

Summary: The title says it all.

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Alien Conception, Brain-Insane, Complete, Incest, m/m/m, Multiple Mates, Multiple Partners, Multiple Spouses

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: No Word count: 5784 Read: 1648 Published: 04/25/2011 Updated: 04/25/2011

Story Notes:

Series: Fourth part of the Mpreg series. And the last. I can't take any more babies! Follows 'Call Me Mamma' & 'A Baby Comes to Sunnydale' (Pt 3.1), a Smallville/Buffy crossover fic. It would help to read all the parts, archived on

SSA and also at <http://www.blooddance.com/mpreg/>.

Fandom: Smallville/ little bit of Buffy crossover

Participants: Lionel/Lex/Clark main characters. Xander/Spike minor.

Spoilers: none, but the ship is active and Jor-el is the AI.

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

Chapter 1 by Linda C

Author's Notes:

Notes: This fic has sections that wrap around events that occur during Part 3.1, which made me have to completely re'vamp' parts of it already done, since I got the Spike/Xander bunny bouncing around wanting release. Never fear, all will make sense when done. The endings are almost the same, just a few words changed here and there. I like sappy endings, that's me. Clark was lying on the couch in Lex's office, trying to get some rest. He had been miserable in school today, the baby kicking so much he had ooffed at least twelve times in class, bringing titters from his classmates. And a trip to the nurses office to rest. And she had called Martha, who had driven over with Lionel at her side to pick him up. Geesh, all he had was an active kid, not some life-threatening trauma. So here he lay, bored to death, homework done, Lex still at work and Lionel upstairs with his mom going over some appointments and flight plans to New York. Martha, after some consideration, had come back to work for Lionel and Lex. Said consideration consisting of a raise, ten dozen lilac roses, her favorite chocolates delivered weekly, and Lionel apologizing to Jonathan for his crass behavior regarding Martha.

Turning on his side, Clark grabbed a pillow to prop against his belly, now five months along. He would deliver next month, his alien physiology only requiring six months to full gestation. Lex was due in three months, and he was bitching about his weight, his food, anything and everything...same as before, little petulant brat. And he and Lionel indulged every whim...he was their love.

And Clark's only craving, so far, was pizza covered with chocolate sauce and pieces of raw fish. Of course, he ate it alone, the smell driving Lex crazy and Lionel gagging at the mere thought of the combination. Oh, my, there went a foot, seeing his belly bulge out. He had taken his shirt off, his body temperature always high now at 106 degrees. He patted his stomach, the little guy easing off. He hurt when he kicked, his inherited strength from his mother evident already. Jor-el had said it would subside after birth, then develop around the age of five, similar to Clark's development. He was unsure of any other abilities, the baby being only half Kryptonian.

Clion-el. They had been calling him Lonnie, knowing that anyone outside the family wouldn't understand the reasoning behind the odd sounding name. Cl for Clark, ion for Lionel and el for the House of El, Kal-el's proper name. His middle name was Julian and he would carry the family name of Luthor-Kent. It had been generally accepted in town that he had the same procedure

done as Lex in order to carry on the family name of Kent, since Martha was incapable of bearing children. After Clark had moved into the mansion, it was also known that he was in a relationship with Lex and Lionel, which created a major stir in the sleepy little town. Until the next mutant came along that spit fire out of her butt and could fly, burning down houses and scorching fields. Clark had gone to the rescue yet again, capturing her by using his newest ability, ice breath, to freeze her solid. She was in cryogenic storage at a remote LuthorCorp facility in the Sudan. And the town gradually accepted the Kent-Luthors as the newest family unit. Not to mention that Emily Ann charmed everyone she met. Even Jonathan melted at her smile.

The sun felt good on his face. He watched the dust motes swirl in the air, the soft murmur of his mother and his lover talking upstairs, the chatter of Emily Ann and her nanny in the playroom down the hall. He drifted off to sleep, his hand on Clion-el. His baby, his son.

