

Summary: Willie is growing up.

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

Genres: Gen, Het, PreSlash, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: The Beginning Series

Chapters: 3 Completed: Yes Word count: 22810 Read: 421 Published: 06/23/2011 Updated: 06/23/2011

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.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by MultiMapper

2. [Chapter 2](#) by MultiMapper

3. [Chapter 3](#) by MultiMapper

Chapter 1 by MultiMapper

Alexander sat anxiously waiting to hear the words. Yesterday it would have mattered what the words would be... Now he just wanted to know. He had had enough time to decide that whatever The Shamenka said, he would love Willie just the same.

But for now, all he could do was wait.

Finally The Shamenka shifted Willie in her arms and opened her eyes. When her gaze met the worried eyes of Alexander, they softened. "Worry not child, your son is as he was meant to be. He has inherited a talent from you, the ability to attract spirits and demons."

"So does this mean that Willie is possessed by Spike?" Alexander asked in nervous anticipation.

"No, he now carries his father in the same way that you carry the hyena and the soldier, are you possessed by them?" she asked calmly.

"I'm not now, but I was. Now I have their memories and their instincts, but their... consciousness isn't with me." he said, searching for the words.

"That's exactly what happened to the young one. He, like you, has a spirit that calls out to displaced spirits and demons, when the child's father died his final death, he must have had a soul, because it came into contact with your child and imprinted itself on him. I can imagine that the combined pull of you and the child you were carrying, would have been quite irresistible." The Shamenka said as she began to refill the teacups on the coffee table.

"So let me get this straight, Willie is a seamonster, human, vampire, demon-magnet?" Alexander asked carefully.

"No, not exactly. To become a true vampire he would have to have been made a vampire in the traditional fashion. The child is part sea creature, which he inherits exclusively from you, part human, which he inherits from you and his other father, and part demon which he inherits exclusively from his other father. And by that I mean to say that he is the spawn of a demon, not possessed by a demon." The Shamenka said sagely.

Alexander needed a few minutes to process all that, finally he had it all in place in his mind and asked his next question. "What about his growing? He's not even three weeks old and he's walking."

"I suspect that your friend Wesley is correct in his assessment. He will most probably have growth spurts for a while. He will grow quickly through his childhood years and probably slow to a more normal growth rate at the onset of puberty. After that the growth rate should slow to a near stop when he reaches adulthood." She said speculatively.

"Um... isn't there some way to speed him through the puberty too? I mean, that's the one phase of his life that I'm really worried about. What with rebellion, hormones and stuff." Alexander asked, worried.

"No, the child will need those formative experiences to make him into whatever type of adult he will be. And you need to go through those experiences with him." The Shamenka said with absolute certainty, then took a sip of tea.

"Why do I have to go through it with him?" Alexander asked, even more worried.

"Because puberty is nature's way of making parents let go of their young when the time comes... Believe me, it works." The Shamenka said with a wide eyed, distant gaze.

After a moment of thought Alexander asked, "Since his adult growth rate slows down so much, does that mean he's virtually immortal?"

"From a human perspective, I suppose you could say that. Assuming that he lives to the end of his natural lifespan... I can only say that it would be inconvenient to measure in units less than centuries." The Shamenka said, trying to find the correct words.

"Okay... seamonster, human, demon-spawn, immortal, demon-magnet... anything else I should know?" Alexander asked warily.

"Just some small matters. It is time that he be introduced to solid food. Basically you need to wean him off the blood, and when you are finished he should only need blood once a week to meet his demonic nutritional needs." The Shamenka said professionally.

"Good, I was hoping he wouldn't feed exclusively on blood, that would get expensive quick." Alexander said offhandedly.

"Quite. Are you still living with Liam?" The Shamenka asked without insinuation.

"Yes, I have a room in his hotel. Why?" Alexander asked, warily.

"The child needs examples of demons in his life, especially vampires, to give him a sense of normalcy. This is a concern for most children of mixed heritage who don't live with both parents. They need to be exposed to both cultures." The Shamenka said in a lecturing tone.

"We live with Angel... I mean, Liam. So that shouldn't be a problem." Alexander said dismissively.

"But what the child needs is to see him in his demon form. If he becomes used to seeing Liam in human form, he may feel that he should be ashamed of his demon heritage, and thereby deny his other father's legacy." she said while offering chocolate chip cookies on a plate.

"I would never want him to be ashamed of Spike. I don't think Angel will mind, and I'll ask Lorn if he would visit with Willie. Lorn is a good guy." Alexander said, going into deep thought.

The Shamenka nodded with agreement.

"I guess that's all I wanted to ask, I'll take Willie home now and tomorrow we'll start him on human food." Alexander said as he stood to go.

"Try starting him with chunks of raw meat at body temperature, soaked in blood. He has the teeth to handle it and it should make the transition a little easier. Just a few bites to begin with and his usual blood after he's eaten his solids. He may decide that he likes it and ask for more sooner. He may not and you'll have to push it on him. Either way, over the course of the next few weeks, increase the solids and decrease the blood and slowly introduce a variety of foods. He may get fussy about it, but be persistent. Know that you are doing it for his own good." The Shamenka said, handing Willie to Alexander and walking with him out of the living room.

[*****]

In the kitchen Angel, Wesley, Gunn, Fred and Lorn waited nervously. Alexander entered the kitchen carrying a sleeping Willie, he was followed by The Shamenka.

"So how is he?" Gunn asked before anyone else could think of what to say.

"He's fine. He just has Spike's memories, he's not possessed. Since he's able to talk, he'll probably remember other things that Spike knew and it'll be easier to raise him." Alexander said cheerily. The Shamenka stood aside and got an 'I wouldn't bet on it' look on her face.

Angel noticed the look and shuddered. [Adult Spike was a challenge to control, baby Spike... did I remember to pay the insurance premium on the hotel?] Angel thought to himself as the group prepared to leave.

"Liam, a moment of your time." The Shamenka said in her motherly 'do it now' tone.

"Of course." he said to The Shamenka before turning and saying, "I'll be out in a minute." to the group going out the kitchen door.

"I am aware of some of your history with Spike, you need to know that this child is not Spike, he just holds his memories. He will say and do things that will try to... 'push your buttons'." She said in a tone that made it apparent she didn't like using such a contemporary phrase.

"So I should ignore him when he does?" Angel asked, seriously.

"Hells below us! no. Never ignore his misbehaving, punish incorrect behavior and reward correct behavior. Just don't react to him as Spike... perhaps you could look at this as your chance to get it right?" she finished, tidying up the coffee cups in the kitchen.

Angel, realizing that he had been dismissed, made his way out of the kitchen and out to the car, deep in thought.

[*****]

Wesley had arrived on his motorcycle, so he went home from The Shamenka's house. Angel dropped Gunn and Fred off at their apartment building. As he was making the turn to Lorn's, Alexander spoke, "Lorn, The Shamenka suggested that it might be a good idea for Willie to be around some demons, because I'm human... looking... and she thought he needed to be comfortable around non-human people."

Lorn looked at him with caution and said, "No insult meant to you or your kid, baby cakes, but I don't do well around children. I mean, I'm just not emotionally equipped to deal with them."

Angel looked at Lorn and remembered things that only he knew. Angel's undead heart broke as he thought of Connor and remembered how Lorn had taken care of him as a baby.

"Lorn, would you please try, for the baby's sake. We won't leave you alone with him or anything. He just needs to get to know you." Angel said with uncharacteristic pleading. He would never tell anyone his motives, but he couldn't deny Lorn this experience; it had made Lorn so happy before. Lorn had such a wealth of paternal instinct that it would be a crime to waste it.

Lorn looked with surprise at Angel's request. He didn't know that old dark and dangerous had it in him to care about a child. "Fine, I'll stop by now and then, but remember that you promised that I don't get left alone with him." Lorn said as they pulled up in front of his building.

"Thank you Lorn, I really appreciate your help." Alexander said genuinely.

[*****]

Angel and Alexander arrived back at the hotel as Willie was waking up.

"Bloody 'ell, where'm I?" Willie asked from his Poppa's arms.

"We're back at the hotel. We went for a drive and you fell asleep." Alexander said soothingly.

"Bloody starving, give us a mug, would'ja pop?" Willie asked with a very Spike-like smile.

Alexander and Angel stared at each other in astonishment. Willie had only been able to say a few words before he went to sleep. Now he sounded like Spike... same accent, same inflection, same vocabulary...

"Sure... Angel, would you mind heating some blood while I bring in Willie's things?" Alexander asked in a daze.

"Yeah." Angel answered in his own daze.

"Why'm I feelin all soggy down below?" Willie asked as Alexander juggled Willie with one arm and the diaper bag with the other.

"If your skin dries out you'll get sick. So we've been putting wet diapers on you." Alexander said as he struggled to get child and diaper bag into the hotel.

"I can bloody well walk if ya let me down, pop." Willie said in a voice that was too Spike.

Alexander let Willie down and said, "You couldn't have told me that out at the car?"

Willie just responded with a mischievous grin and ran to the kitchen.

Alexander dropped the diaper bag and went to follow Willie.

"I'm too short ta git into the fuckin chair." Willie screamed in frustration, trying to get up to the table.

"Willie! Watch your language." Alexander said as he walked into the room. Angel was just watching silently as the blood heated.

"Or you'll do what?" Willie said defiantly.

Alexander thought for a moment then got an evil smile. "Barney, Teletubbies, Blue's Clues..."

"Bloody 'ell! Alright. I'll keep me a civil tongue, just don't do that ta me. That... that's like abuse." Willie huffed indignantly.

Angel placed the mug of blood on the table and looked questioningly at Alexander.

Alexander lifted Willie to stand in the chair and asked, "Do you think you can handle a mug, or do I need to put it in a bag for you?"

"Let me try the mug, pop." Willie mumbled as he picked it up with both hands and carefully tipped the mug to his lips.

He quickly put the mug back down on the table, spilling a little and with a glare at Angel said, "You got it too hot, ya bloody wanker."

Angel was far beyond speech at this point. He just stood and stared at the miniature Spike. Alexander however was very much able to talk. "Willie, you apologize this minute. Angel was kind enough to heat the blood for you and this is his house. You will not disrespect him."

Willie considered for a moment and shyly said, "Sorry."

Alexander looked at Angel, signaling him not to talk then asked, "What are you sorry for Willie?"

"I'm sorry I called you a wanker, thank you for heating the blood for me. That was nice." Willie said, near tears.

Alexander nodded, then Angel said, "It's okay Willie, I'm not angry. If you'll be nice to me, I'll be nice to you. Okay?"

"Okay." Willie mumbled.

"You're blood should be cool enough to drink now, give it a try." Angel said quietly.

