

Out of the Blue

Chapter 5 – Let go.

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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 second they were out of the shop, Lily turned to Buffy. "What was that all about?" she demanded to know. "The bowing, and the 'your first wand'-comment, and how you weren't 'supposed to come here', and the whole 'we have been searching for you' thing?"

Buffy winced. "To be honest, I have no idea why he said all that, or why he bowed for that matter. But," she added as Lily huffed in indignation, clearly not believing her, "I do admit this is my first wand."

"What do you mean?" Lily asked, confused. "You must have had a wand before?"

"No," Buffy sighed, inwardly crossing her fingers as she prepared herself to lie directly to Lily's face. "As you know, I have been home-schooled all my life. But as a...muggle born, I've never wanted to use magic around my parents. So I've only studied the theory and stuff." She shrugged. "Not that I am very good, though."

Lily gawked. "How are you supposed to get through your seventh year here if you've never used a wand in your entire life?"

Buffy grinned sheepishly. "Well...I hoped I'd find someone as brilliant as you to help me?"

Lily just stared at her, and then she started to laugh. "Flattery will get you everywhere," she snorted. "But, honestly, Buffy..." She shook her head. "What were you thinking?"

Buffy just shrugged, feeling bad about lying. She couldn't help but hope that something was going to happen that would reveal the truth to the red-head though. She had always hated having to keep her being the Slayer a secret. In fact, she hated lies in general, even though sometimes they were a necessary evil, like now.

"It's very exciting," she said instead, changing the subject. "That my wand-core is the hair of a werewolf."

Lily's grin faded. "Yeah. It is, isn't it?"

Buffy frowned, and then her eyes widened. "Oh, my God!" She exclaimed, hissing. "Are you the werewolf?"

Lily stared. Then, she laughed nervously. "No," she quickly said. "No, I can honestly say that I'm not."

Buffy's eyes narrowed, her heart beating quicker in anticipation. "But you know who is?" It wasn't a question.

Lily's eyes darted around, desperately looking for a way out. "What makes you say that?" She asked, voice wavering.

"Your expression, for one thing," Buffy stated. "Why won't you tell me?"

Lily let out a frustrated sigh, throwing up her hands. "Because it is not my secret to tell!" She exclaimed. "I wasn't even supposed to find out, myself, but I figured it out, and I confronted him about it. He panicked! He was terrified I'd tell somebody!"

"So it's a he," Buffy noted smugly with a raise of an eyebrow.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake!" Lily yelled, and started to walk down the street with angry steps. "I don't know why I'm bothering."

Buffy snickered.

After Ollivander's the two quickly visited a small junk shop, none of them buying anything, but only looking around. As they stepped outside, and strolled up the street and past the stores once again, Buffy did her best to convince Lily to enter the Quidditch-store, but Lily promptly flat out refused.

"No," she said. "I let myself be talked into visiting the joke shop, and look what happened! I will *not* visit a Quidditch-store, no matter what you say or do to me. So you can stop your pouting!"

Buffy sighed, but then she got sight of the opening to Knockturn Alley, and a glint appeared in her eye. "Well," she said, stopping. "I can go to the Quidditch-shop alone," she suggested innocently. "I mean, you wanted to visit *Oddscary books* and *Blizzard books*, right? You can do that in the meantime, and then we can meet up outside Gringotts."

"It's *Obscurus Books*, and *WhizzHard books*," Lily corrected, with a roll of her eyes and a smile. "But fine. I'll see you later then!" She winked and skipped away down the street, and the moment she was out of sight, Buffy made her way into Knockturn Alley.

The moment Buffy left Diagon, everything around her seemed to grow glum and dark, and she shuddered, her spider-sense giving her the creeps. Her eyes darted around wildly, as she looked around, her eyes jerking back and forth between all the witches and wizards there, who all were wearing dark cloaks that was obscuring their faces, hiding them from view.

Buffy was more than relieved when she finally reached a shop which sold weapons. The man by the counter, however, only sneered at her, but then quickly shut up as he noticed how easily and professionally Buffy handled the weapons.

"I'll have these," she said, carefully putting down the weapons she'd picked out on the desk, desperately hoping the money she had would be enough. "How much?"

