

Out of the Blue

Chapter 2 – Dear girl.

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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

Buffy opened her eyes, blinking against the bright light.

"Good, you're awake," a brisk voice said, and Buffy watched in confusions as a woman pointed – a stick – at her, and muttering something under her breath.

"Where am I?"

"Hogwarts," the woman – a nurse of some kind, Buffy supposed - said, giving her a cup of water, which Buffy gratefully accepted.

"And that's supposed to tell me something?" Buffy asked after she'd swallowed a mouthful. The woman smiled a bit.

"So you're a muggle then," she mumbled.

"A what?" Buffy was more confused than ever.

"Never mind," the nurse said, taking back the cup. "You're at a school, and the Headmaster will be here in a moment, explaining everything." She looked up as there was a slight cough coming from behind her. "Oh, speaking about the Headmaster. Albus, our patient is awake."

The man smiled, eyes twinkling at Buffy from behind his glasses. "I can see that. Thank you, Poppy," he said, grabbing a nearby chair, and sitting down, his wrinkled hand grabbing Buffy's and massaging it softly with his thumb. The grandfatherly gesture made Buffy relax and sink deeper down into her pillows.

"How are you feeling, child?"

"A little sore," Buffy admitted.

The nurse – Poppy - spoke up. "I just changed your bandages on your stomach wound, and you seem to be healing surprisingly fast."

Buffy blushed. "Yeah. I...heal very quickly."

The man smiled. "Do you mind telling me what happened?" He stared deeply into her eyes, and suddenly, Buffy felt as if he could read her soul... She quickly looked away.

"You still haven't told me who you are, and where I am," she said quietly, changing the subject. Her eyes flickered all over the room, looking for means to escape should it become necessary. Maybe she was just paranoid, but better safe than sorry.

"My apologies," the man said. "My name is Albus Dumbledore, and you are at my school in Scotland, Great Britain."

Buffy's head snapped up. She'd thought there was something decidedly british about the way they spoke... "How?" She asked. "As far as I remember, I was in Los Angeles moments ago."

"America?"

"Yes."

Dumbledore nodded thoughtfully.

"Do you not remember anything that happened?" He asked.

Buffy's face became a blank slate. A demon...getting her ass kicked...a portal. They'd lock her up in a mental institute if she told him the truth.

"No," she lied.

"I see," Dumbledore said, but it didn't sound like he believed her. "Would it help if I told you that you are in a school for Witchcraft and Wizardry?" He gave Poppy a look, and Poppy gave him a nod of understanding, fingering her wand in case she'd need to *oblivate* the young woman.

Buffy looked up. "There's a school for it?" She shook her head ruefully. "Willow would love this..."

"You do not seem surprised," Dumbledore said carefully.

Buffy snorted. "Little surprises me anymore. I deal with the supernatural on a daily basis."

"So you are a witch then?" Dumbledore asked.

"No," Buffy said, looking up and meeting Dumbledore's eyes again. "But I am the Vampire Slayer."

"It can't be!" Poppy gasped, and Dumbledore stared, for the first time in his life, thoroughly shocked. But then, he shouldn't have been, due to the magical power he could feel in her.

"Oh, my," he said. "Well, this certainly changes things!"

"It does?" Buffy wondered, trying not to blink as the nurse who was now pointing her stick, which tip was shining in a bright light – directly at her eyes.

"Yes."

"She doesn't seem to have any head damage," the nurse said. "Name?"

Buffy rolled her eyes.

"Buffy Summers," she said, sighing. She was in a magic school, and they still thought she was crazy when she said she was the Slayer.

The nurse looks surprised. "Buffy? Really? I have never heard of such a name before..."

Buffy glared.

"...Anyway, age and date of birth, please?"

"Seventeen. I'm born in January, 1981."

The nurse and Dumbledore gave each other worried looks.

"My dear girl, I am afraid that is not possible," Dumbledore said gently.

"Why not?" Buffy said, angry. "Don't I look old enough or something?"

"No, that's not it at all," Poppy explained. "But...the year is only 1976. According to your logic, you're not born yet."

"Stop messing with my head," Buffy said, sitting up, trying not to wince. "I am born 1981, the year is 1998, and that's it, the end."

"The year is 1976, whether you want it to be or not," Dumbledore said.

"I am not mad!" Buffy exclaimed in protest, and the old Headmaster held up a hand to silence her.

"I did not say you were. There is one way that could make both of us correct in our statements, however. Are you a time-traveller?"

Buffy frowned. "Well...I-I don't think so..." But she didn't look certain.

Dumbledore leaned back into his chair. "Tell me everything from the beginning. How did you get caught up in that portal?"

