

Out of the Blue

Chapter 3 – Meet the marauders.

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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 walked the corridors with Remus and Lily, doing her best as to not show surprise at the moving paintings, the sudden appearance of ghosts and everything else that was 'witchcraft-y', at the same time as trying to memorise the route.

The walk was spent in silence, Remus and Lily throwing the occasional glance at Buffy, who seemed busy taking in her surroundings.

As they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, Lily spoke the password "dancing drummels," and the portrait swung open, revealing the Gryffindor common room, which Buffy gave a quick once over. It was very beautiful, and a fire was sparkling warmly, casting shadows upon the red and gold furniture. Students from all years were sitting or slouching in the chairs and couches, chattering slightly. The chatter died, though, as Buffy, Lily and Remus entered.

"This is Buffy Summers," Remus said, "she'll be joining us for our seventh year. If you wonder about her...arrival, it is because her portkey had a...strange sense of humour."

There were snorts at this, and Buffy's lips twitched.

"Come on," Remus grabbed her upper-arm carefully and started to lead her towards the corner where his fellow pranksters sat. "I'll introduce you to my friends."

Lily rolled her eyes. "Spare her the pain, Remus," she muttered.

"They're not that bad!" Remus said defensively, turning back around. "I'm sure you'd like them if you got to know them, Lily."

"Yeah, when fishes drown and pigs fly," Lily retorted. She was a little jealous, really. She knew that once the marauders got their claws in you with charming smiles and their wicked

sense of humour, you were most likely stuck. (All their fan-girls - and fan-boys too, for that matter, were evidence of that)

Lily had hoped she could have had Buffy all to herself – it was selfish, perhaps, but she didn't really have any best girl-friend at Hogwarts. Just acquaintances.

Buffy was watching Remus and Lily 'bicker' with amusement. "It's okay, Lily. I'd like to meet Remus' friends."

Remus gave the red-head a triumphant – but not mean – grin and led Buffy away from the red-head, and to the corner where the marauders sat, Sirius and Peter covered in food. "Oi," Remus said, and they looked up. "Guys, meet Buffy, Buffy meet the marauders."

"Hi," Buffy said a little shyly. From a quick look at the group, she realised this was probably the 'popular' gang.

"Loved your arrival," one of the guys spoke up, his grey eyes twinkling and a charming grin on his face which were surrounded by dark black hair, almost shoulder-length. "Beats everything. I'm Sirius Black." He stuck out a hand, and Buffy shook it, watching her strength. She didn't want to crush his hand, after all...

"Hi, nice to meet you."

The boy with hazel eyes and glasses spoke up next, ruffling up his already messy black hair. He quickly stopped though, as he saw Lily roll her eyes at him from across the room. He coughed slightly, a small blush on his cheeks. "I'm James Potter, this year's Head Boy and Quidditch captain for the Gryffindor team."

"Hi." Buffy desperately wanted to ask what Quidditch was, but didn't, just in case it was one of those things you just *knew* about. It seemed to be a sport of some kind, though.

"And that's Peter Pettigrew," James continued, pointing over to a slightly chubbier boy with mousy coloured hair and a pointy nose. He was staring at her with his mouth open and his small eyes slightly glassed over. "Hi," she said.

James grinned. "Wormtail seems to have gained a bit of a crush on you."

That woke Peter up, and his jaw snapped close and he gave his friend a glare. "Shut up!" He hissed, which earned snickers from Sirius and James. Remus however, was not amused and was, in fact, grinding his teeth together.

Sirius gave his friend a raise of an eyebrow and a rather questioning look, as he saw Remus' look of murder. Then, he got a strange look in his eye, and soon started to snigger as he realised Peter was not the only one with a crush. Sirius nudged James, still sniggering, and soon, the messy haired boy joined in.

Buffy let her eyes travel back and forth between James, Sirius and Remus in confusion, not understanding what the other two boys found so funny. Remus' neck was slowly gaining a rather healthy flush, and Buffy felt more bewildered than ever. In the hopes of finding out what his friends were laughing about, the Slayer decided to give him a closer look than the quick once-over she'd given him in the hospital wing and the corridors (when she hadn't really been paying the slightest attention to her company).

Remus was...very good looking, in a nice, natural way, Buffy noted to herself – 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.

"Buffy," Lily said, walking up to the Slayer, figuring the guys had had their moment. "Let me show you your dorm. You'll share with me and two others."

"Oh, sure," Buffy said. "G'night, guys."

She left with Lily, leaving the four boys staring after her. The moment they were out of sight, James and Sirius jumped upon Remus.

"You like her," Sirius said with a teasing grin. James smirked.

"I like her too," Peter piped up, but was ignored.

"...Remus likes Buffy, Remus likes Buffy..." Sirius sang.

Remus glared. "It's none of your business. And I do not." He quickly decided to change the subject to something that would with certainty take the spotlight off him. "Prongs, Lily almost called you *James*. I thought you should know," he said with a grin.

"What!" James yelled loudly, standing up. "She did?" He was swooning.

Remus rolled his eyes. "Take notice of the *almost*. You're not there yet."

