

Dark Mirror – Season Two Buffy Fic
by Jenn Moffatt

Part One

The sun was shining which at one time would have seemed like heaven to the tall lanky Brit, but with his current schedule – pronounced shed u all – he couldn't keep his pale blue eyes from watering. Giles took off his glasses, and wiped them with his handkerchief then shoved them back on his nose. He couldn't think of a polite way to use the same cloth to wipe his eyes so just blinked until they cleared. He caught her smiling at him again. Her dark hair highlighted with strands of red and gold, curving along her chin at just the right length. She was crouched down looking into a bucket of small nick-knacks next to the shop's door.

"Rupert?" Jenny Calendar glanced back at him, her dark eyes covered in a pair of dark glasses. "Do you want to look inside?"

Giles thought it made her look like a movie star on holiday, a bit like an exotic version of Audrey Hepburn with her swirling skirt that fluttered around her legs as she walked. He'd been staying behind her a few steps as they travels up the boardwalk of the seaside town near Sunnydale, only walking next to her when there was room on the narrow sidewalk. He didn't mind though. He liked watching her flitter from shop to shop like a hummingbird looking for the best nectar.

"Are you going to buy anything?" he teased. "We've been through half a dozen antique shops already, and you haven't bought a single thing that you've liked."

"That's because I haven't found it yet." Jenny reached up and tugged at his sleeve to pull him into the darkness of the shop. It was like stepping into a solar eclipse such a stark change from the blinding sun outside.

"Sometimes you're as bad as one of the students."

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

"You talk like them too," he couldn't help but smile. She was just so very, very American. And in truth, she wasn't all that many years older than some of the students at Sunnydale High school.

"Maybe I should spend some time having a private English tutor? Someone prim and proper who speaks only the finest of the queen's English?"

"Did you have someone in mind?" he asked as he reached up to twist a lock of her hair around his finger.

"Could be," Jenny stood on her tip toes and gave him a quick kiss just on the corner of his mouth. Giles breathed in her scent, herbs and candle wax mingling with the old paper and wood that filled the antique shop over the hint of the sea.

"Oh!" she darted away from him like a mermaid to a standing mirror. Its frame was of dark cherry wood that had turned nearly black with age. The edges of the mirror's silver were spotted with darkness especially at the corners.

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“Is this it?” He prayed to several gods, past and currently in fashion that it was. He was getting hungry, but they had more than half of the boardwalk to go through before they got to the restaurant he’d made reservations at.

“Oh yes,” Jenny picked up the price tag, and let out a sad sigh. “This is it, but I don’t want to have to choose between it and rent.”

“Is it dear?” He leaned over her shoulder and picked up the yellow tag. “Perhaps we can bargain for it?” The tag had been on the mirror for a very long time, the corners were dog eared and the ink was faded. Red ink had cut through the price several times, but the mirror was still more than a high school teacher could afford.

“That’s all right,” she let out a sad sigh. “I’m not that much of a gypsy.”

“Why don’t we go get our lunch, and if the mirror is still here when we walk back this way, we’ll see what we can do about getting it.”

“You’re not thinking of spoiling me, are you Rupert?” she slid her hand into his as they walked back out onto the street. “Because if you are, I could get used to that.”

Behind them the owner of the shop smiled. He knew they’d be back. He could still see their faces reflected in the glass of the mirror. The demon kept his glamour in place as he went to cross out the price on the mirror once again, and then began to dust it with a feather duster that looked like it had once been a live bird – probably a vulture. He’d let the English man make a deal for the mirror. He’d been able to taste the power on both of them. They’d be perfect.

Giles watched as the breeze from the Pacific blew Jenny’s hair away from her face as he reached across the table to brush the back of her hand with his fingers. Just before he could feel the softness of sun-warmed skin he jerked his hand back before Jenny even noticed. He hated that he was terrified of touching her when it was what he wanted to do more than anything. If Xander had been there, he would be laughing at him, making some stupid joke. There was nothing worse than having a teenage virgin laugh at you for being shy.

The problem was, Rupert Giles wasn’t shy. It was all an act, something he did to keep his dark past under wraps. To keep the Ripper where he belonged shoved behind stacks of ancient mythology and demonic texts.

