

Out of the Blue

Chapter 8 – Blame.

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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

The door to the hospital wing opened, and Dumbledore stepped out, along with professor Slughorn, and Buffy and Lily jumped up from the floor.

"You're still here?" Slughorn said as he got sight of them all, managing to sound surprised and rather cheerful at the same time. But then, he always did, so they couldn't take that as a sign that all was well with the world... "Go have some breakfast, and then try and get some sleep before classes." He disappeared down the corridor.

"How is he?" Lily asked Dumbledore anxiously.

"Will he be alright?" James wondered.

"Can we see him?" Sirius demanded to know.

"Is...there still a lot of blood?" Peter asked, frowning.

"Did I manage to kill someone else off?" Buffy asked, sounding rather bitter and dejected, like she expected the worst having come to pass, and everyone turned towards her, shocked.

"Buffy!" Lily exclaimed in astonishment. "Don't say that!"

"I will have to agree with miss Evans," Dumbledore said, back on last name basis. "It was touch and go for awhile – mr Lupin lost a lot of blood, but no vital organs were hit – if that had been the case, he would have died long before sunrise. Also, it is very lucky the weapon you used was not real silver, because then we would have to deal with poisoning as well – again, if he had made it 'til after sunrise, which I doubt."

"So he'll be alright?" Buffy whispered, sinking down to the floor, the shock of what had happened not really hitting home until now.

"Yes."

Buffy could have cried in relief. "So," she swallowed. "He'll recover completely? No permanent consequences? And are werewolves really allergic to silver?" Buffy asked, "I though that was a myth."

"Only when in contact with the bloodstream, and only when the werewolf is transformed," Dumbledore corrected. "And yes, Remus will recover fully, do not worry."

"So, can we see him?" Sirius said, repeating his question impatiently.

"Not at the moment. He's asleep and needs all rest he can get – as do you, I believe.

Later that day, Lily walked into the hospital wing quietly, immediately spotting the person she was looking for. "Why aren't you in class?" She asked, and Buffy, who was sitting on a chair by Remus' bedside, looked up.

"I don't think I would be able to concentrate." She sighed. "I don't think I'll ever be able to forgive myself for this." She grabbed one of Remus' hands carefully, squeezing slightly.

"It was an accident," Lily reminded her. "You couldn't have helped it. You reacted – it was a natural reflex."

"A reflex that could have killed him," Buffy said bitterly.

Lily sighed. "What if Remus had been a demon and you *hadn't* reacted? Then *you'd* be dead. You have those reflexes for a reason. You need them. You're the Slayer, correct?"

"Maybe I'd be better off dead," Buffy said miserably, letting go of Remus' hand. "And if being a Slayer is all that I am..." She trailed off. "All that destiny crap has only brought death and misery to all I care about. Just take Angel for example."

"And I'm sure that same destiny-crap has saved far more," Lily said, her tone of voice making it clear that that was the end of the discussion, and that she wouldn't listen to more of Buffy's self-blame. "And I am kind of curious about this Angel. In Diagon, you said it was your fault he died, but I sensed there's more to the story. I guess it has to do with you being the Slayer, and that's why you didn't tell me everything, but now there's no reason to hold anything back, since I already know."

Buffy squirmed in her seat. "I don't want to talk about it," she said. "Why aren't *you* in class, by the way?"

"I'm not because I skived off," Lily said. "It's not like I need the Potions-lessons anyway, according to Slughorn."

"You skived off?" Buffy repeated incredulously.

"Don't be so surprised," Lily said lightly. "I happen to think there are many things in the world far more important than school! Friends for example. And I had a feeling you needed one. So don't try and change the subject!" She scolded lightly. "I think you need to tell someone about this Angel-fellow of yours. It can't be easy, carrying so many

things alone. And I'm here, all willing and ready listen." She grinned. "And, since I skived off class for you, it's the least you can do."

Buffy's lips twitched. "If you put it that way..." She sighed. "I don't know where to begin..."

Lily squeezed her shoulder, conjuring up a chair for herself.

"The beginning usually works best for me," she said softly, and Buffy let out another deep sigh.