Willie carefully lifted the mug and took a drink while Alexander went to get a towel to clean up the spilled blood.

"Do ya 'ave sumthin I could put in this? It's awfully... liquid." Willie said with a crinkled nose.

"I know just the thing." Alexander said happily as he went to the cupboard and got out the tin of wheat-a-bix that he had bought... Just in case.

Willie's eyes got big when he saw the tin and he said, "Thanks pop!"

"Definitely Spike's son." Angel said with a smile as he walked to the sink to rinse out his mug.

"Yeah, he is." Alexander said happily.

[*****]

In the darkness outside the Hyperion Hotel a figure lurked. She had been keeping watch and had seen Alexander carrying the child, and heard the child's words.

She mumbled to herself, "Don't worry baby, GranMum's here for you."

[Chapter 2]

Silent as a cat, Drucilla made her way into the hotel. She moved swiftly from doorway to shadow, concealing herself in the event that someone entered the room.

She finally made it to the stairway and ran up the stairs as quickly as she could. She could hear her dark kitten in the room with the child.

She waited.

[*****]

Alexander hadn't expected Willie to need to be entertained for at least a year, so he hadn't bought any toys for him. Now he found himself with a two to three year old child who had the memories of a master vampire.

"C'mon pop, let's us watch a bit of the telly." Willie said in his father's accent.

Alexander disagreed with letting Willie watch television just because there was nothing else to do so he said, "We can watch the TV later when something is on worth watching. Right now, let's look around and see if we can find something else to do." He hoped that Willie wouldn't throw a fit.

Willie just gave a shrug and started looking through dresser drawers while Alexander began looking through the pockets of his luggage.

After a few minutes of searching, Willie found a pencil and some paper. He said, "Hey pop, how's bout I draw you something?"

Alexander stopped his searching and said, "I think I would really like that Willie."

Willie laid down on the bed and began to draw.

Alexander watched him for a few minutes and finally said, "I'll be back in a second." And went into the bathroom.

[*****]

She heard her dark kitten say that he would be right back and the bathroom door close.

Drucilla tried the room's door and found it unlocked. She went in quietly and grabbed the child from the bed where he was drawing.

She ran from the room at full speed and down the stairs, carrying the child close to her chest.

"Dru?" the child said, confused.

"Shush, you're granMummy's here to take you home." she said as she ran for the door.

Willie was confused. Drucilla had taken him from his room and was carrying him away. He began to get frightened as he realized that she meant to take him from his Poppa and his Daddy and the Great Pouf.

He started to struggle as they exited the hotel into the street.

As she started running down the sidewalk she said, "Don't worry baby, I'm going to take you home, you and Miss Edith can have tea parties and play dress up."

Willie stopped struggling and began to cry.

[*****]

Alexander came out of the bathroom and noticed that the door was standing open. Thinking that Willie had wandered off, he was about to go looking for him when he caught an old, almost forgotten scent.

[Drucilla!] He thought as he ran to Angel's room. He knocked furiously on Angel's door as he screamed, "Drucilla's here and she's taken Willie!"

Before Angel could answer the door Alexander was already on the stairs. He ran to the lobby and took a deep inhale to track her. As he headed for the door, Angel ran down the stairs and joined him.

They ran out into the street and once again Alexander scented for his prey. A moment later they were running down the sidewalk after Drucilla and Willie.

[*****]

Willie thought to himself, [Dru means ta dress me up and treat me like one of her bloody dolls. I've gotta stop her.]

He shifted his weight in Dru's arms and moved into position. He had never changed into his demon form on purpose before, so he had to push himself to be able to do it. He tried and tried. Sweating and tired he gave a desperate blast of effort. He could feel it starting, he pushed some more and he could feel his horns extending, he could feel his gills and dorsal fin come into being, his fingers and toes became webbed and finally what he was waiting for... his fangs began to drop.

Carefully he moved to Drucilla's neck and bit in. He drew her blood with full force, as if he'd never eaten before. She felt the penetration of her neck and started to try and pull him off. In response he locked his arms and legs around her body and drew the blood with even more force.

[*****]

Alexander and Angel came upon an eerie sight. Willie was sitting on the ground with Drucilla's head cradled in his lap, running his fingers through her hair. Angel walked forward with a stake in his hand, his arm drawn back into position when Alexander threw himself between Angel and Dru, protecting her.

"What are you doing? She tried to take your son away from you." Angel asked, disbelieving.

"Look at Willie, he cares for her. And technically she is kind of his grandmother..." Alexander trailed off as he took his son into his arms.

"She scared me, so I drained her, but I didn't take too much. Just wanted to stop her." Willie said sounding afraid, while being hugged by his father.

"Don't worry Willie, you didn't do anything wrong. She tried to take you from me and you stopped her. You did just right." Alexander said reassuringly.

Willie responded by giving his Poppa a big hug right back.

"What do you want to do about Dru?" Angel asked, smiling at the father and son.

"I don't know, I guess we take her back to the hotel. As long as we keep Willie safe from her... We really should take care of her." Alexander said, with little enthusiasm.

"Thanks Poppa, Dru is crazy as a bloody loon, but she is family." Willie said, tightening his hug again.

"That's right son," Alexander said soothingly and turned to look at Angel. "Family is important."

[*****]

Angel carried Drucilla back to the hotel as Alexander walked with Willie, holding his hand.

"Poppa?" Willie asked quietly.

"Yes son?" Alexander responded.

"Am I Spike?" Willie asked in a tiny voice.

Alexander stopped walking and picked Willie up to hold him.

"No, you are William Jesse Harris, my son. You have some of your other father's memories, and his name was Spike." Alexander said seriously and continued after Angel.

"So that's why I remember Dru an the Great Pouf?" he asked shyly.

Alexander couldn't help but smile as he tried to catch up. "Yes, that's why. When he died, your father gave you his memories, so you could know him. But you are yourself and his memories are just one part of you." Alexander said as they went into the hotel.

"So what part of me isn't Spike?" Willie asked seriously.

Alexander had to think of a good answer for a moment, but glancing at Willie's face, he knew the answer. "Your nose. That is definitely not Spike's nose, you got your nose from me." he said with a smile.

Willie giggled as his Poppa kissed him on the end of his nose.

"But what have I got that's mine?" Willie asked, on the verge of tears. Alexander couldn't think of an answer so he headed quietly for the stairs.

Angel had carried Drucilla up to a room, so Alexander took Willie to their room and closed the door... and locked it.

Willie's picture was on the bed, Alexander carried Willie over to the bed and let him down. He picked up the picture and was surprised at how good it was. It wasn't finished, but there was enough likeness to tell that Willie had been drawing him.

"This is really good Willie. I don't think Spike could draw like this, and I know that I can't. So this is something that's not Spike, and not me. This is all you." Alexander said proudly.

"But I'm not finished with that." Willie said dubiously.

"I know, but I can tell that you were drawing me. Usually when a child draws someone, you can't tell what it is. You're very talented." Alexander said with a smile and pulled Willie in for a hug.

"I love you Poppa." Willie said, starting to sound sleepy.

"I love you too, son." Alexander said as he cleared off the bed in preparation for sleep.

[*****]

"Oh, you have GOT to be kidding me. I'm not going to live under the same roof with that psycho!" Cordelia screamed as she stomped away from Drucilla's room.

"She's family, and she's hurt. I'm just going to get her well enough to leave and let her go. It won't be that long." Angel said hopefully.

"Angel, I don't know what went on the past four years, but I hope I didn't get stupid. A stupid person would stay in a house with a psycho vampire. I'm not stupid, I'm leaving." Cordelia said shortly as she went to pack.

"Come on Cordelia, you can stay with Xander and the baby. They aren't leaving." He said, still trying to coax her.

"Xander never did have sense enough to stay away from trouble. Anyway, what part of 'no' don't you understand? I'm leaving. I'll check in with you and when psycho is gone, I'll come back. If I get any of those vision thingies you were telling me about, I'll call you." Cordelia said as she zipped up her suitcase.

Angel followed as she began to pack up her bathroom supplies. "What if I fixed your door so there's no way she could possibly get in. Like a big wooden bar across it?" he asked with hope.

"That sounds like a great idea... you can install that while I'm at the hotel waiting for the psycho to leave." She said, clasping her make-up bag.

She thrust her suitcase at Angel for him to carry as she walked by.

Quickly she made her way down the stairs and stopped at the check-in desk to call for a cab.

Angel just sat her suitcase beside her and left her to make her call.

[*****]

Alexander heard a knock on the door of his room. He went to answer it, and caught the scent of Angel on the other side.

He unlocked the door and said in a whisper, "Come in." As he opened the door.

"How is he doing?" Angel asked with concern.

"He's fine so far, he asked about Spike." Alexander said and gestured for Angel to take a seat.

"What did you tell him?" Angel asked quietly.

"The truth. I don't know how much he is capable of understanding, but I'll do my best to make sure he understands as much as he can." Alexander said, watching Willie sleep.

"He's so like Spike, and so different." Angel said in wonder.

"He's definitely his father's son. But that's one of the things I love about him. I think he's the best of Spike." Alexander said with a smile.

"I suppose he is. Are you okay with Drucilla being here?" Angel asked carefully.

"Well, I'd rather she wasn't, but she is family and I want Willie to get to know her as Grandma Dru,

rather than remember her as Spike would." Alexander said with a shudder.

"I see your point, make some new memories to dispel the old ones." Angel said, glancing at Willie.

"He's growing so fast, I just want to make sure that he has some kind of childhood to remember. Do you think it will be safe to take him around Dru tomorrow?" Alexander asked with concern.

"Yes, she should be fine, I'm going to spend the night in her room until she wakes up so I can bring her some blood. By tomorrow she should be back to herself." Angel said absently, still watching Willie.

"While you're watching over her, I'm going to watch over Willie. I don't know if her taking him will cause him any nightmares, but I want to be here with him just in case. Plus I'm not leaving his side while she's in the hotel." Alexander finished with steel in his voice.

"I don't blame you. I wouldn't either in your position." Angel said with a smile.

Silence fell between them as they both sat and watched Willie sleeping.

[*****]

With eyes closed and breathing even, Willie listened to his Poppa and the Great Pouf talking. He was happy to the depths of his soul to know that his Poppa was going to take him to Dru, so he could spend time with his grandma, and that his Poppa would watch over him while he slept.

[I got me the best Poppa there is.] He thought as he drifted off to sleep.

[Chapter 3]

As morning approached, a slight moaning could be heard coming from Drucilla. Angel adjusted his posture as she opened her eyes.

"Daddy? My head hurts and I'm hungry." Drucilla said weakly.

Angel poured some warmed blood from a thermos into a mug and handed it to Drucilla.