“Where are you?” Jenny asked as she as she dipped her fingertips into her ice-cold sparkling water and flicked it at him. “You look like you’re a million miles away.”

“I was just thinking about Buffy.” It wasn’t really a lie. At some level he was always thinking about his Slayer.

“No you don’t,” the gypsy girl teased. “Today is just about us. Our day in the sun.”

“Our day in the sun. I’m sorry.” Giles barely managed not to jump when he felt Jenny’s foot brush along the calf of his foot, and was quite proud when he didn’t choke on his drink.

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There were advantages to being a Watcher. One of them was always having a knife when you needed one. The blade cut the bright yellow twine like it was spider silk, and the huge mirror instantly tipped out of the back of his tiny car toward the sidewalk. He grunted as he caught it while Jenny pulled the rest of the twine free.

“Are you all right?” she asked as he got it upright. The shopkeeper had covered the mirror in several layers of brown paper for protection from the elements on the drive home, but she didn’t think it would protect it from concrete.

“I’m fine,” Giles said as he lifted the mirror up. “Let’s get this up to your flat.”

Jenny’s apartment was so much smaller than his townhouse, up a flight of stairs and down the end of a long hallway. He could smell lasagna or something Italian being cooked through one of the doors on the way past and hear the sounds of a couple fighting behind another.

Her key ring jingled with charms and bright crystals as Jenny tugged it out of her hobo bag. Away from the hallowed halls of the high school, she was letting her pagan spirit out. He liked it.

Her door stuck a bit as she pushed on it with her shoulder. “Sorry, it’s the rain. It makes the door stick.”

“Are you nervous?” he asked as he slipped past her lugging the mirror inside. The apartment smelt of rosemary and a hint of sandalwood. Candles in different colors and sizes covered almost every flat surface. He wasn’t surprised to see a wreath of garlic flowers tied in a bundle near the sliding glass door that served as the only window into the living room.

“I’m not nervous. You don’t make me nervous.” She got a wicked look on her face, as she pointed towards another door. “The bedroom’s through here.”

“Are you trying to make me nervous now?” Giles asked as he followed her with the mirror pulled tight against his chest.

“Is it working?”

“Sadly yes,” his voice softened as he stepped next to her and tilted her face up to give her a kiss.

“Practice might help?” Jenny said with a bright smile as she helped him drag the mirror into the corner between the bed and the door to her bathroom. She watched from the edge of the bed as he started to carefully cut away the brown paper with his knife. “Please don’t tell me you’re going to save that?”

“Save what?” he asked trying to figure out what he’d done that was making her laugh at him again.

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“The paper, Rupert,” she walked over and started tearing the paper off in great chunks. “You must be a blast at Christmas.”

When all the paper was cleared away, Jenny stood before the mirror while Giles came up behind her. He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed the nape of her neck. “I don’t think I’m nervous anymore. How about you?”

Part Two

Giles winced as he pulled on his tweed jacket, beneath his shirt he could still feel the scratches that Jenny’s nails had left on his back. One moment they had fallen onto her bed in a tender embrace, exploring each other with slightly trembling fingers, and in the next they were tearing off each others clothes biting, scratching and giving in to their passions in ways he hadn’t tried since before he’d become a watcher. It was enough to make him smile all the way to his car and job.

When the librarian pulled into the staff parking lot of Sunnydale High, his radio was blaring full blast, making the tinny speakers rattle in the tiny car. His voice was loud and melodious as he sang along with the refrains of Bohemian Rhapsody giving Freddy Mercury a run for his money.

“Hey G Man,” Xander said as Giles turned off the ignition. “Someone’s in a good mood for a Monday morning.”

“And why wouldn’t I be?” Giles asked narrowing his eyes behind his glasses at the annoying dark haired boy who seemed to think he could treat him like one of his little friends. “I had a stellar weekend. How about you?”

Giles bit his tongue to keep from adding – “Did you do anything about that annoying virginity of yours? Or did Buffy give you the ‘we’re just friends speech again’?” – But that didn’t stop him from thinking it.

“I helped the Bufster with patrol Friday night, and Willow helped her on Saturday. Last night we watched old movies.”