"Alright. I had just moved to Sunnydale, and was on my way to a club, when I realised I was being followed. It turns out it was Angel, who gave me a cryptic warning...that was our first meeting..."

"...And I kissed him. And I killed him," Buffy finished, tears running down freely from her face.

"I-I don't know what to say..." Lily stuttered out, conjuring up a napkin, and giving it to Buffy, who accepted it gratefully.

"Don't say anything," Buffy said, sniffing slightly. "You listened. And that's enough. I think I needed to get it off my chest. You were right, talking about it does help."

"I'm sorry," Lily said sadly. "For all that you had to go through...but I can honestly say that you are sharing position number one on the list of the strongest and bravest people I know."

"Really?" Buffy asked, managing to grin slightly through her tears. "So, who else is there? Who's sharing my spot? James?"

Lily rolled her eyes and she snorted. "Merlin, no! He is." She tipped her head towards the bed. "What Remus goes through every month - what he has had to deal with every month since he was three, plus all of the shunning, fear and hatred that comes with it - well, you must be very strong and courageous to handle all that."

"Why, thank you," a croaky and tired voice spoke up, and both Buffy and Lily jumped, their heads turning to look at Remus, whose eyes were still closed. "I think I'm flattered."

"Rem!" Buffy exclaimed, the nickname she'd given him in her head (and only let him hear once, by mistake, in the library) slipping out. "You're awake!"

Remus slowly forced his eyes opened and looked at the two girls, both who looked like they were about to hug him, and then proceed to squeeze the life out of him.

"No embraces, please," he forced out, throat dry. "Your sappy adoration is almost too much." He tried to smirk, but it came out more as a grimace.

"Oh, you're horrible," Lily muttered. "If you weren't hurt, I'd hit you."

Buffy smiled, glad that Remus truly seemed to be...well, fine, all things considered.

"How much did you hear?" She then asked. "Of my story?"

Remus seemed to think. "All of it. I woke up when you squeezed my hand."

Buffy blinked. Oh. That meant he had really heard *everything*. She swallowed heavily. Which meant he had also heard the part when she told Lily about losing her virginity (and that that was the moment of perfect happiness that made Angel lose his soul) – which wasn't something she wanted a boy to hear, and especially not Remus, for some reason. Perhaps because she felt she had grown closer to him than Peter, James and Sirius and thought things would be awkward between them, whereas James and Sirius would only tease her about it once or twice and then forget all about it.

Lily seemed to have realised too, for she suddenly giggled, and excused herself, saying she should probably get to Arithmancy.

"So...the Slayer exists, huh?" Remus asked, the second the red-head was out of the door.

"Yep," Buffy said in a monotone voice, her mind trying to figure out if she had said something else revealing and embarrassing...

"And you're her."

"Yep." Buffy sighed, resigning herself to the fact that she probably had been...

"And, you don't kill werewolves," Remus stated, looking confirmation.

"Nope. Or well, I try not to. I mean," Buffy gestured helplessly towards the bed. "But I don't seem to do a very good job of it."

"I'm alive, aren't I?" Remus asked, lips twitching. Buffy weren't smiling back, though, and an uncomfortable silence followed.

"Do you think you could get me some water?" Remus begged, after several moments of awkward quiet. "My throat feels like it's made of sawdust."

"Oh, right!" Buffy said, grabbing the glass on the nightstand and lifting it to Remus' lips so he could drink, as he was too weak to do it himself at the moment. Some of the water dripped down on his chest, however, and Buffy blushed.

"Sorry."

"No problem," Remus said, his voice a bit clearer now. "I'm the one that should be sorry."

Buffy frowned. "For what?"

"For attacking you. Dumbledore told me what happened when I woke up for a short moment earlier today. I mean, I was kind of out of it, but I got the gist of what happened." He frowned as he saw Buffy's shocked look. "It is still *today*, right?" He wondered anxiously. "I mean, I haven't missed days or something?"

"It's still today," Buffy assured him. "But I don't understand what *you* have to be sorry about! It was *my* fault! You couldn't help what happened! You were transformed!"