"I know, drink this and you'll feel better. I think you hit your head on the sidewalk last night." Angel said with tenderness, recognizing that she was his childe and therefore his responsibility.

Drucilla drank deeply and finished the mug quickly. Angel took the mug from her and filled it again.

"Why did you come here Drucilla?" Angel asked quietly.

"Spikey is gone so I'm going to take the baby home to be Miss Edith's brother." She said, then took another drink.

"How did you know that Spike was gone, or that he had a son?" Angel asked with genuine curiosity.

"The stars sang to me and told me a story. The dark kitten is becoming a panther, Spikey joined with the burning light, they had a little pudgy-boy baby, and the green key opened the backwards door." Drucilla mumbled before draining her mug.

"The stars need to learn to keep their mouths shut... what was that about the key?" Angel asked,

registering what Drucilla had said.

"The green key opened the backwards door, it falls inside out and makes things that are, what might be or what could be, but never was." Drucilla said, holding out her mug for a refill.

Angel shook his head at that, he decided to ask Wesley to have a crack at that one because just hearing it once made his head hurt. Angel emptied the remaining blood from the thermos.

"Try to rest, I'll bring you some more blood in a little while." Angel said as he tucked the blanket around Drucilla.

Drucilla gave Angel a look of gratitude and fell asleep.

[*****]

Willie woke up and nudged his Poppa, who was sleeping beside him. "Poppa, I don't feel so good." he said in a tiny voice.

Alexander was immediately awake. "What are you feeling?" He asked with concern.

"I dunno, kinda like a tube of toothpaste with the last bit just squeezed out." Willie said tiredly.

"Wrung out?" Alexander asked, having an idea of the problem.

"Yeah, why do I feel like this Poppa?" Willie said with worry.

"Because you're my son, I suppose. Tell me, what did you wear to bed last night?" Alexander asked Willie, wanting him to understand it for himself.

"Your T-shirt, looks like a bloody dress on me, Dru would love it." Willie said with a Spike type smirk.

"And what did you wear to bed night before last?" Alexander asked carefully.

"Just a nappy. A wet nappy. I feel like this cause I dried out?" Willie said excitedly.

"Yep." Alexander said, giving Willie a hug.

"You couldn'ta just said so?" Willie asked a little indignantly.

"I could have, but it's better for you to figure things like this out. I knew about this because the same thing happens to me. In fact, I'm feeling wrung out too. But if something happens that's different from me, I want you to be able to figure it out for yourself." Alexander said in lecture style.

Willie considered his Poppa for a moment and decided that it made sense. But he still would rather have the answers given to him.

"Let's go take a bath. You're big enough now that I don't have to be so worried about you being in the bathtub." Alexander said proudly. "So no more showers unless we're in a hurry."

Willie gave a big smile and got out of the bed.

Alexander preceded Willie into the bathroom and started a tub of water, adjusting it to the perfect temperature.

"We're really lucky to be living here, this is the biggest bathtub of anyplace that I've ever lived."

Alexander said happily as he undressed.

He reached down and helped Willie out of the T-shirt that he was tangled in and began to lift him into the tub.

"Can do it myself." Willie said in a huff.

"You're too small to get in and out of the bathtub alone. This is a very big tub and you could get hurt." Alexander said in his fatherly tone.

"I wanna do it myself." Willie insisted.

"Change into your demon form and you can try to get in by yourself." Alexander relented.

Willie looked at his Poppa with a questioning look.

"I'm worried that you'll fall into the water and drown. In demon form you have gills, so that wouldn't be a worry. You still might bump your head or something, but at least I don't have to worry about you drowning." Alexander finished.

Willie scrunched up his face and did like he did the night before. It was easier this time. He gave the push to start his demon change. The horns, gills, fin, webbing and fangs came into place.

Then, very carefully he went to the side of the tub and hoisted himself up on the edge. He began to waver on the edge of the tub, But with a look of encouragement from his father, he took the plunge, literally.

"Scoot over, I'm coming in." Alexander said as he eased himself down into the water.

Willie dunked himself under the water. He stayed under for two full minutes before Alexander pulled him up. "Are you okay?"

When Willie tried to talk a rush of water came out of his mouth and he looked surprised. "I think you need to get your gills out of the water before you try talking." Alexander said with a little concern.

Willie got up on his knees and raised himself up until his gills were out of the water. "That felt funny. When I was under the water, I didn't need to breathe, it was like Spike didn't need to breathe." Willie said happily.

"Not exactly. Spike's body was dead, so he didn't need to breathe at all. You are alive and need to breathe, Just under water, you can breathe through your gills instead of with your lungs." Alexander said, hoping he was explaining it well.

Willie nodded in acceptance then dropped back under the water. Alexander just relaxed in the feeling of being wet, saturated with moisture, truly comfortable.

After a few minutes Willie came up out of the water and stood on his knees. His gills drained so he could talk. "Poppa, where did I come from? I mean, I know bout sex an stuff from Spike but..." Willie finished with a confused tone, obviously unable to form the rest of the question.

"I'm not sure about everything, but I'll tell you what I know." Alexander said, waiting to see that Willie was listening.

Willie nodded and waited for the story.

"Your father and I were together, do you remember that?" Alexander asked with a blush.

Willie crinkled his nose and nodded.

"Well, this is the part that I'm not sure about. We did a lot of things, and something that we did caused me to become pregnant with you." Alexander paused, in case Willie had any questions.

Willie just nodded again.

"You grew in my belly, right here." Alexander indicated the spot where the egg had grown.

Willie looked at his Poppa's belly with wide eyes as Alexander continued.

"You see this little mark here? This is where you came out." Alexander said as he showed the mark that looked like an inch long scar. He pulled the bottom of the scar to reveal that it was a tiny, tight flap.

"I came outta that?" Willie asked, disbelieving.

"Yes, you were smaller then." Alexander said with a smile.

"When you came out, you were in an egg." Alexander said, watching for Willie's reaction.

"Like a bloody chicken!?" Willie asked with outrage.

"More like a crocodile. Chickens aren't any good in the water. And your shell was... flexible." Alexander said seriously.

Willie seemed much happier with that answer.

"Then nearly two weeks later, the egg hatched, and here you are." Alexander said happily.

"I know you didn't plan to have me, I remember when you were with Spike. Did you want me?... Do you want me?" Willie asked bravely.

"I wanted you so much that I came here to Angel, where I could take care of you the best." Alexander said with emphasis.

"You really gave Peaches a hard time over the years, didn't you?" Willie said, a little too much like Spike.

"Yes, I did, but because I wanted you to have a good home where you could know other demons and still be with me, I came here and worked things out with Angel." Alexander said calmly.

"Bet that was a bloody sight to see, you and Peaches trying to bury the hatchet." Willie said with a smirk.

"Not as bad as you might think. It only took a few days. And Angel accepts you as part of his family. He's like your Great-Grandpa." Alexander said with a smile.

"I can't wait to call Peaches Great-Grandpa. It'll put him inna bloody mood, I'll wager." Willie said with a laugh.

"No, you will NOT call Angel Great-Grandpa." Alexander said with a serious voice. Then he whispered, "Unless I'm around to hear it."

They both laughed and lounged in the water for a while longer before having to start their day.

[*****]

Alexander came down the stairs slowly, holding Willie's hand as he navigated the too-big stairs. As they were making their way down, they could overhear Angel talking on the phone.

"Wesley, I know it's early but this could be important..." Angel said into the phone.

"But Drucilla was talking about a key and a backwards door, stuff like that is always serious..." Angel said with exasperation.

"I know, but sometimes it is..." Angel tried to interject.

"Okay, I'll see you then. But if the world ends first, don't come running to me." Angel said angrily into the phone before hanging up.

[*****]

Alexander was cooking himself some scrambled eggs while heating some blood for Willie.

"The Shamenka said that you should start eating solid food soon. Do you want to try some eggs?" Alexander asked hopefully.

"I'll give it a try, but can I have mine with blood?" Willie asked seriously.

"Of course. How about one scrambled egg, covered in blood, then a mug of blood on the side... with Wheat-a-bix?"

"Ya know me too good, Pop." Willie said with a smirk.

Alexander carefully fixed a small plate for Willie and a large plate for himself. As he was sitting them on the table, Angel walked into the room.

"Good Morning Xander, Willie." Angel said absently and was surprised when Alexander handed him a warmed mug of blood.

Alexander started preparing another mug for Willie and said, "Good morning Angel."

Waiting for Angel to take a drink, Willie finally said, "Good morning Great-Grandpa." With an innocent look on his face.

Angel choked a little on his blood and Willie got a sour look on his face.

"Bugger! I was tryin to get him ta shoot it out his nose." Willie said indignantly.

"William Jesse Harris." Alexander said in a scolding tone, "If you're going to try to choke you're Great-Grandpa Angel, don't admit to it in front of him."

Angel looked from Willie to Alexander and back. Willie was the first to start laughing, soon Alexander was laughing and finally Angel joined them.

Alexander took Willie's warmed mug and the tin of Wheat-a-bix to the table and sat down. Moments later Angel joined them and watched them eat as he sipped his mug.

After a few minutes Alexander asked, "So how is Drucilla this morning?"

"She's fine, just resting." Angel said.

"When can I visit? I want to have a chat with her." Willie said seriously.

"We can go up right now, just give me a minute to warm a little blood for her." Angel said.

Willie and Alexander finished their meals as Angel heated the blood and put it into a thermos.

[*****]

The two men and the boy walked into the room where Drucilla was sleeping. She opened her eyes as Willie approached her.

"You're such a beautiful little boy." Drucilla crooned.

"Can it Dru." Willie said shortly.

Drucilla was startled by the attitude of the four or five year old child.

"Let's get something straight, my Dark Princess. I've got me a Poppa now an I mean ta stay with him. If you want ta visit with me, I'll be right here, but you try ta take me again an I'll dust you." Willie said in his best Spike imitation.

"Spikey?" Drucilla asked in a quavering voice.

"No, Spike was my father. And you'd bloody well better believe that I'm his son." He ended with a growl and shifted into demon form.

Neither Alexander nor Angel could find it in their hearts to tell Willie that he wasn't even a little intimidating, he was just cute when he tried to act like his father.

Drucilla however seemed to take the threat seriously. Wide-eyed, she nodded in acceptance of Willie's words.

"Right luv, how's bout you tell us what's been going on with you, then?" Willie said, shifting back into human form.

The morning progressed as Drucilla told stories of her time in South America with a Chaos Demon, from her own fantastical point of view.

[*****]

After a somewhat long and emotionally challenging visit with Drucilla, Willie and Alexander made their way back to their room.

"Willie, would you like to go out to a restaurant for lunch today? I mean, do you think you could eat a little human food, and we could walk around and see some of the town." Alexander asked casually.

