

Out of the Blue

Chapter 1 – Out of the blue.

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RATING: PG-13 (T).

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

1998, Los Angeles, California.

Buffy Anne Summers was patrolling the city streets of Los Angeles, twirling her stake between her fingers absently, not really paying attention to her surroundings. In the distance, she could hear the sounds of traffic, along with shouts and laughter from one of the many street gangs. She looked up at the clear night sky, sighing, and rubbing her forehead tiredly.

After the episode with Angelus and Acatla, Buffy had taken her refuge to LA and Helen's kitchen, a small café. Most of her summer so far had been spent there, working; there had been a lot of overtime and a crappy pay, but she didn't mind – the work distracted her from thinking of...things. Though it only worked to a certain degree – when she got back to her apartment, the thoughts would pile up, and everytime she closed her eyes she'd see *his* face. The expression as she buried the sword in Angel's chest would forever haunt her.

Often, she'd cry herself to sleep, wishing for a miracle, that when she woke up, he would be there, and all of this would just turn out to be a really bad dream. But mostly, she didn't go to sleep at all. Instead, she preferred to walk back and forth through dark alleys, waiting for the creatures of the night to come out in the hunt of some easy meat. Slaying was the only thing that offered her a sense of relief, even though she'd tried to tell herself that quitting was the only way to freedom – that her 'job' had destroyed her life. For awhile, she had ignored her calling, but soon, the lure of battle had proven to be too much. She couldn't turn her back on it, as much as she wanted to. It was part of who she was. Buffy, the Vampire Slayer.

Buffy pulled up her wallet from her pocket, silently counting her money, wondering if tomorrow would be the day she returned to Sunnydale. She doubted it. She wasn't ready yet, and wasn't sure she'd ever be. Would she even be welcomed? The words her mother had told her still stung deeply.

'If you walk out of this house, don't even think of coming back.' She already knew she was a failure as a daughter, but having her mother tell her she wasn't wanted – it hurt. And Giles would probably be disappointed in her. On top of that, she'd been *expelled* – again.

Buffy furiously blinked away her tears and stuffed down the wallet again. No. She would not go back. The past was the past. She was on her own now. It was better this way, considering she brought death and destruction wherever she went. Willow had already been badly hurt once, and it would probably only be a matter of time before both her and Xander was killed in the line of fire. They were just your average high school kids – she couldn't believe she'd thought she could somehow combine her 'work' with 'play.' Especially considering the trail of dead she already had left in her path.

Merrick. Jesse. Ford. Theresa. Jenny. Kendra. And now Angel. The list went on and on, filled with people dear to her, and some she didn't even know the name of. Buffy froze, tensing up as she heard a sound coming from behind her. "Hello?" She called out hesitantly, playing the part of the scared innocent victim.

Another sound, and Buffy spun around, stake at the ready. Her eyes widened as she realised it would be of no use to her. This was a demon, not a vampire. She wished she'd brought a sword. She kicked out at the demon, which let out an angry growl, grabbing her leg and pushing her back, making her land hard at the dirty asphalt. Wincing, she got up, eyes narrowing as she looked the demon up and down, measuring his strength and weaknesses.

He looked tough; skin dark, red eyes, and his skin seemed rather hard. She couldn't help but wish Giles was around, so he could tell her what exactly she was dealing with. Buffy jumped up, doing a volt above him, spinning around and kicking him, hard, as soon as she regained her balance. To Buffy's surprise, and slight fear, the demon barely flinched and turned around slowly, lifting her up and throwing her into some nearby trashcans.

Buffy let out a groan. She wasn't in the best of shape, it seemed. The demon had reacted faster than she had, and now she payed for it. A feeling of dizziness hit her and she looked down at her stomach. She was bleeding. A long piece of metal had somehow impaled her as she landed.

She pulled herself up into a half sitting position, grabbing hold of the metal, and – pulling. She let out a moan of pain and she weakly fell back against the trashcans, the blood from the wound flowing more freely, the piece of metal still in a firm grip in her hand.

Out of the corner of her eye she noted the demon coming closer. Were there two of them now? Everything was looking so blurry, and she wondered if this was what dying felt like. If it was, she wouldn't go out without taking the bastard with her.

As the demon approached, she kicked herself up into a standing position, throwing her arm out and burying the piece of metal between his ribs. The demon looked down at himself, then up at her stupidly, green blood dripping, and then he combusted, or rather *melted* into a pool of green slime. Buffy stumbled back weakly, clutching her stomach wound, coughing. She noted absently she was spitting blood.

The world was spinning.