"I was patrolling, looking for vampires, but then I got a bigger fish to fry in form of this demon. Big. Very tough. He...well," Buffy winced a bit in embarrassment. "I obviously lost." She made a helpless gesture towards her stomach and Dumbledore nodded in understanding. "Anyway, I managed to kill it, despite that, and it sort of...melted into a pool of green slime. And then that slime turned into a portal, I was dragged in...and, well, here I am." She shrugged. "So...do you think it was a time portal?"

Dumbledore fingered his beard. "No."

Buffy's eyes widened. "I just told you everything!" She said incredulously. "And you still think I'm out of my mind?"

"No. I do not. I still think you travelled through time...but also space. I believe that your Los Angeles is not our Los Angeles, and that our England is not your England. You, miss Summers, have ended up in another dimension – or universe, if you prefer – entirely. I am sure your Watcher – you do have a Watcher, don't you?"

"Yes...well...kind of," Buffy winced.

" - would have told you about us otherwise," Dumbledore continued. "We are very well known in magical and supernatural circles, so he should have known had we existed in your world. Also - "

" - Wait," Buffy interrupted. "What do you mean by 'us'? Hogwarts?"

"Oh, no," Dumbledore chuckled. "The entire magical community. We are 'hidden' from the muggles - "

" - 'Muggles' - That's that world again," Buffy said. "What does it mean?"

"None-magical people," Dumbledore explained. "The magical community is a world of its own. We even have our own government, our own land, our own hospital, taxes and currency. All of it invisible to muggles so it won't be a 'culture-crash.'" Dumbledore chuckled.

Buffy took a deep breath. "Okay then. So...I suppose you have a Slayer here to, then? Can I meet her?"

Dumbledore shook his head.

"We do not have a Slayer. Here, she is nothing but a myth. Something we tell the children at night, to keep them from being frightened of the 'bad monsters'. Something more that differs your world from ours."

"So...I guess that's why your nurse...eh, Poppy?"

" - You can call her Madame Pomfrey."

"Right. So that's why Madame Pomfrey wondered over my mental state when I said I was her," Buffy said.

Dumbledore smiled. "Probably." He clasped his hands together. "Now, there is the matter of what we are supposed to do with you."

"Do with me?"

"Until I have found a way to get you back to where you belong, you will have to stay here."

Buffy was shocked. "How long do you think it will take?" She wondered out loud.

"That depends. It will certainly not be easy, but I am quite sure I can manage."

Buffy wasn't sure whether she was scared or excited about having to stay in this new world for God knows how long. She couldn't help that the excitement was bigger than the fear though. This might just be the fresh start she'd been looking for. *Far* away from all the memories...it was certainly selfish, wishing to stay here, she thought with a twinge of guilt, but she couldn't help it.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled as if he knew what she was thinking, and he pulled out a small, yellow caramel from the pocket in his purple robe. "Lemon-drop?"

"Eh...no, thank you," Buffy said politely. "So...if I'm going to stay here," she said slowly. "What will I do? Sit and twiddle with my thumbs?"

Dumbledore chuckled. "No. I actually thought you could join the student body."

"As a...witch?" Buffy said in disbelief.

"Yes. You are magical, you definitely have the power – I think it would be good for you to learn how to harness it in another way than just in physical battle. It could come in handy, and you would have something to do. You will have to get a wand, of course, so someone will have to go with you to Diagon Alley."

"A wand? Is that what the...stick is?"

"Yes. It channels our magic," Dumbledore explained. "Giving us better control."

"And Diagon Alley?"

"The biggest magical shopping area in Great Britain."

Buffy brightened. "When can I go?"

Dumbledore chuckled. "Well..."

"You will have to recover first," Madame Pomfrey said, cutting in.

"I feel fine, honest!" Buffy protested, swiping off the covers, sitting up and swinging her leg over the bed. She stared in disgust at the hospital gown, shuddering. She hated hospitals. Or rather, she hated being a patient at hospitals.

There was a knock in the door, and Buffy spun around, as did Dumbledore in his chair.

"Ah, miss Evans, mr Lupin. Please, come in."

"We just...wanted to see how she was doing," Remus said blushing slightly.

"That's quite understandable," Dumbledore said. "Is mr Black and Potter not with you?"

Lily shook her head. "No. J- I mean, Potter, is showing the first years to the dorms."

"And Peter and Sirius are having a food war," Remus added, giving a blushing Lily a raise of his eyebrows. He had noticed her almost-slip. Maybe this year *would* be James' year, despite all odds.

Dumbledore chuckled. "I see. Well, it is a good thing you showed up. This is Buffy Summers, from America."

Remus and Lily nodded in understanding.

Buffy waved, a little embarrassed. "Hi," she said, trying not to show she had no idea what school Dumbledore was talking about.

"There was a...rather bad accident with her portkey," Dumbledore lied. "She was supposed to show up in my office. In one piece," he added. "As it was, something went wrong with her travel, as you all witnessed in the hall."

"That's the understatement of the year," Buffy muttered, earning herself chuckles.