"Really? You wanna go out... with me?" Willie asked incredulously.

"Of course. The only reason we haven't gone out before is because you weren't old enough to control your demon change. Now that you can do it at will, we can go out whenever we want... In fact, I was thinking about taking a little trip up the coast." Alexander finished a little unsurely.

"What's up the coast?" Willie asked suspiciously.

"Can't pull anything over on you. My parents, your other grandparents are staying with my Great-Aunt Lily at her beach house.

"But aren't your parents a coupla wankers?" Willie asked seriously.

"Yes, and Drucilla is insane. They are what they are, we just have to accept them that way." Alexander said, resigned.

"So what's got you so worried, Pop?" Willie asked, concerned.

"I don't know how I'm going to tell them about you... I don't mean that the way it sounds, I mean to tell them about you, I have to tell them about vampires, seamonsters, hellmouths, slayers and so on. By the time we get to your part of the story, we'll probably already be out on the street." Alexander said with worry.

"So don't tell 'em. If they wanted to know about what's going on in your life they shoulda asked back when all that was happening. I remember your parents, Spike thought they were a coupla lazy sots, sitting on their arses all day and stinking of cheap booze." Willie said confidently.

"I just don't want you to ever think that I'm ashamed of who or what you are." Alexander said quietly.

"If I wanted you to tell them the truth, would you?" Willie asked seriously.

"In a heartbeat." Alexander answered without a thought.

"What about the Slayer and the Witch?" Willie asked calmly.

"Already told them, just after you hatched." Alexander said proudly.

"Pops, can we just say born? Hatched sounds kinda weird, I'm still thinking chicken." Willie said with slight pleading in his voice.

"Sure Willie, born it is. Anyway, I already told Buffy, Faith and Willow, by now they've told the rest of the Sunnydale crew." Alexander said with a smile.

"Then no worries, you told your friends about me, so I know you're not ashamed, and you're not telling your folks because they're assholes." Willie said with a smirk.

Alexander raised an eyebrow at Willie. After a moment, Willie looked properly chastized and they moved on.

"So we need a story to tell them. They won't believe you were born less than three weeks ago since you look like your about five and you talk like your about One-hundred-Fifty." Alexander finished with a grin.

"Spike was One-hundred-Twenty, thank you very much, and who were you dating five years ago? Soes that way we can say that I'm your child." Willie asked seriously.

Alexander started to laugh. Willie couldn't understand so he looked back through his father's memories until he found the answer. "Bloody 'ell, not the bloody Cheerleader?" Willie exclaimed.

"Yup. Of course we'll ask her to cover our story, since she does live with us." Alexander laughed.

"Alright, we'd better get there soon, before I look too old to be your son." Willie said with a smile.

Alexander's expression fell when Willie mentioned that and Willie noticed.

"What's a matter Pop?" Willie asked, suddenly concerned.

"I'm so happy to have you as my son, and I don't want someone walking down the street to think your my brother or something." Alexander said a little shakily.

"Don't worry Pop, You, me, Peaches, Dad... hell's, all the people we care about know the truth. What's the difference if some yahoo off the street don't know the truth. He'll prolly just git eat next time he goes out for a pack of smokes at night anyway." Willie said with a smile.

"Was that supposed to cheer me up?" Alexander asked, confused.

Willie nodded. "Did it work?"

Alexander smiled. "Yeah, it did. If Wesley or Angel will let us borrow a car, or better yet, if Wesley will come with, we can go tomorrow."

Alexander got a serious look on his face and asked, "You know that I love you right?"

"O course, Pop." Willie continued to smile.

"Well, did you know that I like you too?" Alexander asked, with a serene smile.

Willie responded with a puzzled look.

"I guess most parents love their kids, it's like natures way of insuring the survival of the species or something." Alexander said, still smiling happily.

"But not every parent *likes* their kid. I thought it was important that you know that I like the person that you are becoming. I'm proud of how you handled Drucilla and how well behaved you've been." Alexander said with genuine adoration.

Willie blushed and said, "Thanks Pop, I like you too. Can we go and look around the town now?"

"Sure, let's go." Alexander said, taking Willie's hand in his and walking toward the door.

[Chapter 4]

Alexander and Willie were on their way home from a pleasant day of shopping and looking around. Since Willie had been growing so quickly, they hadn't bothered to get him more than one change of clothes at a time because it was likely that he would outgrow them in a day or two.

Willie had enjoyed his day, his memories from his father made him realize how lucky he was to be able to go out in the sun. Willie had had half a corn dog for lunch and then they went to the park where Alexander watched as Willie played in a fountain.

Tired and happy they made their way into the hotel. Immediately after they entered Alexander said, "Wesley's here. Let's go see if we can find him."

"How'd ya know that Pop?" Willie asked, a little puzzled.

"I have hyena senses, I was possessed a few years back and when the hyena was removed, her senses and instincts remained... kind of the way Spike left his memories with you." Alexander

said calmly as they made their way up the stairs.

They stopped off at the bedroom to drop off their packages and went in search of Wesley. A few minutes later they found him in Drucilla's room.

Willie barreled in the door and yelled, "Daddy! We had the best day, I got to go out in the sun and play, and I got to eat human food, and I got to play in a fountain, and..."

"It's good to see you too William." Wesley said with a smile, while hugging William close to himself.

"Poppa's got something to ask you, please say yes, please?" Willie said with imploring eyes.

Wesley turned his gaze from Willie to Alexander giving a questioning look.

"I wondered if you had time to go with us up the coast tomorrow. I'd like to introduce Willie to his grandparents... the Harris ones." Alexander said in a hopeful voice.

"As a matter of fact, I do have time and I would be delighted to travel with you and William." Wesley said formally but a glimpse of tenderness could be seen in his eyes.

"Great, I bought Willie some new clothes for the trip. And some swimming trunks for all three of us." Alexander said then realized that he might have been too forward.

"I don't know how you knew that I didn't own any, but be that as it may, thank you Alexander." Wesley said in his British watcher way.

"Sure Wesley, I didn't even think, you're just part of the family, so if I was buying for us, I was buying for you too... I hope I got the right size." Alexander said with a little concern.

"I'm sure they'll be fine." Wesley said with a small smile.

"Hi Great-Grandpa Angel. Hi Grammy Dru." Willie said with a wicked little smile as he took in Angel's flustered reaction.

"Good Afternoon Willie, are you excited about your trip?" Angel asked, getting over the Great-Grandpa comment.

"I'm excited about going on a trip with Poppa, and Daddy, and I'm excited about going to the ocean. We have to visit the wankers he calls parents while we're there." Willie said with a little sneer.

"They're your grandparents, and if we do this right, you'll never have to see them again after this." Alexander said hopefully.

"Why is that?" Wesley asked, puzzled.

"Because Willie's right, they're wankers. Even so, I think it's important that he get to meet them... they're family. But we have to be careful to not tell them where we live. You can say Los Angeles but that's all."

"Why not?" Angel asked.

"Because if they know where I live, they'll probably show up on the doorstep wanting to move in." Alexander said with dread.

Angel gave a shudder. He had seen Xander's parents a few times. Given the choice, he wouldn't want to be in the same city with them, much less the same building.

"Daddy and the Wicked Knight were talking with me." Drucilla said happily.

Everyone turned their attention to Drucilla who was looking strangely at Willie.

"Wicked Knight?" Alexander asked Wesley with a note of teasing in his voice.

"Dark Kitten?" Wesley asked in return, effectively ending the teasing.

Willie crawled up on the bed and sat beside Drucilla. "Wanna hear about my day out in the sunshine?" he asked happily.

"Yes, tell granMummy all about your day." She said with enthusiasm.

Alexander took a seat and listened to the events of the day from Willie's point of view. Wesley and Angel walked out of the room to talk.

[*****]

Wesley stopped into Drucilla's room later to say goodbye and arrange a time to pick them up. Alexander and Willie said their good-byes, then went back to visiting with Drucilla. There was no doubt she was stark raving mad, but she could tell an entertaining story.

Later that evening Willie and Alexander established that brussels sprouts and blood was not a viable combination and that Mac & Cheese goes with just about anything. Willie had only had a little more than two mugs of blood all day.

As they lay down to sleep, Willie whispered, "Poppa?"

"Yes Willie?" Alexander asked sleepily.

"Do you know what Willie means in England?" he asked with a chuckle.

Alexander thought for a moment then blushed. "I'm sorry Wil... what do you want me to call you?"

"I dunno. Willie didn't bother me until tonight when I remembered that it's about the same as being named 'Dick' or 'Pecker'." Willie said shyly.

"Fine, let's look at the possibilities." Alexander said in his fatherly way. "William?" He asked without hinting whether he approved or not.

Willie thought about it for a moment and said, "That's Daddy's name for me, an besides, that's what you call me when you scold me. If you called me that all the time I'd feel like I was always in trouble."

Alexander couldn't argue with that logic and asked, "Billy?"

"I don't know, I don't feel much like a Billy. I mean Billy the demon... It doesn't really sound right." Willie said with a smile.

"Jesse?" Alexander asked, trying not to sound sad.

"Hmmm. Jesse the demon... Jesse the seamonster... " He cleared his throat and mock screamed, "Ahhh! Jesse is coming!"

Alexander was laying back laughing by this time.

"That one is on the list of maybe. I like it, but I don't know." Willie said seriously.

"I've got it... Will." Alexander said excitedly.

"Will... Will the demon... Will the seamonster... Ahhh! Will is coming!" Willie stared at the ceiling, apparently searching for inspiration.

"That goes on the list with Jesse." Willie said with certainty.

"How about we decide this tomorrow. I'll introduce you to everyone as William and let them decide what to call you." Alexander said, very ready to be asleep.

"Poppa?" Willie asked quietly.

"Hmmm?" Alexander responded.

"Who was Jesse? Spike didn't know him, I don't think." Willie said sleepily.

Alexander thought that this might serve two purposes. Let Willie know who Jesse was, and give him a bedtime story to put him to sleep.

"Jesse was my best friend when I was growing up. We went to kindergarten together and became friends." Alexander said in a relaxing tone and turned on his side to watch Willie.

"He and I would build forts and treehouses, we did everything together. We played with little green army men in the dirt and made fantastic battlefields." He glanced at Willie's eyes to see them getting heavy.

"Willow was there too, the three of us were together in school, after school, on the weekends..." He dropped his voice to be softer, Willie's eyes were half closed. "Sometimes I would sleep over at Jesse's house and we would stay up real late watching movies."

"When we were 15 a new girl showed up at school. She was really pretty. There were stories going around that she burnt down her last school." Willie's eyes were little more than slits.

In a near whisper Alexander said, "Her name was Buffy. Spike knew her. She was... is the vampire slayer. She saved Willow from being bitten by a vampire. Jesse wasn't so lucky. Jesse was turned into a vamp about a week later."