A soft palm on his cheek woke him, a kiss pressed to his brow next. He opened his eyes, seeing the room was dim, the light from the desk lamp the only illumination. Lex was sitting by the couch, his hand still on Clark's cheek. "Hello, beautiful. Have a nice sleep? Martha and Dad told me you had a bad day at school. Little Lonnie giving you some trouble, eh?" Clark shifted, bringing the hand down to his stomach. Lonnie obliged by pushing his little hand against Lex's. Uncle Lex. God, there would be three children in this house soon, then one more next year when Lex had his final child, another girl. Clark had to wait for another two years to have another baby, his reproductive process in two year cycles. By then, Emily would be close to 4, Lonnie, 2, and Lex's little boy, Alex Jr., about a year and a half. He had protested the name but Lionel and Clark won the argument. He needed an heir, the same as Lionel had, and the logical name would be his. So Alexander Joseph Luthor, Jr. it was...Joe for short. One Lex was enough, and Lionel still called him Alexander on occasion, so the Joe stuck. The next name on the list was Rose Alexandria Luthor, for the last little girl Lex would be having. Who knew it was so hard to pick out names?

"Come up here. He was kicking me all day and I guess it was bothering some of the kids when I ooffed one too many times. Mr. Wilson sent me to the nurse to lay down and she called Mom and Lionel. They came and got me and I took a nap after I finished my work. What time is it?" He held Lex close, both of them barely fitting on the couch now, his hand centering itself over their newest addition-to-be. "Hi Joe."

"Almost 6, time for dinner. Martha left about an hour ago, after checking on you. Dad's in the kitchen, harassing Mabel again, about our diets. Like she doesn't know by now what we can eat and what we can't. Emily is down for her nap 'til her mid evening snack, so we have some peace time ahead." They lay in comfortable silence, lightly stroking each other, old lovers now, no desperation for touch, knowing that they would always be there for the other. Lionel got the brunt of their sexual aggression now, both of them usually being aroused at the same time, pheromones bringing their passion to a fever pitch, the portion of their pregnancy that either had them hungering for completion or not wanting touched at all. Poor Lionel, he was caught in the middle...not always a bad thing, he said one day from the floor where he had landed after an especially vigorous workout. Not at all. As he crawled back up, ready for round three, Clark's turn again. And after round four, when he pulled the covers over his head and promised death to anyone who even touched his dick. Or his ass. Then spread his legs open when Lex smiled that evil little smile.

"Emily Ann's throwing a bit of a snit since she got moved out of the nursery. She considers it her room, never mind her new bedroom is twice the size...and loaded with toys. Dad got her to calm down when he let her pick out new colors for her walls. You'll never guess what she picked." Clark snuggled closer, knowing their willful little girl very well, her daddies all over.

"Yellow and purple, with those ugly little daisies she has all over her stroller, right? I guess we can wear sunglasses when we go in her room. I thought Luthors had taste!" He ducked a swat at his head, then howled when he fell off the couch, landing on his butt. "Hey, watch the mother here. I may be invulnerable but I still don't like hard floors." He got on his knees, kissing the

laughing man on the couch, then trailed his tongue down the middle of the smooth chest, unzipping as he went. His hand cupped the cock hardening in the soft sweats, dampness soaking through. Lex had just taken a bath, his skin still moist and warm...and smelling lovely, the hormone injections again changing his scent. "Want sucked?" Clark whispered, fingers wrapping around the erect sex, head resting on Junior, feeling him move under the touch.

"Anytime, anywhere, you know that. I always want you, I love you. Just listen for Emily Ann waking up. I don't want her walking in on us." Which she had the bad habit of doing, her little legs motoring all around the castle, faster than Clark at superspeed, it seemed at times. How did those legs move that fast? God bless her nanny for keeping up with her, most of the time. He, Lex, and Lionel had been very 'involved' in the solarium one day and only a tiny finger poking at his ass had announced her presence.

"Whatcha doin' Daddy? Mamma, can I watch? Unka Ark, why you got no clothes on? Are you going to take a baff?" Lionel had quickly pulled out of Lex, covering them with a towel, handing Clark one too. Lex snickered, head buried in

Clark's neck.

