

Summary: Xander considers what's best for his child

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

Genres: Gen, Het, PreSlash, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: The Beginning Series

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Story Notes:

AN: Takes place during most recent season of Angel (5?) except for the last episode. W&H are still going strong, but Connor is gone and only Angel remembers that he ever existed. Cordy's in a coma.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by MultiMapper

Chapter 1 by MultiMapper

Xander sat in his motel room, absently stroking a wet towel over the surface of his egg. While sitting, he let his mind wander over the series of events that brought him to this point.

While he was a member of the swim team in high school, the coach had put something in the steam of the steam-room that changed him. Although he didn't know what exactly was put into the steam, he knew that the blood transfusions had only purged the toxic effects of it from his system. The steam had saturated his skin and he had breathed the steam in. A blood transfusion was unlikely to cleanse everything out of him.

He had felt different since the steam incident. He was a better swimmer, which was actually the Coach's purpose from the beginning. He also had a need for water, which he kept very private. Since his swim-team days, he would take 2 to 3 showers a day, and if he went without a shower for a full day, he became physically ill. But on the up side, he no longer had an allergy to shellfish. There's that silver lining!

He felt the egg move in his arms and changed his focus back to his child. What was it going to be? He assumed that he was able to conceive a child because he had seamonster DNA or something, did that mean his child would have gills? scales? fins? Maybe, maybe not, since he didn't have any of those things, his child might not either. But what would his child inherit from it's other father? A taste for blood? Would the child be sunlight challenged? Would his child... have a soul?

There were so many questions running through his head, and absolutely NO answers to be found. He had left his support group at the truck stop. Even though he didn't regret his decision to leave, he could really use someone to talk to. If it was just him, he would tough it out. But now he had to do what was best for his baby.

And that means getting somewhere that his child could get some medical attention if it was needed. Somewhere that a hybrid human/seamonster/vampire child might grow up to be accepted, and have a good self image. Xander now knew what he had to do. He had to find a way to join the things that go bump in the night, and become part of their community. Give his child some kind of connection to others. If the baby didn't look entirely human, people would think it was deformed and he couldn't allow his child to go through that kind of trauma.

He went to one of his suitcases and opened an address book. Sitting back on the bed, by his child's egg, he picked up the phone and dialed a number that he thought he would NEVER call.

The phone rang twice, then an unfamiliar voice answered, "Angel investigations, we help the helpless."

"Hello, could I speak to Angel please? It's kind of important, tell him it's Xander Harris..." Xander said nervously into the phone.

He could hear the phone being set down and whoever it was yelling for Angel in the background.

Xander lifted the egg into his lap and began stroking it with the damp towel, knowing instinctively that the shell needed to stay moist.

"Xander? What's the problem?" Angel asked, his voice full of concern.

"Dead... Sorry, Angel, some things have happened. And you were the only person that I could think of that could help me." Xander said quietly.

"Xander, tell me what happened." Angel said patiently.

"Spike and I were... like... together.... a while back. And neither one of us ever considered that this could happen, I mean he said that since he was dead, that we didn't need to be... safe... " Xander stopped, trying to think of exactly how to say it.

"Did you get a disease? Tell me what happened." Angel said, a little louder, becoming worried.

"Somehow I... uh... got... pregnant... sort of." Xander stammered.

"YOU WHAT!?" Angel screamed.

By now Xander was becoming emotional, as tears leaked out of his eyes he said, "We stopped at this truck stop... and I went to the bathroom... I gave birth to this... egg... today around lunch time. And now I ::sob:: don't know what to do. I mean if my baby is part demon, I need to take it someplace where a demon can grow up safe. And that's why I called you, because with Sunnydale blown up, I don't know where else to go."

Angel was truly dumbfounded. He never had a high opinion of the boy but he couldn't do anything but offer any and every resource at his command to aid the boy and his child. "Xander, where are you. Is Buffy there with you?" Angel asked in a comforting voice.

"I'm in a motel room, in Moriarty, New Mexico. Buffy and the others are on their way to Cleveland, they think I got a ride at the truck stop." Xander said, hoping that Angel would help.

"What motel? Which room?" Angel asked, obviously he had a plan.

"Super 8, room 12. What are you going to do?" Xander asked shakily.

"I'm going to send someone to get you. You just stay right there and take care of yourself and your child. I'll call Wesley and see if he can come and get you. I'd do it, but it would double our traveling time... " Angel said in an uncharacteristic ramble.

"Yeah, traveling only at night, I get it. Okay, I'll be right here, waiting for him." Xander said with relief.