Willie was asleep, but Alexander had to finish the story. In a whisper he sadly said, "I put a wooden stake through my best friend's heart and he turned to dust." Then he laid back to try and sleep.

[*****]

They were on the road, T minus three hours and counting. Alexander thought back on the morning. He and Willie had woken up and taken a leisurely bath. After that he had prepared eggs and hashed browns for the both of them. Covered in blood for Willie with a mug and Wheat-a-bix on the side.

They had hurriedly packed up their clothes for the trip and were waiting when Wesley arrived. Exactly on time, as usual.

Now they were cruising along the coast highway, Willie was in the back drawing and the adults were in the front, enjoying the scenery.

"Wesley, I wanted to thank you for taking the time to do this for us." Alexander said with genuine thanks in his voice.

"Alexander, I don't know if you understand what it means to me for you to include me in your family. I am far from my home, and not on good terms with my own family. For you to make me a part of your family means more to me than I can say." Wesley said, on the verge of letting his emotions show themselves.

"There isn't anyone else that I can think of that I would rather have as part of my family. You're my friend and Willie's Daddy and you always will be." Alexander said with a lump in his throat.

"Daddy. I gotta go." Willie said from the back seat.

Wesley said, "We haven't been on the road for half an hour..."

"He's only been on human food for two days. His body is still trying to figure out what to do with it." Alexander interrupted as gently as he could.

Wesley considered Alexander's words and began looking for the next restroom.

[*****]

Four bathroom breaks later they arrived at the beach house. The adults got slowly out of the car and stretched their stiff bodies as Willie jumped out and started running around, exploring the area.

"Ah youth, I would stop him, but his childhood is flying by so fast..." Alexander said with a sad look in his eyes as he watched his son playing.

"He'll be fine. Every moment of his childhood is filled with love and joy. How many people do you know that can say that?" Wesley said with his own sad look.

"Willie, come on, let's meet your grandparents." Alexander said loud enough to be heard over the running child.

The group of three went up to the door of the large, majestic, albeit run-down building. It was the only structure as far as the eye could see in any direction.

Alexander knocked on the door. The knock sounded like it echoed into forever. After a moment, the door slowly began to open.

"Come in, come in." Said a woman's voice from behind the door.

The three went inside the house and saw the delicate pale woman pushing the giant door closed. Alexander made a move to help her, but before he could, she was done.

"Aunt Lily?" Alexander asked in an incredulous voice.

"Yes?" Lily answered.

"I'm Alexander, Henry and Marilyn's son. I heard that they were staying here after Sunnydale was evacuated.." he said excitedly.

"You can't be, the last time I saw you, you were... that big." She said looking at Willie.

With a swell of pride in his voice he said, "I'd like to introduce my son, William Jesse Harris"

"Aren't you just the cutest thing, I could eat you up." Lily said while pinching one of Willie's cheeks.

Willie looked up at Aunt Lily surprised then turned and put his arms up signaling for his Poppa to pick him up.

"Are my parents here?" Alexander asked casually.

"No, they went out to the store... for beer no doubt." She said with obvious disapproval.

"No doubt." Alexander said before noticing Wesley standing beside him.

"Oh, Aunt Lily, this is my friend Wesley." Alexander said quickly. "This is Lily..."

"Call me Aunt Lily, everyone does." Lily interrupted with grace.

Willie pulled himself close to his Poppa's ear and whispered, "I think she's a vampire."

[Chapter 5]

"Yes I am." Lily said with a smile.

"But... but how?" Alexander asked with wide eyes.

Wesley was working his way closer to Alexander and William.

"Actually, I was born this way." Lily said gesturing for the others to follow her.

They entered a large room filled with furniture. Alexander, Willie and Wesley sat close together on a couch while Lily sat herself on an elegant chair.

"It was my understanding that vampires couldn't reproduce because their bodies are dead." Wesley said, relieved that he didn't stammer at all.

"I believe that's true of most vampires, but vampires descended from Dracula are not dead." She said with a pleasant smile.

"Are you speaking of the childer of Dracula or the children?" Wesley asked cautiously.

"The children, of course." Lily said.

Wesley and Alexander exchanged looks as Willie decided what needed to be done next.

"Poppa, can I show Aunt Lily? Can I?" Willie asked in typical five-year-old fashion.

Alexander thought about it for just a second then said, "Go ahead, show your Aunt Lily."

Willie gave a little push and let his demon form come to the fore.

Lily clapped her hands and smiled at her nephew's achievement. Willie made a few growls and snarls, much to Lily's delight as Alexander asked, "Does mom and dad know about this?"

"They know. Your father is such a speciesist bigot that we don't even talk about it in front of him."

Lily said with disgust.

"And here all this time I thought he was just a regular bigot... William, you need to change back to your human form in case your grandparents come home." Alexander said, barely remembering to call his son William.

"Okay Poppa." Willie said sadly and changed back into his human form.

"So why isn't mom a vampire?" Alexander asked curiously.

"No one knows. Every now and again, one of our children comes out fully human. Personally I think that somewhere there is a deity with a sense of humor." Lily said conspiratorially.

Willie was wandering around the room, looking at everything.

"So what is he, I mean he doesn't look like a typical vampire." Lily commented.

"He got seamonster from me, it's a long story. We think that's what made me able to reproduce... lay an egg." He finished timidly.

"He got vampire from his father, Spike. You might know of him as William the Bloody, one of the Scourge of Europe." Alexander said with pride in his child's father.

"Oh yes, I met him once back in the old country, he was traveling with Angelus back then." Lily said in fond remembrance.

"Well we're staying with Angel, that's Angelus' name now that he has a soul. Anyway we're staying at his place since he's like William's great-grandfather." Alexander said, happy to have this connection with his aunt.

"It's nice to know that Angelus is still around. I must stop by to see him." Lily said happily.

"I think he'd like that." Alexander said with a smile, then considered something. "You said that you were descended from Dracula, but I've met Dracula and he looked like he was about twenty-five." Alexander said, confused.

"My father, your great-grandfather is Dracula, and he hasn't gone out hunting in nearly a hundred years. Whoever you met was just a vampire who knew some gypsy magic." Lily said exasperated. "There are a lot of wannabe's and posers trying to trade on the family name."

Alexander turned his head suddenly and Willie came running back into the room screaming, "The wankers are here, the wankers are here."

Instead of scolding his child he just said sadly, "I know."

[*****]

There was a sound of rustling bags in another room and the sound of a beer being opened before the grungey figures of Marilyn and Henry Harris made their way into the living room.

"Oh fuck! You here to mooch off us boy?" Alexander's father said as he flung his bulk into a chair and took a deep drink of his beer.

Alexander's mother came in and paused for a moment when she saw her son, then went to sit on a love seat near her husband.

"Nice to see you to Dad, Mom. I'd like you to meet Wesley, and my son William." Alexander said in a neutral tone.

"Your son? I thought you was a fag." Henry said as he took out a cigarette.

"I'm a grandmother?" Marilyn said, astonished.

"Yeah mom, you are." Alexander said, ignoring his father's words.

"So why'd you bring the little shit here? You're not dumping him on us, are you?" Henry asked as he took a deep drag off his cigarette.

"No, I just came for a visit to let you know that I'm okay and that you have a grandson." Alexander said, resigned. This was pretty much what he had expected.

"I'm going to go start lunch, would you care to help me?" Lily asked Alexander.

"Sure Aunt Lily."

As Alexander got up to follow Lily, Wesley and Willie automatically got up to leave.

"Come and let me see you." Marilyn said to Willie.

Willie cautiously made his way toward his grandma. Wesley and Alexander shared a glance and it was silently decided that Wesley would stay to watch over Willie.

[*****]

"I'm sorry you had to go through that. I know you just wanted your parents to know their grandchild." Lily said sadly.

"Actually, I wanted Willie to know his grandparents. They're reacting just about the way that I expected." Alexander said sadly.

"I didn't realize that things were this bad, if I had only known I would have found a way to get you out of there." Lily said, nearly in tears.

"Don't worry Aunt Lily. I'm in a place now where I have friends who like and respect me, I have a wonderful son that is the greatest thing in my life. And if I have my way, this will be the last time I ever lay eyes on those two." Alexander said serenely.

"Alexander, don't give up on your family... okay, you can give up on those two, but the rest of your family will love and accept you just as you are." Lily said seriously.

"Thank you Aunt Lily, you know I haven't seen any of the family since I was about four years old. I don't think I can be part of your family. I don't know any of them. My family is with Angel, Wesley and William. But I would be happy if you could be part of my family." Alexander asked hopefully.

"When you least expect it, I'll be showing up for a visit. Like I said, I have some catching up to do with Angelus." Lily said happily.

[*****]

Marilyn Harris held her grandson close and looked at him. There was no denying that this was her grandson, he had the Harris nose. "So tell me about your mother." Marilyn said softly.

Willie pulled back and said, "Name's Cordelia. Used to be a cheerleader. Now she's a receptrnist." Willie said quickly.

Marilyn gave a little chuckle and said, "Is your momma beautiful?"

"Yeah, a naughty bit of fluff, my mum." Willie said, trying to work his way off his Grandmother's lap.

"Daddy, can we go with Poppa?" Willie asked with pleading in his voice.

"Why does the little shit call you daddy?" Henry asked gruffly.

"I was there when he was born and have watched after him since. When he began to speak, he called me his dad, and so I have been ever since." Wesley said shortly, wanting to be away from these repulsive people.

"So that's where he gets that limy accent." Henry said loudly.

"Excuse me, we're going to find Alexander." Wesley said, hurriedly leaving the room hand in hand with Willie.

"Bring me back a beer!" Henry called from his chair.

[*****]

"Alexander, I must say I have a whole new respect for my father after meeting yours." Wesley said in an uncharacteristic show of emotion.

"Yeah, dad's something else. What say we get the hell out of here?" Alexander asked.

"Aren't you going to stay for lunch?" Lily asked plaintively.

"For you I will, Aunt Lily, but we will be leaving as soon as lunch is over. It's a long drive back to L.A." Alexander said calmly.

"Not as long as lunch is going to be with those two." Wesley said, then realized that he had said it out loud.

Willie put his hands up for his Poppa to pick him up.

"How you doing?" Alexander asked with concern.

"Grandma's breath is like tha ashtray in a west-end pub." Willie said with his nose crinkled.

"I'll have to take your word for it. Are you going to be able to eat lunch?" Alexander asked concerned.

"Is he having trouble eating?" Lily asked with her own concern.

"We're trying to wean him off blood, this will be his second day eating human food. And I've been giving him blood with his food, to make it easier." Alexander said while running his fingers through Willie's hair.