"Yes, we are darling. We were just getting ready to get in. Why don't you find Becky and get her to give you a cookie and a nice glass of milk? BECKY!" he shouted, picking up the baby, who waved goodbye at her Mamma and Unka Ark, smiling at the thought of a cookie.

"I locked the hallway door when I came in, doofus. I know that little girl and the next time she might poke at something other than my butt. She's a Luthor, through and through. God help the boys when she grows up! Now let me suck you." Clark took Lex in his mouth, sinking down until the again present red curls brushed against his lips. About the fifth month of Lex's previous pregnancy he had started growing hair again. The doctor explained it was from the estrogen injections, only temporary. They had all been disappointed when the hair had been shed after Emily's birth as the hormones bled out of his system. Such beautiful little curls, a bright red shading to dark on the thighs. Each aureole surrounded by a light coating, the center line a dark auburn, leading down to the cock he was sucking avidly, hearing the groans come from deep in Lex. Maybe he could keep taking a small dose to keep it this time.

"Pay attention! I can hear you thinking...and when you're thinking, you're not sucking..." Fingers yanked on his hair, pulling his head up a little to look into gray eyes a little pissed off at the moment.

"Sorry. Just thinking about your hair and how we can get it to stick around a little while this time. I wonder why you didn't grow it on your head?" He ducked another swat as Lex took hold of his dick and waved it under Clark's nose.

"Suck!" And lay back to think.

"Dr. Phillips said it was because the hormones affected the female aspects of my body, growing pubic hair and making milk glands function for nursing. We all have these chromosomes in our bodies, just that testosterone is prevalent in males and estrogen in females. I would have to take estrogen pills to keep the hair, but it might have some side effects. Like breasts forming or my dick not working as well, like it does now sometimes from the injections. And I happen to like my dick the way it is, don't you agree?" He giggled as Clark nodded, tongue busy on the underside of his cock, rubbing the thick vein.

Clark remembered the frustration on Lex's part when his injections had been increased the closer he got to term last year, unable to even get a hard on, let alone come. He had not been easy to live with toward the end. He gave one final suck, deep and hard, Lex erupting into his mouth. "I love your dick. Forget the hair, you've done without all these years. And I like licking all that skin, bare to my mouth. And I know Lionel loves your skin the way it is. Lift up a little." He pulled the

sweats back up, a final kiss on the soft cock, damp with spit and come. He zipped up the jacket, patting Joe, who had stayed still the entire time.

"Don't you want me to take care of you?" Lex reached for Clark, who ducked away.

"Not hard. The closer I get to term, the less I get aroused. At least Lionel is getting a little break now, at least from me, you horny little brat!" They looked at the hallway door as the handle rattled.

"Boys, its me. You alright in there?" Clark waddled to the door, letting Lionel in. He quickly embraced the older man, scenting him, feeling the arms hug him close. God, how he loved this man. So kind, so gentle, so much the man he wanted to live forever with...and Lex. His other part of his life. How lucky could one alien guy get?

"Just getting a little blowjob Dad, to tide me over, and according to Clark, save you a little bit of energy. Come here and give me a kiss." Lex sat up, reaching for his dad, lips open for his kiss. Sucking lightly, he bit down on the tip of the tongue exploring his, tasting copper. Lionel pulled back, a smirk on his face.

"Little bloodthirsty devil, aren't you? You keep biting me like that and I'll start calling you Dracula, or...," he looked over at Clark, knowing he would answer his unasked question.

"Spike, you know, Lionel, that hot peroxide blond vamp that was here not that long ago. That you made cum so hard I thought his fangs would fall out! Our little mamma to be. He says he's can't get enough sex or food and he's getting fat. Xander is in seventh heaven... Spike and sex, what else could he want? And Sasha's healthy and growing more every day. Spike told me last week she's showing up on ultrasound now. Our little vamp a mommy..." He rubbed his own tummy, Lonnie kicking in protest. Soon, please.

