

## **Out of the Blue**

### Chapter 4 – The first step of healing.

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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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As they walked to the Headmaster's office, Lily was slightly ahead, nose in the air, ignoring James, who was running to keep up with her, babbling about how sorry he was. Sirius shook his head, amused.

"I don't know why he doesn't give up," he said, chuckling.

"Theirs are a strange love," Remus agreed, grinning. Buffy smiled.

"It's not love," Sirius snorted. "It's a...one sided-obsession."

"Do you really think so?" Remus said with a raise of his eyebrow, before pausing to point some lost first years in the right direction to the Great Hall. After they ran off, giggling slightly, Sirius answered with a shrug.

"After he's conquered the tiger-Lily, James will dump her and move on to better things. He just wants her because she is playing hard to get. I don't know why Prongs is bothering." Sirius threw his hands in the air. "Love is so corny. I don't believe in it. At least, I don't believe in true love. Attraction, yes, but all that 'til death do us part,' no."

"That's...sad," Buffy said quietly, eyes directed at the floor.

Remus frowned. "What do you mean?"

"That Sirius doesn't believe in true love. He's missing out on something wonderful."

Remus smirked. "I'm sure he'll be ensnared sooner or later."

"Yeah, right." Sirius snorted arrogantly, taking a theatrical stance. "I, Sirius Black, will never settle down with just one woman. I will be the constant bachelor, untamable, but, oh, so loveable!"

"Arrogant, much?" Lily threw over her shoulder at Sirius.

"No, realistic," Sirius countered. Lily frowned.

"You're hardly irresistible, Black."

Sirius stuck out his tongue in answer, before retorting something that had Lily flush, and James jumping to her rescue...which resulted in Lily becoming angry, and soon, the three were bickering wildly, speeding up their walk. Remus and Buffy fell behind slightly, but neither of them really minded. Buffy wanted to be left alone with her thoughts, and Remus thought it was nice to not play peacemaker for once.

"A sickle for your thoughts?" He said finally, and Buffy looked up, blinking slightly.

"I was just...thinking." She smiled a bit sadly. "About love, actually."

It was Remus' turn to blink. "Oh," was all he said. For awhile, they just walked on, the only sound the other's bickering up ahead, but then Buffy spoke up again.

"I loved someone...once," she said. "Or still do, I guess."

Remus gave her a sympathetic look, trying to ignore the sudden pang in his heart. "It must be hard. Being so far away from home, and from your loved ones, I suppose. But I guess there's always writing..." He trailed off.

"He's dead," Buffy said abruptly. And Remus' heart clenched again, with pain for the American girl that he didn't really know at all, but desperately *wanted* to know.

"I'm...sorry," was all he could think of to say, and Buffy smiled again, looking even sadder.

"Yeah. Me too. His death...well, I guess it's what indirectly caused me to come here. I miss him. And...it's hard. But what Sirius said...well..." She blushed. "I guess that it's better to have loved and lost than - "

" - Not have loved at all," Remus filled in.

"Yeah. It kind of made me see things from another perspective," Buffy admitted. "Even though he's...gone, I'll try to cherish the memories I have, and be glad for them."

"The first step of healing," Remus mumbled.

"I suppose it is."

They fell silent again, their steps echoing across the stone floor, until they reached the gargoyle, where they came to a stop. Lily, James and Sirius were already there, waiting, and seemingly having made up.

"What took you so long?" James said, not waiting for an answer, as he turned towards the stone gargoyle guarding the entrance. "Candy cane," he said, and the gargoyle leaped aside, the wall behind it splitting in two and revealing a spiral stone staircase that moved upwards.

"The Headmaster's office is right at the top. You can't miss it," Lily said kindly, and Buffy suddenly felt slightly nervous.

"You're not coming with?"

"Nope," Sirius said. "You're on your own. We'll wait here." His stomach let out a loud grumble. "Or rather, I'll go join Peter in the Great Hall for breakfast, and the others will wait." He skipped away, the others shaking their heads at him.

"You don't have to wait for me," Buffy spoke up, trying to sound confident. "I'll find my own way back."

James frowned. "Are you sure?" He was looking longingly down the corridor where Sirius had disappeared.

"Yes."

James shrugged. "Alright then." He quickly ran to catch up. "Padfoot, wait!"