“And you think I want to know about this, why?” That time Giles couldn’t keep his mouth shut. But before he had to listen to Xander prattle at him again, he saw Jenny strolling through the doors of the school dressed in the shortest skirt he’d ever seen her wear along with the tightest long black boots. “Go to class Xander, this is grown up business. I don’t think you’d possibly understand.”

Xander watched his mouth dropping open as Giles and Miss Calendar groped each other in the hallway, and then rushed to his first class as the bell rang.

“Look I’m not kidding. It was like being in Bizarro world.” He told Willow while ignoring their home room teacher. Buffy was late, again, but that wasn’t anything new for a Monday morning. “Miss Calendar was dressed in a tiny little skirt, and wearing boots that Pretty Woman would have sold her soul for. Then she and Giles started licking each other’s tonsils.”

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“Eww,” Willow scrunched her nose. “Like in front of people? That doesn’t sound like Giles.”

“Miss Rosenberg?” the teacher arched her eyebrows from the chalkboard. “Would you care to tell us all what’s so interesting? And where might your friend miss Summers be this morning?”

“I’m here,” Buffy said as she slipped into the classroom with her books clutched to her chest. “Sorry, I..well..I’m of the late.”

“I’d put you on detention for being late again this morning, Buffy,” the teacher said dejectedly. “But you already spend enough time in the library.”

Giles was bored. He watched Buffy take on the practice dummy. But he didn’t want to be there. He wanted to have some fun. “I think you’ve had enough today Buffy.”

“What?” She looked up from another flourish of kicks and punches. “Already? Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m getting a migraine, and I really don’t feel like looking at you anymore today.” He picked up his jacket and walked out of the library.

“Okay, Xander is right. Giles is acting like well not the Giles. He was rude. I didn’t think he knew how to be rude.” Buffy blew her bangs out of her eyes, and settled across the foot of Willow’s bed. “I mean he didn’t even lock his office or say good bye.”

“And?” Willow could see that Buffy had a weird look on her face. “What else?”

“I think he was looking at my butt.”

“No!” Xander looked more than a little green. “Okay, something is up.”

“Why don’t you think I have a nice butt?” Buffy asked twisting around to look at her own rump.

“Well yeah,” Xander went from green to red. “It’s just that he’s old. And he’s your Watcher. He’s not allowed to look at your butt.”

“Xander says he and Miss Calendar were all porn-starry when they got to school this morning.” Willow added although she had no idea how that was supposed to be helpful. “Maybe we should go talk to her?”

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Jenny was in the middle of her bedroom trying on another set of lingerie that she'd bought on the way home from the school, and checking out her reflection in the mirror. She ran her hands over the tight corset and smiled.

"You look good enough to ravish," Giles said from behind her where he was sprawled naked on the bed with a cigarette between his bruised lips. "Again."

"Again, won't get us what we need." Jenny crawled across the bed on all fours. "We need to find someone to play with. I'm hungry."

By the time Buffy and the Scoobs got to Miss Calendar's apartment, Giles and Jenny were long gone. Buffy tapped on the door, and took a step back when it just popped open. A large cardboard box was in the middle of the floor filled with the computer teacher's clothes, candles and books.

"Hey," Willow said with a frown as she pulled one of the books out of the box. "This is the book I gave her. Why would she throw it out?"

"Why is she throwing her clothes out?" Buffy asked as Xander pulled out a sweater they'd all seen their teacher wear. The Slayer reached over to grab a bra that had been hooked into the sweater and stuffed it back into the box before Xander could see it.

"Maybe she's moving in with Giles?" Xander offered. Then he added in a fake British accent. "They were chummy enough."

Buffy left her friends, and took the short walk down the hallway into Miss Calendar's bedroom. Something was making the short hairs on the back of her neck stand up. "Okay Giles so you and Miss Calendar are getting groiny. That's of the good. But what's up with the rest of it?"

Her green eyes opened wide as she saw the silk ropes hooked to the headboard of the bed, and the twisted sheets with spots of blood on them. They opened a bit wider when she untangled a pair of silk thigh high stockings from the heel of her boot. She could still feel something in the room was wrong, but had no idea what it was.