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"Lex, wake up. Lionel, Lionel...get up! Would both of you just wake the hell up!" Clark yelled at the top of his lungs, Lionel almost rolling off the bed in his surprise. He looked at Clark, the sweat-soaked hair, and the hand clutching at his belly. The baby...and soon, by the look on Clark's face.

Lex rolled over awkwardly, his six month along bulge too bulky now to move fast. He picked up the phone, calling Roland's room. He had taken over for Dr. MingWa, the fine doctor back at Meyeng working on some new experiments in fetal development. "Roland, Clark's in labor." Less than a minute later the bedroom door slammed back into the wall, a stretcher rolling in, pushed next to the bed.

"Okay, Clark, nice and easy. How far apart is the opening?" Clark just shook his head, then took Roland's hand as he helped him on the gurney, Lionel on the other side of him, arm around his waist.

"Don't know...didn't look. The pain started and I just yelled. Look for me, okay?" He raised his t-shirt, the four men watching as the birthing slit spread open about a half an inch. Some fluid welled up, then stopped as the next wave of contractions hit, Clark almost breaking Lionel's hand.

"We'll take the elevator down. Lex, get dressed, it's too cold down there for pj's. Lionel, you bang on Sheila's door, get her down there ASAP. Then get everyone some coffee. The AI said it has to be open at least five inches for final expulsion of the fetus. It should take at least an hour, plenty of time, so don't worry." He pushed Clark down the hallway toward the double doors of the elevator shaft, installed when Lionel had been injured during the tornadoes. It had been a godsend for Lex's delivery and now Clark's.

Roland punched in the bottom lab floor, then thumbed open the connection to the AI attached to Clark's wrist unit, worn since he had gone two weeks overdue. The three men had agreed that Clark's doctors needed to know what was going on. There was no artificial womb involved, no egg donor, just Clark...and his AI. Surprisingly, no one on the entire team blinked an eye. Too much had gone on in their own work to even question this extraordinary benefit of being a Luthor doctor. Another baby, just a different delivery system to be worked out. And Clark liked Roland, the only other man he allowed to touch him except Lex and Lionel, a privilege Roland appreciated when he saw Clark's bond to his husbands. All three men wore identical wedding rings of gold and platinum.

He helped Clark slide onto the birthing bed, an extra wide hospital bed with padded side rails, plush pillows covered in thick cotton cases to absorb sweat, and tiny speakers in the headboard to play soft music to calm rattled nerves, both of the mother-to-be and the father. "Comfy? Here's your water. Take slow sips and breathe every ten seconds." Instructions had been given by the AI on how to facilitate the delivery. Proper breathing had to be maintained, along with hydration to replace the fluid lost as the slit widened. "Jor-el, its Roland. Kal-el's birthing slit is opening and amniotic fluid is flowing. Approximate time for expulsion?" A low whine filled the room, a holographic image appearing out of the wrist unit, projecting in front of the bed.

It moved closer and examined Clark, humming and clicking noises emanating from the image. "Two hours, fifteen minutes, Earth time. Kal-el, are you in discomfort?" Clark shook his head, then remembered it needed audio confirmation.

"No, Father, I am in only a little pain. Nothing that I can't handle for now."

Lex waddled in, black maternity pants and a loose knit sweater on his bulky frame, Lionel trying to put a light throw over his shoulders. "Hold still, it's too cold for you down here. Alexander, stop this instant!" Finally standing still, Lex let his dad put the throw on, having to admit to himself that he was freezing. With Clark's temperature running so high, he liked everything cool. Lex's birthing room had been hot, just like he liked it and by the time Emily was born the whole team had been soaked in sweat. This time would be no different except he had Roland for his surgeon now. And he knew how to listen to who paid his salary.

