

Summary: Giles becomes the voice of reason.

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

Genres: Gen, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: Baby Blues

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Story Notes:

SPOILERS: Mostly general up to the end of S5.

NOTES 1: Giles 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.

DEDICATION: To Anthony Stewart Head for being the bestest Giles he could possibly be, and because I'm going to miss him next season {sniff, sob} Also to Lena for being the sweetest person in history, and Mod for making sure this part didn't suck like the first draft I did .

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 9 - Wisdom

Giles POV

"Giles. Giles have you seen Spike?" Xander bursts through the shop door. He looks harried and out of breath and he's waving a piece of paper in the air.

"Xander! How did you get here?" I walk round from behind the counter and approach him. He looks like he could collapse at any minute and I want to make sure I'm there if he does.

"I walked. Giles have you seen Spike?"

"You walked! From your apartment to the shop?, at this time of night?, in your condition? Xander I can't believe even you could be that reckless. If you needed something why didn't you just phone?" He gives me a surprised look for a second. My God, the thought didn't even occur to him to pick up the phone. He's definitely not thinking straight.

"It doesn't matter about that just now. I made it here safe, I'm okay, but have you seen Spike?" He just waves off my concerns, he seems almost frantic.

"Xander please sit down and rest. This much excitement can't be good for the baby." I pull out a seat at the table for him and he sits. His breathing starts to calm down. "Now, why are you looking for Spike?"

"Oh God, Giles I have done something really, really bad." He doesn't elaborate, he just hands me the piece of paper he was waving about earlier. I sit down at the table opposite him and read.

It's a short note, from Spike to Xander, telling him that Spike is leaving Sunnydale. He doesn't say much in the note but any idiot could read the deeper sentiment there. I don't say anything; I just look questioningly at Xander.

"I found that when the girls dropped me back at my apartment a little while ago. It was left on the kitchen counter." His voice is quivering, and I can see his eyes turning a little red. He's on the edge of bursting into tears.

"I drove him away Giles. I've been so horrible to him, when all he's been is a friend, and I drove him away. What am I going to do now?" A tear escapes his right eye and rolls down his cheek

"Horrible? How have you been horrible to Spike?"

"Don't pretend you haven't noticed Giles. I know you all have, you're all just too chicken to ask us what happened." He's right, we've all noticed a change between them, these past two weeks. We've talked about it amongst ourselves but we didn't want to upset Xander by bringing it up. I know Buffy thinks that Spike did something wrong but I have my own theories.

"Okay, so what happened?"

"I...I kissed him." He says the words so softly, probably afraid of my reaction.

"You kissed Spike!" I know I said I had my own theories about what had changed, but this, I was not expecting. He's obviously distraught over this. I'll have to be careful how I proceed. I try to keep my voice low and even. "Why do you think you kissed him?"

"I don't know Giles. That's all I have been able to think about for the past two weeks, but I don't know. It just happened. It felt so...natural? I didn't even think about what I was doing at the time, instinct just took over."

"Well then, why do you think you've been acting so horribly towards Spike?"

"Because it's wrong." He looks at me as if it was the most ridiculous question I could have asked.

"Is it because Spike is male?"

"No, Giles, believe me that is the last of my worries at the moment. Along with the whole undead, vampire, bloodsucking thing. It's just that Anya..." He just looks at me begging for me to understand without him having to explain'

"You feel guilty." It almost radiates off him.

He doesn't look at me now, he just stares down at the table and gently nods his head

"Why?"

"What do you mean why? I kissed someone else. No matter who it was, I shouldn't be doing stuff like that, ever. It's not right."

"Why?"

"God, Giles, will you stop asking that? I thought it would be fairly fucking obvious why. She's dead Giles. She died, and I survived, and I shouldn't be betraying her memory like this. It's wrong, it's just... wrong. Don't you see that?"

"No, Xander I don't. Putting aside for the minute who it is that you kissed, being able to carry on with your life is not wrong."

"How can you say that? She doesn't feel anything anymore. She can't love, or laugh, or spend hours going through her finances, or gloat over winning The Game of Life, why do I deserve to do any of that stuff if she can't."