"We need to go." She said as she came back out into the living room where Xander and Willow were still snooping around. "Something's wrong. I can feel it. But I don't know what. I think we need to find them."

Angel looked up with surprise as Giles and Jenny Calendar came into the Bronze. He'd had to do a double take when he saw Giles. The librarian was wearing jeans and a t-shirt with Pink Floyd's Dark side of the Moon logo on it a well-worn leather jacket was hanging over his shoulder. And the teacher was wearing something that any vampire groupie would die for with a long skirt of black lace and a blood red corset.

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The vampire's nostrils flared as he tried to breathe in their scent as they passed by him, but there were too many teenagers wearing too much perfume and not enough deodorant mingled with the smell of coffee to catch anything from the pair. He watched from the shadows as they went onto the dance floor drawing the attention of everyone there.

"Hey Giles," Angel said as he walked up to the pair when they finally took a break after dancing through three songs and gathering a herd around them. "What's up?"

"Angel," Jenny's voice was a dark purr as she ran her fingers up over the vampire's spiky hair. She took a deep breath and then pushed him away. "You're no good to us. Go away."

"Sod off," Giles said as he stepped between Jenny and the vampire. "Go find your own, Angel. These are ours."

Part Three

Giles watched helplessly as Buffy turned and left Jenny's bedroom. He pressed his hand against the invisible barrier that had trapped him and Jenny inside of the cursed mirror and screamed to get the Slayer's attention.

"Did she see us?" Jenny asked pressed against Giles' back to keep from falling into the abyss of twisting darkness that lay beneath the ledge they were clinging too. The chamber was dank and humid, and occasionally they could hear the sound of claws scrapping over the pitted reflective surface of the glass that seemed to coat everything. It was like being in a cave that had been chrome plated.

"No," said as he rested his forehead against her shoulder and held her tight. "She didn't even look in the mirror."

"It's probably good that she didn't. What if it sucked her in here too?" Jenny pulled Giles away from the opening to a wide spot where they could rest. Her stomach growled and she tried unsuccessfully to pretend that she wasn't dying of thirst.

"I would still like to know why it took us," Giles said. He pulled Jenny against his side, and stroked her head. They both did their best not to look at the scattering of shattered bones and rumpled rags that had belonged to other people who had been trapped inside of the mirror.

"Yours?" Angel didn't like the sound of that at all. He was close enough now to take a deep breath, to see if he could smell the taint of demon on them. But there was nothing. They didn't smell like vampires, but they were sure acting like them.

"Our students," Jenny said as she placed her hands on the vampire's chest. "Look Angel. We're working on a special project right now. Why don't you go see if you can find Buffy?"

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“Yes, quite right,” Giles said as he adjusted the sleeves of his leather jacket. “We’ve got a very important project we’re working on. Maybe you can do us a favor?”

Angel was still suspicious, but he really didn’t know what else he could do but listen. “Sure what can I do?”

“We’re working on a skit for the next talent show, and one of the props is at Jenny’s apartment. It’s a large wardrobe mirror, and if you and Buffy could bring it down to the school that would be very helpful.”

“Sure thing,” Angel answered with a shrug. “I’ll see when Buffy can help me get it.”

The next morning, Buffy waltzed into the library after her second period class. There were books stacked all over the counter which wasn’t a strange sight, or wouldn’t have been if they were books on demonology and spells. But these were regular school books, the kind that Giles usually shelved right away, to get them out of the way.

“Judy Bloom?” Buffy said. “That is just oodles of wrong.”

“What’s wrong Miss Summers?”

“Oh, I was just looking for Giles.” Buffy hated that Principal Snyder could sneak up on her better than any supernatural creature she’d ever encounters. As other than being a weasel, she didn’t think he was anything but human.

“Mr. Giles called in sick today. I’m sure the substitute librarian can help you, where ever she is.”

“That’s okay. It’s nothing important,” Buffy said with a boneless shrug that someone didn’t send the strap of her tank top off of her shoulder. “I’ll just talk to him tomorrow.”

“Nu uh,” Xander said as he shoved at Buffy’s lunch tray. “Giles called in sick. Now I’m really worried.”

