

Summary: Spike wants to make Xander happy.

Categories: [Crossover/Multi-Fandom](#) Characters: Ensemble

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Alien Conception, Brain-Insane, Complete

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Fandom: Smallville/Buffy crossover Series: connected to my Lionel/Lex/Clark Mpreg series, in between Call Me Mamma Pat 3 and Babies, Babies, Everywhere a Baby, Part 4. Consider this Part 3.1.

Pairings: Spike/Xander, Spike/Lionel/Clark/Lex

Just a little note about this fic. It's mostly Sunnydale with a small crossover with Smallville. You don't have to read it to get the gist of the story but it has references to part 1,2 and 3 of my MPreg series. Hook up with Part 4 of the Mpreg series, Babies, Babies, Everywhere a Baby if you don't like Xander/Spike smut. Part 4 has some Xander/Spike references in it that might confuse readers if they don't read Part 3.1 (A Baby.....) though. Your choice...I got hooked on Xander/Spike slash on another site and this little story just kind of started typing itself. Then I had to go and change part 4 that was ready for posting to make it vamp friendly.

Hope you like both.

I don't know the name of the epis on Buffy, even though I did watch the show. This would take place after Xander dumped Anya at the altar. And after

Spike shagged her on the table.

This story happens during Part 3 and Part 4, kind of wrapped around them in a nice way. I got this crossover idea and had to change some things around, so Part 4 had to be re'vamp'ed a little since it was done first.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Linda C

Chapter 1 by Linda C

"Pet, you awake?" Spike nudged his mate, trying to get the heavy arm off his belly. Xander grunted, then rolled over, freeing Spike. Even after a year together, Xander still needed to be close to his lover, the neediness seldom seen in daylight evidencing itself in the warmth of their bed. His dark brown eyes had regained some of their sparkle, the smile now brighter. Spike inhaled his scent, spicy and sweet, musk from their lovemaking, and the smell of the chocolate lube still smeared on his ass. Long, cool fingers probed, Xander shifting, even in sleep, to accommodate his lover.

"Am now." Legs spread, giving better access. Xander was still sleeping, only half-conscious of moving or speaking. Dreamsleap, half here, half there. The best time for sex, when the body responded freely, without any thoughts cluttering up the process. Spike slid onto the long back, cock fitting perfectly into the warm crease, precum slicking the skin, letting him slide easily.

"No you're not." And bit lightly, knowing the chip would ignore even the deepest love bite, Xander accepting the claim each and every time they made love, even consenting after this year together to take Spike's blood. It bonded them even more, each knowing where the other was at all times, emotions flowing back and forth, the love that never ended, only got stronger every day. And Spike knew he was truly blessed, alive and well when he richly deserved to die for betraying Xander over the ex-demon, his would-be wife, Anya. He rested his head on Xander, thoughts

drifting back.

Two years, two years of being in Hell, knowing that he had taken Xander's friendship for him and torn it asunder, almost irreparably. Xander had disappeared, realizing that a marriage to Anya wasn't the right thing for his life as it was. 'Could have told that chit she was no good for him' was Spike's exact words to Buffy, then ducked the swing at his head. He had been drunk at the wedding, the cheap whore with him just for appearances. He had no intention of shagging her, just using her for window dressing. Little Bit had looked at him with a shiver of disgust. "By the hour?" she had whispered, then walked away, ignoring him the rest of the afternoon. Xander was wondering around, the demons and his own family competing for the worst mannered creatures on Earth. And his relatives were winning, Anyanka's only uglier. He had lost sight of him right before the ceremony was supposed to start.

His Xander, whom he had watched grow up before his eyes. Lived with him for a while too, seeing the abuse his drunk sod of a father dished out to him over any infraction of the 'rules', the black eyes, the swollen jaw, the bloody back Spike himself had wiped clean and bandaged. And wanted to kill the bastard that did this to him. How strong he was, his Xander. How deceptively weak he appeared to outsiders, the only face he allowed them to see. But Spike, he was different with Spike. He fought with courage by his side, saving him on more than one occasion, deflecting blades and stakes, axes and swords. And patched him up, bringing him blood, even slicing his own wrist open to feed the vamp.

And he watched him fall in love, first with Willow, then Buffy, Cordelia next, and finally Anya. Anya, who with her sexual prowess, won over the heart and body of a boy that needed attention, of any kind. He saw him grow from the thin, muscular boy into a fat, timid man. His self-esteem had suffered blow after blow, hidden in eating and binges that only brought him further into depression as his appearance suffered. And Spike kept his mouth shut, having been told to 'butt out, he had enough troubles without a vampire getting into his face.' So he observed, he listened...then he lost Buffy, and he was lonely, and so was Anya...and Xander hated him for it. After he saw a tape of them having sex on a table at the Magic Shoppe. Hell, when did Giles put a camera in there? It had taken the intervening months and many battles later to even get Xander to talk to him. He had been almost killed by a Monmouth demon and Xander had stepped in, axe swinging and loped its head off. Then carried Spike to his crypt and washed out his wounds and put him to bed. Then sat and cried on his bed until Spike took him in his arms and held him tight.

"I can't lose you Spike. You've stood by me, taken care of me over the years, and I know you would never hurt me. If you and Anya wanted...hell, I left her." He put his head down on the pillow, eyes still damp, watching Spike.

"That's just it Xander. I didn't want her...I just needed...a body. And she needed one too, it didn't matter that it was me, just an outlet for her pain, her anger. We both loved you too much to ever hurt you. We didn't know about the camera, or that you would find out about us. We just wanted fucked."

It had taken time, but they found their way back to each other. Long talks, nights spent at each other's place, waking up together, not even knowing when they had wrapped themselves around the other's body. They fought side by side, then went home and cleaned off the goor, together in the bath, washing leading to stroking leading to their first kiss. And then to the first time they made love together. The shyness on Xander's part as Spike undressed him, the body once again firm and tight with muscles, the blush as cool fingers brushed against hot flesh, the shock as the game face appeared, the demon inside Spike wanting Xander too much to resist its pull. And the first time Xander bent his neck to Spike, accepting the kiss of claiming, the hot rush of blood spilling into Spike's mouth, down his throat as he climaxed in Xander, the chip knowing this was wanted pain, wanted bonding. And was silent.

Shaking his head, Spike slipped back into the present. He kissed Xander's neck, licking the scar

there, his mark for all to see, human and demon alike. This was his mate, not to be touched or harmed unless prepared to answer to the Master, William the Bloody, Childe of Drusilla, out of Angelus. And not many had challenged that threat, Xander well-known as the soulmate of Spike and not to be trifled with. Demons and vamps, on the most part, liked all their body parts to function normally. It wasn't worth an arm or leg, or your head, to mess

with the human mate of the vamp who loved him. Soon to be husband, both exchanging rings at Christmas, the wedding in Hawaii in June, by moonlight, of course. Legal, binding by law, not just in their hearts, but on paper. It would be real, but no less real than their blood bond, wedding them long ago to each other for life.

If Xander still wanted him after he told him the news. And after he got back, his quest either successful or not, would he forgive him for not telling him the true reason? Would he still want to be Xander Harris-Bredon, husband to William Harris-Bredon?

