

Out of the Blue

Chapter 10 – Control and concentration.

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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

"So...are you sure you're alright? With my...furry little problem and stuff?"

Buffy let out a groan. "Yes! How many times do I have to tell you? It doesn't matter! I don't give a damn about your PMS, Remus!"

Everyone in the Great Hall turned to stare at them incredulously.

Remus flushed darkly. "Buffy...what the heck?"

The rest of the marauders snickered.

"Heh...I-I didn't mean *that* kind of PMS," Buffy said loudly, her cheeks growing red. "It's an abbreviation. For...Pretty...Mushy...Stuff," she finished lamely.

Several eyebrows rose, but everyone returned to their food. Remus buried his face in his hands. "My carefully built up reputation as a thoughtful, intelligent and sensible human being has just been destroyed in less than five seconds by a blonde american who doesn't know when to keep her voice down."

Sirius patted him on the head. "It happens to the best of us."

"I for one," James said quietly, when he noticed all attention had been diverted away from them, "would like to know what you really meant, Buffy." He was smiling widely.

"Me too," Lily said, green eyes twinkling.

"Me three," Peter piped up, grinning.

Buffy's blush deepened. "Problematic Moon Symptom," she mumbled quietly.

Remus looked up in bewilderment. "Excuse me – *what?!*"

Sirius burst out laughing. "That's a good one! I'll definitely have to use it!"

Remus glared. "Ha, ha. I'm wetting my pants with joy. Not."

"I live to serve," Buffy quipped, now grinning too.

Remus just grunted in answer. "So, I take it you're alright with my...monthly problem then?" He continued, wanting to reassure himself one last time.

The marauders and Lily all groaned. "Let it go already!" James exclaimed, rolling his eyes skywards. "She doesn't care! We don't care! No one cares! Eat your shepherd's pie and shut up!"

Remus pouted.

"Am I on time?"

Lily checked her watch. "Why, yes, you are!" She said, pretending to sound surprised. "Hell must have frozen over."

James smirked. "I wouldn't miss patrolling with my favourite Head Girl during night time for anything. Unless I have a dying furry best friend somewhere," he added. "Like last time."

"I will make sure to excuse you during those moments," Lily said, rolling her eyes. "So, I am your favourite Head Girl, huh?"

"Yes." James cocked his head to the side in thought. "After my mother."

Lily burst out laughing. "I always knew you were a momma's boy," she teased.

"And proud of it," James quipped, holding open the portrait hole for her. "So where do we start?" He said, rubbing his hands. "The dungeons?"

Lily snorted. "You'd just love to find some Slytherins out of bed, wouldn't you, Potter?"

"Damn, you caught me," James said, hitting his left palm with his right fist. Then grew serious. "Hey, Evans?" He asked, hoping his voice wasn't shaking.

"Hmm?"

"Do you...do you think you could call me James?" He asked hesitantly.

Lily froze in her step for a second, and then kept walking, as if nothing had happened. "And why would I want to do that?" She asked calmly.

"Well...we're Head Boy- and Girl together. We should be addressing each other in a more familiar manner," James said, scratching his head nervously. "To make the students more comfortable. You know, so they see as a...unity, and not two different people who are constantly at each other's throats?"

"Why, Potter, that was actually quite intelligent," Lily noted. "Although what we call each other won't change the fact that we *are* fighting."

James gulped. "Yeah...I reckon those fights are usually my fault," he admitted. "And I'll try to get better at not making you mad!" He took a deep breath. "If you promise to try to keep a lid on your temper from time to time."

"Excuse me?" Lily hissed, spinning around to look at him angrily. "What is *that* supposed to mean?"

James held up his hands as a shield. "*This* is what I mean! Look, don't chew my throat out, alright? I've just admitted that I've been a right bastard to you, but can't you admit that our fights are sort of your fault too? I mean, some of my comments are insensitive, I realise that, but you *do* tend to overreact at times." He winced, closing his eyes and waiting for the storm to come.

There was a long silence, and then...

"Fair enough."