“Me too, but we can’t do anything until school is out. Snyder is watching me like a hawk.”

“It is kind of creepy isn’t it?” Willow added. “I mean he is creepy without watching you. Should we go to Giles’ house?”

“I don’t think he’ll be there,” Buffy said glumly as she pulled a thin slice of limp tomato out of her tuna sandwich. “He wasn’t there last night when we went looking.”

“He wasn’t anywhere we thought he’d be last night,” Xander pointed out. He picked up his cheeseburger and tore off a chunk of it, then washed it down with a gulp of a Dr. Pepper.

“I don’t like it.” Buffy shoved her sandwich back onto the Styrofoam plate without taking more than a nibble. “What if Spike or Drusilla got them?”

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“But they usually leave a note when they kidnap one of us,” Willow pointed out. “It’s not bright, but it is their MO.”

“MO?” Xander mocked.

“Modus Operandi,” Willow said with a humph. “Standard operating procedure, Spike never makes a move without making sure that Buffy or Angel knows about it, so he can stick it to Buffy.” Willow held her fingers into quotation marks when she said stick it.

“Yeah, Spike’s all about the freedom of information act,” Buffy said as she picked up her lunch tray. “I’m going to cut class and go back to Miss Calendar’s apartment. She’s not here today either.”

“But what if they’re doing something?” Willow stammered. “I mean what if you interrupt?”

“Well,” Buffy brushed her bangs out of her eyes. “Then I’ll just turn bright red, and get embarrassed. We need to know where they are. I can’t think of a better place to look. Can you?”

The sun was barely down when Angel was tapping on Buffy’s bedroom window. She’s just finished pulling a soft teal hoodie over her head, and was tugging the hem down when she heard him.

“Angel,” she said with a bright smile. “I was just going to look for you.”

“I…have you seen Giles today?” Angel looked uncomfortable about something. He was nearly as nervous as Willow.

“No, and I’ve been looking all over for him. I even braved going to Miss Calendar’s apartment – again – but they weren’t there. They didn’t show up for school today, and I’m really worried about them. Giles was acting weird.”

“Giles was acting weird.” Angel said the four words at the same time as Buffy, which brought a small crooked smile to his face. “He and Miss Calendar were acting like vampires like night holding court at the Bronze.”

“They didn’t get turned, did they!” Buffy felt her heart go cold, as she sank back down onto the edge of her bed. “There was all that blood on her bed, but it wasn’t that much blood. And the garlic was gone, and…”

“No,” Angel said as he crouched in front of her gingerly taking her trembling hands in his. “They weren’t vampires. But they didn’t act like themselves at all. I think they might be under a spell of some kind.”

“But who would cast a spell on Giles and Miss Calendar?” Buffy paced to her window, and picked up her weapons stuffed backpack. “I mean that Ethan guy’s been gone since

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the whole Eyghon thing. Which we won't even go into how much that pissed me off since I wanted to hit him a whole lot more. Getting that tattoo removed hurt."

"Buffy! Dinner!" Both Angel and the Slayer jumped at the sound of her mother's voice. "Come and get it before it gets cold."

"I have to go. I missed dinner last night and was late the night before that. I'm almost as bad about dinner with my mom as I am about getting to school on time."

"When will you be back?" Angel asked. He reached over and took the backpack from her. "I'll wait for you outside. We'll find Giles and Jenny as soon as you can get away."

Buffy's mother had more than a simple dinner in store for her, or at least that's what Angel assumed when he ended up leaning against his car in the darkness for a good two hours. Not that two hours meant a whole lot to him after two hundred and fifty odd years. It was kind of nice to just listen to Buffy and her mom talking inside of the house.

"So when do I get to meet your mysterious boyfriend?" Joyce Summers asked as she scooped more of the linguini she'd made special for Buffy onto the girl's plate.

"What makes you think I have a boyfriend?" Buffy asked as she twisted the pasta around her fork. She spent so much time wishing she could have a normal life, but when her mother asked her a normal question it just made her want to go out and kill something.

"Because you've got a very far away look all the time, and you can't possibly be putting all your attention into school. If you were, your grades would be better."

