



A BTVS FANFICTION

## **MOH-MOH**

EFFULGENTELLIE

### **SUMMARY**

Set after season 5 episode 5 “No Place Like Home”. Buffy, Spike, and the Scoobies face off against the worse moh-moh you can imagine... Furbies. Please note that this is not a crackfic. It’s just some of our favorite characters dealing with another crazy situation in their already crazy lives.

### **INFORMATION**

PG-13 – Action / Adventure / Challenge Response / Humor / Fighting  
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### **AUTHOR’S NOTE**

This is in response to a challenge posted by thatspark on Elysian Fields. This is my first challenge response. I saw it posted forever ago and thought it would make for a fun little story.

## **DISCLAIMER**

Sadly, I do not own Buffy the Vampire Slayer or any characters from the show. It, along with some quotes that may be used from the series' episodes belongs to Joss Whedon and company and I make no money from the writing of this story. Grrr! Argh!!

## **PLEASE REVIEW**

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# TOO

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# 01 DAH-KAH-OO-NYE

Buffy huffed heavily, her sandals sliding on the sidewalk and scuffing the surface as she drug her feet. It was too much. She was the slayer, punching things in the face and staring down big bads is what she did, but her new problems didn't have faces to punch.

Her mom was sick and the doctors still didn't know what was going on. If that wasn't bad enough, her sister was apparently placed in her family by some mystical monks so she would protect some kind of mystical key. Mystical monks and mystical keys. Psh. What startled her the most was the vivid memory she held of watching her mom and dad walk through their front door in California and introduce Buffy to her new baby sister.

That was real, wasn't it? Apparently not.

She huffed again and kicked a small rock that fell loose from the sidewalk. Not only did she worry, but now she felt like crap. The spell given to her by Giles brought forth her sister's true nature and caused her to act out, speaking to Dawn in a way she never should have. Key, no key. It didn't matter. That was her sister and she loved her.

Buffy's eyes shifted up, noticing she was over half way home from the new Magic Box. Giles' grand opening was beyond successful, so much so that her poor watcher was overrun with customers and he had jumped at the opportunity to hire Anya. Now that girl loved money. She smirked at the memory of watching Anya shift through their profits before their day was even over while she scanned the other storefronts.

Sunnydale had your usual small town establishments. Besides the one Wal-Mart and a small mall, everything else was mainly mom and pop shops that lined the streets. Her eyes quickly zeroed in on a small toy shop. Its display showed a small amount of homemade wooden toys mixed in with the newer toys that were mass produced in large factories across the country. Smack dab in the middle of the window was a giant poster advertising the newest trend in electronic toys, a Furby.

Last Christmas that was at the top of Dawn's list. While Buffy asked for new and stylish yet slayer-appropriate clothes, Dawn wanted what all her friends were getting, a Furby. She had gone out with her mother and they scoured all of the stores, but the little creatures sold out quickly during the holiday season. Her younger sister didn't mention her disappointment, but it was easily read on her face despite her excitement over getting her very own stake, for self defense only, obviously.

Without over thinking it, Buffy ducked into the toy store, the small bell over its swinging door chiming to alert its owner of a new customer. Her eyes bounced around the small shop, taking in all of the displays and searching for the Furbies. She found the isle easily, but was quickly disappointed

when she shelves were bare. The owner must be making a fortune on the craze caused by the tiny robotic pets.

The slayer nearly jumped out of her skin when a warm hand was placed on her shoulder from behind. She jumped and spun around, barely keeping herself from dropping into a defensive crouch as if the elderly woman attached to the wrinkled hand posed some kind of physical threat to her.

“Oh, I’m sorry, dear.” The woman pulled her hand back and smiled gently. “My name is Ethel. My husband and I run this here shop.” She put her hand out to shake with her introduction.

“Buffy.” She took the woman’s hand and shook it carefully, noticing the frailty of her skin. “I’m just looking for a Furby for my little sister, but it seems you’re out.”

“Yup. We just got a new shipment in a day ago and they flew off the shelves like hot cakes!” The excitement in her voice was evident and Buffy couldn’t help but smile.

“They do seem to be popular.” She felt a small wave of disappointment wash over her, not realizing until that moment how much she wanted the gift for Dawn. “Looks like I’ll just have to keep my eye out for one.”

Just as Buffy was turning to leave, the shop owner reached out to her again, grabbing her attention.

“Nonsense, dear. I have two in the back. We were saving them for our grand-babies, but we can always pull another one from the next shipment.” Her thin and wrinkled lips stretched across her teeth in a smile. It showed her age, but also felt sincere.

“Seriously? You’re sure it wouldn’t be any trouble?”

“Absolutely and it’s no trouble at all.” Ethel turned slowly and began walking towards the back of the store. “Come this way and you can pick which one you want.”

Buffy nodded even though the woman couldn’t see her and began to follow her back. The store was very small and packed full of toys. Behind a curtain that Ethel pulled to the side was a small storage space stacked to the ceiling with boxes. It was actually surprising to the slayer as she wondered how the elderly couple handle such large boxes.

The woman pulled down a small cardboard box and opened it with ease before showing Buffy two small boxes with the word “Furby” written across them in bubbly font. One was all blue except for its beak-like mouth and its eyes and the other was in the same fashion but in all pink.

It was an easy choice as she pointed towards the pink one. The one Dawn originally wanted was pink and white, but she believed her little sister would love this one just as much.

Ethel smiled easily before placing the blue one back in the box and handing the pink one over to Buffy. They wordlessly left the back room and met at the front counter.

The shop owner wrote in a small book before typing the amount into an older cash register. The buttons clicked heavily and the receipt paper pushed from the top in a typewriter fashion.

Wanting to surprise her sister and give her something to open, Buffy glanced around the counter. “Do you gift wrap here?”

The woman nodded and took the box before quickly and efficiently wrapping it in a sparkly piece of baby blue wrapping paper. The skillful way in which she folded the paper and the quickness of the act caused Buffy to believe she had done this many times in her life.