Some kind of blue vortex was slowly coming to life in front of her, out of the pool of blood from the demon. Buffy gasped, backing up – somehow, she knew being sucked into that...portal would not be a good thing. But it was too late – the wirvel had already gotten a hold of her, and was pulling her in...and then everything went black.

1976, Hogwarts, Great Britain, a universe away.

James sighed, staring longingly at a red-headed girl further down the table.

Sirius snorted, rolling his eyes at his best friend. "Haven't you given up yet, mate?" He asked. "Lily Evans does not want anything to do with you. You could have any girl you wanted in this school, and you're still pining for the unattainable."

James, finally turning his attention away from the girl who occupied his dreams, gave him a glare. "She is not unattainable!" He protested. "This will be *the year*, I'm sure of it!"

Sirius rolled his eyes again. "You know, it would be more believable had you not said the exact same thing last year."

"And the year before that," another boy, Remus Lupin cut in, smirking slightly.

"And the year before that," a third one, Peter Pettigrew piped up.

"And – " Sirius began anew, only to be cut of by James who gave them an irritated look.

"Alright, alright, I get your point," he muttered. "But I'm telling you! She will be mine! I'm Head Boy this year, aren't I? We'll have to share patrols and duties...it will be the perfect chance to get to know each other!"

Sirius eyebrows rose. "You mean you're actually planning on doing those things?"

"Yes!"

"I'll believe it when I see it," Sirius said, shaking his head. "James Potter and duties...something is wrong with that sentence. I say, leave the work to Evans and abuse your position as much as you can."

Remus frowned. "Don't listen to him, James. I think it's good you're taking your new status seriously. Have you ever thought about how the reason that Lily may despise you is because you're a bit of a slacker? And maybe a tiny bit of a bully as well?"

"The thought did cross my mind over the summer," James admitted, lifting up a hand to ruffle up his hair, only to stop himself and scratch his neck instead.

Sirius gawked. "You can't be serious!"

"No, you are," the other three marauders chorused.

Sirius glared. "I'm the only one allowed to play on that joke," he muttered. "Anyway, you can't be considering laying off on Snivellus, are you, Prongs?"

James shrugged. "Maybe I am. If we don't bother him, maybe he won't bother us."

"That's just optimistic thinking," Sirius protested. "Besides, we live to torture the greasy-git."

James sighed. "Sirius, I have been giving this a lot of thought. I really like Lily – a lot. And if stopping bullying Snape is the way to catch her attention in a good way, then I'll give it a try."

"Fine," Sirius sulked. "I can't believe you'll abandon our camaraderie for a girl, though."

James and Remus rolled their eyes at each other at Sirius' exaggeration. "But you will keep pranking, at least, won't you?" Sirius added, giving the messy-haired boy a pout and a flash of the puppy-dog eyes.

James lips twitched. "Of course! It is our last year, after all. And we'll have to go out with a bang, right?"

"Hear, hear," Sirius, Remus and Peter chorused, lifting their empty glasses and clinking them theatrically.

"Shh!" Lily Evans hissed at them. "The sorting is about to start!"

"*The sorting is about to start,*" Sirius mimicked in a girly voice. "What you see in her...other than her looks, I'll never know. Ouch!"

James had promptly kicked him under the table, and turned his attention to the Sorting hat, which was opening its brim to sing.

Sirius blinked. "You're actually going to listen to the hat?"

James ignored him.

"Hell must be freezing over," Sirius muttered, shaking his head at Remus, who grinned, before, he too, turned his attention to the sorting hat.

Other than presenting the houses, as usual, the hat also seemed to sing about a threat in the horizon. This was new, and also troubling.

Remus frowned.

Ever since he'd come to Hogwarts as a first year, Remus had heard whispered rumours about a wizard who called himself Lord Voldemort. No one had taken them seriously, then, and Remus, who had only been a young boy had been far too busy to worry about everyday stuff to pay any attention to it. He'd thought it would blow over, like every other 'big' threat, and even if it didn't – well, he'd be safe at Hogwarts, wouldn't he?

Everyone knew Hogwarts was one of the safest places in Britain - maybe in the entire world - and not only because of the strong wards surrounding the old castle, but also because Dumbledore -the one everyone looked up to, the one everyone considered being the greatest wizard alive, the one who had defeated the terror Grindewald -was the Headmaster.

But now, Remus was in his last year, and the threat hadn't blown over – in fact, people were growing genuinely afraid, and were refusing to speak Voldemort's name, only calling him 'you-know-who' or 'he-who-must-not-be-named' and even these silly titles brought shudders upon some people.

Remus absently noted the hat singing how "you must all stick together in these trying times" and he sighed. Trying times, indeed. Soon, they'd be out there, outside of the castle walls, with no one to protect them. He glanced furtively at Sirius and James, knowing they were both planning on becoming Aurors, and as such, would be in the thick of things.