"Wake up luv, I have to talk to you. Xander, baby, wake up." He sat up and bounced on the ass under his, sliding a little on the lube. They had been too worn out to even wash themselves, both falling asleep after four orgasms each, cocks so sensitive even the touch of their lips hurt. And it had been wonderful. His ass was still a little sore, even with vampiric healing. Xander rolled over, Spike landing on the bed again, lips open to the tongue invading his mouth.

"What...do...you...want? Wasn't last night enough to tire you out? Hmmmm." Xander chuckled, hands stroking Spike's rapidly filling cock, cool in his grasp, always so cool...lovely. And his cum, when it spilled into his ass, soothing his

inner flesh with its coolness, slick and wet, also...lovely. In fact, Spike's whole body was lovely... and his, all his. And soon to be wedded, husband of, husband to, mated for life, both in law and in blood.

"I have to leave Sunnydale for a bit, luv. About a week or so, if everything goes according to plan. I'll be home by the 23rd, around midnight if the flight's on time."

"You're flying? You never fly. Where are you going? Can I drive you?" Questions spilled out, Xander and Spike knowing this would be their first separation since they bonded. It hurt them to be apart too long, Xander sending out distress signals any demon in their right mind could read, let alone his bloodmate. But this had to be done, and soon, before the wedding.

"I'm going to see Lex, in Kansas. It'll only be a week or so, like I told you. And you can't come. This is private and personal. I'll call you every night and you can call me at his house, day or night. But I have to go, my sweet love, my heart, my angel." He kissed Xander after each phrase, trying to reassure him over the bond. But he still kept a partial shield up over the reason he was going. And Xander knew it.

"Lex, as in Smallville Lex, Lex Luthor, the man that you fucked in Boston before he got thrown out of yet another college? That Lex? Why the hell would you want to see him? You like bald now? I'm not enough for you, am I? Not enough money, go after the rich guy? Sorry, he's taken. Some farmboy that saved his life. No, wait, he's with his father, then the farmboy. Maybe you could get all three in bed...you'd like that."

Xander knew he was raving, but he couldn't help it. His greatest fear, despite the bond, was that Spike would leave him for someone more handsome, more daring, more...everything. He hung his head, ashamed of his outburst. He felt a cool finger under his chin, then met damp blue eyes.

"Yeah, that Lex. And I don't want him. I have you and you're all I ever want in a man. I don't want a farmboy, or that old man either, Christ, I don't know what Lex ever saw in him, father be damned. And as much fun as Lex was in bed, I don't want him either. I want something he has...

knowledge. And I have to go there to get it. Alone."

"If you don't come back to me, I'll hunt you down William, I promise you that. Then I'll kill him. I don't care who he is, he's dead if you stay with him. Believe me." Spike nodded, knowing that Xander only called him William when he was on the edge of breaking down. He was still fragile in some ways, his insecurity in their love coming to the forefront whenever they were arguing.

Spike hugged him close, sending his love through the bond. "As if I would ever leave you. My heart, my soul, my love belongs to you." Xander sighed. "You don't have a soul." Then smiled and kissed him.

"Okay, plans, tell me plans. And phone numbers. And how much you love me."

"How about I show you instead?" He spread Xander's legs and slid home, teeth sinking into Xander's bent neck, slicing open his own wrist for his mate to suck on.

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Lex opened the limo door, Spike ducking inside, blanket over his head. The sun was just beginning to set, the flight being moved up by almost twenty minutes in Denver. It had been dark when he left LA and had figured on landing after sunset in Metropolis. He had barely made it out of the plane to the waiting limo, leaving his luggage to be brought to the castle by the other car. Lex put up the divider and handed him a vodka and tonic, with ice. "Next time, call me sooner and I'll send the LexCorp jet, okay, dork? Can't have that pretty white skin getting all sunburned, can we?" He grinned, watching Spike go into gameface, his healing abilities kicking in as his hot flesh cooled.

"Smart ass!" he quipped, swallowing the booze down. Always the best with Lex. His friend and former lover, who he had loved and left.

"Butt plug was in?" Lex asked with his trademark smirk. Spike smirked right back. Two could play at that.

"Nice and deep, thanks for asking. Got the container right here, nice and cold. Seriously, thank you for telling me what I needed to do. Xander just thought it was one of our usual games, that I wanted to take some of him with me. He doesn't know just yet what I wanted it for. I pray this works, luv, I want to give him a child so badly. He deserves some happiness in his life and he loves children."

Lex unbuttoned his coat, then took Spike's hand and placed it on his swollen belly. "Spike, meet Alexander Joseph Luthor, Junior. Joey, this is Uncle Spike, a good friend of Mamma's. I'm due in another three months. Clark's due next month, another little boy. Then we have a two year wait for his birthing cycle to come around again. We'll have four little ones by then, my second girl being born sometime toward the end of next year. Dad is so worried about us both. Two expectant lovers in one house is driving him nuts. Plus the fact we tend to get horny together and attack him. Our pheromones set each other off and he gets jumped. Xander will like that, not like he doesn't get thrown on the bed now!" They both howled, Lex holding his belly. Spike finished his drink, sighing as he put the empty glass down.

"I guess no more of that when it's done, right luv? No booze, no smokes, just good food, good blood, and lots of sex to make up for being a good little vamp. Do you miss drinking? I know you love your brandy at night." Lex just shook his head, patting Joey. "He's worth any sacrifice. You'll see."

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The car stopped, their trip home going by so fast as they had caught up on the years they had been apart. They had never really lost touch, letters and phone calls every two months or so, and then email when Spike discovered the net, and the porn sites, and the Webtender, an online bartender guide, and more porn sites that had very excellent videos for only \$ 4.95 a day. Xander still didn't know about that extra credit card kept in Spike's old crypt. And he never would.

Enrique took their coats as they entered the vast hallway, the lights casting a soft glow on them both. Lex led Spike down the hallway towards the living room, hand in hand, knowing that his old friend was a bit anxious to be meeting his father for the first time, not to mention Clark. Both men were waiting for them, Clark lying down on the couch, covered with a light throw and Lionel sitting by him on the carpet, rubbing his back for him.

He went over and kissed his father first, hand threading into the full mane, even longer now since Clark had expressed the desire for Lionel to grow it down his back. "Hello my love. Clark got a little tired waiting for you and decided to put his feet up. This must be your friend Spike." Lionel got up, putting out a hand, evincing no surprise at its coolness, his calm demeanor reassuring Spike of his welcome. Clark put his hand out, Lex and Lionel helping him sit. He was quite big, and quite uncomfortable as the due date approached. One more month and he would be back to his usual form, only having gained fifteen pounds to Lex's thirty last year.

"Hi, I'm Clark. Nice to meet you William." He used Spike's proper name, a surprise to him. Not too many people knew his true name, not in this time period, anyway. Xander called him Will a lot, William when he was pissed or hurt, and 'my lovely' most of the time.

"Clark, question, if I may?" He waited until Clark nodded, then knelt down by him, to be eye to eye. "If you had the same procedure as Lex, why are you having your baby three months earlier?" He had assumed when Lex told him about the birthing cycle, it was to keep the body from wearing out from carrying too many children in too short a time. Clark looked at Lex and Lionel, who both nodded at him. Spike could be trusted. A vampire never betrayed a confidence from a friend...never, even when threatened with death or dismemberment.

