

Out of the Blue

Chapter 6 – Howl.

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RATING: PG-13 (T) to R (M).

TIMELINE: Takes place after season two in BTVS, and during the marauders last year at Hogwarts.

SUMMARY: BTVS/HP crossover. Life had never been kind to Buffy Summers, and she thought she had earned a break. Boy, was she wrong. Stuck in another dimension, with no way back, Buffy must learn to leave her past behind her, and look to the future: New friends, new enemies and new relationships is just the beginning of what will prove to be the longest journey and perhaps the biggest trial of her life.

CENTRAL PAIRING: Buffy/Remus

OTHER PAIRINGS: James/Lily, Sirius/OC

"Wingardium Leviosa."

"Wingardium Leviosa," Buffy repeated dutifully. It was two days since the first day of classes, and after another consultation with Dumbledore, erased Care of Magical Creatures from her schedule, and moved her Herbology lesson (which she now had with the Slytherins, to Sirius and James' horror, for some reason).

This meant that one of the free periods took place at the same time as Remus'. This was why they now were together in the library, repeating basic first year spells – or, in Buffy's case – trying them out, for the very first time.

"Very - " Remus yawned, " - Good."

The feather was now floating several inches above the table, and Buffy was delighted. Maybe she didn't suck at this after all...

"Now – " Remus yawned a second time. " – Do it again, but with a little more force. That should make it rise higher."

Buffy's eyes narrowed in concentration, and did the flick and switch movement again. "Wingardium Leviosa," she said clearly, and the feather shot straight up, hitting the ceiling, where it proceeded to explode. Buffy winced as the ashes of what was left of the feather gently floated down and landed on the table.

Remus smiled, finding the way her cheeks grew red rather adorable. "You'll get the hang of it. After a while, it will be like second nature to you – you'll just *know* how much force to put in the spell to make the object float to the exact height you want to. Same with every spell, really." He yawned again.

Buffy, who was pouting slightly because of her mistake, frowned at him. "If you're bored, you don't have to help me, you know."

"Oh, I'm not bored," Remus assured her, and glanced down at his watch. "Just tired. I'll probably go to bed early."

"If you say so."

Buffy kept levitating feathers, working on controlling the power put behind it. Remus was watching her tiredly, but with a smile on his face, occasionally giving her a pointer or correcting her grip.

"You're a good teacher, Rem," Buffy said suddenly.

Remus' eyes widened, surprised at the sudden new nickname, and he scratched his neck in embarrassment, blushing slightly. "Do you think so?"

"Yes," Buffy stated. "After all, I've never done an ounce of this kind of magic, and yet, you're here, patiently showing me everything. And, since you're not getting any complaints from me, you can't be that bad, can you? Plus, I'm catching up quickly."

"That may just as well be because you're a good student," Remus mumbled, growing redder every second.

Buffy grinned, her blue-green eyes glittering in amusement. "You're way too modest, professor," she teased, and Remus' blush deepened once more.

The two fell into a comfortable silence again, with only Buffy speaking up to say the spell every few seconds. After a while, though, she turned to back to Remus.

"Is the power behind the spell different, depending on the mass and weight of the object you want to...eh...how do you put it..." Buffy frowned. "Magic around? Spell? Charm? Curse? Hex?"

"I think the word you're looking for is *enchant*," Remus supplied helpfully. "But, it depends on what kind of magic it is you're doing. If it is a hex, a curse, or a charm, you use that. Enchant, though, is a word that works for practically everything."

"Right," Buffy nodded in understanding. "So...what about it? The mass and weight thing?"

"You're absolutely correct," Remus confirmed, between another yawn, making Buffy smile. "If the object is light and small, you use less power than what you would do if the object is big and heavy. It's just like muggle science, really."

Buffy wrinkled her nose. "Science was never my strong point," she said. "To be perfectly honest, school in general wasn't my strong point."

Remus grinned, but rather absently, Buffy noted. He was looking at his watch again.