She placed the now wrapped box back on the counter and funds were exchanged. Buffy would have easily paid extra for the kindness of the woman, but she merely paid the cost of the original item. After getting her change and picking up the box she gave Ethel a giant grin.

“Thank you so much. This means the world to me and I’m positive my sister will love it.”

Ethel nodded and returned her smile. “Of course, dear. Every child deserves a friend.” And with that, Buffy left the small toy store behind, now even more eager to get home to her mom and Dawn.

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“Dawn!” Buffy’s voice carried through the house as she pushed the door shut behind her with her hip. Her purchase from the small toy shop was securely in her arms and still in its pristine wrapping paper.

Joyce poked her head around the door frame to the kitchen, her face a mask of worry at why her eldest was screaming as soon as she entered the house. “Buffy? What’s wrong?”

She smiled at her mom, truly happy to see her yet the facial expression was forced. Her mom’s illness still weighed heavy on her mind and it didn’t help that the doctors still didn’t have an answer for the cause of the headaches.

“Oh! Nothing. Just got Dawn a little present.” She presented the rectangular box as if she were a game show hostess, her smile now easier on her face as she watched her mom’s own face light with amusement.

“Well, that was sweet, but I believe your sister is in her room.” Her eyes glanced towards the stairs that led to the second floor and her voice rose

just enough so that anyone above them should be able to hear her. “And she’s supposed to be doing her essay so I can check it tonight after dinner.”

There was no response, but both knew the youngest girl had heard her. Buffy nodded and started bouncing up the steps, taking one at a time even though her lithe and athletic body was cable of taking them two or three at once. “I’ll check.” She received a wink from her mom as she reached the top floor.

She rapped her knuckles against the wood of her sister’s door and impatiently waited for a response. When she heard nothing inside the room she cracked the door open only to find Dawn sprawled out on her bed, notebook open on the comforter, headset engulfing her ears, and feet swinging in the air like the teenager she was.

“Dawn.”

The voice startled her despite the music coming from her headset and she jumped slightly. “Geez, Buffy! You’re supposed to knock!”

Before her sister could become too worked up in a fit of teen angst, Buffy put her one free hand up in a sign of surrender. “I did, you just didn’t answer. Mom wants to make sure you’re working on your essay and this-“ She swung the box in front of her in a dramatic fashion, once again presenting it in a way worthy of television. “-is for you!”

“A present?” Instantly on alert due to her sister’s past bribes and games, Dawn sat up slowly. “Why?”

“Why? Why why? Why can’t I just get my little sister a gift for being my little sister?” A false look of indignation crossed her face, playing hurt that her sister suspected her of foul play.

“So this so-called present comes with no attachments? No ‘stay in your room and keep quit cause my boyfriend is over’ or ‘don’t touch anything’ or ‘god, you’re so annoying’ or anything like that?”

Buffy huffed and tapped her foot, but refused to answer her because, if she were being completely honest, she had given the girl such bribes in the past. Hey! It’s a sibling thing.

When another minute went by and the younger girl still didn’t reach for the box, Buffy started to slowly pull it back. “Fine, if you don’t want it I can always return it or-“

Before she could finish her sentence the sparkly blue box was snatched from her hand and the paper was torn to shreds. Before the shredded paper could reach the floor Dawn let out an ear-shattering squeal of delight.

“A Furby?!” The girl held out the box, admiring it from a new angle before she slammed it back into her chest in a bear hug.

“Yup.” Buffy remembered the elderly woman who sweetly offered up one of the stashed toys she was holding onto for her grandchildren. “It was the last one.”

Dawn began to open the box, easily discarding the excess paper work full of warning symbols that caused her older sister’s eyebrows to go up. Surely those were important. Within a few minutes the pink fur ball was sitting on her floor and Dawn had followed suit, sitting in a criss-cross-applesauce manner in front of it.

Buffy followed suit, wanting to see why her little sister begged for such a toy and why they seemed to be sweeping the nation with their popularity, even after being on the market for over two years.

Her sister reached out to pet the toy’s head, her fingers sliding through the pink fur. A mechanical purring noise erupted from it before its plastic eyes shot open at a rapid pace. The eyes, much to Buffy’s amusement, were a wide plastic orbs of pink that matched the thing’s fur.

While Dawn squealed once more, its eyes shifted around as if it could understand its surroundings. Then, this time to Buffy’s horror, the thing spoke. “Mm. Ah-may!” Without thought, her little sister reached out and stroked the toy again. It giggled and rocked. “U-nye-loo-lay-doo?”

What in the world?

“What’s it saying?” Disappointment filled the slayer. “Is it broken?”

Her sister laughed. “No. It’s speaking in Furbish.”

“Furbish?” She’d feel stupid if she even knew what to feel stupid over.

“Yeah. It’s, like, their special Furby language. They speak in Furbish and slowly learn English words over time.” She pushed in on the toy’s belly and wiggled her fingers. The Furby giggled and then full on laughed as it shook in place.

Despite Buffy’s confusion, Dawn was thoroughly enjoying herself and her new gift. The younger girl was mesmerized by the electronic pink ball of fluff that sat in front of her. It was kind of cute, if not a bit disturbing. Yeah, no. It was more creepy than anything and Buffy definitely did not want that thing anywhere near her room.

Content that her sister was happy with her gift, Buffy stood up gracefully. “I’m glad you like it.” She gave her sister a warm smile.

Dawn flung herself at her sister and wrapped her long arms around her legs in a tight hug. “I love it, Buffy. Thank you so much!”

Buffy ran her fingers through the silky straight hair and pushed it away from Dawn’s face. “No problem, Dawnie. Just promise to finish your essay and I’ll see you downstairs for dinner.”

Dawn released her legs and fell back to the position in front of the toy. “I promise. I’m going to call her Princess Fluffybutt.” Her gaze shifted from her new electronic friend to her sister. “I can’t wait to show Giles and the gang tomorrow.”