James eyes flew open, and he stared at Lily in bewildered surprise. "Huh?"

"I said, fair enough," Lily repeated, starting to walk again. "I hate to say this, but you are sort of right. I am kind of hot tempered. Very easy to rile up."

James smiled. "Well, you *are* a red-head."

Lily's lips twitched. "Yes, but that's no excuse, James."

James jaw dropped. "You just called me *James!*" He exclaimed breathlessly.

Lily grinned widely. "Well, you wanted me to, correct? Though, I will stop – unless you call me *Lily.*"

James grinned back, ruffling up his hair. "I can do that. *Lily.*"

Lily rolled her eyes, grabbing James hand and pulling it down from his hair. "And if you stop doing that. *Too* often."

"Oh, so you don't mind it then?" He sounded delighted.

"Oh, I do mind. Sometimes. If you do it along with a conceited comment that has you proclaiming to be God. That only makes you look egoistic and arrogant." She quickened her pace.

"But if I don't do it along with an annoying statement like that, it's fine?" James wondered, wanting to reassure himself.

"Yes," Lily said, smirking inwardly. "It makes you look cute."

"*What?!!*" James yelped, freezing in his steps. "*Cute?!!*"

"Yes," Lily stated, lips twitching. "Like...an adorable child."

"I am *not* cute!" James exclaimed, jogging to catch up. "And I certainly don't look like a kid! I am *sexy!* Handsome! Gorgeous! Stunning! Exquisite, even! But *not* cute! Never cute!"

"Ah-ah!" Lily warned, holding up a finger in warning. "The arrogance, James. Watch the arrogance!"

"It's not arrogance!" James protested. "It's the truth!"

"Oh, you certainly have a *long* way to go, mister modesty," Lily muttered, shaking her head in despair, though she was smiling.

Remus yawned, before silently correcting Buffy's want movement. "You can go to bed you know," Buffy said. "I'll be fine. You've had some trying days."

"Nah, it's fine," he said dismissively. "I'd only be woken up when James gets back from patrol anyway. He'll want to tell us all about it. Or rather rant about how lovely Lily looks in the dim light from the torches, and how hot she is when scolding a couple caught snogging in a broom-closet, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera."

Buffy snickered. "I bet. He is kind of hopelessly head over heels, isn't he?"

"Tell me about it," Remus muttered, before checking a passage in the Transfiguration book. "So, you've got the matchsticks and needles under control now. How do you feel about bigger objects?"

"Bigger?" Buffy asked uncertainly.

"Well, not that much bigger," Remus corrected himself. "What makes matchsticks to needles so easy to begin with is that they are the same shape and size. It's always easier to transfigure something with a likeness to your goal. Like a feather, to a pen," he finished, conjuring up a feather.

Buffy rolled her eyes. "You have a fondness for feathers, don't you?" She asked, while thinking she didn't consider turning a match into a needle *that* easy. In fact, it hadn't taken her quite awhile to get the hang of it...but she *had* managed it. And without any help, too.

"I find them rather agreeable to work with, yes," Remus said, smiling. "Anyway, a feather – or rather, a quill - is what we use to write with - and there is your likeness to the pen. But what makes this transfiguration difficult is that the material is not the same at all, even though the intent is. Now, you really need to focus on the feather to become a pen, and only that. Ignore your surroundings. Now, close your eyes."

Buffy took a deep breath, lifting her wand and pointing it at the feather, before she let her eyes flutter close. Remus leaned down, whispering in her ear. "In your mind's eye, there is only the quill."

"Just a quill...only a quill..." Buffy muttered to herself. Remus smiled. "But now, something happens," he mumbled. "It is slowly becoming something else...a pen. A beautiful feather light and smooth ballpoint pen in the same colour as the dark feather..."

Buffy gulped. Was it wrong to find this erotic? She shook her head, shutting her eyes closed even tighter. Right! Don't forget the quill! Focus! On the *quill!* Quill, pen...quill, pen, Remus, pen...no, no, wait, quill, pen, quill, pen...

