

Summary: Spike's thoughts while playing the waiting game.

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: 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.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 12 - Fear

Spike POV

This is torture.

Forget Angelus, forget The Master. What they could do in their prime is nothing compared to the torture that just fucking sitting here and waiting is causing.

How long does it bloody take anyway? Why isn't there anybody here telling us what's going on? Why is this happening?

He was fine, I mean he hurt most of the time and he had to stay in bed, but he was fine. I was taking good care of him wasn't I? He didn't want for anything, so what the hell happened? I only left for a minute to have a smoke. I should have stayed there with him, if I had smelled the blood sooner, sensed that he was in trouble, helped him earlier, maybe he would be okay now.

God, I am so fucking stupid. This is all my fault. Why the hell did I leave to smoke? It's not as if the bloody things are addictive to vampires. Dead people can't have addictions. It's more out of habit than anything else, just a way to escape for a few minutes and stop me from climbing the walls. I'm just a selfish bastard. I shouldn't have been thinking of me, I should have been thinking of him.

I'm going nuts here, I need to do something, anything, I hate just sitting here. My fingers find there way into a hole in the seat of the hideous green padded chair I'm sitting on. I can feel the cheap crumbling foam in my fingers and I start to pick away at it, needing to do something to keep my hands and my mind occupied before I go insane. I can feel the padding is already pretty worn where some other person has picked at it in a fit of nerves and anxiety. I stop myself before I start to build up my own little foam pile on the floor. I need to pace, that'll help, I just need to move.

"Spike..." Red sees me pacing. I know she wanted to say something there to try and comfort me. What can she possibly say though?. There isn't anything to say and I think she knows that really. She just gives me a sad understanding face and lets me carry on pacing.

They're all here now, even the Slayer. The doc relented and let her in, given the circumstances. They all look about as bad as I feel. Red looks like she's in shock, she's pale and her eyes are puffy from crying. She's clinging on to Tara for dear life, afraid to let go of anyone else that she loves.

Little Bit is holding on to the Slayer in pretty much the same way. The sight of all that blood shook

her up pretty badly. She has a far away look in her eyes, probably trying to forget what happened and think happier thoughts. I wish I could.

Rupert just looks lost. He thinks of Xander like a son. Hell they're all his children in his eyes. A parent should never have to outlive their child. He's always had to face the real possibility that he would outlive Buffy, I don't think he could handle it if something happened to...

No! Nothing's gonna happen, the doc'll deliver the baby, they'll both be fine and we can all go home and be a family. Yeah, everything's gonna be fine. Shit, this pacing isn't helping. Maybe if I sit down, it will help me to relax.

God, why do these places always have to smell so much of blood? It's like they use it to paint the soddin' walls. It used to torment me because it reminded me of what I couldn't have, now it just reminds me of Xander, and the smell of his blood as it hit me like a wave, the sight of it seeping out of his body. The thought of it just sickens me. Not much of a vampire, now am I?

There was just so much of it. We soaked so many sheets and towels, wrapping him in them before we got in the car to drive him over here. Xander's gonna be pissed once he's all better. Anya bought all that stuff, I think they reminded him of her.

There's probably blood in the car. I'll have to remember to clean that up before Xander comes home; don't want him seeing that. The car ride was traumatic enough for him, without the red-stained reminder. He was pretty groggy when he regained consciousness, maybe he won't remember. His eyes were unfocused and distant, he kept trying to talk but his speech was slurred. No, he probably won't remember. I wish I couldn't remember. He seemed so scared.

"Spike." It was only a whisper but hearing his voice again filled me with hope.

"Xander! Oh Xander thank God you're awake. Stay with me now, don't close your eyes, just look at me."

"Spike, what happened? It hurts Spike, it hurts so much, make it stop. I'm so cold." He tried to look up at me from his position sitting across my lap on the back seat of his car, but his eyes couldn't focus on me. I tried to wrap myself around him in a futile attempt to warm him.

"Everything's gonna be okay Xan, I promise. We're gonna go see the doc and she's gonna fix you right up, you'll see. Don't worry Pet, don't worry."

He looked down at himself and saw the blood stained towels wrapped around him. I don't think it registered at first what he was looking at but then I could see the panic cross his face as he realised he was looking at his own blood.

"No, Spike the baby. Please help me, I can't lose my baby." The tears came flooding over his cheeks.

I just held him tighter to me, wrapping my arms around as far as they would go. I held his head to my chest and started to stroke his hair. I knew he liked it when I did that, it always soothed him.