"Whether I was in control or not doesn't matter!" Remus exclaimed. "I still did it! I'm still to blame!"

"No!" Buffy protested loudly. "It was an accident!"

Suddenly, Remus guilty and despairing expression turned into a smirk. "An accident indeed. So we are clear that it was nothing neither you or I could have prevented or done anything about. Which means, *none* of us are to blame."

Buffy blinked. Then she scowled. "You set me up," she grumbled.

"And you fell for it," Remus deadpanned. "Seriously though – God, I love saying that when Sirius isn't here and can turn it into a stupid pun – if I, who is the king of self blame and has always lacked confidence, isn't allowed to think that it's my fault, then you, who, as far as I know, do not suffer from a lack of self esteem – are not allowed to either."

Buffy pouted, but then she smiled. "Fine. We are both victims in this, I get it. I'd hug you to set the deal off, but a handshake will have to be enough."

Remus smiled, lifting his right hand tiredly, Buffy grabbing it and shaking it carefully.

That's when Madame Pomfrey stuck out her head from her office, her eyes widening.

"You're awake?!" She exclaimed loudly, stalking over to the two. "Why didn't one of you tell me?!"

"We have been making quite a racket out here. Is it our fault you weren't listening?" Remus said, lips twitching teasingly.

Madame Pomfrey huffed. "Don't get smart with me, Remus!" She said, but she was smiling too. She had, after all, treated him for post (and pre) moon sickness - which James and Sirius had officially dubbed PMS and had the rest of the school shaking their heads in bewilderment - since he was a tiny and unhealthy looking first year.

Because of that, their relationship went a little beyond than that which normally transpired between nurse and student, to something more resembling the attachment between close relatives or confidants.

Pomfrey's smile faded as he felt his forehead, and she glowered at Buffy. "You have tired him out!" She scolded, and Remus rolled his eyes, though Buffy frowned worriedly. He did look a little warm – his cheeks were flushed in his otherwise pale face, and his blue eyes seemed a little bit too glassy for it to be natural. Perhaps she *had* tired him out...

"I'll be by later, probably with the others too," Buffy promised standing up.

"Oh, no, you don't," Madame Pomfrey said. "Remus needs to rest today – you can come and visit tomorrow."

"Fine, tomorrow," Buffy agreed dejectedly. "Bye, Rem."

"Bye," Remus said, lifting his hand tiredly to wave, only to have it slapped down by Madame Pomfrey who told him to lie still, if he knew what was good for him.

The last thing Buffy saw before she closed the door, was Remus rolling his eyes again, and mutter "yes, *mum*," the sarcasm in his voice unmistakable.

"Ow! You're stepping on my foot!"

"So? You've been elbowing me the entire way here!"

"Guys! Stop trying to kill each other! With my luck, you'll end up slaughtering me instead!"

Remus blinked sleepily, waking up to the sound of voices bickering. The hospital wing was completely dark, the only light coming from a charmed watch on his bedstand. For a short moment, he looked around in confusion, but then he grinned. "You can take off the cloak, you three," he said, coughing slightly. "We're alone in here."

There was a sudden stillness...and then...a rustle, as Peter swept off the invisibility cloak that was covering him and James and Sirius, who were currently having each other in a headlock.

"Sorry about the ruckus," Peter said, rolling his eyes at James and Sirius, who were now trying to poke each other's eyes out, from the look of it. He walked over to the bed, carrying a box of chocolate frogs. "Chocolate cures everything, right?" He stuttered out.

Remus smiled. "Thanks. Prongs, Padfoot."

"Huh?" Sirius looked up, wincing as this made James pull on his hair harder.

"Did you say something?" James blinked, glasses askew and his hair an even bigger mess than usual.

Remus smirked, rubbing the last of his sleep away from his eyes and sitting up. "Are you trying to wake Madame Pomfrey up?"

Sirius and James let go of each other sheepishly. "Sorry." They rushed over to the bed, bouncing down on it, being careful not to land on Remus. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I just got woken up by a hord of wild Hippogriffs," Remus said dryly. "What are you doing here? It's the middle of the night! Buffy said you weren't going to come here until tomorrow!"

