

Out of the Blue

Chapter 11 – Eliza de Mort.

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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

Snape gritted his teeth in annoyance, trying to concentrate on the Venomous Tentacula the seventh year class were working with. Ever since the beginning of the Herbology-lesson, that blonde american had been staring at him. Why she couldn't have the class with the other Gryffindors, he didn't know. What he did know, however, was that if she didn't stop aggravating him, he would do something drastic. He quickly glanced to the right, and slammed down his rake on the working table.

"What," he hissed, his coal black eyes glinting in anger, "are you doing?"

Buffy, who had jumped at the sudden sound, put on her best innocent look. "I have no idea what you're talking about," she said, quickly stepping backwards as to avoid the vines reaching out towards her from the dark red plant.

"Oh, I think you do. Summers, is it?" Snape sneered. "If you don't stop your little game in this instant, I will make your life a living hell. *Are we clear?*"

"Crystal," Buffy said, eyes blazing. She turned back towards her Tentacula, all too aware that she was in what Sirius and James would refer to as 'hostile' territory, considering that, if you didn't count the professor, she was completely surrounded by Slytherins and evil plants.

The moment the bell rung, marking the end of the class, Snape was the first one out of the greenhouse, as usual. He quickly made his way towards the castle, ignoring the voice calling his name: "Hey! Snape! Wait up!" He had almost reached the castle, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and he spun around, wand at the ready.

He inwardly cursed as he saw it was the american.

"Don't. Ever. Toch me. Again," Snape said, voice low and threatening.

Buffy held up her hands in surrender. "Sorry," she said, frowning. "But I didn't know how to catch your attention otherwise. You didn't answer my calls."

"Did it ever occur to you that the reason I didn't, was that I am not in the mood of talking?" Snape said sardonically.

"Jeez, touchy, much?" Buffy huffed, crossing her arms.

Snape rolled his eyes. "Listen, and listen good, Summers," he said shortly, glaring. "I have no desire what so ever to make your aquaintance, so stop pestering me at once, and go play with your Gryffindor playmates. I am certain their company are far more pleasant than mine."

"But all my friends are still in class! And call me Buffy," Buffy said sweetly. Was that a vein throbbing on his forehead? "And I want to talk to you."

"About what, if I may ask?" Snape wondered, scornfully.

"Oh, nothing really," Buffy said brightly. "I've just heard so much about you from everyone, and I wanted to get to know you a bit better." The truth was, that, between Sirius' and James' insults, and the story of the Whomping Willow, Buffy had been dying to meet and talk to Severus 'Snivellus' Snape in person, face to face, so she could make her own opinion of the 'greasy git.' So far, she was not very impressed.

"Am I correct to assume that *everyone* in this case is, in a lack of a better term, *the marauders*?" Snape spat out. "I am certain that whatever you have heard put me in a very favourable light." His sarcasm was unmistakable.

"Let me make on thing clear to you, *Buffy*," Snape continued, growling. "I do not associate myself with Gryffindors. Neither do I associate myself with yanks. And I especially do not, in any way, shape or form, associate myself with *anyone* who calls themselves friends of Black, Lupin, Potter and Pettigrew. I am quite sure that all three counts includes you." He let an eyebrow rise. "Comprende?"

He spun back around towards the castle, robes billowing behind him as he stalked away, leaving Buffy feeling quite stumped and angry.

"Well," she muttered to herself, turning to walk back towards the grounds to join up with her friends, who all, except for Peter (who had Divination) had Care of Magical Creatures, "I think I can safely say Severus Snape is not a people-person."

"Remus, can you ask James to pass me the salt," Sirius said.

Remus rolled his eyes. "Ask him yourself," he said. He was so tired of Sirius' childish behaviour.

It had been a week since James had given him a detention, and ever since, Sirius had been ignoring him. This, in turn, made James ignore Sirius, because he didn't think he had done anything wrong – which he hadn't. James had only followed the rules – something which had Lily – and Remus too, for that matter – very impressed. Sirius, however, seemed to regard it as a traitorous act that betrayed their bonds and vows of eternal friendship.

"This is becoming ridiculous, Padfoot," James sighed. "I was just following my duties as a Head Boy!"

"Head Boy this and Head Boy that," Sirius sneered. "Ever since the start of term, you've had a giant stick up your arse."

Buffy let out a strangled sound, trying to hold back a laugh, while James spluttered indignantly. "That is so not true!"

Lily rubbed her temples tiredly, giving Buffy a look of despair. "Boys," she muttered under her breath.

"Isn't it? If you're not going on and on about Lily, you're putting us all to sleep with your talk of duties and responsibility and blah, blah, blah."

"I'm trying to *grow up*," James growled.

"Become *boring*, you mean. Remus is a prefect, he still breaks rules and stuff!"

"Hey!" Remus said holding up his hands. "Don't drag me into this! I am the first to admit that I am far from an exemplary prefect."

Sirius ignored him. "Come on, Prongs!" He said instead. "Don't you miss having fun?"

"I have fun!" James protested. "I'm still planning the Halloween-prank, for example! Just because I gave you a detention for doing something very...un-gentlemanny, doesn't make me a devil in disguise!"

Sirius snorted. "Right. Because *it's bad*," he mimicked in a high-pitched voice, clutching his chest theatrically.

Peter snickered.