"Then why don't I just fix him some blood?" Lily asked him as she went to the refrigerator.

"But what will my parents think?" Alexander asked with worry.

"Do you really care what they think?" Lily asked in return.

Alexander looked down into his son's face and said, "Not at all, go ahead."

[*****]

Lunch was served in the dining room to the sound of Henry Harris' bitching about having to leave the television in the middle of 'his show' and because no one thought to bring him a beer.

Lily had been determined to make the meal special, so she put out the good china and crystal.

When everyone was seated, she walked over to Willie's place-setting and filled his crystal glass with blood. Then she went to her place and filled her own.

Henry started to bluster and huff but Lily shut him down quickly by saying, "Henry, you are a guest in my house. If you have some objection as to how I entertain, you may keep it to yourself or leave." Then she turned her attention to the entire table. "I propose a toast to the newest member of the family, William Jesse Harris." Lily said and extended her glass.

Wesley and Alexander touched glasses with Lily, then Alexander lifted Willie so he could touch Lily's glass too.

Henry just sat sourly watching as Marilyn kept silently glancing at Henry to see his reactions.

"Can I Poppa?" Willie asked quietly.

Alexander just smiled and nodded his head.

Willie let his demon form come into being and began to drink his blood hungrily. Henry watched in disgust as Marilyn watched with tearful eyes.

The meal continued in near silence. Wesley's prediction about the seeming length of the meal had been spot on. The drive there had seemed like nothing compared to the stony silence and the air of tension.

"Thank you for the lovely meal Aunt Lily. We really have to go. I just came to introduce William to the family." Alexander said quickly after the last of the food was gone.

"Yes, it was a pleasure to meet you, and I do hope that I get to see you if you come to Los Angeles to visit." Wesley said with genuine admiration.

"Thank you for coming, I hope to be able to visit you soon. I just came here to open the house for Henry and Marilyn and see

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 2 by MultiMapper

An explosion of knocking on the bedroom door startled both Wes and Alex awake. Bleary eyed and half-conscious Alex said, "Come in."

"Mornin Pop, Mornin Dad." Wil said with disgusting cheer for so early in the morning.

"What's got you so happy?" Alexander asked his son.

"I grewed some more." Wil said happily.

"You did? How can you tell?" Alexander asked, while trying to get his eyes to focus.

"My pants are too short and won't close." Wil said happily as he modeled the obviously too-small item.

"Go put on your sweatpants. We need a minute to wake up. Okay?" Alex asked quietly.

"Okay, I'll be right back." Wil said with cheer.

"I don't think I was ever that young." Alexander said to Wesley who was falling asleep again.

"Grmmph." Wesley said into his pillow.

"Good idea." Alexander said and laid back down.

[*****]

A few hours later Alexander awoke to find Wil asleep between Wesley and himself. He looked at the sight and smiled. Alexander began to think of the night before. Although Wesley hadn't said so, it appeared that he had never had a lover give him pleasure before. What a tragedy to be ridiculed for a wonderful gift and to have selfish lovers who took what they wanted and left him feeling inadequate. Everything they shared last night was new and wonderful to Wesley. Alexander had never known such a treasure. He just hoped he was worthy of the trust that Wesley had placed in him.

Wesley sensed that Alexander was awake. The things they had done... Wesley knew the mechanics of what was going to happen but had no idea of the pleasure that could be achieved. He felt the slight ache and smiled at the memory of Alexander tenderly preparing him for penetration. He had been nervous, but Alexander made sure at every step to reassure him and to check to see if he was comfortable. When Alexander had finally entered him, the physical sensation was equal to the emotional sensation of fullness, completeness... unity.

He felt a slight sense of loss. That was what he had been missing all these years. The possibility of more than one climax a night just hadn't occurred to him. How had he managed to find lovers who didn't know what they were doing? Alex obviously had experience and had shown him so many things in one night... and promised to show him more. Regardless where the relationship between them went, there was definitely no problem with the physical side of things.

Wil opened his eyes and looked at his Poppa who was awake and watching him, then he turned and looked at his Daddy who was awake and staring out into space. "Who's ready for some breakfast?" Wil asked, causing both men to jump.

"I think I'd like to take my bath first." Alexander said slowly.

"Yes, quite." Wesley answered.

"You gonna bathe with us Daddy?" Wil asked excitedly.

Wesley and Alexander shared a look and Alexander finally said, "Your Daddy is welcomed to join us if he wants, but if he isn't comfortable, we won't force him."

Wesley thought a moment and said with a tender smile, "I would be honored to share in a family bath."

Wil ran to the bathroom leaving a trail of clothes along the way.

Alexander and Wesley got up and followed, a little more slowly.

When Wesley entered the bathroom and carefully removed his clothes, Wil saw his ample endowments and his eyes got large. Alexander noticed, and before Wil could say a word Alexander squatted down to his level and said softly, "Wesley has been teased by people and made to feel ashamed. So please be kind."

Wil looked at the seriousness in his Poppa's eyes then looked at his Daddy turned away from him. Finally Wil said, "That was wrong of them."

"Yes it was." Alexander said and gave Wil a big hug.

The water was run and the family got into the tub and relaxed. Wesley was concerned when Wil went under the water and didn't come back up for a while, but Alexander explained that Wil needed to get thoroughly soaked to get through the day and that was the best way.

[*****]

Eventually the family got dried and dressed and went down to have breakfast. Wesley volunteered to cook pancakes for everyone and Wil even said he would try to eat them without any blood on them at all.

As the pancakes were cooking, a familiar voice said, "Xander?"

"Dawnie?" Alexander said as he whirled around to see Dawn and Giles standing in the doorway with Angel behind them.

Dawn ran across the room and met Alexander as he stood. "Dawn, what are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in Ohio?"

"Giles got a call from Wesley. He said that we were needed here. So here we are... Your eye? What happened to your eye? I mean, it was gone." Dawn asked from Alexander's arms.

"Long story, I'll tell you later, but first... Dawn, G-man, this is my son, Wil." Alexander said with pride in his voice.

"My word!" Giles said in shock. Dawn just stared at Wil and finally said, "He looks like a little Spike."

"M'not little." Wil mumbled.

"Yeah, he does." Alexander said with a smile to Dawn, then turned to Wil and asked, "Do you remember Dawn and the G-man?"

"Lil bit! You're growin up real good." Wil said to Dawn as he ran to give her a hug.

"He talks? And that accent... What is the meaning of this?" Giles asked with worry.

"He has some of Spike's memories. I'm actually glad, otherwise I'd have a seven-year old who doesn't know how to talk or feed himself." Alexander said calmly.

"Xander, no one told me he was... I understood that he was just born four weeks ago." Giles said mystified.

"Yeah, G-man, he's growing up quick. I didn't think the Sunnydale crew needed to know about that yet." Alexander said with a smile.

Giles noticed Wesley standing by the stove, watching the events quietly. "Wesley, how are you?" Giles asked formally.

"Very well, Mr. Giles. And you?" Wesley responded equally formally.

"I'll be better when we decide what to do about this doorway that Drucilla told you about. It has me very concerned." Giles said in watcher mode.

"How so? I mean, I sent you what information I could from my interview with Drucilla, but I couldn't decipher the meanings of what she was saying." Wesley said, achieving his own watcher mode.

"That's quite understandable. I had to consult various resources, including the watchers journals to determine any meaning from what she said." Giles said seriously.

"What are you talking about?" Alexander asked.

"Drucilla said some things that concerned Angel, so he asked me to look into them. They didn't make sense to me, so I sent my notes to Mr. Giles to see if he could make sense of it. Apparently he did." Wesley said, a bit flustered.

"Your pancakes are burning." Wil said as the adults began to notice the burning smell.

Wesley quickly dealt with the burnt food and started another batch, then asked, "Mr. Giles, Miss Summers, would you like to join us for breakfast?"

"Sure!" Dawn answered while still looking at Wil.

"Yes, thank you Wesley." Giles responded properly.

Everyone took their seats as Wesley prepared pancakes enough for everyone. Soon he said, "Alexander, the food is nearly ready, would you like to prepare William's blood?"

Giles and Dawn had questioning looks but Alexander didn't notice. "Angel, I'm heating blood for Wil, would you like a mug?" Alexander asked as he went to the refrigerator.

Angel nodded and Alexander went to work like the blood heating professional that he was.

When all the food was placed on the table, Wesley, Angel, Alexander and Wil began to eat as Dawn and Giles stared at Wil. Alexander couldn't understand what they were looking at until he realized that they hadn't seen his demon form before.

"Isn't he something? Wil, show them your hands." Alexander said, not wanting Wil to feel freakish under their stares.

Wil promptly showed his webbed fingers and even lifted the back of his shirt and showed off his dorsal fin.

"Most extraordinary. I had assumed that he was progeny of Spike... But how?" Giles asked in shock.

"Remember the swimteam thing? It changed me a little more than we knew. I passed it on to Wil. And that's how I grew my eye back too, I think." Alexander said before taking another large bite of pancakes. "Great pancakes Wesley." He mumbled through his mouthful.

"Yes, very good." Giles said absently before taking his second bite. "Why is he so..."

"...big." Dawn finished.

"We think its because of the steam too, it doesn't really matter. It's the way he is and I wouldn't want him to be any other way." Alexander said with certainty.

Sensing Alexander was about to become offended on his son's behalf, Wesley jumped in and asked, "So what are you and Miss Summers doing here?"

"If I understood what you sent me, there is an opened doorway that is ready to flood the earth with demons from another realm if we don't close it. Dawn is a dimensional key. If I understand the process correctly, she should be instrumental in closing the door." Giles said succinctly.

"Any idea where the open doorway is?" Alexander asked while scraping the last of his pancake into a final bite.

"I believe it would have opened in Sunnydale, as it was the greatest dimensional vortex in the area. However, since it has been neutralized, the next closest dimensional instability is the most likely to be opened." Giles said with concern.

"So we're all heading to Cleveland?" Alexander asked with worry in his voice.

"No, a hellmouth isn't required for this type of dimensional crossing, just instability enough to allow emergence into our reality. The nearest instability is outside Santa Fe, New Mexico. If that one wasn't unstable enough to open, the next instability is in Marfa, Texas." Giles said carefully.

"Oh, so we're just going to fly on over there and look around for a door?" Alexander asked, knowing it was never that easy.

"I was thinking of driving. Either Dawn or your son will feel the dimensional forces building gradually and guide us where we need to go. If we were to fly into the area, the sudden concentration of the forces would blind them to the proper direction for hours, possibly days before they became accustomed enough to sense directionality." Giles said in full-on watcher mode.

"Why would Wil be able to feel anything to do with the portal, don't tell me he's a key like Dawn." Alexander asked, disbelieving.