"She will join you in your seventh year; what house, I do not know yet, but Poppy, if you would be so kind as to ask Minerva to take the Sorting Hat up here?"

"Of course, Headmaster," Poppy said, walking quickly from the room.

"Miss Summers has been home-schooled," Dumbledore continued to explain, the lies rolling smoothly of his tongue, while Buffy tried to keep the made-up-on-a-whim-story straight in her head. And, to ask Dumbledore what a portkey was.

Dumbledore turned back to Buffy next. "This is Remus Lupin and Lily Evans, both seventh years as well. Mr Lupin is a prefect, and miss Evans this year's Head Girl, so if you have any further questions or need help, they are who you should ask, prefects for the smaller matters, and the Heads for the bigger. The Head Boy's name is James Potter, and there are several other prefects as well."

Buffy smiled, "I have a feeling I'll need them all," she joked, giving the two a closer once-over. Remus was...very good looking, in a nice, natural way, Buffy thought – he had light-brown hair, which fell slightly into his eyes. In the light from the fire, Buffy thought it even looked golden at places, and his blue eyes were really mesmerising.

While there wasn't anything about him that really *stood out*, like Sirius' charm and James' hair, there was still something that said there was more to him than met the eye...something beneath the surface. Buffy felt her famed 'spider-sense' start tingling as she looked at him, but not really in a bad way... She shook the feeling off. It was a mystery for later times.

Madame Pomfrey returned, accompanied by a rather stern-looking woman – which Buffy assumed was Minerva - carrying a very old-looking hat. Dumbledore gave her a look which said he'd explain 'everything' later.

"This is the sorting hat," Dumbledore said, taking the hat from Minerva. "You put it on your head and it will let you know what house to be in. There are four of them, all with different qualities. Gryffindor is bravery, Slytherin cunning, Ravenclaw wisdom, and Hufflepuff loyalty. Of course, it's not quite that simple, but that is the main attributes." He promptly let the hat fall onto Buffy's head, and she jumped as she felt a voice whisper in her ear:

'...A Slayer, hmm? I never thought I would get the honor of meeting one, at least not in this universe. Curious, most curious...'

Buffy laughed nervously. *So I'm special then.*

The hat chuckled. *'Indeed. Now let's see...I see a great power in you. Bigger than you might think. And a big heart. You are very loyal to your friends...you would do well in Hufflepuff because of that trait, but no...I see there is also intelligence...'*

Well, I'd certainly hope so, Buffy thought.

'...but you don't have the patience for a Ravenclaw. This is hard, indeed...You have bravery, oh, yes, a lot. And courage...but you are a bit of impulsive at times. You'd do well in Gryffindor, that's for sure. But there is a lot of ambition, yes. You wish to be something more than just the Slayer...Maybe Slytherin would suit you well? Hmm...this is hard, indeed. But no...while Slytherin might help you on your path, it could also corrupt you. No, no, that would not do. You would not be happy there either...'

The hat was silent for a long time, and Buffy started to get slightly impatient. *Hello?*

'Oh, I am sorry...I just found something very interesting. Yes, indeed. It's all here in your head you know...' The hat chuckled again. *'I never would have thought you were **the one**...'*

The one?

The hat ignored her. *'...But you still have a long way to go before you are ready for **that**. The road to completion is a rocky path...before you can truly live, you need to understand. You need to learn.'* The hat said. He paused for a second before continuing. *'You chose to bring your lover to Hell.'*

Buffy paled, wondering *how* he could know that, and the hat chuckled. *'Oh, I just do. It's all here in your head, you see.'* The hat became grave again.

'You could have stepped away. But you did what you thought was right. You made your choice then. Now you have another choice to make. You can stay in the past, or live in the present and embrace your future.'

It's not that easy, Buffy thought, blinking angrily against the tears in her eyes.

'And I never said it was. But it is the first step of many, to realise that the only way is forward, onward. It will be hard, yes. It will be painful, yes. But it might, in the end, prove to be worth it.'

Buffy closed her eyes, and let her tears fall freely. She barely heard as the hat yelled out "GRYFFINDOR" to all in the room to hear. The hat was pulled off, and Buffy looked up, eyes red-rimmed. She quickly dried her eyes.

The red-head, Lily Evans, gave her a worried look and pulled out a tissue. "Are you alright?"

Buffy smiled weakly, accepting the tissue gratefully. "I will be."

Dumbledore looked very pleased. "Well, if you are certain you are well enough to leave, Miss Evans and Mr Lupin will take you to Gryffindor tower. Come to my office tomorrow morning – have someone show you the way – and we will talk some more."

"Alright," Buffy nodded, walking out of the hospital wing, Lily at one side and Remus Lupin at the other, both watching her with a mixture of concern and curiosity. "And thank you," she added over her shoulder. "For everything."

The Headmaster smiled. "You are very welcome, dear child."