But James didn't seem to hear. He was jumping up and down, dancing and singing to himself. "She likes me, she likes me, oh, yeah, oh yeah..."

Sirius gave Remus a look of faked despair. "Now, look what you've done."

"This is going to be your dorm," Lily said, opening the door to the room she was sleeping in. "You'll be sharing with me and Zanna and Sandra. They're twins. They can be a bit...well, girly, at times, but they're nice, underneath it all."

Buffy looked around, sitting down on the only bed not surrounded or covered in things, assuming it would be hers, looking up at Lily gratefully. "Thanks. This is great. I mean, we don't really know each other, and you've all been so nice to me."

Lily's lips twitched. "Well, fellow Gryffindors help each other out, you know. And it's part of my duty as Head Girl to make sure you feel comfortable."

Buffy's face fell a little, and Lily's eyes widened. "Oh, I didn't mean that I don't like you, or am just doing it because I have to!" She added quickly. "In fact, I'd really like to become your friend." She flushed a little.

"I don't have that many close ones," she admitted, embarrassed. "I haven't let anyone get that close; I've always been more interested in books. The only one I can say that I am *close* to is Remus, but I kind of keep him on a distance, and that's two sided. We're still very good friends, but we've kind of drifted apart since he met James, Sirius and Peter, and became part of the marauders. I have to admit, I'm quite jealous of their close-knitted friendship – and, he's a boy, while I'm a girl. There are stuff you just don't tell a boy."

Buffy grinned. "Do you like him?"

"Who?" Lily looked confused for a second, before her face cleared. "Oh, you mean Remus. No, not that way. He's a good person, and really nice, but...no." She blushed. "It would...turn out to be more awkward than anything. We have a...nice friendship."

Buffy let an eyebrow rise. "There's something you're not telling me."

Lily's blush deepened. "We did...date. Kind of. In third year. We'd been study-buddies from the very beginning, and we were...going through that growing up phase: Suddenly, it seemed like all our friends started dating – although, that's obviously just as we imagined it – and we thought, 'what the heck, let's give it a go,' right?"

"Right." Buffy nodded at Lily to keep going.

"He asked me, with a quick scribbled note in Charms, if I wanted to be his girlfriend. I sent it back, with a 'yes'. After class, we went to the library, as usual, and studied. But it was...really weird." She sniggered a bit. "I mean, we used to be able to tell each other everything, and there we sat, boy- and girlfriend, and weren't saying a peep. Two days went by with hand-holding and awkward silence, which were sometimes interrupted by one of us opening our mouth to say something, only to close it again, and start blushing. After that, we broke up, in the library - with another note - and then we returned to our old friendship, both pretending our 'dating-phase' never happened. Up to this day, we never talk about it."

Buffy burst out laughing. "That sounds...plenty romantic."

"Yes, it sure does," Lily said wryly, the sarcastic tone in her voice too obvious to miss. "Unfortunately, our 'dating' lead to James Potter taking notice of me. And of himself, I'm afraid. He's always messing up his hair and playing with that stupid snitch because he thinks it makes him look cool..."

Buffy tried not to look confused at the mention of yet another thing she knew nothing about.

"...He has been a pain in the arse ever since. He won't leave me alone, constantly asking me out. It's so *annoying!*"

Buffy gave her a knowing look.

Lily flushed. "What?"

"Nothing," Buffy said innocently, pulling up her legs, and closing the curtains. "'Night."

"What?" Lily repeated. "Buffy?"

No answer, but a silent snort of amusement.

"Buffy!"

The bed let out a creak. A silent sigh. Another creak, and a groan. Buffy turned and twisted in her bed, caught up in a dream...

"*Now that's everything, huh? No weapons, no friends, no hope...take all that away...and what's left?*"

"Me."

Buffy frowned, sweating slightly, her covers being twisted up around her legs.

"Buffy? What's going on? Where are we? I-I don't remember..."

"Angel?"

"You're hurt."

Buffy whimpered slightly, shaking, kicking out with her legs.

"Oh, Buffy...God...I feel like I haven't seen you in months. Oh, my God...everything's so muddled...I...oh...oh, Buffy...What's happening?"

"Shh...don't worry about it...I love you."

"I love you."

"Close your eyes..."

A tear streamed down her face, and another, and another...and yet she didn't wake up.

"Buffy..."

"ANGEL!" Buffy sat up, breathing heavily, face tear-streaked and covered in sweat. She was shivering, in the dark, her covers pushed down in a heap at the end of her bed.

There was a slight scuffling sound, and then the curtains in front of her bed was pushed aside, revealing Lily's pale face in the moonlight. Behind her, Buffy could see two other girls, both identical – Zanna and Sandra, she presumed – blearily opening their eyes and turning their attention to her bed.

"Buffy? Are you all right?"

Buffy quickly looked away, so Lily wouldn't see her tears.

"Yeah," she croaked out, before clearing her throat so it wouldn't sound so choked up. "Just a nightmare. Go back to sleep."

Lily was frowning, the moonlight from the window lighting up her hair, with looked like a red, shining halo in the dim room. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Don't worry about it."