"...You want that pen...and the only way to get it, is to transform that quill into something just like it...*focus!*" Remus hissed, his breath tickling the Slayer's ear. Buffy squeaked.

There was a flash of light and a slight ruffling sound. Buffy opened her eyes, staring in delight at the pen – a perfect copy of the way she had imagined it - in front of her. "I did it!"

Remus coughed. "Yes, you did," he croaked out, and Buffy turned to look at him, her eyes widening as she saw he was covered in dark feathers and ink.

"We might have to work on the control and concentration part again," Remus coughed out, sneezing. "Are you *sure* you were only focusing on the quill and the pen?"

Buffy grinned nervously. "Of course," she said, while crossing her fingers behind her back.

"Why did we have to give them detention?" James pouted. They were sweet!" James protested, leaving the broom cupboard, Gregory Morgan and Cecilia Kane behind. "Besides, he's the new Gryffindor keeper! Do you have any idea how awkward it will be during practice?"

Lily rolled her eyes. "I can't ignore a break of curfew and the rules just because he's on your Quidditch team, James!"

"Why not?" James exclaimed. "I feel like a hypocrite!"

"And why is that? Because you also tend to spend a lot of time making out in broom cupboards?" Lily wondered airily, trying not to frown. Not that she knew *why* she wanted frown in the first place. After all, it wasn't like the thought of James snogging with someone bothered her.

James scoffed. "No. But Sirius does!"

Lily pinched her nose, feeling a headache coming on. "Why am I not surprised?" She muttered to herself.

"...What if I find him in the next closet?" James continued, rambling slightly. "After all these years practically cheering him on, I'm going to suddenly change my mind, waggle my finger and say *it's bad* with my best professor-voice?"

"Yes. And not only that," Lily continued. "You will give him a detention."

"Aw, come on!" James protested loudly.

"No, I will not *come on*," Lily said firmly. "It's our duty as the voice of responsibility at Hogwarts, second only to the professors and the Headmaster."

"Well, my dad was Head Boy too! And he didn't take this so seriously! I mean, he was taking advantage of the position all the time! In fact, *he* was the one who could be found in the cupboards the most!" James said triumphantly as if that settled it.

"No wonder you've turned out the way you are," Lily said dryly.

James frowned. "Hey, don't you dare go insulting my parents!" He said, feeling wounded. "I'm not insulting yours, am I?"

Lily frowned back. "I didn't mean anything by it," she said, sounding utterly bewildered at this sudden change of mood.

James sighed, ruffling up his hair again. "Sorry. I am kind of protective when it comes to my parents. They take crap from a lot of people."

Lily looked confused. She had always thought James was the son of rich parents, with pure-blooded supremacy, very respected in the high circles.

"You have no idea how pure-bloods can gossip and talk behind each other's backs," James explained, sensing her perplexement. "One moment, they might be completely civilised, mingling and congratulating each other on their success, and in the next, bitter and jealous, spreading awful rumours and opinions that shouldn't be voiced out loud."

"What do you mean?" Lily asked. "I mean, what do they say about your parents?"

James sighed. "Well...my parents were highly respected aurors during their days," he began. "They caught a lot of dark wizards and stopping evil movements and stuff. It didn't hurt that they are one of the oldest pure-blooded families left in Britain and Europe, even. But something that was a big scandal, was the fact that no matter how they tried, they couldn't produce an heir."

Lily stared at him with wide eyes.

"My mum and dad have always loved children. They wanted a whole lot of them, running around. But no matter what they tried, no such luck. They tried to play indifferent to it, in public, of course, like they didn't care. But when their 'friends' of the same age, told them about their own kids, and how she and she were expecting again – of course, with the ulterior motive of making them feel the lowest of the low, like you were nothing without an heir," James continued.

"And you aren't, not really. Not in pure-blooded circles. If you don't have an heir, your name dies out. And, whoops – another pure-blooded family hits the dirt. Which is like hitting a gold mine for the remaining families, because that gives them more power."

Lily could do nothing but blink. She had no idea things were so complex!