"Because I didn't have the same procedure. I can get pregnant naturally. I have a birthing chamber and a slit that opens to expel the baby when I'm due. I'm an alien."

Spike thumped on the floor, looking completely dumbfounded. "You mean like..." he waved his hand upwards, toward the ceiling. "...up there, that kind of alien?" Clark just took his hand and rubbed it gently.

"Yes, that kind of alien. I came down in a ship when I was about three years old. My parents had sent me away because our planet was destroying itself. They picked Earth because of its atmosphere. They didn't know that Krypton, that's my home, was going to be pulled along with me when it exploded. The meteors caused mass destruction and killed so many people. And mutated so many more. Lex lost his hair and got his killer immune system. But he's told you about that over the years, hasn't he?" Spike nodded, still too shocked to speak. He sat on the coffee table, the nearest place he could find to sit and recover his breath...not that he needed to breath but well...alien here on the couch, talking to him, and holding his hand. And going to have Lionel's baby. What a family! And he was here talking to an alien! Wait until he told Xander...oh.

"Can I tell Xander? I'm keeping the whole reason for this trip a secret from him until I know if it's worked. I don't really want to keep another one from him. He won't tell, I promise. He is my bloodmate and soon to be my husband. I trust him completely with my life. His word is his bond, like mine is to you."

"Yes, you may tell him. I understand mating trust. I have mated with Lionel first, then Lex. We are a unit now, with Lionel as the head of the family. And I love them both so much, even without the mating bond. I can only imagine what being bound by blood would do to a bond - Heighten it,

strengthen it beyond any breaking point, make each sensation shared by the other. We can feel each other, and any separation hurts us now. My AI says that when the baby is born, it will become tolerable once again. It is the need for the birth mother to have the sire near that effects us this way. But my baby is like yours. Only the one father. I got pregnant by Lionel and I want Lex's next. His baby is the recombined embryo like Emily Ann. Oh, god, you have to meet the baby!" He turned to Lex, eyes sparkling. Their little joy, red headed hellion on wheels, their Emily was. And their angel too. Lex shook his head. It was past 9 already.

They went to bed early to let the mammas-to-be get their rest.

"Tomorrow, baby, tomorrow. She's in bed and it's getting late. Spike, there's fresh human blood in the fridge in your bedroom and an ensuite bathroom. We'll meet around 3 with the doctor who will perform the procedure. The rooms are downstairs, all without windows. I'll show you the elevator we'll be taking and the way around the house in case you get bored or hungry. Then I'm going to bed. I'm tired and I want my feet rubbed." Lionel just smiled, knowing how much Lex liked his foot massages. That usually ended up with some very delightful sex. He wasn't that tired.

"The process has been adapted to your rather 'unique' physiology, Mr. Bredon, being a vampire and having no living sperm to recombine with Mr. Harris'. The baby will be strictly his, I'm afraid. I have tested the samples of blood that were provided last month and they are sufficient to feed the womb its nutrients. They will not effect the development and no, Mr. Bredon, the baby will not be born a vampire. The human blood that will be pumped into it from the device implanted in your lower back will nourish it, not your own. You will have to clean the device weekly and make sure the supply does not run out completely for any longer than ten minutes at any time. There is a warning alarm when the level reaches its lowest stage. I understand you keep a supply on hand for your own needs. Just make sure he or she gets the O Neg." Dr. MingWa paused, waiting for Spike to catch up, his dazed expression so similar to Lex's during the first meeting of the natal team. This was really happening...he was going to give Xander a child. The sex was unimportant, Spike not caring what the baby would be, but knowing Xander would love a little girl. He had met Emily Ann at lunch, a bundle of energy that kept her nanny running all day and delighted her fathers with her laughter and her wit. Yes, a little girl would be perfect.

"I want a girl. I decided, Doctor, a little girl we can spoil and dress up and love like the angel she will be, a gift from Heaven for a demon and his mate. A little dark haired beauty like my Xander. Maybe with my blue eyes, eh?" Dr. MingWa nodded, taking notations. Brown hair, blue eyes, girl. Nine months from now, this baby would be born, but not publicized due to the nature of Mr. Bredon's...ancestry, so to speak. Not many vampires gave birth. Maybe if this was a success...

"The procedure will take place tomorrow at 6. No eating, no water, just your blood. I know you heal rapidly but we must keep you open long enough to implant the womb and connect the blood pump. Will you heal by yourself?" Spike nodded his blond head, too excited to speak. Lex nudged him, hand raised to his own pectorals. "Nursing?" he whispered, unsure if Spike wanted to or not.

"Sadly, no. Mr. Bredon cannot take the female hormones to induce milk. They would need living tissue to survive long enough to change the estrogen level. His blood washes out any non-native factors within 24 hours. The baby will have to be bottle-fed from birth. But many babies are, so there is no need for concern. We have collected the sperm from Mr. Harris and are in the process of developing the fetus. We can manipulate the DNA and create your little girl. It only takes 15 hours for the egg to germinate. By this time next week, you will be home and telling your fiancé about the baby. I have every confidence the procedure will work on you, Mr. Bredon, every confidence." Spike shook the doctor's hand, then went with Lex to the elevator. He was going to be a mother, carrying Xander's baby. God, he needed a drink...and a smoke. And he couldn't have either, he was going to be pregnant tomorrow night. God!

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Spike ached all through his body. The operation had taken longer than normal, his tissue healing up so fast the surgeons had to keep cutting him open. He had watched as the womb had been implanted, then turned over as his back had been slit for the blood pump. The actual housing was stitched inside his lower back, the tubing running inside his body to be connected to the artificial womb. It was compact, only an eighth of an inch thick and 3 inches long. Microcircuitry designed by LexCorp, under Lex's supervision. The blood packs would be inserted into the self-sealing outer panel, pierced by a sterile needle and fed into the inner unit to be pumped into the womb. It was too complicated for Spike to completely understand but if Lex said it would work, he believed him. But he hadn't been sedated and his nerves were on screaming edge for hours. Then the massive drug dose kicked in that they had given him after the last staple had been placed. Xander was yelling at him through the bond, dimmed from the distance, but reaching him nevertheless. He tried to send reassurance back, but he was too weak. He picked up the phone instead, pushing the speed dial button marked Xan.

"Hey, pet. Tone it down some. Every demon and vamp in the West knows you're in a panic. They'll be coming to see if they can help my mate and I don't want any of the Scoobies staking them or chopping off heads or limbs, okay. I'm in some pain, that's why the bond is so receptive. I'll be fine by tonight and home next week, maybe sooner." He wound down, voice tired. He needed blood. He had left Xander eight bags of his own blood, knowing he would need to drink in order to stop the pain of separation from Spike. He had bled quite a bit during the operations and the three bags weren't enough to promote his healing beyond the next hour.

"I miss you and know you'll tell me what you've done when you get home. Don't let Lex tire you out and tell him to get you blood. I can feel your pain and weakness from here. I love you. Call me tomorrow when you've had rest. I love you, my lovely." He heard the hum of the disconnect then hit his buzzer. Sheila came in right away.