The man mentioned a price and Buffy's eyes almost bulged out of her head. "That's robbery!" She hissed.

The man smirked. "It's my price."

Buffy glared and put away several of the beauties she'd chosen, until only a crossbow, some knives and a few swords remained. It wasn't like she used much else besides that and stakes anyway. She also kept a katana she refused to leave behind, even though she'd probably never use it in battle, because it was so beautifully crafted, and just felt like it was *made* for her. The man mentioned a new price, which was a lot more agreeable, but despite that, Buffy spent the next five minutes haggling with the man, until she managed to lower the cost even more. She did want to have money over for normal clothes, a broom and enough to open an account at the bank, after all...

Buffy pulled out her newly purchased trunk from her pocket, enlarging it by placing her hand on the lid and then carefully put the weapons down. Next, she closed the trunk and reduced it by placing her hand on the lid and speaking the word *diminish*, doing her best to ignore the store-keeper's eyes, which seemed to follow her every move. Buffy quickly put the trunk back down in her pocket, and made her way out of the store and away from Knockturn Alley, hoping she hadn't overestimated the time – she had risked this because she counted on Lily getting so excited about the books that she'd forget everything else.

She seemed to be in luck, though, because as she stepped out of the alley, and breathed in the fresh air from Diagon, there was no sign of red hair outside Gringotts, and Buffy happily made her way up the street, towards the Quidditch store.

Where she was faced with one angry and worried red-head.

"Where have you been?" Lily exclaimed, grabbing Buffy, and hugging her. "Do you have any idea how worried I was?"

Buffy gulped. "I may have gotten lost on the way here," she lied.

Lily stared at her incredulously. "How could you possibly have gotten lost? It's one street! Up and down!"

"Sorry," Buffy said sheepishly, then grinned. "But I got you into the Quidditch-store after all, it seems," she said, snickering.

Lily rolled her eyes, but her lips were twitching, to relieved to scowl, even though she wanted to. Buffy walked past her, and up to the shopkeeper.

"Hi," she said. "I'd like a broom. Nothing too fancy, but rideable."

The shopkeeper grinned. "Well, all our brooms are rideable," he said. "But if you don't want anything too expensive, I recommend the Cleansweep 4. It's nothing 'too fancy,' as you put it, but very easy to control, fairly smooth movements, and with an average speed. Nothing for professional games, obviously, but enough for racing and backyard Quidditch, and school games, certainly."

"What's the cost?"

The shopkeeper mentioned a price, and Buffy nodded, finding it was very reasonable, and would still give her plenty of money left. Dumbledore had been very generous, perhaps foreseeing her need of weapons as an extra expense. "I'll take it."

Lily confidently walked up to one of the Goblins at the counter, Buffy standing slightly behind, still in awe of the sight of all the creepy and evil looking Goblins and the impressive interior of the giant building.

"Hello. We would like to open an account for Buffy Summers, please."

"Have you ever had an account here before?" The Goblin asked, and Buffy walked up, shaking her head. "No."

"I see. Well," he gave her some papers and a quill. "Fill in these forms," he said, bored.

Buffy quickly did as she was told, wincing slightly as she did so. Writing with feathers was harder than it looked, she thought, as she jotted down another crooked signature. She promised herself to buy some ballpoint pens as soon as possible.

She handed in the paper, and the Goblin gave her small golden key.

"Vault eight hundred and fifteen is now yours," the Goblin said in a monotone voice. "Do you have any money you wish to put in there right away?"

"Yes, but I would like to exchange some of it into muggle money first," Buffy said, and mentioned a sum, after the Goblin had explained the exchange rate. After that, he took the leftover coins and put them on a scale. He tapped on it with a crooked finger, and the money disappeared in a small cloud of smoke. The Goblin gave back the now empty money bag, and Buffy put her muggle-money there instead, after saying goodbye to the Goblin, who ignored her.

"Well, they were nice," Buffy huffed sarcastically as they stepped outside, and Lily grinned, checking her watch. They still had a few hours left, which they'd have to spend in muggle London, she supposed.