Lily snorted. "What a responsible Head Boy he is..."

"Give him a break," Remus said, giving Lily a friendly shove. "He did ask."

Lily grumbled something under her breath, before looking up. "Well, go on. Remus and I will wait." She turned to Remus with a slightly accusing look. "Unless you're taking off too."

Remus' lips twitched. "No, I'll wait as well."

Buffy smiled, slightly apprehensive, before stepping up onto the moving staircase...

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"Come in."

The door opened, revealing Buffy, who was wondering how the Headmaster had known she was standing outside the door. "Um...you wanted to see me?" She got out, walking slowly into the room, inspecting the many crinkets with interest, gasping as she got sight of a red-and gold bird, unearthly beautiful.

Dumbledore chuckled. "He's my companion, Fawkes. A Phoenix. Marvellous creatures. Please, sit down." He gestured towards the chair in front of his desk, and Buffy sat down, fiddling nervously with her hands on her lap.

"What did you want to talk to me about? Have you started to look into ways to get me home yet?"

"No," Dumbledore said honestly. "Things are very busy at the start of a new term, and I do not expect to get any time for research until after Halloween, at the earliest. But I do have some ideas."

Buffy nodded, not really sure if she was disappointed or not.

"What I wanted to talk about," Dumbledore continued, sucking on a lemon-drop, "was your schedule. What classes do you want to take?"

"Uh...what classes are there?" Buffy wondered and Dumbledore's eyes twinkled.

"How thoughtless of me," he said brightly, not sounding very sorry at all, "to not explain that first!"

Buffy smiled hesitantly, not really sure what to say, but she found she was feeling a bit more relaxed in the Headmaster's company than she had before.

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"What did you and Buffy talk about?" Lily wondered, leaning against the wall beside the gargoyle, which had jumped back into its place. Remus looked up from where he was sitting at the opposite side of the corridor, stretching out his legs.

"Nothing." He paused. "Her old boyfriend."

"Oh. Really?"

"Yep," Remus said morosely, and Lily coughed to hide her amusement. He was so obvious sometimes... "How did that feel? I mean, you like her, yes?" She said, giving him a pointed look.

Remus flushed. "No," he said, lying through his teeth. Lily rolled her eyes.

"Don't lie to me, Remus. You're talking to me, remember? Lily Marie Evans, your study-buddy through wet and dry, and the girl who can read you like a book." She sounded amused. "Was it not I who figured out you had a crush on Jessica Lester, in fourth year? Mimi Rogers, fifth year? Iris Davies, sixth year?" She grinned. "Not that you ever dared to actually do anything about any of them..."

"Alright, I get your point," Remus grumbled. "This is...different," he added. "It's not a crush. I just..." He let out a frustrated sound. "...Want to...comfort her," he finally said, embarrassed. "Make her laugh. Get to know her. I don't know any better way to explain it."

"Ah."

Remus glared. "What do you mean, *ah*?" He asked.

Lily's lips twitched. "Oh, nothing."

Remus frowned. "It's not funny."

Lily snickered, and opened her mouth to answer that, yes, it was, when the gargoyle swung aside, revealing Buffy.

"How did it go?"

"Fine. He just wanted to discuss my schedule." And also, Buffy now knew what 'Quidditch', 'snitches' and 'portkeys' was.

"Yeah?" Remus asked, standing up. "What classes are you taking?"

"Charms, Transfiguration, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Potions, Care of Magical Creatures and Herbology," Buffy recited dutifully. "I'm not...very good though, so I'll probably need some help." She blushed. 'Not very good' was an understatement. 'Completely ignorant' would be a far more accurate description.

"No problem," both Lily and Remus said. "We'll help you study, the same goes for James and Sirius," Remus said. "We help Peter all the time. They may whine and stomp about it childishly first though, but that's just their way."

"Why am I not surprised?" Lily said dryly, leading the way back down the corridors, and towards the Great Hall to see if there was any breakfast left.

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As they ate, Buffy turned to Lily hesitantly. "Lily?"

"Mhmm."

"Do you want to go with me to Diagon Alley? All my stuff were destroyed in my portkey travel," she lied, "so I have to get all new stuff."

Lily lit up. "Sure! I'm not saying no to shopping!" She nudged Buffy playfully. "We can bond over fashion." They grinned at each other. The marauders rolled their eyes.