"Good, you're awake. Let me check the sites and I'll get you some more blood. We had to wait until you woke up to make sure we weren't overfilling your system. I can hook up to five pints on these two leads. Will that be sufficient to promote your healing?" She moved quickly and efficiently, her hands busy, eyes checking monitors and printouts. The fetal monitor hung on his bed rails, just as Lex's had, beeping away. It would check internal pressure, blood flow, and hormonal levels. Since Spike's body wouldn't tolerate injected hormones, they were being pumped in with the blood, levels being monitored by the tiny unit under his skin.

"Sheila, why aren't you scared of me? I'm a vampire, you have to know that. But yet I smell no fear from you, only peace and calm in your scent and in your mind. You make me peaceful too and relaxed." Spike shifted, his back hurting. "Because I am a healer. I am of your world, really, the magik being passed down daughter to daughter. If you would permit me, I can take away your pain now. We needed you conscious during the surgery to let us know if we cut too deep into you. Lay still." Her hands were cool on his skin, soothing touches that left a golden glow on all the areas she passed over. His aches faded, the pain eased, and he started to fall asleep. "Thank you," he managed to whisper, feeling Xander relax in the bond also.

"You are very welcome, Master Spike, Childe of Drusilla, out of Angelus. You are well known to us magikers, Master Spike, and well loved. We will protect your child always." She closed her eyes and thought of Tara, her sister witch now gone and of Willow, who had once loved this blond vampire in front of her. No one would ever hurt this man, or his mate, or their children. Ever. It was so written.

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Spike was feeling restless. It had been three days, his incision site healed, the pump working perfectly fine. The embryo was alive and well. He wanted to go home. He wanted Xander, he ached for his mate. And the smell in the hallway he was walking down didn't help one bit.

Someone was having sex. A cry sounded, then another. Lex was having sex, with Lionel, the older man's voice joining in. He stopped in front of Lionel's bedroom, listening at the door. His hand rubbed his cock through the black jeans, his own arousal melding with the other men's to fill his body with need, with desire. He slid against the wall, needing to get away, senses on overload as Xander picked up the flash of heat and fed it with his own. He started when a hand touched his shoulder. Clark, it was Clark, heavy with child, look of concern on his face as he helped Spike stand. He had a blanket wrapped around himself, one hand carrying a carton of ice cream.

"Sorry, luv, I can smell them in there. I haven't been without Xander for this long since we bonded and I need him. I want to go home to my mate. I can't be smelling sex and not hunger for him." Clark grabbed him by the arm, pulling him back to Lionel's door. He tried to break free, but even his vampiric strength was no match for the alien...a very determined alien. He was half-carried through the door into the candlelit room, the soft scent of vanilla and lavender wafting through the air. As Clark set him down, he caught a glimpse of the men on the huge bed.

God, Lex was beautiful. Naked, his skin glowing from arousal, coral nipples hard and wet, his eyes dark blue as they gazed into Spike's. He moved closer, his body betraying his mind, knowing he shouldn't be in here. His hand reached out, wanting to touch, but fearful. Lex made the move for him, taking his hand and placing it on his swollen belly, sliding it back and forth as Joey shifted and rolled in his mother. The look of awe on Spike's face was reflected in Lex's as he felt his son respond to the touch, cool and gentle. His old lover had always soothed him with his cool fingers, stroking his head when he had a headache, slipping them inside when they had been a little too rough and his inner sheathe needed their healing touch.

"Lex, you are beautiful. Your body, so full of life, a child living in you. I am overwhelmed by the look of you. I can't..." he trailed off, going to his knees by the side of the bed. He continued to stroke the rounded tummy, not even noticing when Clark climbed on the bed, sitting crosslegged, Lionel pulling himself up beside him. The smell of sex was still high, but becoming muted.

It had been seven years since they had been lovers, seven years since he had seen this pale flesh. Hair. What... hair, red hair? "Luv, you have hair. How? When? You were always bald as a baby's bottom when I knew you." The three men on the bed all laughed at his expression.

"Estrogen injections. It'll fall out after I get done nursing Joey and quit getting the shots. It's nice while it lasts. Daddy loves it, don't you?" Lex leaned up, trying to reach Lionel, belly getting in the way. Spike watched the tender smile come over the older man's face as he slid over to kiss his son.

"I adore it, so does Clark, but not enough to make you suffer through the aftereffects of hormone shots. We love you with or without hair. You know that, my beautiful love."

"Well, I had better be off. You two were busy when I walked past and the smell got to me. I need sex so bad right now I'm heading for my room to jerk off." He brushed one last stroke against Lex, bending down to place a kiss against the baby.

"Stay with us. We can take care of you, no need to run and hide yourself. We understand the pull of the mating bond. Come, William, join us." Lionel pulled Spike's arm, closer to the edge of the bed where he knelt by Clark, who was digging into the vanilla ice cream. Lex's hand joined his father's, pulling him down on the bed with them. Clark put down the carton, licking the spoon one last time. He let his blanket fall, his own torso filled with child, drawing Spike's eyes toward him.

"Touch me, you are allowed. You are part of the family now, a life bringer. Lonnie behave," he yelped as a vigorous foot kicked, poking out the skin. Trembling with want, Spike ran his fingers over the golden skin, his coolness bringing a gasp of pleasure from Clark as they rubbed over his distended nipples, swollen from the milk sacs forming under them. Spike felt Lionel's fingers on

his zipper, pulling it down to free his sex, hard now once more. Clark ran his fingers under the black tee, pushing it up as Spike raised his arms over his head. He kicked his black jeans off, boots off, feet already bare somehow. Then he felt an agile tongue licking the sole of his foot. He grinned; he knew that tongue anywhere. And that little giggle. Lex.

Lionel put an arm around Spike's waist, drawing him down to the mattress. "Careful of the incision. It may be healed but you have twenty staples inside of you. We will be gentle with you unless you want more. Tell us and we will try to make this as pleasant as possible for you and your mate. Clark, grab a pillow for your back. Lex, lift up a little." Lionel whispered out instructions, guiding them into comfortable positions, knowing his husbands' bodies as well as his own. Their scent soon filled the room, overpowering the candles' fragrance, each smell as individual as the person to Spike's heightened senses. Lex was sweet, Clark like a tart apple, and Lionel a rich musk. His own was spicy, like cinnamon. He could feel Xander in the back of his mind, could feel his hand stroking his sex, finger probing his ass, panting, wanting...and knew he understood the driving need for completion. This would not be a betrayal of their bond, only an extension of it. Spike would share his body only, not his heart. He was linked with Xander, his bloodmate, and would only come for him, with him.

Lionel took Spike's mouth, his tongue parting the smooth lips, delving inside to stroke and lick the cool inner skin. Fingers ran down his chest, a mouth suckling his nipples, licking them into hard nubs. Another mouth pressed soft kisses on his belly, over the womb. Clark, his long hair brushing against Spike's groin as he licked and lightly bit, tongue soothing after. Spike's sex was oozing precum in a steady stream, his chest heaving as he panted in unneeded air, Lionel releasing his lips at last to take a breath. "You don't need to breathe, do you Spike?" Spike grinned, receiving one in return. He saw what Lex adored in this man. "Makes for some really long blowjobs, I can tell you." Lionel dipped his head again, Spike lifting into his kiss. This man had the mouth of a master, teasing, licking, biting, arousing with the touch of his mouth. Spike could come from this mouth on his, alone. In all his years he had never met such a man as this.