"Do you have a date or something?" She quipped, but with no real feeling behind it. The sun would be setting soon, which was normally the time when Buffy could expect Angel to show up in her window...but never again.

Remus smiled wryly. "I wish," he said. "Maybe we should end it here," he then suggested. "You can keep practicing the charm on your own," he conjured up a whole bunch of feathers, "work on the levelling of your power, and maybe tomorrow, we can

move on to the *Locomotor* spell. It's a little more advanced version of what we did today," he added as he got sight of Buffy's uncomprehending look.

"It may seem like we're moving a little too fast, but you seem to get the hang of things quickly."

Buffy grinned, momentarily forgetting her sorrow. "So, you think I'll turn out to be good at this whole witch thing, eh?"

"I think," Remus said seriously, "from what I've seen, that you have a lot of raw, undeveloped talent." He started to pack down his books.

"And that means...?" Buffy trailed off nervously, wringing her hands.

Remus swung his bag over his shoulder, grinning. "That means, that you could become a very powerful witch," he said. "'Night."

"'Night," Buffy whispered back, shocked. The moment Remus was out of sight, she slumped down by the table, with a stupid grin spreading across her face. She rolled up her sleeves to above the elbows, and gripped her wand with new vigour, taking one feather from the stack Remus had conjured forth, and placing it in front of her.

"I'm going to rock at this whole witch thing," she told the feather with a determined face. "*Wingardium Leviosa!*"

Remus panted loudly as he rushed down towards the Whomping Willow, and shot off a spark to the knot on the trunk, stilling the branches. The moment he had jumped down, and were in the tunnel, he started to pull off his clothes.

He didn't have much time.

He had been in the library far too long – had let himself be distracted by *her* for far too long... He could already *feel* the wolf boil with rage, wanting to get free...the wolf hated being trapped...his skin was itching...

"What kept you?" A voice stuttered out, the moment the tunnel ended and he arrived in the Shrieking Shack.

Remus didn't answer Peter, who had been the one to speak, but instead, threw his book-bag into a dusty corner, his shoes following quickly, before giving his wand to James for safe keeping.

Sirius was smirking. "Well, he was with Buffy - he's a full blooded male – of course he forgot the time! Plus, she's hot. And, not to mention, foreign." He let his eyebrow waggle suggestively. "I've heard American women are supposed to be great in the sack. Maybe you could find out for me, eh?"

Remus glared at his fellow marauders, who were now openly snickering (though Peter also looked like he was having a wet dream). "Oh, shut it," he muttered.

James, still smiling, glanced at his watch. "I can't stay long, Moony," he said. "I have to meet Lily for patrol in an hour, so the adventure must be cut short tonight."

Remus nodded, ignoring Sirius who was rolling his eyes and making gagging noises. "Prongs is getting boring!" He exclaimed. "Responsibility this and duties that!"

"It's called *growing up*," Remus said dryly. "Maybe you ought to try it." He grabbed the waistband of his boxers – the only clothing he was still wearing – with his fingers to pull them off – but before he could, he started to convulse, and he lost his balance, falling to the floor.

The transformation had begun.

In the corner of his eye, Remus saw James, Sirius and Peter transform into a majestic stag, a giant dog, and a small rat, respectively. He bit his lip to keep from screaming in pain as he felt his skin tear as the wolf was working itself free from its cage, and up to the surface... He was tasting blood...smelling blood – he had bitten through the skin – nothing unusual though. Remus couldn't take the pain anymore – he screamed, high and loud.

Through a dim of tears, he saw the animals turn their heads away. Remus didn't blame them. The transition from man to beast – wasn't a pleasant sight – and something he didn't want them to witness at all, which was why he usually threw them out of the room as he felt the moon rise.

But today, he had been late.

Today, he had been too much in a hurry to get away from all exits to think about it. Today, he had been distracted by a beautiful smile, a sweet, rosy blush and lively blue-green eyes... And he had pushed away all thoughts of the doom he knew was to come; the moment the full, bright globe that was the moon – and his worst nightmare – lit up the sky.