"Girls," Sirius muttered.

"Are you sure you don't want to come, you four?" Lily said innocently to them.

James looked like he was actually seriously considering it, just to spend time with Lily, and Remus looked thoughtful for awhile, but then his eyes widened as his mind caught up with what 'shopping with girls' included. In his mind's eye, he saw the four of them, overstuffed with bags and things, and having to watch the girls try on outfit after outfit, in store after store...

"Uh, no thanks," he quickly said, followed by Sirius, who had realised what Lily's offer would mean long before Remus did. They both pinched James hard, and he yelped, rubbing his arm.

"Ouch!" He glared at them, sighing as he saw his friends indetical pointed glares that promised torture, should he agree. "Sorry," he said, grimacing at Lily, and actually sounding like he meant it. "But we've got to...study."

Sirius and Peter snorted, with Remus rolling his eyes.

"If you say so," Lily and Buffy chorused, before bursting out in a fit of laughter.

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"How are we getting there?" Lily wondered out loud as they left the Great Hall.

"Dumbledore said we could take a portkey from his office," Buffy said, hooking Lily's arm together with her own. "Tell me about Diagon Alley," she begged. "What kind of place is it?"

"Well," Lily looked ahead dreamily. "It's bigger than Hogsmeade – the wizarding village right below Hogwarts – which is both a good and a bad thing. Not as comfy, but with far more shops to chose from. There is Florean Fortescue's ice cream parlor – a lovely place, Quality Quidditch Supplies – which I tend to avoid if I can, Flourish and Blotts, the bookstore – my favourite hang-out," she grinned a little embarrassed, and Buffy laughed.

"Then there's a store which sells cauldrons, an apothecary, a store filled with quills and inks and stuff like that, a robe store, and of course, Ollivanders, the wand store," Lily

finished. "These are just a few of the shops though, there are many more. Also, Diagon Alley borders into some smaller Alleys as well, like Knockturn Alley."

"What do they sell there?" Buffy wondered, curious, as Lily didn't elaborate. The red-head shuddered.

"You don't want to know," she said. "It's where the 'less respectable' crowd hangs out. If you're looking for something illegal, or something that has to do with the Dark Arts, that's where you'd go."

Buffy took a mental note to check out Knockturn Alley sometime. That was probably the place she'd find vampires and other creatures of the night. They had reached the gargoyle, but found they didn't have to say the password to the spiralling stairs, as the gargoyle jumped away, revealing the Headmaster. "Ah, miss Summers. I was just going to look for you," he said, smiling. "Am I right in my assumptions that miss Evans is to accompany you to Diagon Alley?"

"Yes. If that's okay," Buffy said. Dumbledore's eyes twinkled.

"Of course. Now," he pulled out a money bag and gave to Buffy. "I will not have you worry about money," he said, as Buffy opened her mouth to protest. "I know you lost everything in your trip to come here, and the school will pay for your needs. We have a special trust-fund for unfortunate incidents such as yours."

Buffy smiled slightly, embarrassed that she'd have to rely on Dumbledore for money, but grateful.

"However," the Headmaster continued, "I do believe it would be a good idea if you started your own account at Gringotts, the wizarding bank. Miss Evans will show you how it's done, I'm sure." His eyes were twinkling. "There, you will also be able to exchange our currency into muggle money, if you wish to buy muggle clothes."

Buffy nodded in understanding.

"The money bag is also a portkey. It will activate in about a minute or so, and take you to the Leaky Cauldron. To get back here, simply hold it, and say the word 'activate.' But," Dumbledore said, peering out at the two girls over his half-moon glasses, his blue eyes grave. "After midnight, that password will be null and void, and if you do not activate it before then, you will be stranded. Do you understand?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "I hope that you will not abuse the trust I give you, by letting you venture out in muggle London alone, and Diagon Alley too, for that matter."

He smiled, the grave look fading. "I would have been more worried that you'd be venturing into clubs, bars, pubs and other 'adventures', had you chosen to bring the 'marauders' as well, even though I'm sure they can be responsible when they so wish."

Lily snorted, and the Headmaster's smile widened. Buffy grabbed Lily's hand, so the red-head wouldn't be left behind when the portkey activated, and it was right on time to, as she suddenly felt an uncomfortable pull in her navel, and the world started to spin.