Lex bit down hard on his nipple, drawing his attention from the mouth devouring his. He met blue eyes, sparkling with glee. "See, an older man isn't so bad. Maybe that's what Xander sees in you. After all, you're only what, 400 years older than him? Ow!!" as Spike smacked his head gently. Again, the little giggle. Sometimes Lex was five, a very bad five and twenty as his tongue joined Clark's at the juncture of his groin and thigh, licking and biting. His sex was almost unbearably hard, and he felt Lionel's pressing against his left leg, damp with precum and the lube he had put on for fucking Lex...that Spike and Clark had interrupted.

Hips bucking against the pressure of four hands holding him, Spike arched his throat, Lionel biting down hard on the skin behind his ear, marking it. Spike howled, going into gameface, eyes yellow and flashing. Xander was insane, lust spearing into Spike's brain, heat boiling in his veins. Clark sucked hard, swallowing his sex, Lex's fingers probing in the cool ass, Lionel biting yet again. "Someone please fuck me!"

"Lionel, I do believe that's you. Clark and I can't fit anymore. Spike, are you linked with Xander? Spike, darling, look at me." Spike turned his head, seeing the blue eyes of his old love, his friend for eternity.

"Yes, he's close. I can take him over. I need..." His voice caught as Lionel quickly knelt between his legs, slicked his cock again and slid home in one thrust. Clark and Lex held Spike down, his scream inhuman as he climaxed instantly, along with Xander. Lex bit into his wrist, blood trailing down the delicate joint, dripping into the vamp's open mouth.

"Drink a little. It has to hurt to be so far apart from your mate. Drink, my friend. Clark, don't!" Spike grabbed the other wrist hanging over his mouth, Clark having split his own skin. Lex's voice had startled Spike, throat swallowing the hot elixir, and he choked a little. "We don't know what your blood will do to him. He may be a vamp but it doesn't mean he can handle alien blood."

Clark shook his head, bringing his wrist back down to Spike, seeing the gameface and not flinching even a millimeter. "It won't hurt him. His demon will alter its makeup and absorb it. He's drunk from demons and other vampires before and their blood is just as alien as mine is compared to humans. Drink, Spike, drink."

Twin streams of blood flowed down his throat, Lex's sweet, Clark's thick, spicy, addicting. He barely could make himself push them away. Lionel was thrusting into him, hair whipping about his head as he worked the body under him, trying for his own orgasm. Clark slid down the bed, his fingers dipping into the tub of lube, soaking his fingers with it. "Lift up Lionel." Two fingers slicked into the tight channel, probing until it hit the tiny gland, flicking it lightly. Then pressed harder as Lionel moaned, eyes closed, pants louder and harsher. "Close, my love." Low whisper, voice almost gone in passion. One final press and Lionel came, shuddering and collapsing onto Spike. Xander cheered through the link. 'Not bad for two old men. Give them all a kiss for me. Love you. Going to sleep now.' Spike threw a kiss back.

"I think I died again and went to Luthor Heaven. Xander is sleeping now. We should be all right until I get home. Thank you all for doing this for us." His face changed back to human, passion sated for now. He was drowsy, on the cusp of sleep. Lionel climbed off the bed, bringing back a warm cloth and cleaned him off. Tender lips kissed his cheek, then his ear. "Sleep, child."

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"Now, don't forget to call me the day you get to eight months. You and Xander can stay here the month and just relax. He needs a vacation, away from all the demons and monsters out there. I wish I could fly there with you and visit him. Let him know that he has nothing to fear from me, that I'm married to Lionel and Clark now. Tell him, okay?" Spike chortled, Lex's voice that same as when he was younger, still scared of hurting Spike's feelings.

"Yes, luv. I have to hang up now, the plane's about to take off. Thank you again for the loan of the jet. I can sleep doing home and get there when it's dark. Xander will be waiting to pick me up. Then the talking begins. I hope... I just hope he wants this baby as much as I want it for him. Lex, what do I do if he's scared of being a father right now?" He could hear the engines whine, trying to finish the call before they got too loud to hear.

"He'll want to pass out, then he'll be so happy he'll just smile for at least a week. Dad did when I told him. Fell on the floor, couldn't talk, then ran around like a nut for an hour. Show him the news articles on the web from the symposium and news conference last year. Let him read up on it, research is his specialty now, right? And tell him you love him at least twenty times a day and ... call him Daddy. Call me when you get home. Love you, William." The disconnect buzzed in his ear, a silly grin on his face. "Daddy."

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"Well, you going to tell me what happened out there? Huh, huh, besides the great sex we shared with them?" Xander pressed close, naked against Spike, hand down the front of the tight black jeans, stroking the hard cock. They had to restrain themselves in the car, Xander trying to drive with Spike's hand rubbing his chest and tongue deep in his ear. Spike moaned, pulling Xander's hand away and sitting up.

"I'll show you luv." He stood slowly, eyes staring into chocolate brown ones, seeing the puzzlement there. Lifting his shirt he exposed the red line of his newest scar, Xander brushing a fingertip over it. Throwing the shirt aside, he turned his back. The packet of blood was almost empty and he thought this a perfect time to let Xander help him change it. And to explain its purpose. "See the packet? Pull it very carefully off the needle. That's it, luv. Now take

out the needle and throw it away too. Grab the black bag on the table and I'll explain it all to you." Xander followed instructions, reaching for the bag and opening it. He was surprised to find a cold section containing at least twenty packets of O Neg human blood inside. Needles in sterile packages, along with alcohol wipes and thin line tubing filled the rest of the interior. Spike sat back down him, holding a packet and a needle.

"When I went to see Lex it was because of something you and I had talked about a few times. He bought a research facility that had been developing artificial wombs. Lex volunteered as the first human subject so he and Lionel could have a child together. Using an artificially produced egg and recombined DNA, they produced a viable embryo. It and the womb were implanted in Lex. He had already had one little girl and is pregnant with another child, a boy. He can have one more child using this new form of womb, the second generation, as it were. The same kind that is..." as he placed Xander's hand over the scar, "...in me."

Xander sucked in his breath, eyes searching Spike's baby blues, seeing only truth there. "A baby, you're going to have a baby? When? How? Why?" The questions poured out, Xander pacing around, waving his arms in the air excitedly.

"Okay, one thing at a time. Help me put this on and we can talk. She needs the blood to live. Needle first, then push it in the little widget thing there. Now slide it back in the pouch and seal it. The tubing has to be changed once a week. I need you to learn how since I can't reach it. Now for the other questions. I'm due in nine months, I asked Lex to help me, and because you wanted a child to love. I can have one more for us then the womb has to be removed. Two kid limit per womb. You can have the next two if we want more. Oh, and another thing. Clark is also pregnant, but naturally. He's an alien, come from some planet that was blowing itself up. He saved Lex, remember, a couple of years ago when he drove off the bridge. Anyhow, he and Lionel and Lex fell in love and are living together as husbands. Lionel is the father of his child and Lex had his father's DNA recombined with his own to make Emily Ann. The same with this new baby, Joey, that's due in about three months. I have to go back when I'm due to have our girl removed, then stitched back up for the next one. Lex invited you too, sweetie, for the whole month beforehand. Any more you want to know?" He sat back, Xander handing him his shirt, but not letting go.