“Sure thing.” The slayer smiled at her sister because, key or not, monks or no monks, that’s exactly what she was, her sister. She stepped out of the room and gently closed the door behind her before heading back down the steps to help her mom finish with dinner. The woman should be relaxing on the couch with Oprah, not slaving in a kitchen to feed her two perfectly capable daughters.

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The bell above her head sounded loudly in the Magic Box as Buffy pushed through the glass door. She allowed it to swing shut behind her and smiled at her friends inside the shop.

“Hey, guys!” A mumbled greeting was shot back at her.

As she was waving a perturbed Dawn with a backpack strapped on her shoulders threw the shop door open, ringing the bell once more, and glared at the back of her sister’s head. “Thanks for waiting, jerk.”

Without turning around Buffy rolled her eyes and released a heavy sigh. Despite the annoyance, it was kind of nice to have their normal sisterly banter back, even if it could get a little heated.

Choosing to ignore her little sister’s sarcastic remark, Buffy glanced around at the sad faces. “Uh oh. What’s with the long faces?”

Willow’s frown deepened. “My face isn’t long.” She ran her hand over her mouth and chin, feeling for the length of her face while looking as if she were stroking a beard. The group grinned at her, but shook their heads.

Giles walked from around the counter where he had been returning a bottle of spices. “It seems there has been an increase in unusual injuries, even for Sunnydale.”

Buffy’s thin brows furrowed, worry on her face while she made herself comfortable at the small round table in the middle of the shop. Her sister followed behind closely, planting herself between the slayer and Xander.

To Dawn, Xander had always been cute; the elusive older boy who hung out with her cool older sister. Her heart skipped a beat with her teen crush on the young man he had become, always helping around the house when they needed and being fiercely protective of the Summers women despite being only human himself.

What girl wouldn’t find him dreamy?

She shot him a mega-watt smile and pulled Princess Fluffybutt out of her backpack. He was immediately interested.

“Oh, cool! When did you get a Furby?” If memory served him right, the stores couldn’t keep them stocked. They flew off the shelves the minute they arrived.

Dawn placed the toy down on the table in front of them and proceeded to stroke its pink fur on top of its head. “Buffy got her for me yesterday. Her name is Princess Fluffybutt.”

Xander's eyes widened as he glanced over to the slayer while simultaneously stroking the toy's head and replacing Dawn's ministrations. "How did you find one?"

"The toy store on the way home." Buffy gave a noncommittal shrug of her shoulders. "They were actually sold out. The store owner let me have the one she had reserved for her grandkid and said she would just get another one from their next shipment."

The toy continued to purr and mewl under his fingertips, pulling his attention away from his friend. "Man, I've been looking for one forever."

Anya grunted, perturbed by the small rabbit-like creature. Wasn't it bad enough that bunnies existed? Did they really have to go and make a toy that moved and talked and looked so much like those horrible little creatures? Disgusting. She would never admit it, but she had been secretly ecstatic that the stores had always been sold out. The last thing she wanted was one of those things in their apartment.

Giles interrupted the group's conversation with no preamble. "Yes, well... As adorable and creepy as that thing is, I feel we may have a serious problem on our hands." He removed his glasses from his face and proceeded to buff the lenses clean with a cloth he pulled from his pocket. "There have been a number of reports of mysterious accidents."

Xander had ceased petting the toy's head and smiled in amusement as the lack of activity caused the thing to start snoring. The mechanical sound drifted off after a few short minutes indicating that it had shut down for the time being. He turned towards the watcher. "Maybe people are just being clumsy? I've had my fair share of bruises caused by tripping over air, not that my manly side would allow me to admit it." He shot the group a wide grin.

Giles nodded. "That may be true, but I feel it could be more. Every single reports states the person was in their home when some kind of accident happened out of the blue. We're talking about a large china cabinet falling on top of someone, a garbage disposal being turned on while the owner was cleaning it, and even someone who fell down their two flights of stairs. That person claims they felt someone shove them."

The small group fell silent for a moment, absorbing what he said while most of them squirmed at the idea of having your hand down a garbage disposal while it was on.

"What could it possibly be? A ghost?" Buffy snorted at her own suggestion before she realized what her watcher had said. "Hey, wait a minute. Reports? How did we get reports? We're not the report getting people." She cocked a suspicious brow and scanned the group.

Willow chuckled nervously. "Yeah, well, we are if those reports can be taken from the police department's database." She continued to shift

nervously under the heated stare of her friends, but became defensive. “Hey, now. It’s no different than when I had to get plans for the sewers.”

They let up slightly at her comment, the only one not passing judgment being Giles for the simple fact that he found the information useful and who was he to say how they received the reports. As long as he turned the other direction he felt no need to feel bad about how they were taken.

“Besides,” Will continued. “I found another one that didn’t seem to fit in with the bunch. Someone got all stabby on a middle-aged couple two nights ago. It looked like someone had broken into their home and stabbed the man and woman to death, multiple times, leaving their young daughter orphaned. The only problem the police are having is there was no forced entry, all of the doors and windows were locked from the inside, and their home alarm system was still set.”

Confused and disturbed by the news the group glanced around the table, but the quit didn’t last for long.

As Willow finished her recount of the double murder, the Furby’s eyes shot open and a mechanical laugh echoed through the Magic Box. Startled by the sound and movement Xander pushed himself away from the toy which caused his chair to topple over and him to fall to the ground in a tangle of limbs and wood.

Everyone watched in silence as Princess Fluffybutt continued to laugh, the sound becoming more inhuman as it went on until it suddenly cut off. Silence engulfed the room while nervous looks were passed around.

Eventually Buffy stood from the table and pulled Xander out of his mess on the floor. It was starting to get dark outside and she had to have Dawn home for dinner or mom would have a lecture for the both of them when they got there.

“Well, that was strange.” Willow crossed her arms in front of her chest, unnerved by the incident involving the children’s toy.