As for Peter...well, even if Peter didn't get very good grades and struggled in all of his classes (barely managing to scrape an 'Acceptable'), he knew that he would still have more options than Remus, who, with his lycanthropy had a very limited amount of positions to choose from. The Ministry didn't hire werewolves, and most other employers were loath to go against Ministry policies, so Remus had no idea what to do after graduation. Maybe he'd end up as a clerk in his father's bookstore. Joy.

But Remus also knew that whatever happened, Remus knew he could deal with it as long as the marauders stuck together. James, Sirius and Peter were his first and only true friends, and he would hate to lose them.

The hat finally finished its song to scattered applause (many students were whispering, some looking frightened), and the first years who stood in the entrance to the hall were all looking positively terrified. Sirius groaned.

"Finally! I thought the hat would never shut up."

Remus grinned. Sirius would never change. James, however, were frowning.

"I thought the song was quite interesting this year. You should have listened."

Sirius let his head fall onto the table with a loud 'thunk.' "James," he said. "If you're going to turn into a copy of Moony, only worse - "

" - Hey!" Remus protested.

" - I think I might just kill you."

James rolled his eyes, and turned to Peter whose stomach had let out a loud growl.

"Hungry?"

Peter nodded. "Yes."

"You stuffed yourself full of sweets at the train," Remus said, incredulously. "How can you possibly be hungry already?"

Peter shrugged.

"He's always hungry," Sirius quipped. "After six odd years of friendship, I thought you would have learned that by now, Moony."

"Psst, James!" Michaela Duncan, one of the Chasers for the Gryffindor Quidditch team and also a seventh year, called out at the same time as she had yelled out "Gray, Joseph. Have you scheduled any practices yet?"

James shook his head. "I'll have to check our schedule first, and then make sure it doesn't collide with the duties I'll have as Head Boy, and the prefect patrols.

"Sounds awfully ambitious and organized of you, James," Michaela said, impressed, before turning attention back to the sorting. The hat was now on "Hanning, Margaret." A few seats away from her, Lily was actually looking pleasantly surprised, and James' heart swelled with pride. Maybe this whole becoming-responsible-thing would work out. He put up his elbows on the table and let his head rest on his hands, staring dreamily at the green-eyed beauty, who knew she was being watched but was doing her best to ignore it.

"Jones, Alyssa," the hat called out, sounding rather bored, and Remus watched as a blonde slowly made her way to the hat, staring excitedly at everything in the hall, and pausing every now and then to let out a gasp of appreciation. McGonagall was tapping her foot impatiently at the floor.

"I'll bet you a galleon that she'll end up in Hufflepuff," Sirius said, nudging Remus.

Remus eyes narrowed, and he stared in focused concentration at the girl who finally had taken her seat on the stool and was now getting the hat put on by McGonagall.

"Ravenclaw," he said, determined, turning to Sirius. "I'll take that bet."

Sirius smirked. "You just lost yourself a galleon, Moony."

Several seconds later, the girl still hadn't been sorted. Sirius yawned, giving Remus an eye-roll. "And I who hoped she would be a quick one," Sirius mumbled under his breath, bored. Remus grinned, turning around back to the hat which was opening its brim...

"...RAVENCLAW!" The hat yelled out, and Sirius' jaw dropped, and he handed Remus a galleon. "How did you *do* that?" He wondered.

Remus shrugged. "Lucky guess." His shrug turned into a grin. "Or maybe I am just that good."

"Egoism does not become you, Moony," Sirius sing-songed. "That's my tune, and you know it."

James finally tore his eyes away from Lily and he gave them a curious look. "What are you talking about?"

Sirius and Remus gave each other a look that said 'hopeless.'

"Pranks, of course, dear Prongs," Sirius said, bringing out the triumph card and the only thing that could take James' mind away from Evans when he was in one of his 'worshipping-moods.' "What else?"

James lit up.

By the time the first years had all been sorted, the marauders were whispering excitedly, waving their hands around in gestures, and occasional snickers coming from the close-huddled group.

"Welcome! Welcome to another year at Hogwarts!" Dumbledore said, and the marauders looked up, giving each other a look that said 'we'll finish this later.'

"For some of you, it is the first, and for others, it is the last. As usual, the Forbidden forest is as it sounds - forbidden. Some students should know this by now," Dumbledore's eyes settled on the marauders - especially James and Sirius, who put on their best innocent smiles.

'The only thing missing is the Gloria', Remus thought and snorted.