"A girl? We're having a girl in nine months. Is that why you wanted the butt plug put in? To hold my sperm in until you got to Kansas?" Xander ran his hand over the taut belly, feeling the bulge above the groin move under his touch. He jerked back, looking scared.

"You can't hurt her by touching it. She's just a little dot yet and the womb is polymer. It can withstand a punch, not that I'll be fighting any demons after I get bigger. The Scoobies can do that. We have to tell them, Xander, before I start to show. And yes, I needed your seed in me to keep warm. Lex had given me instructions how to collect it once on board and had dry ice to freeze it. Dr. MingWa took over from there. Wait until you meet him, little Asian dude about five foot tall and has Lionel scared as piss of him. Whatever he says goes concerning Lex and Clark. And now he had a vamp as a patient. Poor man... Luthors and a bloodsucker, although with the Luthors it's one and the same." Spike lay down, tired beyond belief, the strain finally over after he told Xander the truth. He could feel his mate's joy through the link, his absolute acceptance of the babe, and his desire. It had been too long.

"Xander, just love me. I can't really get into it much. I'm too tired and I need blood soon. This is our baby's supply only. If you get me a warm mug, I can sleep awhile, after you take me. Go, luv." He pushed Xander off the bed, lying back and closing his eyes. Xander had taken the bag with him, putting away the baby's bags on a separate shelf. He heard the microwave ding and smelled the blood being poured. Seconds later the warm cup was set on his bare chest.

"Love you Will, beyond life. To do this for us, risk yourself, get cut open by strangers, all for a baby. I can't ever thank you enough. I want you, Will, please let me love you." Fingers stroked over his zipper, pulling it down slowly, hand dipping inside to pull out the already hardening

cock. The dark head bent, mouth sucking the succulent flesh inside, tongue stroking and licking. Precum sprayed the soft inner skin, salty and bitter, nectar to Xander after a week. Spike dug his fingers into his hair, tugging him up.

"Can't ride me pet, not for at least two weeks. Have a bunch of staples in me, holding the womb until it settles into the flesh and hooks on. Just your mouth on me. I can make love to you though, just not too vigorous-like. After she sets, anything goes, according to Lex. Those two were going at it the day we... got off together. That was so hot. Lionel fucked me while Lex and Clark helped drive me crazy. I could feel you over the link, your arousal singing, the feel as you came with me. My sweet love, my baby."

Xander straddled the thin hips, hands running over the peaked nipples, down the muscled chest to the cock leaking a puddle of precum. He settled Spike's legs over his shoulders, fingers on one hand jacking the hard sex, the other dipping into the lube jar. He carefully entered the tight sheathe, stroking lube deep, hitting the gland again and again. Spike arched his back, neck exposed for Xander's hard bite. The skin broke, blood pouring into Xander's mouth. Gameface on, Spike sunk his teeth into the juncture of neck and shoulder, feeding. Sliding into the slickened channel, Xander pumped hard and fast, teeth locked, sucking. Spike roared his release, cock pumping into Xander's clasp, blood dripping off his fangs. His lover followed, one final suck taking him over. They stared at each other, faces wet and blood streaked. Spike licked the holes, healing them, then spit on Xander's hand, watching it lift to seal his bite on Spike's skin.

"Perfect." They fell asleep, wrapped around each other, Xander's hand resting on his child.

"I want a house. This apartment isn't big enough for a baby, let alone two when you have the other one next year. And then I want two, so we really need to get a house." Spike sighed and got out the phone book, flipping through to Realtors. When his husband spoke like that, he listened.

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"Peroxide brain."

"Idiot."

"Asshole."

"Fucker."

"Cocksucker."

"Very good one too, pet, don't you forget it."

"Again, asshole. Get out of bed."

"No. I'm tired."

"Yes," with a yank at the bedclothes. "Appointment with the nanny."

"Fuck."

"Not again. Get. The. Fuck. Up. Wanker." Spike laughed at Xander's perfect imitation of his accent on wanker, then got up. He was naked, his belly poking out like a little watermelon. Five months along and today they started interviewing nannies. Shit, they had four more months to go, but Xander was insistent.

Good nannies had to be gotten early, the waiting list sometimes a year or two long. "And get

dressed. No one gets to see you naked but me. And Lex, when he comes to visit next week." Little Joey had been born a month ago and Lex could once again fly. He and Lionel had a business meeting in LA and were staying with Spike and Xander in their new house. LuthorCorp's chopper could make the flight in only 45 minutes. Clark had finals plus Lonnie to care for, so he was staying home. Spike knew it would be hard on them being apart, Lex admitting he was going to take pills to sleep. He had already quit nursing Joey, business getting in the way of motherhood. Clark was still breastfeeding Lonnie and fed Joey on occasion, over Lex's objection that it would wear him out to care for two babies. Like that alien boy would take orders from Lex. Hah! Lionel, yeah, in a heartbeat.

"Why do we need a nanny again? The rich Luthors sods I can see, laadeedah, we simply can't do without a nanny. But it's just us two here. And one little baby." Spike grumbled as Xander started the tub water flowing, pouring in cinnamon bathsalts. He stood against the doorjamb stroking his cock. They had made love twice during the night, Spike's libido soaring this past month.

"That's why, numbnuts. Because we're two men who know absolutely nothing about raising a child. And the Luthors have to have nannies because they have three kids now in that monster house. Emily counts as three herself sometimes, the mischief she can get into. Now get in, brat." Xander stripped, stepping into the tub, sliding down behind Spike to pull him close. The claim scar drew his mouth, lips in an open mouth kiss, tongue laving it, teeth lightly nipping. Spike groaned, neck arching into the touch. Hands clenched on the tub rim as Xander's slipped under the water, stroking the wet smooth flesh, thigh pushing up into the soft ballsac.

"Fuck me my love. I want you so bad, Xan, so bad." Lying back into his mate's arms, Spike panted softly, arousal building as large, blunt fingers probed into his hole, stretching him open, still loose from the night before. Sliding home, hips barely moving, this was a gentle fuck, a reaffirmation of their love, a worshipping of bodies, Xander's hand on the full belly of his mate, lips whispering soft words of love. Both climaxed, Spike easing back against the firm chest, sighing deeply, sated once more. Sasha hadn't even woken up, resting comfortably in her mother's body, cradled by the arms of her father.

"Nanny in thirty, baby boy, so let me get you dried and dressed and then I'll get breakfast. Hmmm...you taste so good." Xander boosted him up, hand on his ass. Spike yelped as a very agile tongue slicked into his ass, licking out cum, tickling his channel with flicks and lashes. He swayed on his feet, Xander bracing him. "Still in the tub, pet. Slippery, not the best place to be tonguing my ass out, you know." And he leaned against the wall and didn't care anymore, knowing Xander wouldn't let him slip or fall. Kneeling up in the sloshing water, Xander entered him yet again, mouth sucking lovemarks into the tender flesh, teeth nipping the rim, tongue lapping semen already cool.

