

## Out of the Blue

### Chapter 7 – Slayer.

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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

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Moony had reached the origin of the smell. There, in a clearing, in *his* forest, his *territory*, stood a girl.

She was rather small, and looked like she was daydreaming. She looked innocent.

Helpless.

And Moony hesitated.

For some reason, he didn't want to attack the girl. Had she really come to hurt him and his pack? Perhaps she was only out for a stroll. After all, this forest was beautiful, and he couldn't really blame her for wanting to visit it.

No. She wasn't a threat. Moony lowered his head slightly, and started to back up, leaves rustling as he did so...

And the girl tensed, and she suddenly seemed alert and wide awake.

And Moony realised the girl was carrying something he hadn't paid attention to before - something that was gleaming in the light from the wonderful bright globe in the sky.

He didn't like it.

The girl had taken the stance of a warrior – and with the gleaming thing in her hand, she looked like a hunter.

Her innocent look had only been a facade. And Moony had let himself be tricked. He jumped out of the bushes, pouncing on the girl with a loud growl...the girl yelped in

shock, and Moony felt a twinge of satisfaction at the sound – no human should come here and think they could take over his forest and his pack! He was the Alpha!

Then...

PAIN!

The girl had lifted the gleaming weapon, and it had penetrated his skin, burying itself in his flesh and *cutting through*.

It *HURT*, and a whine escaped him, as he landed - on all four paws, but the cut had taken him by surprise, and because of that he lost his balance and fell down on his side.

He heard the heavy thunk of the weapon hitting the ground, and Moony smelled blood – his own blood – and he suddenly *hated* the girl.

Who was coming closer.

He smelled sadness and...regret?

Why would she be regretful? Hadn't she meant to hurt him? Moony felt confused and disoriented, and his muscles refused to obey him – his limbs were twitching, and he felt so heavy and *tired* all of sudden. The smell of blood was growing stronger...

The girl sank down on her knees and Moony closed his eyes, feeling dizzy. Then, he felt someone – her – touching him, pressing small, feminine, but surprisingly *strong* hands against his belly. And then, she was...*petting* him!

And it felt nice.

Her hands were then removed, and he felt something soft and warm replace them, but it didn't feel as good – but then, he could feel the outlines of her hands push against his stomach again, pressing down from above the softness.

He opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head to look at her.

The girl's eyes were filled with...pity? No – compassion, and anguish.

Why?

Why did she *care*?

She was human – she had done this – she wasn't supposed to care!

And neither was he. Why was he letting her do this? This was certainly a trick, to make him think she was *nice*. But he was the Alpha, he wasn't going to let her conquer him. Suddenly wide alert, he startled to struggle to get his limbs under control, his jaw snapping at the girl, who jumped back, frightened.

That was the real order of things – he, as the hunter, and she, as the prey - he wasn't going to give in so easily – she hadn't won yet.

The girl said something, but Moony didn't care about that: He only wanted to get *up!* But it was so hard – why was it so difficult? His entire body was so heavy, and he felt wobbly and lightheaded.

He finally got up on his front legs...his back legs followed. And Moony felt a surge of triumph flow through his veins. His body tensed, and he got ready to pounce – the girl looked wary now...in his mind was already jumping...but his body stayed absolutely still.

And then, he was falling, falling back towards the ground – his legs were refusing to hold him up! He was panicking now.

Why did he feel so *weightless*? He felt absent, like his body and mind were two different entities. His limbs refused to obey him!

Furious at himself, he got his front legs up again, by sheer *willpower* – but his backside wasn't following automatically, like they should. And then, his front legs failed him too, and he was once again back on the ground.

He tried again. And again. And again. And again. But he just felt *weaker!*

*Why?*

A whine of fear wanted to escape his throat, but it got stuck halfway.

He tried to get up again, but this time, it was all too much – his limbs weren't obeying him anymore, no matter how much he struggled – they were just lying there, twitching offensively, like useless things that didn't really belong to him, because they weren't following his commands.

And Moony was terrified. He had never felt so alone – not once had he felt as helpless as now – not even when he had been locked up alone, with no pack to keep him company.

Where was his pack? Why weren't they coming?