"Goblins aren't nice," Lily said. "They're greedy. All they care about is money and treasure. And the occasional rebellion, though it was a while ago since the last one."

"I'm not surprised," Buffy said dryly.

Hours later, after shopping clothes (and ballpoint pens) 'til they dropped in muggle London, Buffy and Lily were back at the Leaky Cauldron, taking Tom up on the offer of free butterbeer, which Buffy immediately fell in love with.

"So," Lily asked, munching on a cookie. "Why did you leave America?"

Buffy looked down, shrugging slightly. "Wanted a change," she said.

A heavy silence fell over them like an uncomfortable blanket, until Lily spoke up again.

"Remus mentioned something about an old boyfriend," she said hesitantly. Buffy paled, and she gripped her glass harder.

"If you don't want to talk about it, I understand," Lily hurriedly added. "I was just curious. I'm sorry, it's none of my business."

Buffy sighed, her grip loosening, and she hoped Lily hadn't noticed the small crack that had appeared in it.

"No, it's fine. I understand." She looked down into her glass. If she tried hard enough, she could almost see his face in the liquid... "His name was Angel," she said, so silently, that Lily almost thought she had imagined it.

"I've...never been so in love in my entire life, as I was with him," Buffy continued, her voice growing slightly stronger, but rather shaky. "He...well, he was my world. I thought we'd last forever." She choked a bit, as she let out a ragged breath. "Then, he wasn't there anymore. He died." She looked up at Lily, who simply stared back, her green eyes kind, bringing the Slayer comfort enough to go on.

"It was my fault."

Lily immediately began to shake her head and opened her mouth to interrupt, to say that no, it certainly wasn't. But Buffy continued before she could.

"It was my fault, and nothing you say will change that. And nothing I do will bring him back." She blinked, angrily wiping away a few tears.

"And I ran away from everything. From home, from America. From the memories. And I ended up here." Buffy looked up again, eyes glassy.

"I know I can't escape the memories, or the past," she admitted. "Even though I want to. I wish I could. But..."

"But maybe you can move on," Lily added, her eyes filled with understanding, and Buffy nodded.

"Yeah." She dried her eyes, smiling a bit. "Thanks. For listening. I just...I needed to let it out, I think."

Lily reached over and patted her hand. "Say no more. I understand. More than you think. I am muggle born, you see," she said. "And I have a sister. Petunia. When we were children we used to be the best of friends. But then, I got my Hogwarts letter...something she never got. And she started to resent me for being a witch, and everytime I get home from Hogwarts, she's always talking about what a freak I am, and how abnormal magic is." She smiled sadly.

"I've come to realise it's no use to protest, because she won't change her mind. So...I suppose I've sort of...moved on. I can't stop being a witch for her, and I can't be stuck in a phase where I constantly have to defend myself to her. There's nothing I can do about it. Not until *she* comes around. Now, I realise this is not exactly the same thing," Lily added. "But the basics. You have to let go of your Angel, just as I have had to let Petunia go. We can do nothing more."

"Oi! Evans!" James yelled from his end of Gryffindor table where he sat with the rest of the marauders. Lily, who was sitting with Buffy on the other side, as far away from them as possible, ignored him, and instead, continued telling Buffy about all the professors.

"...And professor McGonagall is quite...well, strict, but very fair. So, I don't think you'll have any trouble as long as you behave," Lily rambled on. Buffy, who was inwardly bemoaning the lack of coffee in the castle, blinked sleepily, wondering what the red-head was talking about.

"...Evans!" James yelled again, louder this time. "Are you listening to me?"

"...Flitwick must be my favourite professor, I think. He's also very fair, but very funny as well..."

"...Can you try paying some attention?!" James exclaimed, grabbing his paper-napkin, and proceeded to squeeze it into a ball. "Head Boy, calling Head Girl!" He threw the ball at Lily's head, and yelled "SCORE!" as it hit, throwing his fist in the air, to the snickers of Sirius, Remus and Peter.

Lily looked up, glaring. "What," she hissed, "in Merlin's name do you think you're doing?"

"You can't still be mad about the dorm-incident, are you?" He said, pouting slightly.

