

Summary: After the BtVS episode "The Gift" Buffy remains dead. Dawn is dragged to live with her father in L. A. Spike, Xander, and Angel are living in the Hyperion fighting demons, earning redemption, and having sex. Oh, and some of that love stuff enters into the mix. Everything's great, well except for that thing...

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Complete, m/m/m, Polyamorous

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Timeline: Season four Afs.

Notes: Cordy is still on a higher plane. She is still Angel and crew's link to the powers, but she visits them to relay vision info. She's incorporeal also. Connor isn't so evil.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by EmellaLorraine

Chapter 1 by EmellaLorraine

"Can I have a bite of that?"

Xander blinked slowly and turned his eyes up to Angel. He frowned in confusion, stopping mid-chew. After a few seconds he swallowed and asked, "Why?"

Angel's forehead creased, "Because it sounds good."

"You want to eat?" Xander looked down at his eggs and toast. He glanced back up at Angel, a confused look on his face.

"Well yeah. It's not so abnormal you know; I did eat once upon a time." Angel replied. At Xander's same look of confusion he added, "Besides, Spike eats."

"But you never eat." Xander set his fork on his plate before leaning back. "It's like against your rules or something."

Angel grimaced, "What rules?"

"I don't know. That whole broody repenting thing; and by the way, while it makes you look adorable, it's also very annoying. The weird rules you make for yourself." Xander shrugged non-committally.

Before Angel could reply though, Spike sauntered in wearing nothing but a towel. "Make what for who?" He opened the fridge and pulled out the orange juice and proceeded to drink directly from the carton.

Xander turned his eyes to Spike and replied, "The weird rules Angel has about repenting and brooding and what not."

"Oh, those rules." Spike scratched his chest and replaced the carton in the fridge.

"What rules?! I don't have rules!" Angel glared at each of them in turn.

"Sure you don't peaches." Spike stalked forward and planted a kiss on Xander's lips before hopping up onto the counter nearby. "What brought this bit o' discussion on anyway?"

"I don't know. I just felt . . . hungry," Angel tried to explain. He kept eyeing the nearly empty plate on the table and licking the corner of his mouth subconsciously. Xander handed him the fork, and Angel took a heaping bite of scrambled eggs. Suddenly, the expression on his face changed, and he looked even paler than usual. With a tiny groan, Angel clapped a hand over his mouth and ran from the room, leaving a very confused Xander and Spike in his wake.

"What was that about? If I didn't know any better, I'd say he was throwing up in the bathroom about now. Can vampires throw up?"

Spike slid down from the counter. The towel around his hips miraculously stayed in place for once, a sure sign that he was worried about Angel. Any other morning, that towel would be halfway across the room by now, and Xander and Angel would have their hands (metaphorically speaking) full of naked, damp-from-the-shower Spike. Not that either of them minded in the least.

Frowning, Spike answered, "Sure, pet. Even done it a few times before myself. But vampires don't just throw up for the hell of it. Something's wrong."

Xander followed Spike into the bathroom where they found an embarrassed Angel brushing his teeth. Spike put a hand to Angel's forehead and asked, "What's going on, luv?"

"I don't know what's wrong with me, Spike. I haven't thrown up in years; , not since I was poisoned by a Reklsan demon. I think we need to call Wesley."

"Yeah, we'll call the whole lot of 'em in." Spike nodded at Angel.

Spike left the room, and Xander leaned in towards Angel. "What can make a Vampire throw up?"

Angel spit the last of his toothpaste out before turning to Xander. "Well, eating food and getting poisoned is a common one. Poisons are the usual way. Being drunk off of demonic wine is another.-"

"There's demonic wine? Like made with demonic grapes?"

Angel smiled slightly, "No, it's usually made from regular fruits; it requires spells and enchantments to make it, but yes it's there. Most of it can kill humans. It usually makes a vampire act like a drunk human. Since vampires are physiologically closest to humans, their reactions to an intoxicating substance are almost the same."

"Huh. Weird." Xander shrugged. He followed Angel out of the bathroom and through to the office. Spike was on the phone, now dressed in a pair of black jeans, and presumably talking to one of the AI crew.

