

Summary: Grief...Loss...Pain. If you thought the last one was sad you'd better grab the Kleenex for this.

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

Genres: Gen, Het, Slash

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Character Death, Dark Themes, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: Baby Blues

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Story Notes:

NOTES 1: Xander POV. The series will switch POV as it goes along.

NOTES 2: Buffy is alive and well in this fic. Not sure if she just didn't die or if they brought her back somehow. It's not really relevant to the story so make up your own minds.

[1. Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 2 - Grief

She's gone.

I keep trying to tell myself that, but it hasn't really sunk in. She's gone.

I saw her close her eyes for the last time, her hand on my stomach and a small smile on her lips. Her body relaxed and her hand slipped away.

I gathered her up into my arms. I asked her not to go, not to leave me. I told her I loved her but she didn't listen. She left me anyway. She's gone.

I'm sitting in a chair. It's hard and cold and uncomfortable. It squeaks when I move, making my skin crawl. I think I am at the hospital. How did I get here? I guess the ambulance finally showed up. Too late.

I feel numb. I'm staring down at my feet --they're still there, but I can't feel them. I feel heavy too. Like someone has put 10-ton weight on my back. Is this it then? Is this all I can feel?

I can hear voices. Giles? Is Giles here? When did he get here? When did I get here? How long have I been here? It only feels like a few minutes... or maybe forever. Probably somewhere in between.

"Xander can I get you anything?" I hear Willow's voice on my right side. Can she get me anything? I can't think. Can she? I don't know. I can't think. I should be answering now, I know I should. It's rude not to answer someone when they ask you a question. My mom always said that. I can't bring myself to answer though. I can't even bring myself to look up.

"Well, you let me know if there is," I knew Willow would understand. I can see her out of the corner of my eye move away and stand beside Tara. Tara's here too?

More voices. Quiet. Subdued.

"It was a Groloth. Big bugger. Fast. She never stood a chance."

"What happened to it?"

"I managed to snap its neck. They decompose fast. There was just a pile of purple goo by the time the ambulance arrived."

"And Anya was really pregnant?"

"Yeah. We managed to save the baby, I just wish we could have saved her too."

Oh God the baby. Our baby. I'm going to have a baby. She left me and I'm going to have a baby!

How could she do this to me? She should have told me. She had no business out on patrol if she was pregnant. Oh Anya, why didn't you tell me?

I know why. She thought I would have freaked. She's probably right. I would have. We talked about it sometimes. I know she wanted kids, I guess I did too, but the time never seemed right. I always told her I was too immature myself. I mean aren't you supposed to be grown up yourself before you have kids? I'm not a grown up. I'm still...well I am 23 I guess. Is that grown up? I would have been okay though, given time. Wouldn't I? Having a little Anya around wouldn't have been so bad.

I don't know anything about babies though. I don't know how to take care of it. I mean what are you supposed to feed them? What kind of diapers would it wear? What if it got sick? I wouldn't know what to do. Anya would know. She'll make... would have made a great mom. She was always so in control of herself, she always seemed to know what to do. How could she leave me alone with the baby?

Maybe... maybe she was wrong. Maybe there was no baby. Women have false alarms with this sort of thing all the time right? Maybe this is one of those times. She was probably just mistaken. I won't really have to deal with this without her because she was mistaken. Yeah, Willow will be coming over any minute to say that the spell didn't work because there really is no baby.

She's not coming over.

I don't understand any of this. It makes no sense. Why her? Why not me? Why not Willow? Oh God I didn't mean that, really I didn't. I don't want Willow to die. I don't want anybody to die.

I mean: it just went straight for her. Why her?

It should have been me. It was supposed to be me. I'm not meant to be here without her. How am I going to live here if she isn't with me? I mean who else is gonna make sure I eat something other than junk food? Who's gonna leave me cute little love notes in my lunchbox. Who's gonna put a damp cloth on my forehead and feed me chicken soup when I'm ill? I don't even know how to work the washer and dryer.

Ugh, too many thoughts. I just need to close my eyes and block it all out.

Don't think don't think don't think.

That's it. I'm not really here. I'm home in bed with her. Everything is fine. It was just a dream. I'm gonna wake up and she'll be there. She will try to cook breakfast and she'll burn the toast like she always does. We'll laugh about it and I'll tease her. She'll pretend to be insulted but she will have that knowing smile on her face. We'll go off to work together. I'll drop her off at the Magic shop and I will go on to the construction site and everything will be normal.

Everything has to be normal.

I don't want to open my eyes because I know it's not true. Everything isn't normal. It'll never be normal. I can still smell that hospital smell: that too clean smell. I can still hear all the chatter from the other people in the waiting area. Useless irrelevant chatter. Don't they know? Don't they

understand? She's gone and they go on talking like the world is still spinning and the sun is still gonna rise in the morning. Something should be happening. Somebody should be doing something to acknowledge that she... that something happened. Everybody should be silent. I feel like shouting at everybody to shut the fuck up! I want to ask them, how can you all go on with your daily lives so calmly?

What's the point?

"Mr. Harris? Mr. Harris can I talk to you for a few minutes?" I open my eyes and finally look up. I guess it'll do me good to stop staring at my feet.

"My name is Dr Reid. I have a few things that I need to go over with you."

"What?" My voice sounds strange, distorted. My throat is raw from the crying earlier when....

He wants to talk to me? To go over a few things? Now? I guess my face effectively conveyed my thoughts because he backs away as if he was intruding on some private moment. Well he was. How can anybody expect me to go over anything just now?

"Just bugger off for now okay?" Spike's voice doesn't have the usual bite to it that it normally has. Instead it's full of sorrow and resignation. Far too gentle to be Spike.

"Here, maybe I can help. What do you need?" There, Giles is dealing with him. Let Giles handle it. He's the grown up.

I'm tired. Maybe if I sleep I will feel better. Yeah, good one. Now I really feel like laughing. My eyes hurt. I have a headache. Anya would always massage my headaches away. I rub my eyes to try and get rid of the hurt.

What's that? Oh God it's blood. It's all over me. It's on my hands. I didn't notice. Is it mine? Was I hurt? I don't think so. Oh no it's Anya's. I've gotta get it off me. Gotta get it off.

I can't get it off. I'm just staining my jeans red as I rub. My hands are still tinted pink. Why won't it just go away?

"It's all right mate. C'mere," Spike is making me stand up. I don't wanna. I just want to curl up in a ball and hide. Maybe that will make everything go away.

He leads me to a bathroom and washes my hands and arms carefully until all the blood is gone. I can't see it any more but I can still feel it. It's all over me. I don't think it will ever go. That horrific pink stain has seeped through right to my core.

I lean against the wall and slowly slide down. I don't have the strength to hold myself up. I just sit there crouched on the bathroom floor. I don't know what else to do. I can feel Spike's eyes on me. Of all the things a vampire needs to learn to survive, I doubt comforting a grieving friend is high on the list. He's probably trying desperately to come up with something to say, some platitude to make my misery go away. That's something I wouldn't mind hearing. I wish there were something, a simple sentence, that would make all these thoughts and feelings disappear.

Instead Spike just sits down next to me. He puts an arm around me and places my head on his shoulder. He probably expects me to cry. That's what people in this situation usually do isn't it, cry? I can't. I think if I started I'd never be able to stop. I don't wanna cry, I don't wanna feel anything. Not anymore.

End of Part 2

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