The wolf was slowly taking over his mind now. Remus was slipping...he let out another cry – he was stubbornly fighting against the inevitable, even though he knew resistance was useless... Blue eyes turned amber, limbs changed and teeth lengthened...

One, last desperate cry escaped his throat – a raw cry of helplessness and despair – that soon turned into a feral howl of victory and triumph. Remus was no longer present – only the wolf existed now. And it was pleased – it had won another round. The human had given in – he always did.

He stood up, sniffing the air. He smelled dust and wood and blood – he smelled familiarity – he had been here before. Always, always, he woke up in this place, which always held the lingering presence of humanity – he growled – and then he felt the smell of dog, stag and rat – his pack was here! His tail stiffened as he growled deeply, teeth bared, in case one of them had decided to challenge him during his sleep.

But no, the stag bowed his head in submission, and the rat tucked its tail between his legs, hiding behind the dog, who lowered itself down on his back, with the front legs curved and an subjectional expression.

Satisfied that he was still the Alpha of the pack and unchallenged, Moony let his tail fall back down into a relaxed position, where it started to waggle back and forth in playful delight, as he yapped out his greetings, his tongue lolling out of his mouth.

He then walked towards the door, standing up on his hindlegs and pushing it open, the rat, dog and stag following obediently.

He was longing to get out of this constricting space – he wanted to play in the beautiful forest with his pack – with Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs.

He wanted to run free.

Moony let out another happy howl. He was free, and his pack was here, playing with him. He knew he had been in the forest for a rather long time, playing with Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs, running around the trees and hiding, splashing each other down with water from the many pools in the ground, scaring all the smaller animals away with their barks and howls and sounds of unrestricted joy.

He never wanted this moment to end.

And yet, he knew, that end it must.

The moment the sky started to clear, Padfoot and Prongs, with Wormtail riding on his antlers, would force him away, back to the rangly, dirty and cramped building. And then, his lovely bright white globe in the heaven, would slowly fade, and be replaced by something even bigger and brighter, and oh, so despicable. Because then, when that *other* globe rose, he would be forced away by the pesky and disgusting boy that shared his body. And he would have to crawl back into his dark and lonely corner and wait for a long, long time, before he was allowed to come out and play again.

His howl died out. His ears tensed up, and he sniffed the air, growling.

There was an unfamiliar presence in *his* forest.

A human.

He quickly took off in a run, sniffing the air and ground as he did so, the smell growing stronger the further into the forest he came. Behind him, he heard his pack beg him to wait, Padfoot's barks ringing in his sensitive ears...

But Moony did not stop.

He was in a hurry – he had to find this human and rip it apart – humans did not belong in his forest!

It was a human – the human that was a part of his body - that forced him back into hiding right when he enjoyed his freedom the most...

Humans were a threat, and he had a duty to protect his pack...

Humans were evil, and could be given no mercy, because they showed him none...

He hated humans.

Buffy was very pleased. She had conquered her first bit of magic!

She could honestly call herself an expert on the levitation charm now, and the whole having trouble-controlling-the-power-thing – HAH! As if! Before long, Buffy had had feathers floating all around her, all in different heights. She couldn't wait to show Remus tomorrow!

Of course, Buffy realised that while she may have mastered feathers rather quickly (and books, though the librarian had been angry when she saw that and threw her out), she

also knew that *Wingardium Leviosa* was a spell for beginners, and that she couldn't let herself become overconfident. She still had a long way to go.

She did wonder though – were there no vampires or demons in this forest?

She had asked Dumbledore about it, when she had first seen it from one of the castle windows – and the Headmaster had told her the forest was forbidden for all students, because of all the creatures that lived there... Of course, he had also told her that she, as the Slayer, was free to venture into it, as long as she left the peaceful beings alone, along with the giant spiders, for some reason.

She sighed. Perhaps there weren't any creatures here that she could slay. But then again, why shouldn't there be? Hogwarts was a school, and from experience, she knew vampires loved those kind of hang-outs... Buffy quickly banished that thought, though, as *experience* immediately had her mind travel to the Scoobies and Angel...

