

Summary: Friends, pregnancy and angst.

Categories: [Buffy/Angel/Charmed](#) Characters: Anya, Buffy, Hallie, Xander

Genres: Het

Warnings: Adult Situations, Angst, Brain-Insane, Complete, Dark Themes, Death of Child, Extreme Dark Themes, f/m sex, Forced Miscarriage, Het, Loss of Child, m/f, Magical Conception

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Slight Spoilers

AU, Evil Willow, unbeta'd, mentions of mpreg, time manipulation

## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by Caliadragon

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Author's Notes:

\*Once More with Feeling\* never happened in this universe\*, \*Cordy and Doyle are seers, Connor has been born but will be raised not kidnapped, because that was stupid and Wesley would have gone to Cordy with his fears, Prue and Andy did not die, Paige had to be found for a spell, Cole is still married to Phoebe and was never the source. They have a daughter. Wyatt has been born and Leo will not become an Elder.

Tara sat next to Xander, her head resting against his shoulder. Both of them had cried themselves out mourning the loss of the woman that they had once known. Willow had descended into the darkest aspects of her magick, and had ended up killing Xander and Anya's child. Neither Xander nor Tara felt that they would get her back. Xander and Buffy were barely able to communicate with one another and Giles had taken Dawn with him to England, it had been decided by the pair of them that she would be better off away from the hellmouth until the trouble with Willow had been solved. Spike had gone with them, insisting that he was Dawn's protector and that he had no intention of letting anyone separate them.

He had then shocked all of them by turning to Buffy, "I know you don't love me the way I love you and I can't stay here and be used to make you feel any longer. I promised to protect Dawn and that is what I will do. When we come back, please stay away from me. I couldn't stand it if I did something you would end up truly hating me for." He had then walked out of the house and gone to his crypt to pack up his belongings. They had left the next night.

Buffy had gone near catatonic yet again at the loss of her support base. Xander had put her to bed with Tara's help and the pair was now sitting on Buffy's couch trying to figure out what the hell they were supposed to do. "There has to be something we can do to get our Willow back. I don't understand what drove her to this point!" Xander said helplessly.

"I...I think it was what was needed for the ritual that brought Buffy back. I read her book of shadows before we broke up. She used a blood sacrifice to bring Buffy back, she killed a deer." Tara said mournfully.

Xander moaned low in his throat. As happy as he was to have Buffy back, her death and rebirth had literally crippled the Scoobies. They were all lost and floundering. Xander had a shattering thought, "We've been played." He whispered.

"What?" Tara asked, straightening up. Xander stood and rushed up the stairs. He came back a few minutes later with a confused and pale Buffy. Xander sat Buffy down beside Tara and knelt in front of her taking her hands.

"I need you to tell me where you were, where you *really* were. It wasn't a hell dimension was

it?" Xander asked her, confusing and horrifying Tara.

Tears spilled down Buffy's cheeks and she shook her head. "I was, I think I was, in heaven." She whispered. Tara cried out in shock and sorrow. She reached out wrapping an arm around Buffy.

Xander stood and screamed in frustration. "We were played, all along we were played."

"I still don't understand, how were we played?" Tara asked confused. "What were we played by?"

"Buffy was never supposed to have died, somehow something manipulated so that she did. Bringing her back has crippled us. We're the protectors of the hellmouth; you and Willow are our magical support. Buffy and Spike are our strength, Giles and Anya are our knowledge, while Dawn and I act as researchers. Spike, Dawn, and Giles are going across the ocean. Buffy is emotionally crippled by her return to earth, you are afraid to use your magick for fear of becoming like Willow. Willow has descended into dark magic. Anya is gone back to become a demon and I am so stupid and spiteful that it took me this long to figure it out!" Xander swore angrily. "We should have called Angel and his team for help, fuck the council, they didn't know shit, but I bet you Wes did, does. Giles and Wes are two sides of the same coin. What one doesn't know the other does!

Between Buffy, Spike, and Angel you could have all three taken him. Hell if we had gotten Faith out of prison there would have been four strong fighters to kill the bitch! Four people to act as a magical focus to contain her, Giles and Wes may not be as powerful as you and Willow are, but they have more knowledge of their craft and are powerful enough that they could have helped do a spell against her. For that matter we never utilized Anya's magical abilities. By not using all of our resources we fell into the hands of whomever it is that organized all of this." Xander said sinking into a chair his eyes haunted.

Tara and Buffy stared at him in stunned disbelief, how could they have missed this? How could they have allowed themselves to fall into this trap?

"I can see why you love him Anyanka," A smooth female voice said from nearby drawing all of them out of their thoughts. Xander looked at them in shock, but stood and rushed to Anya, hugging her tightly.

"Anya, are you alright?" he asked gently.

"No, but I will be when Buffy and Tara make their wishes." Anya said with a vicious smile. She was a demon for now and as such she now felt only darker emotions, emotions that called for vengeance for her murdered child. She knew that the spell would turn her back into a human, but she didn't care. All she cared about was stopping the death of her child. She may never be able to carry it, but that didn't mean she couldn't have one in the future.

"What wishes?" Buffy asked wearily.

"Each of you will make a wish to keep this from ever happening. Wish that your Fang Gang had come to help with Glory, and that Faith was here. Wish that Willow had never gone into the blackest of black arts to save Tara from Glory. Wish what you will, but wish and your friend will be saved." Hallie said coolly. She knew what the others did not. She knew that if they did not wish the world would fall further into the hands of the First Evil and she would be dead.