He felt so tired all of sudden, and he couldn't bring himself to *care* anymore.

It was hopeless.

He didn't care that the girl had once again sat down beside him, and was once again pressing that soft thing against his wound, which was still bleeding, but not so heavily anymore. He did wonder why she was still here though – she must know she had won.

Or perhaps she hadn't meant to injure him? Perhaps, she had only been trying to defend herself, against him, like he had tried to do, against her?

Either way, it didn't really matter anymore. He was just grateful for her presence. He didn't want to be alone, and even though his pack wasn't here – someone was.

The girl was suddenly talking, and Moony felt himself relax, a little bit at the time, his eyes closing. Her voice was smooth, and gentle, and he felt like he could lay here, with her, just listening, forever...

He suddenly realised he had stopped hating her, and that he forgave her for hurting him.

He was growing more and more tired now, and her voice seemed so far away, and that feeling of weightlessness was increasing...

...But it was alright, because he wasn't alone.

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Buffy let the tears fall freely.

The blood had stopped flowing. And the werewolf was so still. He was still breathing, but that was that – the movements of his ribcage were almost unnoticeable.

There was a rustling, and Buffy looked up, in surprise, as a stag – with a rat on its antlers - and a dog burst into the clearing.

Her surprise multiplied ten-fold, as the rat scurried down, and then, the three animals turned...human.

"Oh my God!" She exclaimed, staring at James, Peter and Sirius in shock.  
"You're...you're...you can turn into *animals*?"

"Yeah," James said. "It's not exactly legal though, so don't go spreading it around..." He glanced at his watch, groaning. "I forgot all about the time - Lily is going to *kill* me!" That's when he saw the werewolf by Buffy's feet, and he paled, as he realised who, exactly, it was that was lying there.

"Holy Hippogriffs," Sirius gasped, having seen him too. Peter rushed to the closest tree, where he proceeded to throw up.

"Who did this?" James asked weakly, kneeling down by the creature and lifted up an eyelid to check the reaction of the pupils.

"I-I..." Buffy stuttered, "I did."

Sirius, Peter and James' heads swirled around to stare at her.

"*What?*" Sirius breathed out, and he grabbed her shoulders and shook her, angrily.

"I-It was in self defense!" She cried out. "I didn't realise it was only a werewolf until it was too late! If I had, I never would have hurt him!"

It didn't seem like they were listening.

"What were you doing in the forest anyway?" James demanded to know. "Do you have any idea how dangerous it is?"

"I'm the Slayer!" Buffy exclaimed, and James and Sirius froze, though Buffy only rambled on, not noticing. "I got permission from Dumbledore to patrol the forest! I thought he was a demon! Or a vampire! I - "

"...You can't be the Slayer," James interrupted, rubbing his head. "It's not possible."

"What's a Slayer?" Peter wondered.

"A myth," Sirius stated, glaring angrily at Buffy. "You expect us to believe that?!" Peter didn't look much the wiser.

"It's the truth!"

Sirius snorted. "You're clearly delusional."

"We don't have time to argue!" James said, interrupting the argument he realised was coming. "We have to get help, before Remus dies!"

It was Buffy's time to freeze. "Is that...Remus?" She asked weakly, pointing in shocked disbelief at the barely alive werewolf.

The boys didn't get the chance to answer, however, for in that moment the werewolf started to turn back, and Buffy watched in horrid fascination as she heard the creaking of bones, and tearing of flesh, as the wolf turned back into human, confirming that it was, indeed, Remus. A dirty, bloody and deadly pale Remus, with blue-tinged lips, and Buffy's jacket the only thing covering him up and giving him some – but almost no – modesty.

Sirius quickly conjured up a blanket, covering him up.

"...Remus," she breathed, her heart beating quicker. If he died...

James conjured up a stretcher. "We have to get him to Madame Pomfrey, quickly." He sounded grim. "We don't have much time."

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Lily rounded the corner frowning deeply, arriving in the corridor to the hospital wing. She was *not* happy with James Potter – she shouldn't be surprised that he had stood her up though – after all, patrolling was all work and no play. But still, he *had* promised to take the whole Head Boy-business seriously. And the fact that he hadn't, well, it *hurt*.