Angel went through into his office and began to pull out books while Xander headed into the lobby.

He was on his way to the kitchen when the front doors of the Hyperion opened, and Dawn spilled through with two duffle bags and a backpack. Xander frowned slightly and stared at her, "Business again?"

Dawn sighed and came down further into the lobby, dropping her stuff along the way. "Yeah, he went to China for a week."

Xander scowled before coming forward to hug her in greeting. Dawn's father had made things very rough for her when he had moved her to L.A. after Buffy's death. When he had found out about Joyce dying, let alone Buffy, he was appalled that he hadn't been around for Dawn more, so he uprooted her to L.A., where he spent a good amount of time foisting her off on friends

(Xander) when he went out of town.

Mr. Summers had been acquainted with Xander and Willow from the first couple of years they knew Buffy, so he felt comfortable enough leaving Dawn with Xander.

In reality she spent most of her time at the Hyperion, and since Xander and Spike had moved there, she had become a regular fixture. She even had her own room. Of course, Mr. Summers didn't realize he was leaving his only remaining child to the care of Xander and his two vampire lovers, but somehow, Xander didn't think that fact would bother Dawn's father very much. The man had, after all, left his children to flounder both emotionally and financially after Joyce's death. He hadn't even noticed Buffy was dead until a government agency kindly informed him of the fact. Mr. Summer's momentary spasm of guilt had faded as quickly as it'd emerged; now he seemed only too eager to leave Dawn to her own devices.

"Hey, Xander. Is something wrong? You look kinda wiggled." Dawn asked the question nonchalantly, but Xander knew her teenaged brain was working overtime, reading potential danger into every emotion that crossed his face. He couldn't blame her really; Dawn had known very little but loss lately, and being a Scooby was a hard habit to break.

"It's nothing for you to worry about, Dawnie. Angel's just feeling a little sick, is all." Xander smiled his patented goofy grin and turned as Spike walked back into the room.

Dawn apparently wasn't buying the grin. "Okay, spill, Spike. What's wrong with Angel? Xander's doing that if-I-grin-like-an-idiot-no-one-will-know-something's-wrong thing, which always means something is horribly wrong." She crossed her arms and quirked her eyebrow at Spike in a perfection imitation of the vampire.

"Whoa, Niblet. Calm down. Nothing's that wrong with Peaches-"

Spike broke off mid-sentence as a loud crash reverberated through the Hyperion lobby. By the time Dawn and Xander reached Angel's office, Spike was sitting on the floor, cradling Angel's head in his lap.

"What happened, luv?" Spike asked.

"Don't laugh, but I think I fainted," Angel said, embarrassed for the second time that day. "Shit. Wait. What?" Xander asked. Worry and nervousness was plastered all over his face.

"It was odd, I was just standing here, looking for the Drashknacks's Codex, and I felt sort of dizzy. I was going to sit down, but I didn't make it in time." Angel shook his head and rubbed a hand over the side of his head.

"Ok, this can't be good." Xander knelt down beside Spike and Angel, reaching out and grasping Angel's hand between his own.

"Alright, pet. You have to go to bed." Spike announced. He stood up and motioned for Xander to help him get Angel up.

"What? No. I'm not a human, and I'm not that sick." Angel stood and leaned in, using his extra height to tower over Spike.

Spike glared up at him before leaning forwards into Angel. "You will get into bed, if I've got to knock you out to do it."

"Whoa, ok just relax." Xander placed a hand on Spike's chest, gently pushing him back. "Look, until we know what this is, it's better if you stay in bed. You can take some books with you, but

you might get worse, and what if you faint again?" He placed a hand up along the back of Angel's head, running his hand through Angel's hair. "I don't want you to hit your head; or worse. I like your brain." He smiled up at Angel before kissing his cheek.

Spike glared at Xander before stepping away and heading towards the office door. Dawn followed him out, and Xander and Angel came a few moments later.

"Are you gonna be okay? You look a bit pale," Dawn asked Spike. She watched Xander hover next to Angel as they made their way upstairs.

" 'm fine, Bit. Nothin' you need to worry about." Spike smiled at her and then headed towards the stairs to follow his lovers.

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