"No, no. It is possible that your son's birth is somehow connected to the dimensional opening. I'm going on what Drucilla said, so I can't be entirely sure about that point. Dawn and I will bring him along with us to give us the best chance of closing the door." Giles said with authority.

"It won't hurt him, will it?" Alexander asked with concern.

"No, he should feel drawn to it, that's all." Giles said comfortingly.

"When do we go?" Wesley asked calmly.

"Only the three of us are needed to take care of this." Giles said, making it clear that Wesley wasn't invited.

"Alexander and I will be coming along to protect the best interests of William." Wesley said with finality.

Giles looked at Alexander to back him up and was surprised when Alexander said, "We trust you G-man, but there is nothing on this earth that will take Wil away from me. If we have to take two

cars, then we will."

"Actually, two cars is a good idea. There is always a chance of mechanical difficulties on a trip such as this. That along with the supplies we will no doubt need to carry would make two cars a necessity." Wesley rambled.

Alexander just nodded.

"So when do we leave?" Alexander asked.

"Do you have any plans right now?" Giles asked flatly.

"I had planned to buy a few things today..." Alexander said looking at Wesley, then continued, "But I suppose it can wait, what with the fate of the world hanging in the balance."

"Alexander, if you'll clear up the kitchen, I'll attend to packing our things for the trip." Wesley said properly.

Giles caught what Wesley had said about 'our things' and decided that it was none of his business.

Dawn and Giles followed Wesley out of the kitchen and waited in the lobby for them to be ready to leave.

[*****]

"Xander, I think you should take Wil up to say goodbye to his grandma Dru, she won't be here when he gets back." Angel said quietly.

"Oh, yeah, we did say that she would be leaving when she got better." Alexander said sadly.

"She can't live with us, she needs to be free. I've seen how she becomes when she's been kept somewhere too long. It has to be this way." Angel said with certainty.

"We'll go up as soon as the dishes are done. Would you mind staying with Giles and Dawn?" Alexander asked.

"No, I don't mind." Angel said and walked into the lobby where Giles and Dawn were standing.

"Grandma Dru is gonna leave?" Wil asked sadly.

"Yes, she has to. Angel is right, she can't be happy in a place like this. She needs to be free to hunt and dance and listen to the stars sing. There are too many people here that might hurt her if she stayed." Alexander said as sadly as Wil.

"You don't want her to go either?"

"I guess I don't, she's our family, she should be with us, but we want what's best for her, right?" Alexander said to Wil.

Wil nodded bravely.

"We're done here, let's go talk to your Grandma Dru." Alexander said with false enthusiasm.

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 3 by MultiMapper

Wil ran into the room and jumped up on Drucilla's bed.

"Poppa says we gotta go and you won't be here when we get back." Wil said as he threw his arms around Drucilla and hugged her.

"GranMummy's little imp doesn't need to worry. We'll be around till that nasty old sun is just a cold lump hanging in space. We'll have plenty of time to visit later." Drucilla said and returned the hug.

Alexander smiled fondly as he watched the scene. Drucilla turned her gaze to him and said with an evil predatory smile, "The dark panther is about to get his claws."

Wil disentangled himself from his grandma and ran to his poppa. "Bye Grammy Dru. Have fun in the night."

Alexander took his son's hand and looked at Dru. "Goodbye Drucilla." he said as he left the room.

[*****]

"Is everybody ready to go?" Alexander asked with false enthusiasm.

"We will need supplies for William. The drive is long and the supply of blood and water may not be as plentiful as we would like." Wesley said as he carried suitcases of clothes through the lobby toward the car.

Alexander nodded and began to walk toward the kitchen, then realized that Dawn and Giles were watching Wesley work without offering to help.

A spark of rage began to ignite within him until Wil tugged on his elbow and quietly asked, "Can I come with you?"

"Sure, you can help me pack demon snacks for the trip." Alexander said with a smile, then glanced back to see Giles and Dawn watching them.

[*****]

Everything had been packed into the cars and as expected, Wil, Alexander and Wesley had taken one car as Dawn and Giles took the other.

"If you don't mind my asking, what is the problem Alexander?" Wesley asked hesitantly.

"The way they treat you." Alexander said in a growl.

"They are treating me the way they always have." Wesley said honestly.

"I know, that makes it worse. I can understand Dawn, she's following along with the way everyone else treated you, but Giles should know better." Alexander said darkly.

"Your seething won't improve his behavior." Wesley said absently.

"I know, but I don't have any other way of dealing with him to relieve this anger, so seething is about all I can do." Alexander said through gritted teeth.

"Poppa, ya know the watcher is a bloody wanker don'tcha?" Wil asked seriously.

"I guess I didn't see it before. I always thought he was right and everyone else was just rebelling

against his formality." Alexander said seriously.

"Nope, tha watcher's a wanker. All tha pomp an rubbish is ta try an hide that he don't give a bloody damn bout nothin but what he decides is important." Wil said knowingly.

"I see that now. Let's just get this done and get rid of him as quick as we can. It just feels wrong being around him now." Alexander said seriously.

"Poppa?" Wil asked quietly.

"Yes?" Alexander replied in a much more tender voice.

"Are you a human or a demon?" Wil asked seriously.

"Both I guess." Alexander said in thought.

"But what are you mostly... if you had to throw your lot in with one side or the other. Would you claim your humanity or demonality?" Wil asked with difficulty.

"I guess I'd have to choose demon. All the good things in my life came to me because of the demon aspects of my nature." Alexander said with a smile at Wil.

"Thought so." Wil said with a smile back at his poppa.

[*****]

After a long day of driving and some determined argument from both Alexander and Wesley, the group got rooms at a motel for the night.

Since Alexander and Wesley were sharing a room with Wil, nothing more intimate than gentle kissing took place, which actually suited both men after the exhausting day that they had had.

The night passed and the morning came to bring another long day of driving and arguments.

Every time they needed to stop for food or because Wil needed to use the bathroom, Giles seemed to take it as an assault against his authority.

Finally, as the sun was setting on their second day of travel Wil said, "That way. I can feel it, like a thread pullin on my belly and makin me feel wobbly."

Wesley saw the direction Wil was pointing and signaled to turn off so he could tell Giles that they were close. As Alexander got out of the car, he motioned for Wil to stay inside.

"What in heavens name is it now? He can't possibly have to go to the bathroom again." Giles said as he plodded to Wesley's car.

"No. Wil just felt the pull of the backwards door, it's that way." Alexander said shortly, with offense on his son's behalf.

"Thank heavens for that. I'd begun to think I'd been dropped into an endless loop of driving and bathroom stops." Giles said theatrically.

"That does it. He's a child, he doesn't have the gallons of bladder capacity or the sphincter of steel that you have. And you aren't the only one who's been inconvenienced by this trip. Our butts are numb, we're sick of the barren wasteland that is New Mexico, and the conversation ran out about an hour outside LA, but have we been bitching and whining? No. Why not you ask?"

Because it needs to be done. We've put up with your barbs and your bitching about the inconvenience of having Wil along, but you can't do it without him to act as your compass so shut the fuck up and let's get this done so we can go our separate ways." Alexander finished in a scream.

"There's no need..." Giles began when Wesley said, "Rupert, neither of us are watchers any longer, therefore I am no longer subordinate to you in any way. I have been willing to tolerate your treatment of me in the past because it was actually too much trouble to set you straight, but now your treatment of me is causing Alexander stress, and that I will not have. Get back in your car, follow us to the door, then we can pray to whatever deity each of us hold sacred that we never have the misfortune of working together again."

Giles stood in stunned amazement as the two men got back into their car.

"Ya did good pop. The bloody wanker can't think enough ta speak." Wil said with a chuckle.

"I'm sorry you heard that Wil. I never want you to feel unwanted or like a burden." Alexander said honestly.

"No worries there Pop. Tween you an Dad I've been loved and wanted more in this life than Spike ever was in his." Wil said honestly.

Alexander smiled as Wesley pulled the car back onto the road.

[*****]

Alexander looked at the map with worry as the pair of cars traveled farther and farther from anything that could remotely be labeled civilization.

"This is really starting to give me the wiggins." Alexander said with a furrow in his brow.

"I must admit to a sense of apprehension building within me." Wesley said with difficulty.

"I'm feelin it stronger. The bloody thing is pullin at me like a sharp claw in my guts." Wil said darkly.

"Do you need for us to stop?" Alexander asked with worry.

"No, don't you even think about it. Let's us get this job done so we can get the effin hell out of here." Wil said in discomfort.

"You got a deal kiddo." Alexander said seriously.

"Do you trust Mr. Giles to behave responsibly?" Wesley asked with a note of worry.

"Not for a minute. I've got the feeling that he'd sacrifice all three of us to close that door. We need to watch him close." Alexander said in thought.

"Poppa, we're close. It's that way." Wil said through gritted teeth.

"Should I stop to tell Mr. Giles?" Wesley asked hesitantly.

"Just turn off, he'll follow or he won't." Alexander said darkly.

[*****]

"Good Lord!" Wesley exclaimed as they came over a rise to reveal the doorway standing three stories tall.

"At least." Alexander said in wonder.

"Hurry Poppa, it hurts." Wil said with a whimper.

"Take us right up to it Wesley. I'll take care of Wil, you watch Giles." Alexander said with authority.

Wesley nodded and continued on with determination.

Alexander looked at Wil and was shocked to see that he had grown some more, now his appearance was that of a nine year old. The sweat pants that he was wearing were stretched tight and the T-shirt was pulled tight against his skin.

"Wil, can you get a shirt out of my suitcase? You're outgrowing that one as we speak." Alexander said with worry.

"Sure Pop." Wil said distractedly and began to dig through the pile of luggage that had been riding beside him for two days.

"I hope Giles is right about Dawn being able to close this thing. Because if he isn't, we're in deep shit." Alexander said as the doorway filled his view.

"This is as near as I can bring us. We must continue on foot from this point." Wesley said with a note of apology.

"You ready Wil?" Alexander asked with worry.

"Let's go. It's tearing me apart." Wil said in pain.

[*****]

"What happened to Wil?" Dawn asked with concern.

"He had a growth spurt. It's just the way he is Dawnie, nothing to worry about." Alexander said, trying to conceal his worry.

"Let's get to it." Giles said and walked past the others at a deliberate pace.

Alexander and Wesley shared a look before Wesley walked faster to catch up with Giles and Alexander moved close to Wil's side.

"How are you doing?" Alexander asked with worry.

Wil was clutching his stomach and looked at his poppa with an expression of 'how could you ask such a stupid question' before he said, "Let's keep movin."

Alexander draped an arm around Wil's shoulder and walked with purpose toward the huge doorway before them.

[*****]

"It stopped." Wil said in wonder and tentatively let loose of his stomach.