"Ouch!" Buffy said then jumped up as the phone rang. "I'll get it."

Joyce didn't bother to offer. "Oh I know you will. I would never risk my life getting between a teenager and the telephone."

"I thought I was never going to get out of there!" Buffy rested her head against the passenger seat of Angel's car. She hadn't been in it often, but she had to admit it was better than running all over Sunnydale like a pair of superheroes.

"She loves you Buffy."

"I know," Buffy answered. "I just wish I could tell her what I was really thinking about. But how do I explain to my mother that I'm afraid someone has cast a spell on my Watcher?"

Part Four

Angel pulled his car around the block from the Bronze; since it was the last place anyone had seen Giles. He jumped around the car to open the door for Buffy. She gave him a sweet shy smile.

"Thank you," she said. "I don't remember the last time a guy opened a door for me."

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“Then you’re not hanging around with the right kind of guys,” the souled vampire said. He reached down and brushed his fingers through her thick blonde hair. As their eyes met, he felt his soul tingle. He loved this girl more than anything on earth. “You take my breath away.”

“I think I like that a lot.” Buffy tilted her face back into his hand, then tugged on the front of his collar to pull him down into a kiss.

“Not that I breathe,” Angel said with a shrug.

“Just means you can kiss me longer.” She leaned against him, smelling the rugged scent of his soap and the product he used in his hair. She wished more than anything that she could hear his heart beating in his chest.

The Bronze was still filled with the coffee crowd, no band on the stage, and the dance floor was empty. Angel traced his steps going back to the spot where he’d watched Giles and Jenny holding court over enraptured students. He crouched down, while Buffy did the same as they pretended to be looking for a lost contact lens while he tried to get the scent of anything he could use to trace them.

“I don’t smell anything,” he said. “What’s that?”

Buffy touched a piece of glitter on the floor, and then picked it up carefully between her nails that had been painted a soft shade of sky blue. “I think it’s a piece of mirror.”

“Giles asked me to help move a mirror from Jenny’s apartment to the school.” Angel looked at the bit of shiny glass, his finger didn’t reflect in its surface like the Slayer’s had. “Did you see a mirror at her place?”

“There was one of those big standing mirrors. It was old,” Buffy said as she looked for more of the pieces of broken glass. “We need to go to the library.”

“We’ll pick up Willow on the way,” Angel said as they headed back out into the night.

Buffy used the key that Giles had given her to break into the school and the library, both were dark and their footsteps echoed down the hallways except for Angels. Xander was with them as always, since he’d been at Willow’s waiting for news.

“I checked the newspaper,” Willow was saying breathlessly as they popped the library doors open. “Four students were found wandering around this morning. They don’t know what happened to them. Let me boot up my laptop, and I’ll show you the pictures I hacked out of the police department.”

“What’s so weird about that?” Xander asked. “I stumble around in a daze most mornings.”

“No, wait until you see the pictures. It’s got to have something to do with that mirror. An’ maybe Angel can tell us if they were the ones he saw with Giles and Miss Calendar last night.” Willow shoved a few books out of the way carefully and opened up her laptop. “And we need to look up anything we can find about a magic mirror.”

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"I'm so thirsty," Jenny said as she shivered next to Giles. They'd lost track of time, since they'd been trapped in the mirror. "We're going to die in here."

"No," the Watcher said firmly, although he wasn't sure if he believed it or not. "Buffy will find us. We're not going to end up like them."

Jenny glanced over at the dried bones that they'd moved into a far corner. "It's the rules of three Rupert. Three days without water, three weeks without food, we're going to die."

"That is all kinds of wrong," Xander said as he looked at the pictures of the victims that Willow had called up. Their skin and hair was nearly bone white, and their eyes reflected back the flash of the camera in the pictures. "What happened to their eyes?"

"According to the report, they are blind. Their eyes are like mirrored surfaces," Willow said as she chewed at her bottom lip. "They don't remember who they are either."

"Those are the ones I saw with Giles and Jenny," Angel said. "We need to find that mirror."

"I know where it is," Buffy said. "We'll just go to Miss Calendar's place and break it."

