

Summary: Spike comes to a decision

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

Genres: Gen, Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Character Death, Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: Baby Blues

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Story Notes:

NOTES 1: Spike 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.

NOTES 3: // indicates writing.

DEDICATION: To the good people at Armitage Shanks, for helping me with my current bout of nausea (any get well soon messages are welcome *hint*). And always to Mod for making me work for my supper (and I love ya for it girlie).

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 8 - Doubt

Spike POV

/ Dearest Xander, /

Oh God no. Do you want to scare the guy?

/ Dear Xander, /

No, still not right. Sounds too much like 'Dear John'.

/ Xander, /

Yes. Simple, to the point.

/ By the time you read this I will be gone. /

Way too melodramatic. What is this, some cheesy tv movie?

/ I have decided to leave Sunnydale. I'm going tonight. /

I have decided to leave Sunnydale. It sounds so simple put like that; like it was something I decided at the flip of a coin. Like it's not something I've agonised over for the past two weeks. Like it's not one of the hardest decisions I have ever had to make.

Most people think that hell is this place with fire and brimstone; I don't think so. I think it's much more personal than that. For me, it's a place where I have to see someone I... someone I care about look at me with... I don't know what look in his eyes. Fear maybe? Not fear for his life (because I would never harm him, and he knows that... I hope), but fear of his own reactions to me. I know he feels guilty over what happened. He's ashamed of what he did... of what we did, I can see it every time he refuses to look me in the eye.

Since that night, he's been scared to be alone with me, he's stopped asking me if I'm staying over. I still stay anyway, because I couldn't stand the thought of going back to my crypt alone, but all those nights we used to spend watching movies, or just relaxing in comfortable silence are gone. God, I miss them; I miss him. I'm not good on my own; I've never liked it, even as a human. I

always felt like an outsider even in a crowded room of my supposed friends. When Dru left I almost went mad with the loneliness. Maybe that explains Harmony. But Xander filled that void in me, so as long as I had him as a friend, I knew everything would be okay. This is the first time in a while, where I've had to handle the thought of having to cope on my own again. The others are all there for Xander, as they should be. They can't be there for me as well.

I can see they've noticed the change between us, but it's like they're almost scared to mention it. They're too afraid of upsetting Xander, and driving him back into himself. I can see it in the way they all stare at the two of us when they think we can't see them; their minds working a mile a minute trying to figure out what changed. I doubt they'd ever guess this in a million years.

/ You don't really need me here. You have Willow and Giles and the rest. /

They can all look after him better than I ever could. The Slayer can protect him physically and Red can fuss over him and make sure he stays healthy. Rupert can help make sure he and the baby are provided for, and Dawn can just be a friend to him. He doesn't need me around.

/ I'll just get in the way. /

I don't know if I even felt that way for him until he kissed me. Maybe I did, but I didn't want to admit it to myself. Whatever way, it doesn't matter. That kiss awoke something in me that I don't think I can ignore, at least not if I stay here watching him withdrawing just that little bit further from me everyday.

I can remember it all so clearly: the feel of his lips; the warmth of his hand on my face; the rapid beating of his heart. I keep torturing myself with the memories over and over but I can't stop. I don't want to feel this bad, but I don't want to ever forget.

/ Don't feel bad about what happened. I know you still love Anya and miss her terribly. /

I heard his words after our kiss, after he backed away into his room, away from me.

"Oh Anya baby, can you ever forgive me? Please forgive me."

He just missed Anya, that's all it was. He needed to feel someone close to him, someone he could touch, something real instead of only a memory. I just happened to be there. If it had been Buffy, he probably would have done the same thing. I'm not sure I could ever begin to hope...to imagine that it could be me he would ever want.

/ You didn't do anything wrong. /

No, I did something wrong. I invaded his life after Anya died. I thought maybe I could help him through his pain, but instead I just helped him avoid it. He coped at first by blocking out the rest of the world. He just hid in his room, not acknowledging any of us, or the fact that he was still alive at all. I helped him out of that, but he just hid through me instead. He focused all his attentions on me and still blocked out the rest of the world. I didn't see it while it was happening because... I don't think I wanted to see it. I had someone in my life again; someone to take care of. I haven't had something like that since Dru. It felt good to be needed again: to have a purpose. But I was just being selfish, to which I guess I should be saying, 'yeah well, I'm a vampire, I am selfish, and evil, and all that. So what?'. But if I am a vampire and I'm supposed to be evil and I'm not supposed to care, then why do I feel so guilty?

/ The kid's going to be lucky to have a father like you. /

I really think he's going to be a bloody brilliant dad, but that's probably just another reason why I should go: what do I know about kids? Vampires and children should not mix. It's not as if I could

take it to the park to play every day, or go to the beach and muck about in the sea and the sand every summer. Would Xander even want me around his child? I have the chip but I'm still a vampire, would he want to expose the kid to that kind of thing, from so young an age?

No, it's better this way. Sooner or later he would ask me to leave, they all would for the sake of the child, and I can't say I blame them.

So why do I keep coming up with this picture of a little kid, the perfect mix of Anya and Xander, looking up at me with big brown eyes, smiling and calling me Uncle Spike?

/ I lo- /

/ Always Spike. /

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