Alexander looked in awe at the door before them and began to see something looking back at him.

"Do you see it?" Alexander asked as he walked closer.

"What is the meaning of this?" Giles asked in anger as he looked into the shiny surface of the door.

"What is it G-man?" Alexander asked as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing.

"My father." Giles said in a voice of disbelief.

"No, it's just a haze of green energy." Dawn said as she stared into the door.

"Wesley, what do you see?" Alexander asked carefully.

"Myself." Wesley said in surprise.

Alexander forced himself to step closer and came face to face with a seamonster. It was one of the creatures that the swim coach had created all those years ago in high school.

Alexander became enthralled in the sight, then realized what made this monster seem so familiar, the eyes. The monster's eyes were the same eyes he saw every day when he looked in the mirror.

"Poppa?" Wil asked hesitantly.

Alexander snapped his attention back to Wil and asked, "What do you see?"

"I don't see nothing." Wil said in a small dejected voice.

"Wesley, what is this thing? What's it showing us?" Alexander asked loudly, as if he were trying to yell over a rush of wind even though the air was still.

"I'm going to find out." Wesley said and began to walk toward the door.

"Wes, if you walk through that thing, you might not come back." Alexander said in panic.

"I believe I will. I can't explain it beyond the feeling that this isn't actually a bad thing." Wesley said with determination.

"You're not going alone. If you're going, I'm going with you." Alexander said with determination.

"I can't let you take that risk, you must think of William's best interest." Wesley said firmly.

"I'm going too." Wil said to his fathers.

"Absolutely not." Alexander said firmly.

"If that thing eats you, I don't want to be here alone. And if it takes you somewhere else, I want to be there with you. Dad, Pops, I'm going with you so lets just do it so we can get home." Wil said with finality.

"Either we're all doing it or we're not." Alexander said in explanation to Wesley.

"Very well." Wesley said quietly and put out his hand to take Alexander's.

Wil moved between the two men and put an arm around each mans waist.

"Let's do this thing and get the bloody hell out of here." Wil said and urged his fathers forward into the door.

"You can't!" Giles screamed.

"We have to, the door is waiting for us." Alexander said in return.

"But what if it's a trap? This could be the passage to a hell dimension." Giles said with pleading.

"And what if it's not? Let's find out." Alexander said and walked with his family into the backwards door.

[*****]

"I'm going." Dawn said with force.

"No, you can't. You must close the door." Giles said calmly.

"But they're inside." Dawn said with wide eyes.

"It can't be helped, the door must be closed." Giles said with force as he grabbed Dawns wrist with one hand and brought up a dagger with the other.

Dawn stomped forcefully on Giles foot and lunged for his eyes with her free hand.

Reflexively Giles released Dawn to protect himself.

She ran full force and threw herself into the opened door.

[*****]

Xander stood naked in the twilight. Before him stood the form of his demon self.

"You're braver than I would have expected." The demon form said kindly.

"What is this place?" Xander asked in a daze.

"I think we're each others might have been. We're each others hope, fear, dream, nightmare... whatever. Who knows? The watcher said I was needed here, so I came. I walked up to the door and it pulled me in, then I was looking at you." The demon said with a shrug.

"But you're me." Xander said, looking the demon in the eyes.

"I guess you're what I would have been if I'd been born human." the creature said with a note of longing.

"And you're what I would have been if I'd been born a demon." Xander said with a nod.

"So what do we do now?" Xander asked carefully.

"Dunno. I count two doors, and two of us. That one's yours." the demon said with a shrug.

"But shouldn't we do something? I mean we drove for two days, I feel like there should be more

purpose to it than just bullshitting for a few minutes, then driving two days back." Xander said honestly.

"There is something, but..." The demon trailed off with a defeated look.

"What?" Xander asked with worry.

"Giles, our Giles, talked me into coming here by saying that I could gain a human aspect. He said that if you would share my demon form, then I could appear human... it was stupid for me to dream about that. I mean, I know all the self image things, be happy with who you are and all that. But ever since I was just a tadpole I've dreamed about looking human, to feel normal for just one day." The demon said with a weary smile.

"What do we have to do?" Xander asked quietly.

"What?" His demon self asked in disbelief.

"My son is a demon, his father was a demon, I have no problem with sharing my human form with you. I hope it makes you happy." Xander said with an honest smile.

"You're serious?" the demon asked in disbelief.

"Sure. What do we have to do?" Xander asked again.

"Touch." the Demon said simply.

"Okay. Let's do it before I have an attack of good sense." Xander said with a teasing smile.

The demon chuckled at that and nodded, then thought to ask, "Tell me about your life. You said your son. I don't have a son."

"My son, Wil. He's the best thing in my life. I'm a better person because of him. I love my life. For the first time ever, I've found peace, love, acceptance, respect, dignity, and happiness." Xander said with a dreamy twinkle in his eye.

"Then I don't want to keep you away from them. Thank you. My life is very different from yours, but thanks to you, I may be able to make one of my dreams a reality." the Demon said with a look of need.

"I hope it works out for you, I really do." Xander said with an honest smile.

The demon held out his hand to shake and Xander shook his head, then opened his arms in invitation.

His demon self smiled and moved quickly into the embrace.

[*****]

Dawn saw the green glow of energy pulsing before her.

"Hello?" Dawn asked with fear.

//Is that what I would be?// the glow whispered into her mind.

"Are you what I used to be?" Dawn asked in wonder.

//I am what you truly are.// the mist of energy replied.

"You're so beautiful, so free." Dawn said as she watched the energy gently flowing in wispy patterns.

//And you are so able to affect the world around you.// the mist said dreamily.

"I guess we each admire the other's existence." Dawn said with a smile.

//I guess we do.// the mist said in a friendly tone.

"Do you know what we're supposed to do here?" Dawn asked carefully.

//I overheard one of the solids say that this is a portal between planes of existence. I was summoned to close the door so the two realities couldn't merge... but I wanted to meet my other self before I closed it.// the mist said with a smile in it's tone.

"I guess it's the same for me. Giles wanted me to close the door, but some friends of mine are inside." Dawn said seriously.

//They cannot command us. We are free, ether, mist, vapor...// the mist said with joy.

"But I'm solid." Dawn said sadly.

//Come child, touch me and know what it is to be free again.// the energy cloud said with warmth.

"But will I still be me?" Dawn asked with worry.

//Of course, you'll just be able to choose your true form when you want. You're not losing anything, just gaining another choice.// the energy whispered.

Dawn walked into the mist and was bathed in it's energy.

After a period of time that lost all meaning, Dawn emerged from the mist feeling lighter, happier, more centered than she could ever remember.

"Thank you, I've wondered for a thousand years what it would be like to be a solid." The duplicate of Dawn said happily.

Dawn let go of her solid form and floated free in the air of the between space that they inhabited.

//This is paradise.// Dawn thought with joy.

"Touch, to feel, it's... there aren't words enough for the sensations." the doppelganger said as she dragged her fingertips across her skin.

//I need to return to my world now. Thank you for meeting me, for sharing yourself with me.// Dawn said honestly as she willed her form to become solid again.

"It was a pleasure for me as well, just remember that we are not them, they cannot command us. We are freedom, it is our essence. We cannot exist in captivity." the reflection of Dawn said seriously.

"I'll remember... thank you again." Dawn said and turned to go.

//Be well, live a long and happy life in freedom.// the cloud said as she also returned to her place

of origin.

[*****]

Wesley stood naked before himself.

"Do you have any idea what we're doing here?"

"It seems to be an interdimensional focal point, but I'm not sure of its purpose."

"We speculate that those who enter have the choice to combine with their self from the alternate dimension and trade off aspects, as it were."

"For example?"

"It's supposed to complete us somehow. If you aren't happy with yourself, you can combine with me and we'll become more... contented or stable or something."

"You don't sound too convinced."

"Giles brought me, he's my superior so I followed."

"Well, to tell you honestly, for the first time in my life, I like the person who I am. Those things that I looked upon as faults are points of attraction to Alexander. I have never been happier in my life and don't have any desire to change."

"Good. I'm glad to hear it. I came to see what my alternate self would be like, and if he needed my help, I'd consider giving it. I'm glad to know that you are strong and self confident. If you step through that doorway over there, you'll be home."

"What of you? How is your life?"

"Not everything I hoped it would be, but I'm happy for the most part. I'm surprised to hear you talk about Alexander so fondly. My own Alexander is so painfully shy around me, I can't bring myself to approach him."

"Be available. He'll come around in time."

"Thank you. Have a good life."

"You as well."

[*****]

Wil looked into the darkness with fear and called, "Who's there?"

"It's just me mate. No worries." A voice called as Spike walked to stand before him.

"Father?" Wil asked with excitement.

"No, fraid not mate. I'm just the sorry sod the bloody watcher brought along because the signs said I was needed." Spike said with resignation.

"But if you're not my father, why are you here?" Wil asked in confusion.

"Cause the watcher owns me." Spike said with a tired look in his eyes.

Wil thought about that answer and asked, "Do you know what we're supposed to do now?"

"The watcher said I was ta touch whoever I met. That it'd make me more useful to 'im. I don know what that's all about." Spike said absently.

"Then what?" Wil asked curiously.

"I go through that door and you go through this one. That's the lot." Spike said seriously.

"What happens if you go through my door?" Wil asked carefully.

"Don't know. Tha watcher ain't much for sharing. Better at ordering, that one." Spike said with a dark look.

"Come on father. You're coming home with me." Wil said and held out his hand.

"I can't. The watcher..." Spike began.

"Screw the bloody wanker. You're my father and I want you with me." Wil said with force.

Spike looked surprised by the boy, but followed orders, as he had been trained to do for years.

Wil took Spike's hand and led him through the door back into his own world.

[*****]

Alexander, Wesley, Wil and Spike met in a long hallway that seemed to be walking toward a dim light.

"Spike? What are you doing here?" Alexander asked with surprise.

"Do I know you?" Spike asked curiously, recognizing something familiar about the man.

"This is my poppa and my daddy." Wil said happily.

"I'm Alexander and this is Wesley." Alexander said carefully.

"You ain't like the Alexander from my home, he's a full demon. The same watcher owns him what owns me." Spike said simply.

"It's not like that here Spike. No one owns anyone." Alexander said seriously.

"You tellin me the watcher wannabe here don't have a few demon slaves?" Spike asked incredulously.

"No, I am no longer a watcher, and have never owned slaves of any kind." Wesley said seriously.

"We're here. Let's get back home." Alexander said with relief as he saw Giles looking into the doorway with anger and concern.

Wesley and Alexander looked at each other and held hands as they walked back into their world.

Wil held close to Spike's side and guided him through the doorway.

[The End]

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=95>