"Don't worry Xander, everything will be alright. Wesley will be there soon, and he'll bring you back to L.A. And once you're here, we can make sure that your child has everything it needs." Angel said, and Xander could hear a comforting smile in the words.

"Thanks, Angel. I'll be waiting. Goodbye." Xander said, waiting for Angel's 'goodbye' before hanging up the phone.

He thought about how things had changed in the last few years. Not too many years ago, he would have trusted Buffy with his life, his love, his everything. And he wouldn't have trusted Angel under any conceivable circumstances. But there's the problem. These circumstances were inconceivable back then. That Buffy would have died and come back... wrong. And that he and Spike would have finally stopped sniping at each other long enough to realize that they actually liked each other and had things in common. That he would give birth... yeah, that one came out of left field.

For whatever reason, he felt in his gut that he could trust Angel, and that this was going to be the best thing that he could do for his child.

"Don't worry little one," He said to his egg while stroking the shell, "I've called some friends who are going to make sure that you're safe. Remember that your poppa loves you and will always do what's best for you."

[*****]

"You want me to DRIVE to NEW MEXICO? Angel, even if I was your flunky, which I am not, I wouldn't drive to New Mexico for you." Wesley barked into the phone.

"Wesley, just listen. It's Xander, something's happened, he didn't tell me everything but it sounds very serious. I'm asking you because he know's you, and I think that he needs a friend as much as he needs a ride to L.A."

"He's not my friend, Angel. He's never said one word to me that wasn't an insult." Wesley interrupted.

"Granted, if not a friend, then at least a familiar face. He doesn't know Gunn and Fred can't drive. I would do it, but I couldn't drive during the day. Here's the bottom line, you know all the possessions and magics that he's been through. Something changed him enough to be able to conceive a child. He gave birth today... in a truck stop bathroom. He's alone in a motel room and he's scared for his child. Wesley, please help him." Angel finished in a whisper.

Wesley stopped, stunned. Xander had given birth. And now he was alone. He needed someone to help him, and Angel thought him best for the job.

"Very well, I'll go get him." Wesley said shortly.

"Super 8, Room 12, Moriarty, New Mexico." Angel said quietly.

Wesley just hung up the phone.

[*****]

The next day, approximately 24 hours after his call to Angel. Xander heard a knock on his door. He laid a wet cloth across the eggs shell, and went to answer it.

"Wes? Did you drive straight through?" Xander asked in surprise at the weary expression on Wesley's face.

"Yes, how are you doing? How's the baby?" Wesley asked as he was ushered into the room.

"The baby is in the bathroom sink. Why don't you lay down, you look beat." Xander said with concern as he walked back to the bathroom.

"In the sink? Are you crazy?" Wesley said as he ran past Xander into the bathroom and stopped

in shock.

In the sink he saw a beige mass, sitting in about 2 inches of water and partially covered with a wet towel.

"Whaat?" Was all that Wesley could make himself say.

"I guess from your reaction that Angel didn't tell you that I had an... egg." Xander said sheepishly as he took the towel and began to wash the egg again.

"No, he failed to mention that detail." Wesley said in a daze.

Just then he could detect movement within the leathery mass. Xander immediately bent down and began to talk to the egg. "Shhh. It's okay, poppa's here. Wesley came to help us. Don't worry little one. You're not alone, love."

Wesley was taken aback by the tender note in Xander's voice. He had never felt anything but dislike for the crass youth during their brief acquaintance in Sunnydale. To hear such tenderness from him seemed to be counter to all Wesley's preconceived notions about the boy.

"Wes, I was serious, you look like you need to get some sleep. I need to keep the shell wet so I won't bother you while you're sleeping." Xander said with a note of concern.

Wesley just nodded his head and went into the other room. After retrieving a few things from the car, he was in bed and fast asleep.

[*****]

The next morning Wesley awoke to find Xander asleep, sitting on the couch holding his egg against his bare chest. Wesley could only sit and watch amazed at the tender look of joy on Xander's face as he slept.

Xander opened his eyes to find Wesley watching him in disbelief. "Mornin Wes, I bet you're hungry." Xander said sleepily.

"Quite." Wesley answered softly.

"There's a restaurant next door, but the truck stop down the road has much better food... at least it looked better." Xander said as he got himself off the couch and carried the egg to the bathroom.

Wesley followed Xander to the bathroom door and watched as Xander put the egg in the sink and poured bottled water over the shell. When Xander caught Wesley's reflection in the mirror he said, "The tap water was drying out the shell, chlorine I think. So I went to the vending machine and bought some bottles of water. It seems to be working."

"I see." Wesley said, then thought about food. "What say we pack everything into the car, and I can get the food at the truck stop 'to go' so we can get on the road."