“Yeah, but they supposedly turn on on their own once in a while.” Yup. After Dawn had introduced her to the new addition of their family the night before she had spent a good bit of time researching the thing. They apparently had little quirks that seemed creepy when done by an inanimate object, but that’s exactly what it was, just an object. A creepy object, but still. She turned towards her sister. “Dawnie, pack up. We have to be home for dinner.”

Her little sister complied without much issue while Anya began nodding her head vigorously. “Yes and take that creepy toy with you.”

Buffy rolled her eyes and continued to rush Dawn along. Once Dawn was packed up with Princess Fluffybutt secure in her backpack, the two sisters said goodbye to their friends and headed back home, the bell above the door signaling their departure just as it had their arrival.

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# DAH-AY-LOH-NAH-BAH

Dinner at the Summers' residence was a normal affair. They spoke of average happenings at the table such as school and boys. Joyce would occasionally ask about slaying and the going-ons of the underworld to keep up to date with her eldest daughter's daily life.

This night was no different.

After dinner the girls swept off to their individual bedrooms to start the process of getting ready for the night. While Buffy would normally be heading out to patrol, she took a long night to herself to spend with her family and relax for the evening. Hey, a girl needs a break every once in a while. The slayer headed off to take a shower while her little sister slipped into their mom's washroom to get ready for bed.

Dawn was brushing her teeth, singing gurgled lyrics through a mouthful of toothpaste when there was a distinct mechanical yawn. Princess Fluffybutt's jovial voice carried through the rooms. "Dah-ay-loh-oo-tye!" The toy then giggled and the sound of its gears as it rocked back and forth mixed with the noise.

She watched her eyes widen in terror in her reflection and turned towards the sound, toothbrush still hanging from her closed mouth. This was ridiculous. She felt like some sort of bimbo in a b-rated horror flick. Her sister is the slayer! What should she be scared of?

With a newfound sense of bravery, but not too much, the teen stuck her head around the washroom's door frame, toothpaste foam covering her lips and toothbrush dangling from her mouth.

Princess Fluffybutt sat right where she had left it, on her bedside table. The Furby's eyes were wide open and darting around with unnatural jerks that clearly gave away its mechanical insides. Its eyes rested on her and it giggled. "U-nye-loo-lay-doo?" There was a pause, as if the thing had been expecting an answer. When it received none, its plastic eyelids lowered along with the tone of its voice. "Boo-dah."

Fully disturbed by the toy, Dawn returned to the sink and quickly finished brushing her teeth. She spit out the toothpaste and rinsed her mouth before rushing back into her bedroom.

The Furby was still awake, looking around as it had done before. She picked it up gently, trying not to press on its pressure points, but it spoke again anyways. "Ah." Though it said the actual word, it sounded more like a content sigh.

Dawn held the toy in one hand while she opened the bedroom door with the other and carefully sat it outside. As soon as it touched the ground she

quickly shut her door, harder than necessary, as if the toy would turn and attack her. With her ear placed against the door she heard it mumble a question. “Yoo?” After a moment it went completely silent, much to her relief. Now she could go to bed with no fear of being murdered in her sleep.

Buffy had been in the shower, enjoying the hot water as it rolled over her tense muscles. One would think that a day without slaying would be good for the body, but it actually made her feel wound up, as if she had no release for her aggression and stress.

The slayer quickly rinsed the conditioner from her hair and stepped out of the steamy shower. Feeling relaxed from the water, she wrapped her long hair up in a towel in the way only women seemed to be able to do and threw another towel around her chest, covering her bare body from the world.

Her still wet feet padded against the tile and then the carpet of the hallway as she made her way to her room, but she stopped short when she saw her little sister’s bedroom door. Normally it wouldn’t be much to consider, but this time there was a very pink ball of fluff sitting outside with its eyes closed.

“What in the world?”

Wondering if it was forgotten or done on purpose she marched over and knocked on her sister’s door. She answered from the other side, but didn’t open it.

“What?”

Ugh. The teenage attitude has to stop. Soon.

“Dawn. Why is Princess Fluffybutt in the hallway?”

The sound of a rustling comforter and sheets came through, but the door never opened. “Because it turned on by itself again and I’m in no mood to be murdered in my sleep.”

Buffy rolled her eyes even though her sister couldn’t see her. “Really, Dawn? It’s just a toy and it’s pink! How can anything pink be evil?” She waited for a response, but received none. “Fine! I’ll take it to my room tonight and prove that it’s just a toy. If I’m still alive in the morning you have to take it back. Deal?”

There was a brief pause before Dawn finally muttered a weak “fine” from the other side of the door.

“Good night!” Buffy scooped up the fluffy toy and carried it back to her bedroom, still frustrated at her sister’s antics. She thought after all this time that it would take more than a robotic toy to scare her little sister. Geez.

She deposited the toy on her dresser and got dressed for bed, leaving her hair down and wet to dry through the night. As a last minute decision, before climbing into bed, she quickly turned the Furby around so it faced

the far wall of her room and away from her bed. She may not think it will murder her, but she definitely doesn't want its creepy little eyes looking at her during the night.

Yeah, that gave her the wiggins.

Despite Princess Fluffybutt's perch on her dresser, Buffy fell asleep quickly, letting her subconscious whisk her off to the land of dreams.

The slayer was in the middle of a heated make out session with a faceless man who smelled of leather and smoke when she felt something off. At first it seemed like her dream had shifted, but soon enough her slayer senses were screaming at her to wake up.

Her eyes shot open, her extra abilities allowing them to adjust instantly in the dark. Feeling watched, she immediately rolled over and came face to face with Princess Fluffybutt whose pink fur seemed darker in the moonlight. The Furby's eyes were slanted in an angry expression and, without preamble, it darted towards her.

Buffy reacted quickly, her instincts taking over. Her foot shot out and connected with the toy. The small plastic beak scraped the arch of her foot, but it flew backwards and smashed against her bedroom door. Artificial pink fur and small cogs shot in every direction as the crumbled plastic fell to the floor.

