Spike was doing.

"You mean you weren't kidding way back when you told Riley you had knitting needles?"

Spike almost dropped the pink bootie he was working on.

"Dammit, Slayer, don't you ever knock?"

"Spike, you can?knit? Is this a `soul?thing?"

"You don't have to make a big deal of it. Drusilla made me learn. Sometimes, during the day, we

would sit around and knit dresses for Miss Edith. This was before I started watching Passions, of course."

Buffy shook her head in disbelief.

"Hey, do you think it's okay if I walk back out of here right now and pretend I never saw any of this, and we never had this conversation?"

"That would probably be for the best."

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door.

Spike stashed the knitting and yelled, "Come in."

"Willow wanted me to bring these herbs up. If you drink them they'll keep you from getting morning sickness. Or night sickness since you're all nocturnal," Anya said.

"Thanks. Hey, you're the most honest person here, `sides me anyway. Can you tell me, do I look fat?"

Anya bit her lip and nodded, and Spike grimaced.

"I knew it. Sodding First Evil. And you know I'm never going to get my 28-inch waist back."

Anya nodded. "Yes, it is tragic that we can no longer use your cheekbones to whittle stakes when we run out of knives. But at least you aren't as bloated as Angel."

"Yeah, the puffy poof isn't looking too well, is he? Probably doesn't help that he has to own up to the fact that his beloved loves me now." Spike smirked.

"I am surprised that you're having Buffy's baby and not Harmony's though. And that Xander is having mine and not yours."

"My?what?!" Spike choked on his chicken wing. "Why would think I'd be in love with Harris?"

Anya shrugged. "I don't know. You didn't deny sleeping together when that guy I turned into a worm's girlfriend asked if everyone had slept with each other. And you were living with him when you were all vulnerable. Twice. I just wouldn't have been surprised to come home one day and hear that Xander had been abused by his parents, who were actually partial vampires, and you comforted him, one thing led to another, and Xander became pregnant because his vampire heritage mixed with your cold dead seed."

"You?really put a lot of thought into that," Spike said.

"Well, I didn't have much else to do until recently. But it's better that you're having Buffy's baby instead of Harmony's."

"Yeah, I guess. I mean, as long as the kid takes after current Buffy, and not Buffy for the first five years I knew her." Spike shuddered. "Self-righteous Slayer offspring, that'd be fun. The kid's first words would be `Shut up, Spike,?or, `You're beneath me,? or, `Stop stealing all my underwear, you pervert! I'm running out of things to wear!?Hell, I'd be lucky if the brat don't simply stake me on its way out."

Evening was starting to fall and the three pregnant men were sitting in the Summers living room reading various baby name books. Willow, Dawn, and Buffy were out shopping, and Giles had taken the Slayers in Training and Andrew to an audition for some new girl band television show.

Xander put down his book, looked down, and started poking his chest. After five minutes of this strange behavior, Spike broke.

"Alright, I give up. What the hell are you doing?"

"Well, I just wondered if we would be lactose-ing. You know, milk making?" Angel and Spike regarded their own man-boobs. "Because I'm kind of thirsty, and I don't feel like getting up?."

"Gah!" The two vampires both recoiled and stared at Xander in horror.

"Bloody hell, man, you can't drink your own milk!"

"Yeah!" Angel chimed in. "God, Xander, that's like asking if you can drink your own piss!"

"But milk was made for us to drink!" Xander protested.

"No difference!" Spike yelled. "You just don't drink anything that comes out of your own body. I mean, look at Prancer over there, right? He was living like a bum in the streets for years after he got his soul, but he at least had the decency to eat some rats instead of trying to drink his own blood! Back me up here, Angel! Angel?" Now Angel was engrossed with what was under his shirt as well. "Oh god, don't tell me you're thinking of your tits as an all-you-can-drink deal too!"

"No, but Xander does have a valid point. I mean, my nipples have been kind of tender and chafing all week, I wonder if we are going to be lactating."

"I think you mean lactose-ing." Xander corrected.

"No, it's lactating."

"But that word doesn't make any sense! It's lactose intolerance, not lactate intolerance! God, you're so stupid, Angel! I hate you!" Xander started to cry.

"We're three pregnant guys, two of us souled vampires, and the Buttmonkey is looking for logic." Spike pushed himself up and waddled over to the door. "I'm going for a walk."

After he left, Xander turned to Angel.

"Am I the only one sick of Spike's mood swings?"

Angel just glowered. A couple of minutes later, they heard a car pull up outside as Buffy, Dawn, and Willow came home from shopping.

"We're back!" Buffy caroled as she came in the door. "We could only find maternity clothes big enough for you guys in K-Mart. All the good stores only go up so far size-wise." She shrugged off her coat and went into the living room. She gave one bag to Xander and one to Angel. "Where's Spike?"

"He took off. Buffy, what the hell is this?" Angel held up the powder-blue dress with baby ducks embroidered on it.

"It was the only one long enough for you, and it could have been worse. They also had it in pink."

Xander didn't complain as he stripped off his shirt and wriggled into his green dress with pink bunnies on it. Considering what he normally, voluntarily wore, the dress didn't seem too strange to him.

Willow and Dawn came in carrying some magic supplies.

"Well, I have good news," Willow said. "If we can't cure these pregnancies before they come to term, I have a way to deliver the babies despite your, uh, physiology."

"Oh, some way to mystically export the babies?" Angel asked.

"Uh huh. Yeah, something like that. Except with Hecate, and making a daughter from a son."