Buffy looked at both of them, "Will there be a catch?" she asked shrewdly. Despite what many people thought Buffy could think ahead. She could, at times, see beyond to the big picture.

"No, D'Hoffryn has made a special allowance in the cases of your wishes. There are no hidden

clauses or dangers." Anya answered sharply, not mentioning that Xander would get their child back.

"I wish that we had called on the Fang Gang for help instead of calling on the council and that my Mom had never been sick so that she would have been around to help us through our pains and confusion." Buffy said her eyes harsh in their need for hope.

"I wish that I had never had my mind eaten by Glory so that Willow would never have fallen to the dark magicks and that we had had a teacher near our power to help us learn," Tara said softly.

An unholy gleam entered Anya's eyes and she laughed harshly, two wishes for her to grant all at one fell swoop. Hallie smirked and the spells came into being.

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Xander opened his eyes slowly and turned to his right, smiling at the woman lying against him watching him so intently. "Hello sweetheart, when did you get here?" he asked warmly, leaning up to kiss her gently. Anya returned the kiss with hunger, making him moan with pleasure. When they broke away the pair shared a grin. "I just returned from the apothecary. Prue is showing Paige, Tara and Willow the proper way to brew a vanquishing potion. Buffy and Faith are waiting for me to wake you up so that they can beg you for new weapons, while Cordy is threatening them with bodily harm if they stress you. Leo is in discontent because we have yet to find a way to get our child back into me. He is worried about what this will do to you and if we have enough people to perform the ritual to get rid of Glory. I had no idea that White Lighters were such worry warts." Anya said matter-of-fact. Xander chuckled at her blunt way of speaking and kissed her again. This time when they broke apart Anya was practically glowing with happiness. Xander loved her so much that at times it hurt. Four months earlier they had come under attack by the demon goddess and had to go into hiding. They had called the Fang Gang, just as Cordy had a vision. Within weeks they were living in San Francisco with the three most powerful witches in the world. The hellmouth had been permanently sealed thanks to the Charmed Ones and Joyce had been healed by their sister Paige who had been found so that the spell to seal the hellmouth could be used. Thanks to Leo and Xander's knowledge of carpentry and the combined powers of the witches and two mages in their group they had been able to magic the manor into a large enough size that the Fang Gang and Scoobies could move in permanently with the four Charmed Ones and their two husbands and two children. The magick users had even been able to magick the windows in the manor so that the vampires could function around the manor without catching fire.

It was after they came to live in the manor, when they still thought it was temporary, that the balance demon Whistler came to them and the elders sent a message to Leo stating that they were now a unit. The Scoobies would not return to Sunnyhell. The Fang's would not return to LA, and the Charmed Ones would have more help in their fight against evil. It was also then that they found out that Xander's true destiny had been subverted by the Dark Powers. Xander was in fact a Halliwell. Xander had magick in him; however, his gift was that he could see the patterns of evil building against the people he cared about. That and he was literally a walking magical nexus. When he was present in the use of a spell or ritual no matter how powerful the witch it would work, but only as long as the intent was a good one. Which meant that as long as he believed the caster was doing something good it would work.

If the caster was doing something that Xander knew was wrong it would back fire or not work at all. Cordy, Willow, and Buffy had of course brought up the Love Spell incident and made Xander blush guiltily, but surprisingly Cordy had jumped to his defense on that one, reminding everyone that she had publicly humiliated and hurt him by breaking up with him at the bronze on Valentine's Day.

In the end they had all ended up staying with the Charmed Ones and already they had stopped

someone from turning Cole into the source and corrupting the child Phoebe was carrying into being the next generation of the source. Instead of becoming the source Cole and Phoebe had stayed to the path of the light and had a beautiful baby girl. She had been born just a few months before Wyatt, the next carrier of the sword of Arthur.

Wyatt would be the next magical leader and people had flocked from all over the world to pay him tribute. Whistler had informed them that the boy that Xander was carrying would be Wyatt's mate and co-ruler. Together they would introduce the world to magick and help lead the way to a new future for all magical creatures including vampires.

This had of course set the rest of the group into protection over drive, especially Anya, Willow, and Cordy. Xander hadn't been this cosseted since before his mother fell into the bottle at the loss of his older brother and sister to a gang member on PCP and a wild dog attack. When Xander told the others that they had stared in shock, only Willow knew that Xander had lost family to the vampires. For Spike and Angel it finally explained why he hated vampires so much.

Xander allowed himself to be pulled back the present by Anya laying her head on his slightly slopped belly. "Good afternoon son, I hope you are snug and warm. Daddy must get up now, we have things to do and people to confuse." She then pressed a kiss to Xander's stomach and straightened up. Xander grinned at the pleased look on her face. Joyce had told her that parents should talk to their baby, so every chance she got, Anya spoke to their child. His pregnancy and being away from the hellmouth had brought out a playful side of Anya that only Xander and Spike had ever gotten to see. It had also brought out the dangerous side of her that only Xander had ever acknowledged. She trained with Phoebe and the others, having vowed to die if necessary to protect their child.

Xander, while uncomfortable with the demon cursed pregnancy, could not remember a time when he was so happy and felt so useful. He wasn't allowed to fight due to his condition, but he was still able to contribute in other ways. He had always wanted to be a father and to be acknowledged by his friends that he could be helpful, that Anya could be helpful. That was now a reality for him.

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