"Well," Sirius poked the shining watch with a finger. The hands showed that it was five minutes past midnight. "Technically, it is."

"And," James added. "Can you blame us for wanting to see our bestest friend who has had a very rough night?" He pouted. "I can't believe Madame Pomfrey forbade us from seeing you all of yesterday, because she said we'd be too loud!"

"Yeah!" Sirius added, huffing indignantly. "Us? Loud? Never!"

Remus laughed.

"Hey, Red!" Faith grinned, waving Willow over. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Kane. Kane, this is Willow." The dark-haired Slayer ran her hand up and down Kane's chest seductively. Willow smiled awkwardly.

"Hi." She and Faith were at the Bronze – Oz and his band, *Dingoes Ate My Baby*, were playing, and the red-head had been more than content to just sit and listen. But now, Faith was introducing him to a guy? Willow couldn't help but wonder what she was playing it – she knew she was dating Oz, after all.

But then again, Faith was nothing if not unpredictable. Ever since she'd showed up in Sunnydale, things had been running rather wild. First, she had been rather out-of-control: A danger to herself, even. Then, they'd found out the reason – Kakistos, a vampire so old he had claws instead of hands. The Scoobies had all come to Faith's aid in defeating him, and afterwards, they had all grown a lot closer, the Slayer filling the void Buffy had left behind when she ran away and abandoned them.

Joyce had been heartbroken when Buffy left, but was now slowly starting to mend – also thanks to Faith, whom she had sort of unofficially adopted. The same could be said for Giles, who was starting to regard Faith as the daughter he'd never had. Dealing with Faith was a full-time job, that was for sure, and kept the Watcher's thoughts away from the missing Slayer. A small part of Willow wondered if Buffy even cared they were hoping she'd return. And another part, which she was trying to keep buried because it made her feel guilty, was wondering if Willow even wanted Buffy to come back at all...

"So are you coming?"

"Huh?" Willow blinked.

Faith grinned. "You have no idea what I just said, do you? Never mind – Kane and I are going for a walk. You coming?"

"Uh...I-I think I'm going to stay. Watch Oz...hang with Xander and Cordy."

"They're busy making out in the storage room," Faith said. "So nothing's keeping you. Please, red! Live a little!"

Willow rolled her eyes. "Oh, fine," she huffed.

The two girls left the club, Kane leading the way. As soon as they were outside, Faith hooked arm with him, grinning widely. "I must introduce you to one of my other friends," she said.

"Oh?" Kane let an eyebrow rise.

"Yeah." Faith slid up face to face with him, still grinning, a hand reaching into her inner jacket-pocket. Kane's eyes widened as she pulled it back out, now holding a long wooden stake.

"This is my constant companion, Sharp," Faith introduced. "Sharp, this - " she pushed the stake into Kane's heart - "is dust," she finished, watching as Kane combusted, a pleased look on her face.

Willow's mouth was opening and closing. "He was a vampire?" She asked.

"Sure," Faith said, shrugging, then snorted. "You didn't think I took him out here for a quickie, did you? If I was, I wouldn't have brought you along for the ride. Unless you're into that sort of thing," she added with a smirk.

"No-no," Willow stammered out. "I'm not. Really. I'm good."

Buffy sat in the Quidditch stands, biting her nails nervously, her eyes looking between the many Gryffindors that had showed up for the Quidditch tryouts, and her new, not yet flown, Cleansweep 4. She looked up, however, as she saw a shadow stand above her. "Sirius. Hi."

"Hi." Sirius buried his hands in the pockets of his jeans. "Why are you sitting up here, all by your lonesome?"

Buffy shrugged.

"Let me guess," Sirius scratching his jaw in fake confusion. "You're missing electricity."

Buffy rolled her eyes. "Not really, no."

"Hmm...hot, sunburned American boys?"

Buffy snorted. The only one she could say she missed was Angel, and he wasn't – hadn't been – sunburnt, or anything even close to it. "No."

"Well, then what can it be? Ah!" He pretended to lit up in understanding. "You want to try out, but are afraid to."