"There, all clean. And you know I would never let you fall. I will always catch you, always." He helped him out, drying him with a large, fluffy towel, kissing Sasha 'good morning', his little girl.

Spike muttered and grumbled the whole time, gasping when Xander sucked his cock into his mouth, cupping his balls in his large palm, then pulled away with a kiss on the slit. "I can get dressed all by myself, Daddy, I'm a big boy now." A sharp slap on his ass got him moving back into the bedroom.

"Yeah, I know, but I like drying you, and combing your hair, and helping you dress. Plus, I get to pick out your wardrobe so it won't offend the ladies. All vamp black is hot, but not for potential nannies. They want to see parents, not demon fighters. I like these clothes that Lex sent you from his designer."

Three very large boxes had arrived about a month ago, filled to the brim with clothes from the new maternity line of Lex's new business venture, 'Not Just For Mommies Anymore', clothing

designed for the fashion conscious pregnant male. Over 1,000 men had had the procedure done since it was publicized last year, Dr. MingWa adding ten more people to his staff. Dr. Roland Myles had taken over Lex's care and Clark's. Spike closed his eyes, Xander's hands sliding over him with the towel. Hot bugger, black hair to his waist, green eyes, tall, muscular, ear pierced... he was getting hard again and he whimpered.

"Thinking of Roland again, I know you. He's hot, and you're taken, my mate. Now, blue to match your eyes or green that sets off your hair? And these black slacks, socks..." voice trailing off he dug into the walk-in closet, pulling out various outfits, both for him and Spike. Lying back on the bed, Spike ran his hands over his stomach, still amazed after all these months that he was going to have a child. All the prospective nannies knew he was the pregnant one, not a woman. Lex had recommended this particular agency for that very reason, his own two nannies coming from the Topeka branch. Credentials were triple-checked, background checks run, drug testing mandatory, all the legal mumbo-jumbo taken care of. They had four coming today and three on Friday, trying to get a 'fit' with their lifestyle. The vamp thing was their little secret, not for outsiders.

"Up, lazyass. These soft black pants that you like, plus this royal blue sweater. Underwear?" Shaking his head no, Spike lifted his legs to let Xan pull up the slacks, then heaved himself up into the outstretched arms to stand. Quickly zipped and buttoned, he raised his arms, sweater sliding over his skin, cashmere soft and warm. He lifted his feet, not being able to see them anymore and trusted Xander's judgement on socks and shoes. His boots would no longer go on his swollen feet, and his favorite jeans wouldn't even fit over his hips. But he had to admit, these clothes were amazing. He felt like he was worth something when he wore them. He watched, eyes flashing yellow, as Xander dropped

his towel and pulled on a similar outfit, his sweater a light blue that brought out his sable hair to perfection, long locks flowing down the back in damp curls. His mate, his heart. "I love you, you know." Quick kiss, a hug..."I know."

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Lex and Lionel sat on the couch, fingers intertwined, clothes still a bit of a shambles after the fast and hard fuck in the back of the limo they had taken from the little municipal airport, the chopper returning to LA for the night. Faces flushed, their scents filled the room, Spike's eyes going from blue to yellow as it aroused him. "You just couldn't wait until you got in the bedroom, could you? No, now I have to smell you and Xander's not home for another two hours. The furniture came in and he's picking it up himself, can't trust the delivery men not to knick it, like they haven't been doing it for years. At least tell me if it was good, you little buggers!" He sank onto the ottoman, hand holding his back.

"Very, very good. The seat might need cleaned, I came so hard it flew all over the leather. And Dad tore his zipper getting it down. Wait until you get your sex drive back after the baby's born. You want it day and night, in the tub, in the car, the garden, the ...ow, don't hit me. I can't help it if you got mud on your pants." Lex playfully smacked Lionel, rubbing his knee gently. What a day that had been. He had pulled down his pants, knelt on the grass, spread his ass cheeks and Lionel got the idea, fast. Only he ended up with very muddy knees on his trousers, only having time to unzip and slide home. That had been the fifth time that day and Lex was loose and slick. Lionel had pled for relief after the sixth time, Lex taking him finally, fucking him into the couch,

Clark finally putting a stop by picking Lex up and putting him to bed.

"Oh, not again. Tamp it down, Luthors. No fair getting the vamp all hot and bothered and nowhere to go." Spike sputtered and blushed as the two men sank onto their knees in front of him. Lionel ran his fingers through blond curls, loose now and long, at Xander's request. Lionel's own hair had grown so long it reached midback, tied in a ponytail now. Lex was once again hairless,

smooth and supple. Spike watched the black shirt come off, not even realizing Lionel had been unbuttoning it. Three sets of blue eyes went to the baby swelling Spike's abdomen, Lex stroking it gently. "Beautiful, Will, so beautiful. Let us take care of you again. We roused you, we can calm you. Link with Xan and share the pleasure." He could feel his mate, husband now, since June, the whole Kent-Luthor family attending, along with the Scoobies. The heat through the bond built as Xan joined in, pulling into a secluded part of the store parking lot, his cock swelling painfully hard in seconds. Lionel and Lex must be there, he thought as he pulled down his zipper, cock popping against his belly, slick and hot.

Lex bent his head, swallowing Spike whole, hitting the dark brown curls, his natural color. Lex snorted as he remembered the first time he had seen Spike naked. 'Cuffs don't match the collar, babe.'

"Hey, no laughing when you suck my cock, little bint. Lionel, haven't you taught him better? Oh, luv, like that." Lex had swallowed hard, sex deep in his throat, muscles working.

Bending down, Lionel sucked on brown nipples, lightly nipping them into hard peaks. Xander gasped in the truck, his cock in his hand, jacking hard and fast. He brushed against Spike's mind, feeling Lionel's mouth on 'his' nipples, on 'his' chest, running down to meet Lexs' on the hard cock, licking the tightening balls. His flesh reacted to each touch, each lick, each bite. His ass clenched as Lex slide two fingers into Spike, thrusting and brushing against the nub of flesh until he came with a scream. Xander's echoed it, cum slashing on the dash and the steering wheel. He could feel Spike slump into Lionel's arms, then be put on the couch to rest. Damn, he had to get home before they started up again.

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Good God, the place was huge, Xander staring at the huge mound of stone that resembled a house. They were here for a month, Spike to have the baby, and Xander to meet Clark Kent-Luthor. As a servant opened the door, he stopped and stared again. Kids everywhere. Emily Ann sliding down the banister with Lexs' help, a little dark haired boy staggering around with a walker, a little redheaded boy crawling on the parquet floor, and all three men watching them proudly.

"We're here. And my baby makes four. Need a bigger house , mate." Lionel and Xander winked at each other. Time for a talk later, thought Xander. He met the sunny grin of Clark's with one of his own.