"Lex, come here. I want your cool hand on me, it always makes me feel better. Lionel, don't look so worried. Men had babies all the time on Krypton. My father bore me, his father had him...it's natural. Come sit by me." Lex climbed on the bed with a boost from Lionel on his rear, who then moved to the other side and sat on the edge, holding out the glass of ice water. "Drink, sweetie." Taking small sips, Clark nodded when he had drunk the required amount. Roland was timing his breathing, nodding as each ten seconds ticked off...time for a breath...hold...breathe...hold...until Clark got it under control, taking over the timing internally. He hitched a breath as the slit opened another quarter inch, more fluid oozing out to be caught by the sterile gauze placed to catch it.

"Why don't you guys go back to bed? I have two hours to go, according to Jor-el and there's no use getting tired out sitting here. Especially you, Lex, you have to get your rest. Joe's been so active I know you aren't sleeping right. You're up most of the night, walking him around. Lionel, make him rest, okay?" Lionel glanced at Lex, then looked away at the glare. No way was he going to fight his son...that look dared him to even try to move him from Clark's side. Like Lionel was going anywhere either...this was his son about to be born.

"Compromise. Lex, lay down with Clark on the bed, it's big enough. I'll go get some coffee and toast, some eggs for Clark and Roland's Danish. Lex, you'll get tea and scones with your imported honey, no arguments. That way we can stay here, talk a little, Lex can rest and maybe fall asleep until it's time and Roland can monitor Clark along with Jor-el's help. That sound all right to everyone?" Seeing nods all around, Lionel went upstairs to the kitchen, getting Mabel's

help to get it together. She had heard Clark's shout and knew what was going on. Breakfast coming right up, bless her soul. Lionel mentally made a note for a bonus in her next pay. She would soon be rich enough to buy out LexCorp if this kept up. He kissed her rosy cheek, a wide Irish grin answering him. "Call Dominic, please, Mabel. I don't want him wondering where we are this morning. Have him reschedule all meetings 'til next week." He went down the hallway, pushing the teacart with breakfast onto the elevator, already hearing her on the phone. Maybe a double bonus...hmmm.

"Breakfast! Clark, doing okay?" Getting a quick nod, Lionel put the tray over the side of the bed rails, Clark and Lex both being able to reach it. He and Roland sat the chrome table, looking over the readouts from the leads on Clark's stomach.

"Doing good, Lionel. Pain is minimal, thanks to his Kryptonian genes. The baby is turned in the proper positioning for expulsion, heartbeat normal, movement slowing down as the AI informed us. Lonnie knows he's about to meet his parents. Watch this." He motioned to Clark to rub his belly, and they all gazed at the monitor screen and saw the lines jump in response. "Stimuli response. He's aware of his surroundings and of his mother. He reacts differently to Lex's touch...show them, Lex." A completely different set of spikes marked the reaction of the baby to his Uncle Lex's soft pats.

"Lionel, you next. Watch!" The spikes jumped off the graph as Lonnie recognized his father. Clark beamed, his son was so smart. He held Lionel's hand in his, his love showing in his jade eyes, deep and everlasting. How had he ever been so lucky to find two men that loved him so. And that he loved. With his soul.

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It took almost another hour and Clion-el Julian Kent-Luthor was born into his father's hands. Half-human, half-Kryptonian, he was the next generation, the new genesis of Krypton. Clark wept, his heart bursting with pride as he looked over the tiny parcel in his arms. Dark brown hair, still wet, ten toes and fingers, and not a peep out of him, just wide eyes checking everyone out. Roland had weighed and measured him earlier. "Fifteen pounds, 28 inches long. Thank goodness you didn't have to push him out your butt, young man!" Clark 'ouched' then grinned right along with his husbands. He handed the baby to Lionel, his first son to Clark and hopefully not the last. They all wanted more children. Even Lionel but he had been told, regretfully, that he was beyond the safe age to carry full-term. Too many years of drinking, smoking, and too much stress would place too great a burden on his almost fifty-five year old body. He had been heartbroken, wanting to carry a child from Clark and Lex. Hell, even Martha had had the procedure, her little girl due in seven months. Jonathan had been beyond joy when he called Clark with the news. They would need a bigger castle soon. And more nannies. Hmmm, where was his PDA? In the meantime, he cuddled and cooed his precious new son, Lex pressing against him, eyes moist as he looked at his half-brother and patted Lonnie's brother in his belly. Their family.