Suddenly, Lily saw the boy in question come running. "Well, it's about time!" She snapped, glaring, putting her hands on her hips. "Though it would have been better if you had shown up, say, several *hours* ago." That's when she noticed Sirius, Peter and Buffy in tow, with Remus floating behind them on a stretcher, and she gasped in shock as she saw how bad he looked, forgetting about her anger, which was quickly replaced by worry for her friend. "What happened?!"

No one answered, they only pushed straight past her, yelling for Madame Pomfrey.

"What's going – " The nurse froze as she got sight of Remus. " – What is the meaning of this?"

"We found him like this in the Shack," James lied, not really knowing why he was covering for Buffy. But then again, they were covering their own arses as well – they had no reason to be in the forest during a full moon. "We have no idea how he got that wound," he added as Poppy lifted up the blanket, only to drop it in shock and gasping as she saw the gaping wound.

"He can't have done that to himself," she spat out, eyes spitting lightning. "That is no wound from claws or teeth – that is a sword injury, mark my words!"

Buffy winced, something that didn't escape Lily's notice. What was going on here?

"Everybody, out!" Poppy said. "Shoo! If I am going to be able to save him, I need peace and quiet! Someone, tell Slughorn to get here with every healing potion he can think of!"

Peter rushed off.

"And you," Poppy added, pointing at Sirius, "get the Headmaster."

"I'm already here," a voice said from the door opening, revealing Dumbledore, in pink bunny slippers and a red and gold silk pajama with snitches. "I had a feeling I might be needed. Come now." He gently led Buffy, Lily, James and Sirius outside.

"She should be locked up in Azkaban!" Sirius exclaimed, the moment they were outside, "pointing at Buffy, who winced again. "She did this! She tried to murder him!"

Lily's jaw dropped.

"There is no need of such accusations, Sirius," Dumbledore said, not seeing the need to use their last names in a situation like this. "I would very much like to hear what happened," he added looking at Buffy.

"I-I was out in the forest, patrolling," Buffy got out. "And I heard a noise, and then he – Remus – jumped out and attacked me. I-I just reacted – I thought he was a demon, or a vampire. It didn't hit me that it was a full-moon and that it could be a werewolf."

"Like that would have mattered to you," Sirius spat.

"Yes, it would have!" Buffy glared, raising herself to her full height. "I don't kill humans!"

"Many don't see the distinction between wolf and man," James cut in. "Why are you any different?"

"Why are you?" Buffy countered, and James fell silent at that. Lily was pleasantly surprised – the James she knew would have begun ranting.

"I may not have known Remus for that long," Buffy continued, more quietly. "But he is a friend. And even if he hadn't been, I still wouldn't want him dead. Werewolves might be dangerous, but that's only three days per month – for the rest of it, they're just as human as we are."

"One day," Dumbledore corrected.

"Huh?" Buffy blinked.

"One day per month, not three." His eyes were twinkling. "Things are a bit...different in our universe, as you may have noticed."

"Wait, rewind, please," Lily said, rubbing her nose. "Our universe? What do you mean, Headmaster? And why was Buffy, eh, *patrolling* the forest in the first place? Isn't it forbidden?"

"Buffy, shall you, or shall I?" Dumbledore asked, sounding rather amused.

"You go ahead," Buffy mumbled, crouching together and resting her head on her knees miserably. "I'd probably only mess the explanation up..."

Lily frowned, and she gave Buffy a worried look, though she was the only one.

"Of course. Simply put, Buffy is a dimensional traveller. She comes from the future – a future that belongs in another universe, where there is no wizarding world, but there is, on the other hand, a Slayer. The same Vampire Slayer we only hear about in our mythical stories, and I asked for her assistance in ridding the forest of any dangerous creatures there. Besides the spiders of course." He chuckled lightly. "Hagrid would never forgive me."

"So you were telling us the truth," James mumbled.

"Now," Dumbledore smiled, clasping his hands together, and looking at James and Sirius. "Why don't you tell me the truth about where you found him, you two, hmm?"

James and Sirius froze, and they gave each other panicked looks.