"It's not about deserving Xander. Life has to go on, that's just what happens. We mourn and we never forget, but life does go on."

"Then why does it feel like I cheated on her? I only kissed Spike once, but it's like I'm being

unfaithful to her."

"Oh Xander, you're not being unfaithful. Far from it. Do you think Anya would want you to do this to yourself? I worked with her for years, and do you know what her favourite topic of conversation was?"

"Money? Sex?" Even now, he feels like he has to crack a joke.

"You! She loved you Xander, and all she would want is for you to be happy. She wouldn't want you to spend your life alone pining after her, if you had a chance for happiness."

"I just don't know Giles."

"Do you know how hard happiness can be to find? It is a gift Xander, one granted to far too few. If you find it, you have to make sure and hold on tightly lest it slip away. You're feelings for Anya won't change just because you develop new feelings for someone else."

He's looking at me and he looks so scared right now. I don't want to cause him any more pain than he is already in, but I think the next question has to be asked.

"Xander, do you have feelings for Spike?"

"Giles I...I don't know. I'm so mixed-up, I don't know what to think or feel anymore."

"Xander, just be honest with yourself."

"Oh God!" He slumps his head down until his forehead is resting on the table. This is hard for him, I know.

"Xander, you don't have to be afraid. You can be honest with me. I would never judge you."

"I...yes, I think I do." His head is still resting on the table so his voice is muffled, but I still heard.

Well this is...unexpected. What is it with my charges and the vampires in this town? Any minute I expect Willow to come walking in the shop to say she's set up house with Drusilla. I don't really know what to say to Xander's revelation, but before I can think of anything Xander speaks again, his voice still barely audible.

"Do you think she will forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive Xander." He looks up again and manages a small, somewhat subdued smile.

"Thank you Giles."

"Of course. I am here for you anytime you need to talk Xander, always remember that. But one thing I feel I must mention: even taking into account your feelings for Spike, you can't forget what he is Xander. Despite all that he has done, he is still a vampire."

"I know Giles, and I also know that I trust him. That's one thing about him that I'm not confused over. I would trust him with my life, just as much as I think I would trust you or the rest of the guys."

I don't say any more for the moment. I am not convinced, but Xander seems to be, which is a lot coming from him. He has always been a very moral man, with a very clear sense of what he feels is right and what is wrong, and if he feels that he can trust Spike, I will have to respect that. I will

admit that since the time he was tortured by Glory for information about the key...about Dawn, I have never been able to look at him in the way that I used to. He endured so much for the people that he cared about, maybe I should grant him the benefit of the doubt at least. I just can't help but feel protective of Xander.

"But it's too late. I still need to talk to him, and now he's gone." He buries his face in his hands, his shoulders are slumped in defeat.

"Xander, It's not too late" He looks at me doubtfully, so I decide to let him in on a secret that I've hidden from him. "Spike are you still back there?" I shout the words, but I never take my eyes off Xander.

Spike must have emerged from the back room because Xander's shocked look turns from me, to a point behind me. He slowly stands up, never taking his eyes off that point. I turn around and see Spike walking forward toward Xander with an expression of complete bewilderment.

"Spike! Were...were you back there the whole time? Did you hear?"

"Yeah, I heard."

"But...but...why are you here? The note said..."

Spike looks a little embarrassed, his gaze moving to his feet. "You weren't supposed to get that note 'til later. You got back home before I thought you would. I expected to be long gone by then."

"Oh."

Spike eventually looks back up and the two of them just stand there staring at each other in complete and rather awkward silence. Maybe if I said something? *cough* "I uh, I think I should leave the two of you alone for a bit. I'll uh, be in the back room if you uh, need anything."

I catch Spike's attention quickly before I leave. I make it clear with my look that I am going to stay near by, and that he'd better not harm Xander in any way. He returns my look but gives nothing away with his expression. I make it through to the back room, but I stand just out of sight beside the door. I know I shouldn't be eavesdropping, but I want to be close by in case Xander needs me.

I can't see either of them from this position, but eventually I can hear Xander speak. "So...why did you come here?"