The slayer sat up in bed, eyes locked on the destroyed toy, just as her sister flung her door open and flicked the light switch. Her room was flooded in light as Dawn followed her line of sight to the remains of Princess Fluffybutt.

Believing her sister would be upset and having a need to defend herself, Buffy began to explain the situation. “Dawn, I-“

Dawn cut her off with a raised brow much similar to her own. “Just a toy, huh?”

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Before Buffy could respond to her sister's remark, the shrill sound of the house phone broke the night's silence. She wasted no time in picking up the ear piece on her bedside table.

"Hello?"

Willow's frantic voice came through the line. "Buffy? Thank goodness. Turn on the news."

Ignoring her friend's demanding tone she placed the phone down beside the receiver. "Hang this up when I tell you to." The slayer jumped out of bed and ran down the stairs to turn the television on in the living room. Her mom had been watching the evening news the night before causing the anchorman to appear on the screen instantly.

His voice pierced the quiet of the room. "It seems the citizens of Sunnydale have fallen under attack by a number of unknown assailants."

She quickly picked up the kitchen phone and walked back into the living area, yelling for Dawn to hang up the other phone as she passed the stairs.

Her sister joined her quickly as she placed the new phone to her ear and glued her eyes to the news. “What am I looking at, Will?”

The scene had changed from the news room to a pan of the down town area, maybe a street or two over from the Magic Box. It honestly looked like sheer chaos and she didn't recognize it from the area she and her sister had walked home through.

“I'm not sure.” The noises from her friend's television echoed her own over the line. On the screen it changed to a group of people running along the side walk as if they were being chased by something, they're screams loud amongst the background noise. The store front they ran pass lit on fire causing the shop's windows to explode outwards. It was surprising that none of them were injured by the blast. “But it's insane! Maybe this has something to do with the accidents and that double murder?”

Her friend's line of thinking did make sense, but she knew of something else that could be causing it. “Listen, Will. This is going to sound crazy, but I think the Furbies are behind this.”

“I don't know, Buffy.” The sheer disbelief behind Willow's voice was easy to distinguish.

“No, I promise.” Buffy watched as another shot panned across the street, showing a small group of tiny figures moving quickly and in inhuman

angles. "Listen. Call Xander and Giles and I'll meet you guys at the Magic Box. Start looking up spells that would bring an inanimate object to life."

"O-okay. I'll call them now." Sounding a bit surer of the plan, Willow said her goodbyes and hung up the phone.

Just as Buffy put the phone back on the wall mounted receiver, Dawn grabbed her attention. "You really think it's the Furbies doing all of this?"

Was she serious?

Her little sister followed her as she ran back up the stairs and began rummaging through her weapons chest. Her eyes shot to the destroyed body of Princess Fluffybutt. "Well, yours just tried to attack me in my sleep, so, yeah." She grabbed her trusty stake, because nearly anything could be stabbed to death, and a wooden baseball bat that found its way in the chest after a short stint on a summer softball team right before she was called. Yeah, it just wasn't for her.

Dawn nodded, arms crossed over her chest as she thought about it. "But what if that was just because you're the slayer. Like, maybe the woman who sold it to you had planned it all along." Her eyes grew wide with the speculation and a fantastical story wove itself in her head.

Buffy shrugged. "Maybe." In truth, the slayer side of her had already worked through many possibilities. She had taken the woman known as Ethel into consideration already and, while she wasn't ready to completely

scratch her off her list of potential baddies, she also didn't sense anything evil about the woman when she was in their store. In fact, their entire store felt calm and welcoming.

She had also considered a spell gone wrong. Maybe someone was trying to play a joke or get revenge on someone. Magic could go sideways so easily. The only good thing is that a spell could be reversed, which is why the Scoobies would need to be at the Magic Box.

Buffy slid on a pair of shoes and rushed out of her room, the plastic pieces of Princess Fluffybutt crunching under her heels. She bounded back down the steps, a firm grip on her baseball bat and her stake shoved in her pajama bottoms, with Dawn right behind her. She swung the front door open, breathing in the crisp night air.

Just as Dawn was stepping out behind her, the slayer brought the bat up and blocked her path. "Where do you think you're going?"

"With you, duh." The teenager scoffed at the absurdity of such a question.

"No, Dawn. I need you to stay here with mom. Block all the windows, lock all of the doors, and tell mom where I went so she doesn't worry."

"What am I supposed to tell her? That her daughter has gone out in the middle of the night to beat the crap out of some Furbies?"

When her little sister said it like that then it definitely did sound insane. Still, it was the truth and if Buffy had learned anything from night after night of sneaking out to patrol it was that the truth was always better.

She nodded her head. “Yeah, go with that.” Before her sister could retort, she nudged her back inside and shut the door in her face. She waited until she heard the deadbolt lock slide into place before she took off down the porch stairs and ran towards the Magic Box in all of her yummy sushi pajamas glory.

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A cloud of cigarette smoke rose up above a head of peroxide blond hair that was slicked back and forced into place. Spike, being the big bad that he was despite the stupid chip the Initiative shoved in his head, grinned at the sight before him.

The town was completely over run with these tiny fur balls of death. They varied in color and design, but they were all the exact same size and on the exact same mission to destroy everything. He had no idea why it was happening, but it was amazing.

He took a drag off his smoke and inhaled the toxins deep into his lungs before releasing it back into the cold air of the night. A woman ran past him in sheer terror, her voice cracking on her scream as she flew by his spot against the brick wall of one of the shops. Yes, this was truly amazing. In fact, he wasn't sure he had enjoyed the sight of so much chaos in one place since that amazing Halloween so long ago. He remembered it fondly as the night when he nearly ended the slayer's existence due to her poor choice in a Halloween costume.

Now, though, the air was filled with fear. It hung heavy in the night and was surrounded by the screams of humans and the crackling of fire as the town's stores went up in smoke. It was intoxicating.

Spike dropped the butt of his cigarette on the sidewalk and quickly stamped it down with the toe of his heavy boot. His once amused smile broke into a full on grin as he witnessed a man being overrun with a cluster of the weird little creatures.