"What do you mean?" Sirius forced out, putting on his best innocent expression.

"What I mean," Dumbledore said, still smiling, "is that while Buffy said she encountered Remus in the forest, I heard James telling Poppy you found him in the Shrieking Shack. So you two, James and Sirius, are not being honest." His eyes twinkled. "Because I find it highly unlikely that Buffy is lying about patrolling the forest, and was, instead, patrolling the Shack."

Sirius and James blinked nervously.

"I carried him there," Buffy blurted out suddenly, drawing Dumbledore's attention to her. "I-I James and Sirius had told me how to get inside, when we were talking earlier today, and I thought...I thought that I should get the werewolf – well, Remus, I suppose – inside somewhere, so he wouldn't get cold, but I couldn't very well take him to the castle until he transformed back," Buffy continued to ramble on, the lies flowing off her tongue rather easily.

Behind Dumbledore, she saw Sirius and James gawk at her, incredulously, shocked that she'd cover for them, especially Sirius, considering he'd called her...well, a liar, mental, and, not to mention, a murderer. They quickly recovered though, and by the time Dumbledore turned back around, their relieved expressions had turned blank.

"Yeah," James said. "And after sunrise, Sirius, Peter and I went to make sure Remus got back to the castle alright, after his transformation, and we, well, found Remus hurt like that, with Buffy beside him."

"Indeed," Dumbledore said, fingering his beard. "If you say so. Ah, Horace, Peter, there you are."

Horace Slughorn nodded towards the Headmaster, before hurrying into the hospital wing, a large box of potions in his arms.

"I will see if Poppy need any further assistance," Dumbledore said, following him inside, leaving three fourths of the marauders, along with Buffy and Lily, alone, outside.

"So," James said, sighing, turning to Lily. "Out with it. I know you're dying to ask."

Lily frowned, confused. "Ask what?"

"Why Buffy covered for us, of course," Sirius exclaimed. "It can't have slipped your notice."

"Oh, that," Lily said, snorting. "I suppose you're referring to becoming animagi to keep Remus company during the full-moon, when you venture out in the *forbidden* forest and put us all in danger, in case you'd lose control over him." She frowned. "Although, I don't understand why Dumbledore bought your story. It was bad."

Sirius, James and Peter's jaws had dropped.

"How did you know?" Peter squeaked out.

"Well, I figured out that Remus was a werewolf, didn't I? It wasn't that hard to realise there must be a reason for him suddenly becoming much happier and healthier in the middle of fifth year, even around the full moon. I confronted him about it, and he

spilled." She shrugged. "He could never keep anything secret from me – I can read him like a book, if not better."

"So you know about the cloak and the map too, I suppose," Peter said miserably.

"Ye-wait." Lily frowned. "I know about the cloak. But what map are you talking about?"

"Great job, Wormtail," Sirius said, slapping the shorter boy on the top of his head.

"Never you mind," James said smoothly, throwing an arm around her shoulder. "I've been thinking – I know you'll never say yes if *I* ask *you* to Hogsmeade because that would destroy your reputation as an ice-queen, but, say, *you* can ask *me* to Hogsmeade, and *I'll* say yes, and we'll *both* be happy!"

Lily blinked, for a second confused about the sudden change in subject, and, rather pleased about James' arm being around her, for some strange reason she couldn't care to figure out at the moment. Then, her brain caught up about what James was talking about.

"You're just too much, do you know that?!" She exclaimed, shrugging off his arm. "First, you forget about our patrol – though that is kind of my fault - I shouldn't have scheduled it during a full moon. But, then you have the nerve to ask me out on a date, when Remus is in there, *dying*?" She threw her hands up. "I can't believe you!" She walked over to Buffy, who was still on the floor, leaning against the wall, and sat down, muttering about conceited Potters.

"Nice cover-up, Prongs," Sirius said, nudging him in the ribs. James sighed, messing up his hair, the bad habit making its way to the surface now when he was anxious and fretting.

"I suppose," he said. "But was it worth it?"

"Sure it was," Sirius said, patting him on the back. "We need to have some secrets of our own, right?"

"If you say so..."

The door to the hospital wing opened.