"Didn't have any cash for the trip, thought I'd borrow some from the Watcher. I just went into the back to get his lock-box when you came charging in, which by the way, I would hit you for if I could. Remember what the Doc said: you need to relax, which mean no stress, no exertion, and I think definitely no running about town looking for me after dark. What the hell were you thinking?"

"I pretty much wasn't. I only knew that I needed to find you. I panicked when you weren't there when I got home, then I found the note and I think all brain activity ceased."

"I thought you didn't want to see me anymore, since you've been doing your best to avoid me the past two weeks."

"Spike I'm so sorry about that. I never meant to hurt you and I never meant to drive you away."

"Why the hell were you looking for me anyway?"

"I thought you said you heard Giles and I talking?"

"I did but..."

"But what, you didn't believe me?"

"No, it's not that, it's just...I know you miss Anya, and your emotions can be all over the place, what with the baby and all, and-"

"You think that is why I said all those things, because I'm emotional at the moment?"

"Why else?"

"How about, because they're true."

"You don't know what you're saying Xander. You're just reacting to the amount of time we've spent together the past couple of months. I know you still love Anya, I mean she was your wife, of course you would. I..."

"Spike, I know. I'd be lying if I said that I didn't feel some guilt over what I'm saying here, and I am really scared, but it doesn't change the way that I feel about you. Spike I need-."

"No Xander, you don't. You'll only regret this in the long run. I'm a vampire for fuck's sake. You really saying you would want me around once the little ones born?"

"Spike, I don't know. I don't have all the answers here. I'm so confused I don't know what's up or down these days..."

"See, exactly my point. You don't know what you feel. You say you...feel something now. Who knows what's going to happen a few months down the line."

"Will you let me finish? I was going to say, that I don't know what's up or down these days, except when it comes to you. You have been a constant for me, in a world that hasn't seemed to stop changing lately. After we...after we kissed, you never left. I was so horrible to you, and you stayed anyway. I wanted you to stay, but I always came home thinking that today was going to be the day that you just wouldn't be there anymore. You were always there though...except for today. I came home and I saw that you weren't there and I found the note and the bottom dropped out of my world again. I couldn't stand to lose anybody else in my life Spike. I lost Anya, I don't want to lose you too. Please don't go."

"God Xander, please don't make this so difficult. It's for the best, you have to see that."

"No, I don't see that."

"How in the hell can I convince you?"

"Then answer me one question: how do you feel about me?"

"What?"

"You heard. We've heard lots about what I feel, how about you? Do you just not care about me at all? Is that why you are leaving?"

"No, of course I care. I care too bloody much. That's why I'm leaving."

"No, that's why you have to stay."

"Xan..."

"Spike, I need you. I...I want you. Are you just gonna stand there and say you don't feel the same?"

"Oh God Xan, please don't."

"How do you feel Spike?"

"I can't."

"How do you feel?"

"I fucking need you too, okay. Are you happy now? Since the second you kissed me I haven't been able to think about anything else."

"Then stay."

"But the baby...Anya..."

"We'll work it out Spike. I don't know how, but somehow we'll work this out. I can't do it without you though. I need you here with me, please don't go?"

I can't resist, I have to see what's happening. I peek round the doorframe slightly. They're still standing in the same spot where I left them but now they are wrapped together in a tender embrace. Xander's head is resting against Spike's shoulder and I can see tears rolling down his cheeks. I can only just hear the whispers between them.

"Please never leave me again Spike. Couldn't stand it if you left me."

"Not going anywhere Xan. I need you too."

They step back from the embrace but then lean forward for a brief tentative kiss. They pull apart again and I can now see Xander's face transformed into a shy smile, his gaze never leaving Spike's.

"You getting a nice view from back there, Rupert?" Spike call's without even looking back to confirm I'm actually there. Damn vampire senses. Xander glances over to me and smiles at my embarrassment.

"Ah, yes, well, I uh, don't mind me."

"Don't worry Rupes, we won't." With that he leans in and kisses Xander again. Their arms entwine round each other and the kiss escalates into one of fierce passion and intensity.

This is a very private moment, I know I should be leaving them alone but I can't bring myself to go. Instead I just take off my spotless glasses and clean them thoroughly.

[Back to index](#)

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