They were adorably terrifying and he loved it.

"Now tha' would be a 'orible way to go." He sucked on his teeth as the man's screams turned to a whimper then to nothing. Yeah, that would suck.

The vampire pushed his duster out from his waist and stuck his thumbs into the belt loops of his dark jeans. What was happening to the town looked like fun, but, because of the friggin' chip in his brain, he was unable to take part in the festivities. He was about to turn tail and head back to his crypt, maybe catch up on his show, when he saw one of the creatures break from the large group that was terrorizing the street.

Its eyes held no life to them, simply balls of plastic shoved into a head of metal and fur. The look and its lack of heartbeat caused Spike to realize that these tiny little creatures weren't even creatures at all, they were things.

Before he could decide what they were, the ball of gray and white flung itself towards him. It was inhumanly fast as it darted through the air and headed straight towards him. Without a second thought he pulled his leg back and kicked at the thing hard. His boot connected with metal and plastic and it shattered before flying in a dozen different directions.

He was satisfied with his move until he realized the entire street had come to a standstill. Well, that was a bit dramatic. The humans were still running away in fear and the buildings were still on fire, but all of the creatures had turned their attention to him.

“Oh, bloody ‘ell!”

As if on cue, a hoard of the fur balls shot towards him with gibberish falling from their mouths in mechanical-like voices. Knowing how a small group of them could take down that man, the master vampire wasted no time in spinning on his heel and booking it down the side walk.

His strides were quick and sure. He didn’t care where his path took him as long as it was away from what was chasing him down. He had made it two streets over when he turned the corner once more and collided into something that was simultaneously firm and soft, but his chin hitting something hard.

“Oof!” Buffy’s head snapped back and she fell onto the hard concrete below her as Spike stumbled and fell on top of her, a tangle of limbs and leather.

“Get outta the way, Slayer!” His voice came out as a growl, a warning to move it.

“What the hell, Spike?!” She rubbed the bridge of her nose, thankful it wasn’t broken when his chin collided with her face, as she stood up and dusted off her slightly bruised bottom.

“I’m kinda in a ‘urry!” Despite what his words said he looked her over and immediately took note of her attire. A new grin broke across his face as he waved his hand towards her body. “What’s wit’ the getup?”

A blush flew to her cheeks because she hadn’t been concerned about her clothes, or lack thereof, until she realized she was out of the house. Her voice turned shy, dropping to just above a whisper. “They’re my yummy sushi pajamas.” She tugged at the loose fabric on her hip, feeling self conscious.

Before he could reply, the gibberish talking little balls of death came around the corner. The slayer’s eyes widened at their sheer numbers, but she didn’t look surprised beyond that. In fact, if Spike had to place her emotions, he would say she looked proud. What the hell?

Buffy didn’t hesitate as the first one approached. She choked up on the wooden bat that the vampire had just noticed and took a strong swing at it. The thing went flying, breaking on impact with the bat then shattering when it hit the wall across the street.

“Stupid Furbies.” She turned and hit another in the face, watching as the entire front shattered and the toy flew away.

“What’s a Furbies?” With another there to help fight, the vampire felt comfortable in doing so. Using his boot, because it worked before and he didn’t really want to put his bare hands near their faces, he punted another one away from him.

The slayer was dispatching them as fast as she could, but they seemed to be doubling in numbers. She huffed and slammed her bat down on the top of one’s head. Blue fur burst at the seams as plastic shattered beneath it.

“Plural. Furbies are a toy. They shouldn’t be alive, obviously.” Another swing and another hit. “We’re working on that though.”

Ah, apparently she had her precious Scoobies looking up something or another.

A sharp pain shot through Spike’s leg. He kicked one foot about before looking at the other and finding one of the supposed toys attached to his ankle. Yeah, he knew there was a reason he didn’t want to put his hands by their faces. He huffed and shook it off before giving it a good kick that shattered it through a window.

“As fun as this lesson is, Slayer, we’re getting outnumbered.”

She huffed, still swinging the bat around, thankful that she brought it.  
“Alright, let’s go.”

Without waiting for his response she turned back in the direction of her original destination and took off at a full run towards the Magic Box. Her slayer senses picked up the vampire running behind her as she fought all of her instincts to keep her back to him instead of turning around to fight.

This night definitely couldn’t get any stranger.

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Buffy threw open the door to the Magic Box, nearly pulling the thing from its hinges as she bounded into the shop with Spike right behind her. Once they were inside they worked together wordlessly to push the door shut and, while Spike pushed his body against the door, Buffy easily pulled over one of the heavy wooden shelves to prop against it. Satisfied with their work, the duo turned to find four pairs of eyes staring at them.

“Buff?” Xander’s voice carried over. “Spike? What’s he doing here?” Though the words seemed harmless, the disdain was easy to hear.

Before either of the blonds could answer the sound of plastic hitting glass came from behind them. It grew in volume, sounding like small objects being pelted against the door. Buffy side-glanced her friends then peered out of the small window. Sure enough the Furbies were flinging themselves into the door at full speed. Great.

The slayer completely ignored her friend’s question and met the group at the small round table in the center of the shop. Magical books of all calibers littered the space. Her eyes scanned the area then locked with her Watcher’s.

Giles was leaning against the glass display case that made up the front counter, a thick book with yellowed pages in his hand. "I'm sorry to say, but we've found nothing."

Spike scoffed in the background and pulled a pack of smokes from his back pocket. He began to fish a cigarette from the pack when Anya snapped her fingers and pointed to a 'No Smoking' sign that hung above a display on the far wall. He gave an easy eye roll and stuffed the already wrinkled pack back into his pocket.

The ex-demon turned her attention to Buffy. "If those horrible little toys are attacking the town, it screams spell."

Willow was nodding along with her words. "Yeah, but we can't find one that would work."