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As they landed, Buffy somehow managed to keep herself upright – it probably had something to do with her Slayer-genes – Lily, on the other hand, was not so lucky, and landed sprawled at the floor. She got up quickly, though, brushing herself off, completely unfaced, as she smiled and waved at the patrons, who all stared at them curiously.

Buffy barely noticed them, though, as she was busy taking in the sight of the dark and rather shabby little pub. Even though it looked like it was long ago since it was in its prime, there was something very welcoming about it, and Buffy immediately felt at ease.

"Are you alright?" Lily asked, giving Buffy a worried look. "It must be rather disconcerting, having another portkey-trip so soon after the one that caused you losing all your stuff and giving you a ticket to the hospital wing."

Buffy blinked, thrown-off guard for a second, before she remembered her cover-story, and she quickly smiled. "Yeah. It's no problem."

There was a cough from behind them, and they both turned around to face the barman, who was almost bald, and Buffy realised he looked a bit like a gummy walnut if she cocked your head in a certain way. "Hi Tom," Lily said brightly.

"Well, well," the barman, Tom, said, giving the red-head a toothy grin. "If it isn't miss Lily Evans! What are you doing in this part of London? Are you not supposed to be at Hogwarts?"

"Well, yes," Lily said with a winning smile. "But we have a new transfer student, you see, and, as Head Girl, it fell on me to show her around Diagon Alley and get her some materials she's missing."

"Ah, so you're just passing through," Tom said knowingly, turning to Buffy. "I suppose you are the new student then, eh?"

"Buffy Summers," Buffy introduced herself. "And, yes, I am."

"Well, I am sure you will enjoy Hogwarts very much," Tom said kindly. "And Diagon Alley as well. It is quite a sight. Are you sure I can not offer you anything to drink? A butterbear, perhaps? On the house, of course," he added, with a wink.

"I'm afraid not," Lily said regretfully. "But, if we get the time, we might take you up on that offer before heading back."

"Please do," Tom said. "It was very nice talking to you, as usual, miss Evans."

"Same to you, Tom," Lily said, smiling, grabbing Buffy's hand and leading her past the bar and out into a small, walled courtyard, where there was nothing but an overflowing dustbin and a few weeds in sight.

"Tom seemed nice," Buffy noted.

"Oh, he is," Lily said absently, while tapping her wand against the wall in front of the dustbin. "Always up for a chat."

Buffy was giving her a curious look. "What are you doi – " She cut herself off, as Lily, stepped back, and Buffy watched in amazement as the last brick she had touched quivered and wriggled. In the middle, a small hole, which stretched out wider and wider, appeared. And a second later the two girls were facing an archway on to a cobbled street which twisted and turned out of sight.

"Oh, my God," Buffy breathed, stepping through, looking around the crowded street in wonder, Lily following. Behind them, the archway shrunk back into a solid wall, but Buffy only had eyes for the astonishing sight in front of her.

"Well," Lily said in amusement. "Welcome to Diagon Alley."

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Buffy had never been so overwhelmed by anything in her entire life. Diagon Alley was an incredible place, beyond her wildest imagination. During the day, they had visited so many shops, that Buffy couldn't possibly keep them straight in her head. Not one looked even remotely the same as another – they were all so different, with their own perks, but what they all had in common was that they were lovely, in one way or another, and Buffy never wanted to leave.

So far, she had bought a trunk, cauldrons, brass scales, phials and potion ingredients in *Slug Jiggers Apothecary*, parchment, ink and quills in *Scribbulus Everchanging Inks*, several sets of robes in *Madame Malkin's*, along with a school uniform, a cloak, gloves and more. They had also spent a long time inside the bookshop, which Buffy had to admit was very impressive. While Buffy was not usually someone who enjoyed books, there was something enchanting about the collection in *Flourish and Blotts* that had her almost as enthusiastic over the many volumes as Lily.

"Well, I think it's time for something to eat, right?" Lily said, taking a look at her watch. "Now usually, I'd be all for real dinner," she said with a glint in her eye. "But I'm really not that hungry, so I think an ice-cream or two at *Floean Fortescue's* ought to do it, right?"