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Clark was happy. He sat in the garden, nursing Lonnie, watching Emily run around like a whirlwind, Becky trying to keep up with her. Red pigtails streamed out behind her, dresses going the way of the patent leather shoes. Jeans, sneakers, and cotton for their little tomboy. They could barely get her into a dress for the family portrait. And heaven help them when it came time to take the picture for the Christmas Party ad next year. Spike and Xander had promised they were coming for Christmas this year, bringing Sasha, due shortly. Spike wanted to be pregnant again by the next holiday season, so the baby would be born in the spring. Then a two year wait and Xander was having his two. Maybe Lionel was right, they might need a bigger place soon. They really wanted the Bredon's to move in with them, to be a part of their family unit. Maybe if Lionel talked to them over the holidays.

Janey, Lonnie's nanny, came out with a tray. "Time to eat, Clark. Milk, salad, your juice, and some chicken salad on rye toast. And a piece of your mother's pie." He handed her the baby, buttoning his shirt after sealing the nursing slit with his thumb. Three months of nursing; Jor-el said it would dry up by itself at a genetically predisposed time. Lonnie would no longer need his mother's milk to survive. Going on two months, he was already eating cream of wheat, watered down, of course, and pureed fruit, from his grandfather's new line of organic baby food: 'Kent Farm Natural Goodness.' And making the stinkiest messes Clark had ever smelled, and he was from a farm, for goodness sake.

He watched as Janey lay Lonnie down for his nap, an extra crib set up for just that purpose in the garden, then went to eat her own lunch. He hadn't really wanted a nanny so soon, but Lionel insisted. He had seen the stress that Lex had gone through, trying to do everything himself. Lionel was old fashioned, babies needed nurses and nannies. Lex had a nanny, Pamela and Julian had had Bonnie until his unfortunate death. So Emily Ann had Becky, Clion-el got Janey and Joe would get a nurse until he was old enough for Becky to take over. By that time, Emily would be in pre-school for a half-day and driving her teacher nuts. A major battle had been fought over home-schooling, Lionel not wanting her 'exposed' to germs and 'those other kids' as he called the population of Smallville's children. A compromise had been reached. Pre-school, then kindergarten and Smallville Elementary. If she still liked going, then onto Smallville Junior High. Maybe then she would be switched to home-schooling by selected tutors. Lex had been bored to death in school and this brilliant little girl looked to be just like him. And a bored Luthor was a very dangerous Luthor. Witness the 'Alexander' years that gave Lionel his first gray hairs.

Lonnie was a waiting game. If his abilities developed as Clark's had, he would have to watch very carefully, not wanting to isolate him as Clark had been, but also not wanting him to be too much in the spotlight. He was already strong, his kicks denting the crib when he was restless. Janey knew about him, and watched out for flying feet and hands. One black eye was enough, she said. Her little Hercules, she called him.

He felt warm hands circle his neck, then lips brush his ear. He turned to meet the kiss, lips parting, tongue tasting his husband for the first time today. "Missed you, love." Lionel sat by him, stealing some juice. He had been in meetings all morning, Lex still in bed even now as his time got closer. This pregnancy was harder than the first, Joe fighting every day, trying to punch his way out like a boxer. Lex was in pain most of the time, his back aching from the forty pounds he had put on this time. And he was grouchy, moody, and couldn't someone turn up the heat in here? Bless him. Two weeks, maybe less. Roland wanted to take Joe early, to give Lex some relief. Ultrasounds would give them the answer tomorrow.

"Checked on Lex. Still sleeping, heat turned up to 80 and wrapped in a blanket. I was sweating before I even got to the bed. I hope Roland says he can take the baby. He can't stand much more of this. My heart breaks when I see him in so much pain. His frame is too small for this and he wants one more." He pulled Clark's arm, bringing him down to his lap, cuddling him close to his chest.