"No!" Willow said. "We don't know what that will do. Xander and I will do research. Go get the mirror, but don't break it. That might hurt Giles and Miss Calendar. Let me see if I can find out how to break the spell first."

"This is it," Buffy said. She stood in front of the mirror, while Angel stood besides her. Only Buffy's reflection showed in the silvered surface.

"It's old," Angel said. He ran his long fingered hands over the edges of the glass. He hated mirrors like most vampires. "Let's bring it to the library."

"How come you don't have a reflection?" Buffy asked as they lifted the heavy antique with considerably more ease than Giles had. "I mean you have your soul."

"I don't know," Angel shrugged. "Maybe it's not the soul, but the demon that casts no reflection?"

The thing wearing Giles' face tackled Buffy and Angel on the stairs sending them both tumbling down into the courtyard of the apartment complex. The mirror crashed on top of the Slayer, but did not break. Angel was up first with a growl as he confronted the doppelganger.

"That doesn't belong to you," Jenny said as she strolled up behind Angel. She had a long curved knife in her hand. She reached down to grab Buffy by her hair.

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“Sorry, but I’m not much in the mood to die tonight,” the Slayer said. She grabbed Jenny’s hand and spun her away with all her strength and the teacher hit the wall hard enough to knock stucco off of the wall. Buffy didn’t want to hurt people who were her friends, not until she knew what was going on.

Angel brought his knee up and shoved Giles away from him, shocked at how strong the man was. Giles’ fist shot out and caught Angel in the face, knocking the vampire back several feet before he got his bearings. Shifting into his vampire form, Angel spun around and delivered a round house kick to Giles’ chin. The doppelganger’s head snapped back, and Angel saw a shimmer of mirror beneath his skin.

“That’s not Giles,” Angel told Buffy.

“Good,” Buffy said as she plowed her fist into Jenny’s doppelganger’s gut, and then slammed both of her fists down onto the back of its neck. There was the sound of broken glass, and the creature hit the ground hard. “Means I don’t have to play nice anymore.”

Angel’s foot flashed out again, and his boot caught the Giles’ thing in the head again. The faux watcher’s glasses went flying as the vampire snapped its neck. “Let’s get that and them back to the school.”

“If it could be broken,” Buffy said with a frown. “It would have when they knocked us down the stairs.”

The two doppelgangers were wrapped in several layers of duct tape and locked in the book cage. Neither had stirred since they’d been knocked out, but no one wanted to take any chances. Every place there should have been a bruise, the silver sheen of a mirror could be seen.

“I think I found it,” Willow said. Her eyes were bright and filled with triumph from a successful information hunt. “It’s a piece of the Mirror of Alonarg. Or it probably is. It traps lovers and sets out soul sucking replacements to feed the mirrors magic.”

“So what do we do to break the spell?” Buffy wished that just breaking it would have worked. “And how do we get Giles and Miss Calendar back?”

“Sunlight,” Willow said with a big smile. “It’s a good thing it didn’t grab you and Angel.”

“Because the sunlight would kill him.” Buffy touched the back of Angel’s hand and smiled when he wrapped her fingers in his. “Let’s get this thing outside then.”

“What about them?” Xander asked looking back at the crumpled doppelgangers. “And the people they hurt?”

“The sunlight should break the mirrors’ spell. But I don’t know about the others. Hopefully they’ll be all right.” Willow said as she followed Angel and Buffy out into the parking lot where they stood the mirror facing the east.

Dark Mirror – Season Two Buffy Fic
by Jenn Moffatt

“The sun will be up soon,” Angel said feeling the heat of the sun minutes before it would peek over the horizon. “I have to go.”

“I know,” Buffy felt her heart splinter just a little bit like it did every dawn. “I’ll tell you what happened tomorrow night. I promise.”

Giles was just finishing mopping up the broken glass that covered the floor of the book cage when he heard Buffy come in. He looked up at her unable to find the words to say thank you. He and Jenny had been starving and dehydrated both drinking two bottles of water each when they’d gotten free of the mirror and had even managed to eat sandwiches from the vending machine in the teacher’s lounge.

“You saved us.”

“Of course,” Buffy said as she bent over to hold the dustpan while Giles cleaned. “It’s what I do.”