"Oh, you're going to turn all our babies into girls?" Angel said. "That's cool, I already have a son."

"Yeah, as long as you don't hit on our daughters like you do the Slayers to Be," Xander laughed.

Buffy shook her head. "No, I don't think that's what she means, and since when do you have a son?"

"And I am not hitting on all the Potential Slayers!" Willow protested. "Just the ones that are conveniently over the age of 18."

Speaking of the devil, at that moment Giles and the Potentials barged in through the door. The girls all wore matching scowls as they filed down to the basement.

"Giles, what happened?" Buffy asked.

"Well, um, they were doing well, until Penelope revealed herself to be the First Evil posing as another Potential. She said that she was going to devour us all slowly, and then she folded in on herself and exploded in an impressive display of fireworks."

"Oh, no!" Willow gasped. "And it ruined the audition for all the girls?"

"Sort of," Giles said. "She was the only one who got called back."

The door clonked open again as Spike waddled back into the house, Andrew behind him.

"Found Blatant Comic Relief Guy outside, digging around the shrubs," Spike said.

"It was The First Evil, it came to me in the form of Elvis and told me to dig up your bush!" Andrew simpered.

Buffy rolled her eyes. "That excuse only works three times, Andrew. What were you doing?"

"Fine! I was hiding my Death of Superman comic book! Xander always swipes it, and I'm scared he'll be reading it when his water breaks, and this issue is irreplaceable as it was signed by the?."

"Save it. Don't care. Giles, Willow found a spell that we're going to try on Angel," Buffy said.

"Wait, why are we trying it out on me?" Angel protested.

"Because Spike has boy parts that I'd like him to keep, and Xander made me sign a No More Buttmonkey contract that fines me \$100 for every embarrassing incident I get him into without his prior consent," Buffy said.

"So this spell affects boy parts? Wait, what? I'm so confused," Angel said as he furrowed his brow.

Willow had sent Buffy out to get some supplies at Wal-Mart's New Age section, and the Slayer decided to take Dawn along. She wanted to show Dawn the world, and her sister had yet to visit Wal-Mart, so it seemed like a good opportunity. As they took the shortcut through the cemetery, Dawn said, "Buffy, I have a weird question for you."

"Sure, Dawn, what is it? Wait, this isn't one of your 'I'm not feeling so fresh?down there? questions again, is it?"

"No, no. I was just wondering what kind of spell could change Xander, Angel, and Spike's insides but not their outsides? I mean, they're carrying babies, but they don't have ovaries, or uteruses and stuff. I mean, it makes no sense."

Before Buffy could answer, she heard an "oof!" and saw that Dawn had disappeared. She looked down and saw her sister had fallen into one of the many open, gaping burial plot holes. Buffy hauled Dawn out, helped brush the dirt off her lowriders, and the subject of male ovulation was never breached again.

Once Buffy and Dawn returned with the supplies, Willow got the spell underway, and not a moment too soon, because Angel had just begun contractions.

"Oh my god," Angel wheezed, "now I know why Darla staked herself instead of doing this. Please, someone, get me a stake!"

"Don't have to ask me twice," Xander said.

A loud crack from the kitchen signaled that Willow's spell was complete. Sure enough, Angel turned into a woman.

"Huh," Buffy said. "He looks?mostly the same."

"Yes, it appears only his hair has become longer," Giles remarked.

Spike snorted. "Yeah, you shoulda seen him when I first met him, all flowing locks and crushed velvet. With the name Angelus no less. Took me a while to realize Darla wasn't a lesbian."

"Stake?me?now?."

"And again, I'm here for you Angel," Xander said.

The First Evil, which had disguised itself as a fern that had died in the Summers home years before, saw what was happening and recoiled in disgust. The Slayer was supposed to be pregnant! It needed the souled vampires on the side of evil, not nurturing babies! This wasn't the plan! And it wouldn't do! It zapped back to its lair underneath the school.

"Harbingers! Undo this spell! I can't make Spike fall in love with me? er, distract the Slayer, with Spike having her baby!"

Back in the Summers household, Xander, Spike, and Angel's pregnant stomachs all suddenly shrank back down to their normal size, which was considerably smaller only for Spike and Xander.

"What happened?" Anya asked as she walked in the front door. "And what is Xander wearing?!" She stared in abject horror at the bunny- covered frock that her ex-fiance was sporting.

"The First must have called off its spell," Dawn said.

"I guess I'll go undo Angel's sex change," Willow said.

"Yeah. Pity that," Spike grinned. "You know, I almost miss being preggers. Still," he pulled Buffy close to him, "no reason why we can't try and do the brat thing the old fashioned way, with you the barefoot and pregnant one, once The Powers That Be give me that shanshu thing they mentioned last time I talked to them."

"Shanshu?! Now wait just one minute," Angel said?.

The First Evil paced in its lair dressed up in the image it felt most comfortable with Walt Disney. Stupid Harbingers. It really needed new minions. No worries though, it still had a few other ideas on how to distract Buffy Summers and her cohorts.

"She'll rue the day she laughed in the face of true evil. I am all that is scary in the universe. I'm the creature that steals all your left socks from the dryer. I am destruction, carnage, gore, and?ooh, that's a good one!" The First Evil smiled at the Harbinger that held out a picture of Buffy in the gold lame jacket. "Yes, she will rue the day indeed. Oh, I didn't already use `rue the day?in one of my speeches, did I?"

Being the thing darkness fears could be so taxing.

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