"Good idea, and we should get a few bottles of water, too. We're going to have to keep the baby wet and cool on the trip back to L.A. Just let us get a quick shower and we'll get ready to go." Xander replied.

Wesley nodded in acceptance.

About ten minutes later Xander walked out of the bathroom, looking refreshed. During the time that Xander had been showering, Wesley had returned his few meager possessions to the car,

then waited for Xander to finish. Xander began to pack up his things but every few seconds, Xander would make a trip into the bathroom to check on the egg. Wesley finally had enough and said, "If you'd like, I'll watch the... baby... for you while you finish packing."

Xander got an appreciative smile on his face and said, "Thanks Wes, that'll help a lot."

Within minutes they had the car packed and ready to go. Xander then said, "Wesley, would you hold the baby while I check out of the motel?"

Wesley nodded in assent and received a wet bundle of towels covering a leathery egg. About 30 seconds after Xander left the car, the egg began twitching and thrashing. Wesley remembered the previous night and began to talk, "Don't worry little one, your poppa has gone to check out of the motel, but you're not alone. Uncle Wesley is here to watch over you."

Wesley smiled as the egg began to calm again. A few minutes later Xander returned to the car and they were on their way.

[*****]

About two hours out on the open road, Xander broke the silence, "Wes?"

Wesley glanced over at Xander and lifted an eyebrow.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry." Xander said sheepishly, while stroking the egg under the wet towels.

"For what?" Wesley asked, a little coldly.

"For treating you bad, Wes, I never gave you a chance and I was awful to you. I don't have any excuses, I was a jerk." Xander finished quietly.

Wesley continued driving, with no expression. Xander looked up from his egg, then asked, "Wes?"

"Do go on, I'll stop you when I disagree with something you've said." Wesley said primly.

Xander stared in shock. Then he turned his gaze back onto his egg, and continued to stroke while thinking.

[Why should he forgive me?] Xander thought to himself. He couldn't think of one good reason. He had given Wesley no reason to ever do anything for him, and yet here he was.

"If I promise to act better, would you think about giving me another chance to be your friend?" Xander asked hesitantly.

"I have no reason to trust in your promises. But be that as it may, I will offer this in return. You treat me with respect and I will do the same for you. If we can manage civility, then perhaps one day, we can attempt friendship." Wesley said very seriously.

Xander thought about Wesley's offer and was about to accept when something occurred to him.

"Wesley?"

"Yes?"

"I know it sounds a little weird but, I'm not sure I know how to be civil. I mean, I know what I think

of as civil, but I don't think it's the same thing that you think of as civil. Do you know what I mean?" Xander babbled to a halt.

"Strangely enough, I believe I do. Very well, if you will try to be civil, I will understand if you slip up, but be aware that I will bring such occasions to your attention, privately of course, and if I find that you are not sincerely trying, the deal is off." Wesley said with steel in his voice.

Xander thought about it, bargaining for the possibility of future friendship. Then it occurred to him that Wesley had already given him what he wanted, in his own way he had said that they could possibly be friends. Now he just had to prove to Wesley that he was serious about wanting him as a friend. Realizing that, he smiled, "Thank you Wesley, thank you for the offer and thank you for coming to get me from New Mexico."

"You're very welcome Alexander." Wesley said formally.

Xander flinched at the use of his formal name but decided that he could live with it from Wesley.

Another hour of silence passed before Wesley spoke, "Alexander, do you have any idea what made you able to conceive?"

Xander thought only a moment before answering, "I was on the swim team in high school. The coach added something to the steam in the steam room to change us. The guys that were on the swim team longest, changed into monsters, they looked like the creature from the black lagoon. When we discovered what he did, the rest of us were taken to the hospital and given transfusions to remove the poison from our systems. But the stuff was in the steam, so it saturated our skins and we breathed it in. Ever since I left the hospital, I haven't been able to go more than half a day without getting wet or I feel bad. If I go a full day, I get sick. And seeing as I've laid an egg, I think I was changed into a sort of amphibian or reptile."

Wesley thought about what Xander had said for a moment, then said, "So that's why you made a point of taking a shower before we left the motel room?"

"Yes, and if we are going to drive straight through it could be a problem. I mean it won't do any serious damage, but I'll be sick for a few days after we get to L.A." Xander said apologetically.

"We can stop later tonight. I'll call Angel when we do to let him know what's going on." Wesley said evenly.

Xander opened another bottle of water and began to wet the towels around the egg.

"Why do you feel it is necessary to keep the egg moist?" Wesley asked with honest curiosity.

"It just seems to be the right thing to do. I suppose I'm following my instinct, besides, when I have let the egg dry out a little, it becomes agitated." Xander replied.