Buffy, who wasn't that hungry either, and still on a high from witnessing the floating broom in the window to the Quidditch-store, but Lily had gone past it without a second look. Buffy had decided it was best not to push her luck, considering Lily was still quite put-out from being the victim of a prank inside the joke-shop *Gambol & Japes*, which Buffy somehow had convinced Lily to enter, despite her complaints. Silently, Buffy told herself she would somehow drag Lily with her inside the Quidditch-store before the day was over, though, whether the green-eyed girl wanted it or not. "Sure."

Lily grinned, and before long, they were enjoying a lunch that consisted of more ice-cream than what was healthy. But neither of them brought it up, and both Lily and Buffy enjoyed munching on every taste of ice-cream that there was. There were so many that Buffy had never even heard of, and though Lily had been part of the wizarding world for more than six years, she still hadn't tried all of them.

It was more than two hours later (of which a long time had been spent not eating ice-cream, but letting their stomachs digest it, so they wouldn't get sick, which was a definite possibility after all the ice-cream they had had) when they finally moved on.

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A tinkling bell rang somewhere in the depths of the gloomy wand-shop Ollivander's as Buffy and Lily entered, and the Slayer looked around nervously.

"Good afternoon," said a soft voice, and both Lily and Buffy jumped, not having heard – or seen – anyone approaching, and Buffy immediately turned weary, the hairs at the back of her neck rising slightly.

"Hello, mr Ollivander," Lily said politely.

Ollivander smiled, a rather creepy grin, Buffy thought, taking in his wide pale eyes, which shone almost unnaturally, like moons. "The same to you, miss Evans. It seems like it was yesterday you were here to buy your wand. Willow, ten and a quarter inches long, swishy. Nice wand for charm work, and a very powerful wand. indeed. I hope it serves you well, still?"

"I have no complaints," Lily assured him. "Anyway, the reason we're here – "

" – Oh, I know already," Ollivander said, turning to Buffy, who's palms were sweating slightly. "You are looking for a wand. Your first."

Lily stared incredulously, and rather confused. Her first? Hadn't Buffy had a wand before? Her confusion grew as Ollivander suddenly bowed to her new friend, and she gave Buffy a baffled look. What was going on?

"I was wondering if I ever would have the honour of meeting you," Ollivander continued, and Buffy slowly started to panic, wishing he would shut up, as she felt Lily giving her a bewildered look full of curiosity.

"...I must say I am surprised though," the old man continued, "I never expected you to come here, but everything has a reason, and I can see yours very clearly...you might just be what we have been searching for." His pale eyes were twinkling. "I believe I have the perfect wand for you. In fact, I do not think I will have to measure you at all."

He disappeared behind the desk, and into a room. When he came back, he was carrying a black box. "Every Ollivander wand has a core of a powerful magical substance, miss Summers," he said. "For example, we use unicorn hair, phoenix tail feathers and the heartstrings of dragons. But this," he said, opening the box, and taking out the wand, "this is a very unusual combination...I only created it as an experiment...but I do believe this might be exactly what you're looking for. Now, give it a wave."

Buffy, who was panicking over what to tell Lily, who was certainly going to want an explanation for Ollivander's behaviour the moment they stepped out of the shop, hesitantly grabbed the wand...And she immediately felt a warmth in her fingers that spread through her entire body the moment her skin came in contact with the dark wood, and she gasped. It felt as though she had found a missing part of herself; a part she didn't even know she was missing in the first place, and as she swished swished it through the dusty air, a stream of white and silver sparks shot out from the end like a firework, illuminating the room with dancing spots of lights.

"Well, this is most excellent!" Ollivander said, beaming. "Very good indeed. I never thought I would never get the chance to try this on a customer, but it seems I was wrong. As I said, this wand is forged with a very unusual combination...the core comes from a customer who was here a little more than six years ago..."

"What is the core?" Buffy asked, without taking her eyes from the wand, stroking the sleek wood in wonder.

"The wand is Holly, 10 inches...with a hair from a werewolf."

Both Lily's and Buffy's heads snapped up to look at Ollivander as he spoke, but for different reasons. Buffy, because she immediately thought of Oz, and Lily, because she put two and two together, realising the hair must have come from Remus – after all, how many werewolves could there have been, that ventured into Ollivander's to buy a wand six years ago?

"Well, Ollivander said, clasping his hands together. "I think we can expect great things from you, miss Summers. Great things indeed."

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