Lily's frown deepened, but she backed off with a small sigh, letting the curtains fall back into place. "If you need someone to talk to, I'm a good listener," she said quietly, going back to her bed.

"I'll keep it in mind," Buffy mumbled, voice so silent, that it was heard by no one but herself.

She didn't sleep more that night.

The graveyards in Sunnydale had always been feared. Always. That is, until Buffy Summers moved into Revello Drive. Somehow, the death rate and all unexplained disappearances had

sunk when she arrived. People were no longer afraid of their own shadow. Now, she was gone...so who would take her place?

"OUCH!"

"Xander, get of me! My dress is dirty!"

"Your dress is dirty? What about me! I think I broke something!"

"Guys..."

"...Well, it's your own fault! I told you not to - "

"GUYS!"

Cordelia and Xander paused in their bickering and turned to their friend.

"What?" Xander hissed. "You can't just interrupt an important argument!"

"Yeah!" Cordelia agreed. "The argument...important...right..." she frowned. "What was it about?"

Willow rolled her eyes. "If you two can stop your bickering and focus, *please!* Xander, Cordelia, you go that way. Oz - follow me."

The gang split up in two different directions. It didn't take long until Willow and Oz heard Cordy and Xander start arguing again. Willow sighed. "Things were so much easier when..." she paused. " - When Buffy was here?" Oz asked. Willow nodded.

"Yeah...but she's not. We'll just have to do the best of the situation. I mean...she'll be back...right? School starts in a few days...not that she has any school to go back to..." she trailed off.

"I wonder what happened to her," Xander said, as he and Cordelia caught up with them again, having stopped their argument when they heard Willow and Oz was talking about Buffy.

"Well, she must have stopped Acatla...because the world's still here." Cordelia said. "It would have been horrible if all those shops disappeared...and all the money! And my car! And - "

Willow shook her head in despair, groaning. "Somebody, kill me."

A growl was heard and the Scoobies looked up as they saw a demon came striding towards them. "I wasn't serious," Willow added weakly as the rest of the Scoobies glared at her for jinxing them.

Lily let out a frustrated groan, jumping up and down, with her legs crossed, a slight desperation in her movements, as the giggles from the bathroom increased. "Zanna! Sandra!" She yelled. "Are you done yet? Some of us need to use the loo for more urgent things than gossip!"

Another giggle. Then... "If you're in such a hurry, Evans," the voice of one of the twins called, Buffy wasn't sure which, "I'm sure Potter would be happy to share the boys-loo with you!"

Lily's face reddened in anger. Buffy tried to hold back a snort, but failed and Lily gave her an irritated look. "Sorry," Buffy hastily said, though she didn't sound sorry at all.

"It's fine," Lily said, sigh, pulling her fingers through her hair. "I have to deal with this every morning." She thrust her head towards the bathroom door. "When classes start up, I always have to make sure to get up *really* early if I don't want to be late."

There was a knock on the door, and then Remus' head peaked in. And was promptly hit by a hairbrush. "Ouch!"

"Get out!" Lily hissed. "You can't just open the door like that! We could have been naked!"

"We were kind of hoping for that, Evans," Sirius Black's voice said from the other side of the door.

Lily's eyes widened. "What do you think you're doing?" She said, still hissing. "This is the girls dormitory! You're not supposed to be here, let alone be *able* to be here! How did you get past the stairs?"

"A marauder secret," James Potter's voice put in, and the door was being pushed wide open, revealing three of the marauders. "So, Evans..." He gave her a rough grin. "Want to share the loo with me?"

Lily's jaw dropped. "How long have you been listening?!" She shrieked. Buffy had stuffed her fist in her mouth to keep herself from laughing.

"Long enough. So, what do you say?" He ruffled up his hair with a slightly arrogant gesture. Lily saw red, and she picked up a shoe from the floor, taking aim.

"GET. OUT!" The shoe collided neatly with James' face, putting his glasses askew. "Bloody hell!"

The marauders promptly backed out, closing the door in the process. "We were just going to escort Buffy to the Headmaster's office," came Remus voice, sounding slightly apologetic, but more amused than anything.

"Fine!" Lily snapped, locking the door with a wave of her wand and a silent *colloportus*. "But wait in the COMMON ROOM!"

"We hear you, and obey, dear Evans," Sirius said.

As the three marauders got down to the common room, Remus gave James a look of deep pity. "I think you just managed to ruin all chance you earned yesterday from actually being mature, by acting like a complete prat this morning."

James, who had been correcting his glasses, paled, his arrogant grin evaporating, as he sank down in one of the fluffy chairs in what had been dubbed 'the marauder's corner.' "That loo comment..." He said, looking up at Sirius and Remus with despair. "It just...slipped out! I didn't mean it! And," he sounded pained, "I was messing with my hair again!"

"Bad habits die hard, I suppose," Remus said, shrugging. "You'll just...have to grovel a bit."

"A bit? She'll be pissed at me for months!" James exclaimed.

"You've got no one to blame but yourself," Sirius said, smirking.

"You're not helping," James said, voice slightly muffled, as he'd buried his face in his hands.