"But at least it will be a girl, and hopefully an easier pregnancy like Emily's. I want a girl next, but I can't choose my child like you guys did. Luck of the draw. Lex can't even manipulate his DNA with mine. I have to be impregnated naturally, during orgasm, for it to take. Cross your fingers in two years."

Two days later, Roland decided Lex's body had taken enough punishment and excised Joe, all 12 pounds, 5 ounces of him. No wonder Lex had been miserable. Mother and son doing fine, Emily Ann squealing in delight, then running to call Grandma about her newest baby brother. Every night was a major effort to get her in bed, her endless fascination with Lonnie a source of joy to her parents. Now another baby she had to watch over. Many a night she had been found just sitting on a chair, staring at Lonnie, then standing on tiptoe to wind his mobile up again. She had 'graciously' consented to let him have hers. "Not a baby no more, don't want it. He's baby, not

me."

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Lionel looked around the hallway, eyes dancing at the reception committee waiting for Spike and Xander. He was here to have his baby and for Xander to meet all the Luthors. All three children were here, Emily Ann sliding down the banister, Lonnie zooming around with his walker, and Joey crawling on the floor. His family. When Enrique opened the door he saw Spike stop and stare. "And my baby makes four. Need a bigger house, mate." Lionel felt a glow of contentment. All his family was home now. He and the Bredons had to have a talk later. He and Xander gazed at each other and winked.

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October, 2005

"Get this baby out now," screamed Lex, holding onto Clark's hand, eyes shut tight, pain rippling through him. His last baby, the womb being extracted with Rose Xandria, his daughter with Clark. He felt the drugs working, his hand growing limp. "See you later." When he woke up, Rose was placed in his arms. Lionel held Emily Rose in one arm, Joe in the other. Clark had Lonnie, who gazed down at his half-sister. Roland took a whole memory card of pictures, so connected to this family now that he had moved his own partner in, who in a few months would give birth to their twins, Emma and Anna. Six children in a house that had previously housed none, an empty vessel of stone and mortar. Now it rung with laughter, and joy, and love. And no one deserved it more than the three men before him. Joined in their souls, for life.

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Epilogue:

At the beginning of December, a full-page ad was placed in several local newspapers. "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. A large picture accompanied it, 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."

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The same picture, in full color, sat on the mantle of the house Spike had bought when he had first gotten pregnant, Xander stating that an apartment was no place to raise children. They owned a ten room Victorian on Blind Lane, only twenty minutes from Sunnydale. God bless Red and her

Spell of Seeing for the photograph. Mirrors were still a problem, but pictures weren't. Mommy and Daddy and Sasha - Xander's real name, Alexander, in Russian, from his father's side. Spike glanced sideways as the door opened to the gameroom.

"Well, hello there. Feeling a bit frumpy, peaches?" A loud grumble answered him, a little blond 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 more months.

And Xander grinned, looking over to his own mate's pregnant belly. Father to three babies...not bad for the former 'donut boy', eh. He gave a thumbs up to Buffy as each moved to their respective spouses to sooth ruffled feathers, both vamps glaring at each other.

"Dada. Why Unka crabby?" Their own little darling, blue eyes twinkling, arms up as Spike held her.

"Because that's the way he always is, pet. Angel, watch your mouth when the baby's around. Now let Dada hold you. Mommy's lap is too small. Xan, did you call Lionel and thank him for the picture? Next year our grump and Buff can be in it, along with Danny here," rubbing his stomach. Bouncing Sasha, Xander looked over his family. And thought of the new one in Smallville. He wondered if

Angel and Buffy would like to go with them to Kansas in a few months. He was going to ask Spike if he wanted to move there, with Lionel, Lex, Clark and the kids. Every castle needs a vamp or two. He felt Lionel laugh in the bond, formed last year, when Lionel had taken Spike, linked to Xander. It was their little secret. Fathers had to stick together.

Indeed, life was good.

[Back to index](#)

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