The loud thump of a large book being dropped on the table echoed across the room. Xander shrugged as all eyes shot to the disturbance. "Plus Will and Giles already got with the magic-y goodness on a couple of reversal spells with no luck."

Silence filled the area once more.

Buffy shifted from one foot to the other, uncomfortable with the situation. It seemed the group had found themselves in a tight spot. She could always fight, but who knew how far the spell reached? Was it just Sunnydale or

were all Furbies coming alive? How were they supposed to fix things if they didn't know what was causing it.

She snapped her fingers, a thought coming to her. "Remember that Halloween when Ethan Rayne turned everybody into their costumes?"

While the group nodded, Spike grinned from ear to ear. He definitely did remember Halloween that year. It was his favorite, a nice helpless and human slayer ripe for the picking. Mm.

Buffy continued with her train of thought. "Maybe there's something else controlling them? Like a- a talisman or something that needs to be destroyed."

"Or a wish." While everyone was nodding along with Buffy's idea, they snapped to stare at Anya and her suggestion. She felt their stares and fidgeted uncomfortably. "What?"

Giles pulled his glasses from his face, buffing the spectacles quickly before replacing them on his nose. "Do you know of anyone who would grant such a wish, Anya?"

She nodded and shrugged. Honestly, she could list about a dozen demons who would find joy in the amount of chaos that was being caused outside of their door, but one name came to mind almost instantly. "Halfrek." She shrugged again. "She leans towards granting wishes for children who had been wronged by their parents. Since these things were toys it would make

sense.” After a moment of the group staring at her she huffed and shrugged again. “What? She has daddy issues.”

Disregarding her last statement, Giles began to clear off the table. “If that’s the case, only a vengeance demon can break their own vengeance spell. Nothing else will work.”

Anya rolled her eyes and looked towards the ceiling. “Halfrek!” She waited a moment, and when no one appeared she yelled again. “Hallie, get your ass down here!”

A cloud of smoke appeared in the center of the store, its white fumes dispersing into the air as a woman appeared in front of the group dressed in a simple black dress with a beautiful necklace hanging from her neck.

“You rang?” She smiled gently, but the exposed muscle-like texture of her face causing it to look closer to a grimace than anything else.

“Yes!” Anya threw her hands out, exasperated at the situation. “Are you the reason we’re being attacked by horrible toys that look disgustingly similar to bunnies?”

The demon twirled a piece of her brunette hair around her finger, the curl reforming when it was released. “Possibly.”

A fist slammed into Halfrek's nose, knocking her head back and causing her to stumble up the small step that separated the two parts of the store. "Spill." Buffy crossed her arms and began tapping her foot impatiently.

Halfrek rolled her eyes and wiped the small drop of blood that fell from her nose. "A young girl wished her new best friend could talk to her and protect her."

"So your response was to turn Furbies into furry little balls of death?" Xander seemed frustrated at the fact that the toy he once wanted so badly had been ruined for him. Actually, he was pretty sure that even after all of this was over, if he survived, he would never want to see another Furby again. His girlfriend would probably be ecstatic.

Halfrek shot him a glare. "Four years old. Her parents abused her and when they weren't doing that they were neglecting her. She didn't ask for them to go away or for a new mommy and daddy, she just wanted a friend, a protector, in the toy she already cherished so much." She shrugged her shoulders. "So, yes, I gave her what she wanted and more. Actually, I believe you saw her parents on the news."

The double murder flashed in the Scoobies' memories.

Anya stepped up towards her long time friend. "Hallie, you need to stop this. It's gone so far beyond the little girl."

The demon stepped back, keeping an arm's length between her and the other woman. "You know I won't do that, Anyanka."

Spike had heard about as much as he could stand. He pulled himself off the wall, his target the demon in front of him, but he didn't get the chance. The walls in the shop rattled just before the shelf that held the door shut flew out, falling on top of Halfrek.

The vengeance demon was pinned to the ground as a hoard of Furbies flew into the shop. Before the group could blink the Magic Box was overrun with a mix of multicolored fur. Halfrek was the first to be covered, her prone form disappearing under a sea of the toys.

Anya jumped back and climbed onto the table with Willow and Giles following suit. As Xander turned to join his friends on their perch he felt a sharp pain shoot up his arm from his hand. When he glanced down a small blue Furby had latched its plastic beak-like mouth onto the middle finger of his left hand. He screamed in pain and shook his arm out, but the toy refused to let go even as he slammed it against the side of the table.

Spike saw the welp panic and quickly moved to smash the Furby that planned on making Xander a snack into pieces. Its mouth detached from his slightly bloody finger and the boy wasted no time in climbing onto the table. Not even a thank you. Geez.

While Anya used a broom to keep the creepy toys at bay, Buffy and Spike continued their assault as they had done in the street. The slayer slung her

bat around and expertly destroyed toy after toy while Spike used his boots and closed fists to smash them to pieces.

Just like before, their numbers never seemed to dwindle and a steady stream of Furbies came through the door. It was never ending and the group was growing weary, feeling outnumbered and their efforts pointless.

Anya smacked one of the horrible creatures away from her with a swift swing of the shop's broom. It truly was a nightmare to her, watching as the bunny-like toys swarmed their shop and got dangerously close to her money. She glanced over to where her friend's body was spread out on the floor.

"Buffy! Destroy her pendant!" Her voice barely carried over the murmurs of furbish that roared through the store.

Without a second thought, the slayer began to make her way towards Halfrek while swinging her bat with excellent aim. A trail of faux fur, plastic, and metal fell around her as she reached the demon's body. She reached out towards the pendant, but her arm was stopped in mid air as Halfrek grabbed her wrist.

The vengeance demon stood slowly, dusting sawdust and pieces of wood from her dress. "Now, now. There will be no touching of the pendant." She raised her arms above her head in a flourish, prepared to teleport away when a hand pulled on her shoulder, spinning her to face the vampire. "William?" Confusion crossed her face.

Spike, extremely irate that his entertainment of watching the town burn was turned into a fight for his unlife, wasted no time in wrapping his hand around her throat and tossing her into a large group of the hellish Furbies. They swarmed her instantly. “Undo it!”