Suddenly, she heard rustling – from something other than the wind - and she spun around, body tensed, ready for action. Her eyes narrowed though, as she saw no movements... but her senses told her there was something there...

She let out a loud yelp in surprise as something jumped out of the bushes, attacking her with a growl, and she raised her sword - more of a reflex than anything else – but nonetheless, she was pleased as she felt it slash threw something neatly, and the growl turned into a whine of pain.

Wait...whine? Demons and vampires didn't whine. Did they?

She spun around, and her eyes widened as she got sight of the creature that had attacked her.

It was a werewolf.

It didn't look much like Oz – less hair for one thing, and slightly more canine-like too - but perhaps they looked different in this world. Or perhaps, it depended on the wolf.

And that's when it hit her, and she paled. She had hurt a human being. It might be a werewolf right now, but it was human all other days. And when in Diagon Alley, Lily had mentioned she knew a werewolf – the one who had granted a hair to her wand – which most likely meant...that this was a student.

Buffy dropped her sword, and she slowly walked closer to the werewolf, which was lying on its side, twitching, and bleeding badly from a wound in its gut. Tears appeared in her eyes, and she fell down on her knees beside it, using her hands to try and stop the bleeding.

What if it – he – died?

She had already killed Angel – the *man* she loved – would now this werewolf – who had probably never even hurt anyone, like Angel had, in his lifetime – die, unnecessarily, because, she, Buffy, couldn't keep her reflexes in check?

This death wouldn't even be for the "*greater good*," like Angel's death had been. She wouldn't be able to handle it, she knew. Angel's death had almost killed her, and another would be too much for her to take.

"Please, don't die," she muttered, stroking the werewolf's fur, shrugging off her jacket and pressing it against the wound, as only her hand wasn't helping.

The werewolf opened his eyes – amber eyes – and stared at her tiredly. Then, they started to gleam, with new life, and he started to struggle to get up, jaw snapping at her angrily, and she jumped back in fright.

Of course. He saw her as a threat – as an enemy. Natural instinct.

"Easy..." She whispered, voice hoarse from tears.

But the werewolf was still struggling to get up. And it kept struggling, fighting against his own heavy limbs and a continued steady flow of blood dripping from his gut.

He got up on his front legs...his back legs followed. His body tensed, and it seemed like he got ready to jump... Buffy got ready to run – she wasn't suicidal. Not yet, anyway. But just like it seemed like the wolf was about to rush at her, the muscles in the legs wavered, and his body fell back onto the ground with a heavy thud.

And yet, it tried again to get up. Now it only got up his front legs, before he fell back down. And then, he tried again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

But every struggle ended, quicker and quicker for everytime. Tears appeared in Buffy's eyes – it was such a sorrowful sight. She could almost see how his eyes were growing more and more defeated...

And then he wasn't fighting anymore.

He had given up.

Holding up her hands in surrender, Buffy slowly walked near the wolf again, who now was simply lying there, legs twitching, and ribcage heaving with every laboured breath.

She kneeled down by the wolf – who was now only regarding her tiredly, in defeat - but with a glint of fear – and...gratitude? - in his eyes – again, once again covering the wound with her jacket, pressing hard.

She felt so helpless.

There was nothing she could do, except sit here...and wait. Wait for the sun to rise, so she could carry him back to the castle – she couldn't take him up to the castle as he was now, in werewolf form.

"...I wonder who you are," she mumbled. "I'm so sorry about this, I never meant to hurt you. I thought you were a vampire or a demon, see, but you're not, and, did I mention I was sorry? And God, I'm rambling. I've spent too much time with Willow, I think. Willow's my best friend back home, and she always babbles on and on..." Buffy stopped her pratteling, as she noticed the wolf's eyes had closed, and she dragged in a shaky breath.

She hoped the wolf had shut his eyes because her voice calmed him, but she knew that was only wishful thinking.

He was dying.