"No," Lily answered, rolling her eyes, vanquishing the harmless, but offensive paper-ball that had bounced down on the floor, with a flick of her wand. "But it is a little strange, that as soon I forgive you for one thing, you do something else to piss me off! And you wonder why I don't like you."

"Aww, don't be like that!" James said, grinning charmingly.

Lily sighed, rubbing her forehead tiredly. "What do you want, James?"

"Just wondering what your schedule looks like," James said, holding up his hands in surrender. Then, he frowned, eyes widening. "Wait. Did you just call me *James*?"

Lily rolled her eyes again. "Don't count on it becoming a habit. Why do you want to know my schedule? So you can hex it, like you did in fourth year, when I thought I was to take all my classes alone with the Slytherins?"

James dragged a hand through his hair, slightly embarrassed. "Sorry 'bout that," he said, coughing slightly. "But, in my defense, I was a kid and didn't know better."

"You're still a kid," Lily sing-songed, before taking up her schedule and throwing it to James. "Here. But Merlin help you if you do something strange with it."

James grinned, pulling out his own schedule, his hazel eyes flickering back and forth between them. Soon, his grin widened.

"Well, well, look at that!" He said, a bit smugly. "We seem to have all classes together! The only difference that I can see is that I have Astronomy when you have History of magic, and Muggle studies, when you have Arithmancy."

"Lovely," Lily deadpanned, summoning her schedule back. "Let's see your schedule, Buffy."

James pouted. "You're ignoring me."

"I had no idea," Lily said dryly.

Buffy listened transfixed as professor Flitwick was lecturing them on how important their NEWT:s was for their future, and Buffy frowned. She had no idea how she was going to pass, when she had no prior experience of magic! Also, she had taken a look at her schedule, and the only time she had free periods was when Lily and Remus had class, so they wouldn't be able to help her, despite their promises, because, well, during the afternoon, they'd probably need to dedicate their time to their own homework.

"...I highly recommend you drop any subjects that are not crucial to your chosen career."

Buffy's frown deepened. She had no idea what she wanted to become – or what careers there were in the wizarding world at all, for that matter. Or, if she would still be here. But, better prepare for all possibilities, in case Dumbledore couldn't get her home...

"...NEWT level Charms is far more advanced on NEWT level than what you are used to. We will begin to cover difficult protection spells and shields, such as the Fidelius..."

...Hmm...perhaps she ought to drop Care of Magical Creatures...but it sounded interesting. And useful, considering she was the Slayer...but could she take on a workload of six subjects...? It didn't sound like much – Lily had nine, after all, but she was new to all of this...and she hadn't even gotten to try out her wand yet...what if she sucked?

"...Deep thoughts?"

"Huh?" Buffy looked up, turning around in her seat to blink at Remus, who had poked her in the back with his wand. On his desk, Buffy saw, there was a parchment where a quill was fluttering, writing down everything Flitwick was saying.

"You looked like you were daydreaming," Remus said with a low voice, smiling.

"...Charms, is, as you know, one of the subjects that are useful everywhere, and I advice you to pay extra close attention this year..."

Buffy shrugged. "Yeah. You know, I'm a little nervous. I'm kind of new to this whole magic thing in general..."

"Right..." Remus nodded thoughtfully. "Lily mentioned something about that..."

"...Most of your professors will probably tell you – or have already told you this more than once, but it is only because it is worth repeating..."

"Anyway, I am pretty sure I'm going to fail," Buffy finished with a sigh and a helpless shrug.

"Don't say that," Remus scolded lightly. "We'll help you."

"But – "

" – We won't be so busy we can't help a friend in need," he continued. "After all, if those two," he nodded towards James and Sirius, who were whispering and snickering, "have time to play pranks, I'm sure we can take the time to help you."

Buffy felt some of the panic that had been creeping up settled down, and she felt a comfortable weight of happiness settle down in her stomach. "Thanks," she mumbled, before turning back to Flitwick. "Any time," Remus answered.

"...Before moving on to new material, though, we will be repeating what we already know, freshen up your minds that have probably melted to butter during the summer heat..."

The class laughed, and Buffy felt the last of her panic disappear like...well, magic. Maybe things wouldn't become as bad as she'd feared after all.