Dumbledore spoke up again. "I also have some other bit of news for you - or maybe it is starting to become more of a tradition - I have managed to find another Defence Against the Dark Arts professor even this year - professor Malcovitz, who unfortunately couldn't make it to the feast, but will be here in good time before classes begin."

There were snickers at this. 'Tradition' was just the first name. During all of Remus' years at Hogwarts, and apparently, several years before them as well, no one had managed to hold the DADA post for longer than a year. Rumours had it that the position was cursed, or jinxed, and that Dumbledore found it harder and harder to convince someone to take the post - almost no one asked for it freely anymore.

Remus crossed his fingers, hoping the teacher was someone good this year - or well, at least fairly competent. DADA was his overall favourite - and his best - subject, and he

thought it was one of the more important as well. And, if a *war* was coming, it was even more important than ever. Remus did not plan on sitting on the sidelines, even if he couldn't work as an Auror.

"I have also been asked by Mr Filch, our caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors," Dumbledore continued, looking at the students over his half-moon formed glasses. "Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested in playing for their house teams should contact the flying instructor, Madam Smith, or the Quidditch captain for the house you wish to join."

James leaned forwards to the two gossippers of Gryffindor, a couple of fourth years, keeping his voice low so he wouldn't interrupt Dumbledore's speech. "That's me. We need a new keeper and a new chaser this year, and there are two positions on the reserve team open – chaser and beater - so everyone interested, please sign up as soon as possible. Could you pass the message on to the rest of the table, please?"

He gave them a charming grin. The two girls blushed and giggled, but nodded, and soon.

"...Finally, Mr Filch also says that any maps, or enchanted parchments found will be confiscated immediately," Dumbledore finished. "Now, I have just two more words for you: Tuck in!" Squeals of excitement were heard from the first years as food and drink of all sorts appeared on the table. All the students quickly started to shuffle on as much food as they could manage onto their plates.

The marauders gave each other panic-stricken looks as they passed around the foot and started to heap it up. Last year, Remus had got the idea of creating a map of the school, where you could see all the secret passages and rooms, plus everyone inside the school grounds. The other marauders had been very excited about the idea, and decided to go through with it.

It had been a big help for their mayhem creating, mischief planning, and prank playing during the nights (and days). The map had also been a great help after they managed to become animagi and started to sneak out to Remus in the Whomping Willow during his transformations.

"Ho-chan't-no-wout-th-wharavors-wap, chan'e?" Peter muttered worriedly, chewing wildly.

"What?" James said, confused. "Speak up, Pete!"

Peter swallowed. "He can't know about the Marauder's Map, can he?" He repeated.

"He knows everything," Sirius said, shrugging. "I'd say he does. We'll just have to be more careful with it, this year."

Suddenly, several students had started to talk excitedly, and were pointing at the ceiling. The marauders looked up, watching in a mixture of surprise, excitement and slight apprehension and a blue swirl started to take shape, growing bigger and bigger, and slowly lowering itself downwards.

Now the teachers had noticed it too.

"Please, move away from your tables and back towards the walls," Dumbledore commanded, and slight chaos broke out, when everyone tried to leave at the same time.

"I think it's a portal," they heard Lily Evans say in realisation, as they reached the wall and Remus thought she was probably was. There wasn't much else it could be, really. All the professors, and some students, among them Sirius and James, had their wands pointed at it, in case, something would fall out of the blue swirl...

And something did.

Most of the girls let out shrieks of fright, and a lot of the boys yelled loudly in shock as a shape fell out and crashed down onto the middle of the floor. The students walked hesitantly closer.

"Stay where you are!" Dumbledore said, and everyone froze. The white-bearded Headmaster slowly made his way towards the shape, his wand still out and pointing at it.

"It's a girl!" Someone from the Hufflepuff table called out, and there were excited murmurs. Remus leaned forwards a bit, to try and get a better look...it was a girl. And she was unconscious, bleeding heavily from her stomach, looking rather beat-up and bruised.

Dumbledore knelt down by her, checking for a pulse. "Poppy!" He said, and the Matron quickly made her way over.

"Who is she, Albus?" Remus heard her ask.

"As of now," Dumbledore said. "One of your patients, it seems."

He stood up, waving his wand, and a stretcher appeared, onto which he carefully levitated the girl.

The marauders watched in fascination as the Headmaster and Poppy quickly walked out of the Great Hall, the doors closing behind them. A second later, the students broke into excited chattering.

Remus, though, was frowning. The girl had looked so small and frail...and yet, there had been something about her...something that spoke of strength, courage and yet vulnerability. Something deeper, lurking under the surface of an innocent facade. Something that made his heart beat a little bit faster...

Suddenly, Remus couldn't wait for the feast to be over, so he could visit the hospital wing.