"And then, mum and dad got me," James finished, sighing. "They had given up hope of ever getting children, and were resigned to that fact. But then I arrived, and they had never been so happy to be proven wrong. They were delighted. They thought things would finally calm down." He smiled wryly. "Boy, were they wrong. Now, it was *disgraceful* to have children in their age. Unheard of! It became another scandal, of course, something else for the mongrels to gossip about. They still do, in fact."

James frowned, dragging his fingers through his messy hair.

"I am the first one to admit I am spoiled," he said. "I've always been very pampered, just because I was such a miracle, and because they wanted to prove to everyone that I had it so much better than all the other kids together, despite the age of my parents."

He paused, as he reached another closet "Shall you, or shall I?"

"You go ahead," Lily said faintly, still feeling rather winded from this sudden insight in the life and character of one James Potter.

James shrugged. "Alright."

He turned the doorknob, and out fell several brooms, a couple of buckets...and...

"SIRIUS BLACK!" Lily exclaimed, gasping, her jaw dropping. "What do you think you're *doing*?!"

Sirius hastily buttoned his shirt and pants, grabbing something among the cleaning equipment that had an awful likeness to a black thong, and throwing it to the girl, who was still sitting inside the closet, doing her best to straighten her skirt, top and bra.

Lily's jaw dropped even further as she recognized her. "Is that...ZANNA?!"

"Sandra," the girl corrected, flushing heavily, before making her way out of the closet. "I'm sorry, Lily," Lily's roommate said, wringing her hands, before stuffing her thong down her cleavage, out of sight. "I know how you feel about Potter and his friends...But...he's Sirius Black, you know! And he's irresistible!"

She quickly sneaked away down the corridor leading towards the Gryffindor tower, leaving Lily standing in the corridor, her eyes almost bulging out in shock. "No, he's not," the red-head said with a whispered exclamation of despair to herself. Finally, she seemed to get her bearings, and she yelled down the corridor after the Blake-twin: "Detention! Tomorrow, at eight with Filch in the trophy-room!"

She turned to Sirius, feeling her headache – which she had forgotten all about while listening to James' story – return with vengeance. "Alright, Black, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Sirius shrugged, throwing his hands out. "What *can* I say?" He said, trying to look innocent and failing miserably. "She seduced me! I'm easily convinced! I fall hard for anything on two legs and a pair of decent boobs, you know that! *I'm* the victim here! Really!"

Lily spluttered incoherently, not believing her ears.

"So, can I go?" Sirius asked, smirking, an eyebrow raised.

Lily's eyes narrowed. "No," she said. "You can have detention with Filch tomorrow as well. *After* Sandra's is over."

"Aw, don't be like that, Lily-kins!" Sirius tried, pouting. And bringing forth his puppy dog eyes. "It's Astronomy tower-night tomorrow! If I don't show up, a lot of girls' hearts are going to break!"

"I'm sure they'll mend," Lily said dryly. "And if you call me Lily-kins again, you'll have another detention the day after tomorrow as well. With McGonagall. Where you, as part of your punishment, would have to tell her *why*."

Sirius eyes widened comically. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, I would," Lily promised.

Sirius turned to James. "Prongs, my bestest-pal. My honorary brother – you can't let her do this. You know my needs! You understand them! And encourage them!"

James shuffled his feet uncomfortably, trying to ignore Lily's look of death.

"Well, things change..." He mumbled. "And, you know, Lily's sort of right. I am seeing your point of view, Padfoot, but as a Head Boy, I have to follow the rules..."

Sirius grey eyes widened even further. "I can't believe this!" He gasped. "She has enchanted you! The red-headed witch has you under her spell, answering her every beck and call!"

Lily frowned. Somehow, Sirius had made *red-headed witch* sound like an insult.

"That is not true!" James said, straightening up. "I just said I agreed with her! I can't make exceptions! Not even for my best friend!" He sniffed. "And besides," he poked Sirius in the chest with his index finger, to enhance his point. "This kind of behaviour? It's *bad*."

Sirius' jaw hit the floor.