"Shhh, it's okay Xan. The baby's gonna be okay, you'll see. You'll both be fine, I won't let anything happen I promise you Xan. I love you so much, nothing is gonna happen." I kept on murmuring soft reassuring words to him as I ran my fingers through his hair. He curled himself up on my lap as much as he could, pressing his body to mine, trying to get as much contact as possible.

I never took my eyes off his face, making sure that he stayed awake. He kept blinking and widening his eyes, struggling to remain conscious.

"Stay with me Xan, stay with me. I love you, so you have to stay with me. Come on now, it's gonna be you me and the baby from now on Xan, so you have to stay awake for me. We're gonna be a family, just the three of us together. I love you and the baby so much."

I could see him smile though the pain when I mentioned the three of us being a family. "Hmmm, yeah, a family, just you me and the baby forever, right Spike?"

"Yeah damn straight, you know I'm never leaving you. You're stuck with me now, for better or for worse."

"That almost sounds like a propos-" He jerked in pain again and his hands clutched at his middle, cradling his stomach. "Oh God Spike, it's too much, I can't take it anymore, please make it stop."

"Red, can't you make this bloody thing go any faster?" I glanced over at Willow at the wheel.

"I'm going as fast as I can Spike, I swear. Just hang on Xander, we're nearly there." Her voice was cracking and I could see the tear tracks down her cheeks as I looked at her in the rear view mirror. She used the back of her hand to wipe away the tears and tried to concentrate on her driving instead of her best friend in agony in the back seat.

"See we're nearly there Xan, not long now." I look back down at Xander and see that he had closed his eyes. I used my hand in his hair to jerk his head a little in an effort to wake him up. I didn't want to cause him more pain, but he had to stay awake. I felt the searing pain jolt through my skull and I released his hair to clasp at my own head. The throbbing subsided slowly and I feel another hand at my face. Xander was awake again and looking at me in such sweet concern. His tears had stopped for the moment and he was gently rubbing his thumb over my cheek.

"Spike, no. No pain please." I could feel my own tears start to fall and I return my hand to its place stroking through his hair. I bent down and give him a tender kiss on the lips. I left my head in place there so I could feel his soft breath on my face.

"Okay, no pain. I'm fine Xan. I love you."

"Spike I-" His body was again racked with pain. He clenched his fists and screwed his eyes shut in an attempt to ride it out. "Oh God make it stop." I didn't know what to say, there is nothing I could do to make it better. I just keep holding him tightly and whispering to him, "I love you Xan. Everything is gonna be okay. I love you."

Finally we arrived at the clinic and I could see Dr. Matthews and a few others waiting outside for us. Red quickly pulled over and they rushed to the car and opened the door. As gently as they could they took Xander from my lap and placed him on the gurney and wheeled him into the clinic. I practically jumped out of the car and ran after them, not even bothering to close the car door behind me, knowing Red'd take care of it.

I caught up to them and Xander held out his hand for me to take. I squeezed it making sure he knew I was there with him. The doc fired out a dozen questions I can't even really remember now about what happened. I answered as best I could but the whole thing was such a blur. She started yelling out instructions to the others working there but I wasn't paying any attention, I was just looking at Xander.

Finally we reached the operating room and the doc stopped me from going in.

"I'm sorry Spike, you have to let us take it from here."

"No Spike, please don't go, don't leave me here."

"Please let me stay doc, I have to be here."

"I'm sorry, my team and I won't be able to work properly with you in there. I'll keep you updated but you have to go. Now."

"I have to go Xan, I love you so much. I'll just be in the waiting room, I'm not going far I promise. I love you." I bent down to kiss him again just as they wheeled him through the double doors.

"No, wait, please I need to speak to him please. Spike I....." His voice was drowned out by the squeak of the gurney wheels and the clatter of the doors as they shut me out.

One of the clinic nurses showed me to the waiting area where Willow was already sitting bent forward with her head in her hands. She looked up when she saw me enter and stepped toward me. She held her hand out tentatively and I took it and enveloped her in as big a hug as I could manage. She wrapped her arms around my waist, buried her face in my chest and started sobbing hysterically. Her body was shaking and she could hardly breathe. After a while her tears subsided but she didn't let go of me until Tara and Little Bit arrived with Rupert and the Slayer. She ran over to her girlfriend and hugged her just as hard, her sobbing starting anew.

We've all been sitting here ever since, just waiting for some word on what's happening.

I can see the others stand up suddenly and I see Dr. Matthew walking towards us all, her clothes covered in blood. His blood. Her expression is unreadable as she enters the waiting room. She looks at us all but her gaze rests on me. I can feel everyone holding their breath, desperately wanting to know what's going on but too afraid to ask.

I can't take the tension anymore, so finally I ask the question we all want the answer to.

"How is he?"

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