Buffy glared and Sirius smirked. "I think I hit the right spot."

"I have never flown a broom before in my entire life," Buffy sighed, standing up to leave. "This idea was stupid – I don't know why I bought the broom in the first place."

Sirius grabbed her arm with one hand to hold her back, and the broom, which he thrust into her arms with the other. "You. Pitch. Fly. Now."

"I don't know how!" Buffy exclaimed.

"It's easy. If you're a natural, you'll get the hang of it quickly. If not, well," Sirius shrugged, "then you should probably give that broom to charity, since there are lots of hopefuls down there that have flown since before they could walk."

"You're not really helping my confidence any, you know," Buffy muttered.

"You want me to ease your mind?" Sirius blinked. "Fine. You will probably out-fly a lot of those people down there, because, I'm guessing, as the Slayer, you have a great balance, great reflexes, strength in spades, a mean throw and perfect sight. Which means you'd make an awesome Quidditch player in any position you try out for, and will handle this with no problem."

Buffy smiled gratefully, but it faded quickly, as Sirius suddenly took on a grave look and his eyes narrowed. "What you should consider, however, is this," he said. "Do you really want to be on the team so badly that you're willing to best all the students who have been practicing for this for all of their lives, and deserve this chance – have earned this chance – while you got this idea on a whim, and will still beat them, because you're *gifted*. I realise this sounds mean, and brutal," Sirius added, his expressions softening. "But Quidditch means a great deal to everyone, and I know Gryffindor wouldn't want someone on it who doesn't really want to be there. I'm just asking you to consider if being on the team is really what you want – are you willing to put your *soul* into it?"

Buffy frowned. Was she? Sirius had made her reconsider – though he could have put it in a nicer way, he had been honest, and his point got through...plus, she had a feeling he didn't really like her ever since she hurt Remus – who was still in the hospital wing, and probably wouldn't get out until after the weekend.

"Prongs is a slave driver as captain," Sirius continued. "That's why Gryffindor have won the Quidditch cup every year since he took over, and, since this is his last year, he'll

probably be worse than ever. You will have to spend a lot of time on a broom, Buffy. Do you have that time, if you really plan on passing all of your subjects?"

Buffy's frown deepened.

"Just think about it," Sirius said, walking away.

"How's it going?" Buffy wondered, having stepped down from the stands and was now standing beside James, her new broom held in a hard grip.

"Fairly well," James said. "The first batch was pretty good – I think I've found a keeper already. But the ones up there now..." He sighed, dragging a hand through his messy hair. "Well, Quinn thinks he is an international Quidditch star. He comes to every tryout, and then tries to do something way beyond his ability and ends up in the hospital wing. And Michaels...well, one little blow from the tiniest little wind, and he'd crash in the middle of the forbidden forest."

Buffy grinned, though it came out more like a grimace. What if she messed up? And...did she really want to do this? She was only listening to James now with half an ear, as the anxiousness made itself known even more than usual...

"...Davies could be good with a little practice. He's a fairly good flyer, but has yet to hit the goal within a radii of twenty feet..."

She wished Remus was here – something about the boy's presence was very calming, and always made her feel right at ease...and she had now idea why she had started to think about him all of sudden...

"...Parker has made one goal out of ten tries. And at her last try, she crashed into our keeper, when she couldn't come to a halt...Buffy, are you listening to me?"

"Huh?"

James rolled his eyes. "I asked, have you – is that a broom in your hand?!"

Buffy blushed. "Uhh...yeah."

"You plan on trying out?" James looked excited now, and had stood up, grinning like a maniac.

"I haven't made up my mind yet...I haven't even flown before..."

"That's alright," James said. "I can show you how after the trials, and then you can have your own tryout, with just me – and the rest of the team - watching. Is that alright?" He asked, and then continued, without waiting for an answer. "What position are you trying out for?"

"Chaser. I think."

"That's fine. We need a new chaser, a new keeper, and a whole new reserve team, so even if you miss the first spot, you still got a shot at the second," James rambled on.

Buffy forced out a smile.