Halfrek kicked and smacked the little creatures away, but they continued to attack. One finally got close enough again and latched itself onto her ankle. Spike winced, knowing the pain those tiny little beaks could cause and wasn't surprised at the shriek she let out.

“Fine! Curse lifted!” With a wave of her hand the evil toys suddenly ceased their attacks.

The Magic Box was swept up in silence as their furbish came to an end and their noisy gear-powered movements stopped completely.

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THANK YOU.



Spike swept his eyes across the Magic Box and took in the cluster of toys that no longer moved on their own. He put his foot out and nudged one with his booted toe. “So, is tha’ it?”

The Scoobies joined him in his assessment of their previous threat. All of the Furbies seemed to have stopped their attacks and fallen back into a state of lifelessness causing the floor of the shop to look like a mismatched carpet from the 70s.

Buffy, who had been admiring the Magic Box’s new groovy decor, looked up to find the vengeance demon missing. “Hey! Where’s Halfrek?”

The others looked up, but it was Anya who shrugged before climbing down off of the table, broom still in hand just in case. “Who knows?” Without preamble she began to sweep the toys into a large pile, refusing to touch them with her hands after what happened to Xander.

The other Scoobies followed suit and began to pile the Furbies up, reveling at the sheer amount of them that had stormed into the shop.

Spike rolled his eyes at the group then turning on his heel and headed for the door. The bell chimed above him, signaling his departure and he cringed at the sound, hoping to make a stealthy exit.

Buffy turned towards the noise and quickly jogged over to the master vampire. She rubbed her toe into the floor and fidgeted with her hands awkwardly. "I just wanted to say... thank you." She shoved her hand out to shake his in a stiff manner, unsure of how to approach someone who was supposed to be her enemy, chip or not.

Spike may have been seeing the slayer in a new light with his strange and sexual dreams, but he wasn't about to show his affection in front of her little pals. He shrugged and shot her a cocky smirk. "Don't worry abou' it, Goldilocks." Then he turned back towards the exit and left.

With her hand hanging in the air and, for some reason, feeling slightly rejected, she put her arm down back at her side. There was a sudden loud noise behind her which caused her to look away from the door and back to the group.

Anya had the broom high over her head, a completely demolished Furby resembling Dawn's all pink Princess Fluffybutt lay destroyed at her feet. With all eyes on her she suddenly felt self-conscious. "What? I thought it moved."

The original Scoobies rolled their eyes and sighed at the ex-demon's antics before returning to the task at hand.

Buffy righted the large shelf she had used to barricade the door, but it seemed to be beyond repair. As she sat it back up the entire thing fell in on itself and what once was a beautiful piece of handcrafted furniture turned into a pile of sawdust and large wood shards. The good news was that the door and the windows were still intact, a fact that Giles was extremely grateful for. Replacing glass was not cheap.

Cleanup took about an hour, mostly involving sweeping up the destroyed pieces of the toys. They had a large pile of fur, plastic, and metal with some wood mixed in for good measure.

Xander glanced around, making sure everything had been picked up because he definitely didn't want to run into one of those creepy little things months from now. Eventually he let his eyes fall back to the stack of Furbies. "What do we do with this?"

Buffy shrugged, now more than ever appreciating the fact that vampires poofed into a pile of dust when staked. It definitely made for easy clean up and made her job a lot easier in the long run.

"We should burn them to ashes." The gruesome suggestion came from Anya who was looking at the pile like all the rest, but with more disdain and horror on her face.

"Yes, well, while that would work, why don't we just throw them in the garbage?" Giles pointed to a box of large trash bags.

Anya shrugged, slightly disappointed that she wouldn't get to see the foul creatures burn. "Sure. I guess that would work, too."

They made quick work of finishing off the cleaning process and Buffy tossed the bags into the Magic Box's dumpster outside the back door. She entered the shop once more and gave a quick wave to the Scoobies as she passed by them.

"I'm going home to check on mom and Dawn." She opened the front door and held it with her hip. "The first gift I get her in forever and it tries to murder us. She's never going to let me live this down." The slayer sighed heavily and left the shop with one last wave goodbye.

Despite the past day's events, she didn't find it odd. Why should she be surprised that Furbies came to life and attacked them? They lived in Sunnydale after all.

It was just another day on the Hellmouth.

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THANK YOU.

# FIN

## AUTHOR'S END NOTE

Congrats for making it through. I tried to keep it from becoming a crackfic and more along the lines of just an insert of a monster of the week for the Scoobie gang. Hopefully it worked out.

Some of Halfrek's and Anya's interaction is from season 6 episode 14 "Older and Far Away".

If you didn't notice or aren't super knowledgeable of Furbies, all of the furbish was taken from the Furby dictionary, including the title of the story and all of the chapter titles. You can see their individual meanings in the Furby Dictionary section. I tried to keep them kind of relevant to each chapter.

Also a big congrats to you if you picked up on the Borderlands reference with Princess Fluffybutt.

I hope you enjoyed the ride, it was fun to write. Thank you!

# FURBISH DICTIONARY

<b>AH</b>	HOLDING
<b>AH-MAY</b>	PET
<b>AY-AY</b>	LOOK
<b>BOO-DAH</b>	BAD
<b>DAH-AY-LOH-NAH-BAH</b>	GOOD NIGHT
<b>DAH-AY-LOH-OO-TYE</b>	GOOD MORNING
<b>DAH-BOH-BAY</b>	SCARED
<b>DAH-KAH-OO-NYE</b>	THANK YOU
<b>DOO</b>	WHY
<b>DOO-LOO</b>	FUNNY
<b>MOH-MOH</b>	MONSTER
<b>NOO-LAH</b>	FRIEND
<b>TOH-DYE</b>	DONE
<b>U-NYE-LOO-LAY-DOO</b>	DO YOU WANT TO PLAY
<b>YOO</b>	FURBY IS UPSET