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All the men sat perfectly still, afraid to even whisper. The kids were asleep, Emily Ann hanging off the couch, head first, Lonnie in his playpen, Joey in his bassinet, and little Sasha in his mother's arms. In the month after Spike gave birth, this was the first time this had happened. Lionel sat on the floor, Lex against his chest, eyes closed as well as his father stroked his forehead. Clark was on the other couch, head in Xander's lap, enjoying the fingers stroking through his hair. Spike had commandeered the soft armchair for him and the baby, the fire warming his cold body. All vamps liked heat, standing as close to a fire as they could to soak it in their bones. This large family fit together, the billionaires, the vamp, the alien, and the construction company owner. So dissimilar and yet so alike in their love for their mates and their children. Each would give their lives for any and all of the family, no questions asked. Xander looked down at Clark, the young man that at eighteen had a baby, two husbands, and a vampire for a friend. And was an alien who could fly through the air, shot laser beams out of his eyes, freeze water, see through walls, and run faster than a Stealth bomber could fly. Life here in Smallville was just as strange as Sunnydale, without the demons and the Hellmouth. Just a very large alien who loved his mates, his child, and his home. Xander could live with that. He and Lionel had a very interesting chat the other night. Now he had to get Spike to agree. Maybe next year, after the second child. He felt Lionel's gaze on him and just nodded. Next year.

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"Luv, you up yet? I have to get Sasha dressed for the nanny to take her to the park. Xan, honey?" Spike tickled Sash, giggles spilling over them both as her chubby little arms waved. She was already standing on her own at seven months old, a little wobbly but wanting to walk so bad. She had managed three steps with the help of Mommy, Xander with his mouth open in surprise as he watched her. Walking!

"Here, I'm here. Got her jacket and her hat, need her mittens. And she needs to go to the park, why? It's cold out there, it's October even here in Medford, ass." Spike bopped his arm, zipping up the blue jacket, a present from Lionel. They had sent pictures of her trying to walk and a box had arrived three days later with shoes and clothing. 'From Grandpa. Can't let my little girl walk without the proper shoes.' Like she didn't have twenty pairs of shoes already, just not with soles. And she didn't have any winter clothes, both Spike and Xander still used to warm LA after visiting there for a month with Angel and Buffy. They had planned to go shopping on the weekend but the gift had solved that problem for them.

"Because she needs fresh air and she needs to meet other little children her own age. It's very important for kids to socialize in order to develop fully rounded personalities." Xander grinned, then leaned over to kiss his husband.

"You been reading Parent Magazine again, haven't you? You know, she'll get her own personality without freezing her little ass off outside. We can have playdates here, invite the parents over for some board games and let the kids get acquainted in the playroom. There's plenty of toys down there now, and we can always hire a clown to entertain. Joannie will be here to watch them all."

"That sounds great. But she's still going to the park. She can't be cooped up in here all day with me. She needs sunshine, luv, natural vitamin D for her to grow strong and healthy. You see how pale I am, and frail, and weak..." His ass thumped into the counter as Xander dove in, kissing him hard enough to bring out his gameface, lust moving through him, cock hard against his fly. Sasha laughed, loving when her Mommy played the funnyface game with Daddy. And they were doing the kissing thing. Again.

"Boys, enough of that in the kitchen. That's what the bedroom's for when little children with big eyes are up. Wait until we're gone and don't forget to clean the counter this time. Sasha, tell Mommy and Daddy goodbye." Xander blushed, Spike's face changing in an instant to human, cheeks flushing pale pink.

"Yes, Joannie. Clean the counter, right. Xan, let go a minute, hon." He bent over to give his little beauty a kiss, then lifted her up for a hug. Xander got her stroller out of the closet, adjusting himself while his back was turned.

He also gave her a kiss, then waved at them as they walked out the back door. Two blocks over, and one block down, their usual route, watched over by the various minions loyal to Spike and to his child. They had moved with them, unwilling to give up their Master and the responsibilities that came with him. If the Bredon's ever moved to Smallville, the whole bunch would come too. Just what Smallville needed, demons and mutants in the same town. Would definitely make life interesting.

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"Roland, I know you don't like him, that's just the way he is. All broody and grumpy. Ignore him and just do what you have to do. Buffy can handle him after that. How's Jack?" Spike handed Roland a cup of coffee, loaded with milk and sugar, sitting down with him at the table. His

partner, Jack, was pregnant with twin girls, one womb on each side of his body. He stood 6', 6", almost three hundred pounds and was quite capable of handling the weight of two babies at once. Roland had come to Medford to see Spike and Xander and Sasha after his trip to Sunnydale.

"He's a strange man. I know he's a vamp but that soul thing makes him so sad all the time. I hope he's prepared for the consequences of this. Have you talked to him about it?"

"Yes, that's why he's doing it. Buffy can't have kids, too many kicks to the female parts over the years. Ruptured fallopian tubes, ovaries damaged, uterine walls torn, the whole nine yards. So this is their only option. Xander is not exactly jumping for joy, but he is family. It'll be fine, mate, you'll see."

"I hope so. Now let me see those pictures of Sasha's first birthday party." Both heads bent over the photo albums spread on the table, grumpy Angel forgotten.

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"Spike, did you see the paper yet? Look at this ad for Lionel's Christmas party." It was a full-page ad, "The Kent-Luthors cordially invite family and friends to the annual LuthorCorp and LexCorp Christmas party at the Plaza Regency, December 15, 2005. Children welcome. Santa and Mrs. Claus will pass out presents." Details followed as to time and the menu, along with phone numbers for reservations.

"Look at the picture, baby." Spike looked over Xander's shoulder, reading along with him. A large picture accompanied the ad, five men and four babies with the caption:

Standing, Lionel Kent-Luthor, holding Emily Ann Lillian Kent-Luthor, daughter of Lionel and Lex Kent-Luthor.

Sitting (left), Clark J. Kent-Luthor, holding Clionel Julian Kent-Luthor, son of Lionel and Clark Kent-Luthor.

Sitting (right) Alexander J. Kent-Luthor, holding Joe (Lex Kent-Luthor, Jr.), son of Lionel and Lex Kent-Luthor and Rose Xandria Kent-Luthor (two months), daughter of Lex and Clark Kent-Luthor.

On floor: William F. Harris-Bredon and Alexander (Xander) Harris-Bredon, holding Sasha Marie Harris-Bredon, daughter. The Mr.'s Harris-Bredon are close family friends of the Kent-Luthors and spend many holidays at their estate in Smallville.

Below the caption were these words: "With the invaluable aid of Dr. MingWa and his natal team, this joyous Christmas has been possible. He has made all our dreams come true. Thank you."

"Remember how hard it was to get all the munchkins to sit still for that portrait? Lex and Clark had to run after Emily three times and then bribe her with chocolate cake. Rose slept through the whole thing." They both laughed as they recalled the photographer clutching his head at least twenty times before he finally got the final shot they all approved of.

The same picture, in full color, sat on the mantle of their living room. Spike murmured a low prayer to Willow for her Spell of Seeing, made especially for the photograph. He still wasn't reflected in mirrors but pictures weren't a problem any longer. He had whole albums now of the three of them.

He heard grumbling and turned his head to greet the two visitors coming into the room, grinning at Xander as he got their drinks out.

"Well, hello there. Feeling a bit frumpy, peaches?" Another loud grumble answered him, the little

blond at his side chiming in with her silvery laugh.

"Shut the fuck up, Childe. Don't you know it's not nice to talk to your Grandsire that way!" Angel eased his way into the large chair, hand rubbing his belly. Two more months...only two mo

[Back to index](#)

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