"Do you have any other left-over effects from your adventures?" Wesley asked.

Xander thought, then began, "Well, I do heal a lot faster and better than most people. I mean, about 2 months ago, I lost an eye, it was completely gouged out. It grew back. I stopped wearing the eye-patch when I left the others and got the motel room. I think that's part of the seamonster steam thing. I mean, you know that you can cut the tail off some lizards and it'll grow back? Oh yeah, I can see in almost complete dark and smell things better than most people can. I think that's from the hyena possession."

Xander stopped for just a second then continued.

"When Ethan Rayne did a spell on Halloween that made everyone become what they dressed up as, I was dressed as a soldier. So I have this guy's memories, his name was Sergeant Christian Allen Milford. He was a munitions expert..."

"Does Mr. Giles know about all this?" Wesley asked in disbelief.

"Oh no, I've never told anyone. Giles knows that I remember the soldier stuff and the hyena possession but he doesn't know that I have her senses or can hear her in the back of my mind." Xander said simply.

"Why didn't you tell him?" Wesley asked, concerned.

"He didn't seem to want to know. I mean, he knew that I remembered the hyena possession but never asked me anymore about it, and he knew that I remembered the soldier, but never asked how much I knew about him, never even asked his name." Xander answered.

"So is that everything?" Wesley asked, a little concerned.

"Oh no, there's more. When I was split into two people, Willow broke the spell by saying something like 'undo the spell'. I became one person, physically, but there are two of me in here. But it's really okay. The shy, quiet me likes to stay in the background and he just takes over when I'm bored. He likes to read and watch discovery channel. This me, the one who's talking to you is the one out front most times." Xander said freely.

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Giles and Ms. Rosenberg that you weren't reintegrated?" Wesley asked, disbelieving.

"Well I, er we, discussed it and decided that we both want to live. I mean, when the demon split us into two people, it made us individuals. We LIKE being individuals, we like BEING. We both have life and enjoy different things. So whenever I get the chance to do something one of me likes to do, that one takes over and does it. We get along and are both fully aware, so it's not like some Cybil thing happening. I mean, technically I DO have multiple personalities but they were formed when I was two separate people so I figure it's okay." Xander answered, starting to get a little nervous.

"Then that's the lot?" Wesley asked with wide eyes, glancing at Xander.

Xander shyly looked at Wesley and shook his head.

"I was also infected with every disease that the white men introduced to the Chumash tribe indigenous to Sunnydale. Since then, I haven't had any disease. And when I was in the thrall of Dracula, I... well, that's more of a preference than an ability..." Xander trailed off.

Wesley focused back on his driving, and began to process the information. He had the strangest feeling that these weren't all Xander's abilities.

Xander was feeling like he may have said too much, and now Wesley would think he was too strange to be his friend. So he thought, [time to try out this civility thing and see how it works.]

"So, do you think I'm a freak?" Xander asked Wesley quietly.

"No Alexander, I do not." Wesley answered immediately.

Xander just nodded his head and began stroking the egg again.

"Alexander, I must say that I am surprised that you shared all that with me. May I ask why?"

Wesley asked quietly.

"Short answer... you asked, no one ever did before. Long answer... I trust you Wesley, I mean... I never took the time to get to know you and I wasn't nice to you but I've always trusted you. From the little that we worked together I saw enough to know that you do what you believe is right and you are loyal. You may have noticed that I trust my instincts, and my instincts say that you are someone that I can depend on."

Once again they fell into silence. As the road and the time passed them by, they were both considering the things that had been said.

After a while, Wesley inquired, "Alexander, may I ask you a somewhat personal question?"

"Of course Wesley, but I might choose not to answer." Xander responded in his most polite manor.

"I was curious about the baby's other parent, simply for the sake of determining what your baby's genetic make up is. Was he human?" Wesley asked, trying not to offend.

Xander gave a gentle smile, "Don't worry Wesley, I'm not sensitive about my baby's other father. It was Spike."

Wesley was shocked. The baby's other father was William the Bloody, the Childe of Angelus. Then he began to look at all the pieces that went into the making of this baby. So on top of all of Alexander's physical alterations, possessions, and magics that went into making this baby, the other father was a master vampire, which makes the baby a natural being fathered by an unnatural creature. That means that human or demon influences could come from that side of the baby's makeup. [There bloody well has to be a prophecy about this child.] Wesley thought as he tried to focus back on his driving.

The mention of Spike seemed to have effectively killed the conversation. So the two stayed mostly silent for the rest of the evening, and late into the evening, they stopped at a motel to rest for the night.

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