"I, for one, am very proud of James," Lily said, to everyone's surprise. "I know how difficult it was for him to punish you, Sirius, but it had to happen sometime. As it was, I would have been happy to just take points, but you just couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you?"

Sirius pouted. "What do you mean? What did I say?"

Lily rolled her eyes. "I do believe it was something in the lines of *I fall for anything on two legs and a pair of decent boobs. I'm the victim here, she seduced me!*"

Sirius flushed. "So? I have a weakness..." He muttered.

James stared at him incredulously.

Remus snorted. "Is there anyone in this school you haven't shagged yet, Padfoot?" He asked, shaking his head.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, there are," Sirius said smirking. "Lily and Buffy, for example. I also don't go for ugly people, Slytherins, or those below sixth year. And I don't do blokes either – except for that one time. And I haven't tried the other Blake-twin yet. Personally, I am quite curious too see if there's a difference...hmm..." He frowned in thought. "Do you think they'd go for a threesome, if I asked nicely?"

Lily could do nothing but stare. "You are unbelievable, Black," she said, sounding disgusted.

"I know," Sirius said brightly. "Anyway, back to the subject. Prongs, out of the goodness of my heart, I am ready to forgive you. But, I will want something in return. You really made me suffer during that detention. I missed my time in the Astronomy-tower, and Filch had me scrub the toilets in the dungeon. Without magic." He shuddered. "It was revolting."

James grimaced. "Sorry. So what do you want me to do?"

"Turn the other way the next time you find me in a compromising position," Sirius said promptly.

"James!" Lily hissed. "Don't you dare!"

"Uhhh..." James was thankfully spared from having to answer, as Dumbledore suddenly stood up, clapping his hands to get everyone's attention.

"I have an announcement to make," he said, his voice carrying out clearly across the Great Hall. "As of now, Hogwarts will gain yet another new face."

The doors to the Hall flew open, revealing a girl, with dark hair that fell past her shoulders. Sirius wolf-whistled. "And I just got someone else to add to my shaggable-list."

Lily glared at him.

"Let me introduce Eliza de Mort. Miss de Mort has attended Beauxbatons school of Witchcraft and Wizardry in France, but has decided to finish her seventh year here at Hogwarts. She has already been sorted into Gryffindor, and I hope that you will all make her feel welcome."

"A rather short notice, don't you think?" Lily muttered to James, who nodded, watching the girl who was making her way to the Head table, accepting a piece of parchment – her schedule – from McGonagall.

"De Mort..." Remus muttered, frowning. "I think I've heard it somewhere before...I can't place it, though."

"It's the name of the older and respectable pureblood families left," James said, his eyes darkening. "According to my parents, they are heavy supporters of Voldemort."

Sirius groaned. "And one of them is being sorted into our house? I've changed my mind – I won't sleep with her. Despite the fact that she's hot."

Lily rolled her eyes. "Is sex all you think about?"

Sirius nodded slowly, tapping the side of his jaw with a finger in thought. "Pretty much, yeah," he answered.

Lily groaned.

"Well, the new student seems to be rather chummy with Dumbledore," Remus noted, watching the girl who was now conversing with the Headmaster in low tones, not distinguishable to anyone but themselves, not even Buffy.

Buffy was frowning. "Who is Voldemort?" She wondered.

"A very powerful dark wizard," Remus said, dragging his eyes away from the new student and focusing on Buffy instead. "People are even becoming afraid of saying his name."

The Slayer's frown deepened. "What does he want?"

"Power," James said. "Absolute power. And the extermination of all muggles, muggleborns and everyone else who doesn't share his views. Pure blood is the only that matters. Unfortunately, he has already managed to gather a lot of followers who share his opinions, and a lot of people are seduced by his promises of eternal glory and everything you could ever wish for."

Buffy stared at him with wide eyes.

Lily coughed to catch their attention. "We should probably shut up now," she mumbled. "She's coming." The red-head stood up plastering on a smile - that actually looked genuine - on her face, and holding out her hand for the transfer student to shake.

"Hi!" She said. "Eliza, right? I'm Lily Evans, the Head Girl. If you need anything, come talk to me."

Eliza smiled at her shyly, and sitting down in the space that had been cleared beside Buffy.

"This is my friend, Buffy," Lily introduced. "She transferred to Hogwarts this year too."

Buffy smiled, waving. "Hi."

"This is Remus, another friend of mine," Lily said. "He's also a prefect, so if I'm not available, you can always talk to him. Or James Potter - he's the bloke who looks as if he just stepped off a broom. He's the Head Boy." Her eyes suddenly widened. "You have no idea what I've been blabbering about, do you?" She slapped her forehead. "I can't believe I'm so stupid! You're from France! You speak French! Eh...Je m'appelle Lily. Pardonnez-moi. Uhh...How do you say 'I'm so insensitive' in French?" She hissed at Remus.

"How should I know?" Remus asked, looking confused.

"Isn't your mother french?" Lily was starting to look rather desperate. "I could have sworn you told me that once..."

"No," Remus said slowly. "I told you that my mother's mother's great grandmother's mother was. I think. I may have gotten some mothers mixed up." He shrugged.

The transfer student, looking amused, chuckled. "I think I might be able to help," she said. "It's *Je suis si insensitive*."

Lily's jaw dropped. "You speak english?" She squeaked.

Eliza grinned. "Yes. My family emmigrated from France to Britain during the thirteenth-century. I grew up here, but when I turned eleven, we moved back. My father wanted me to attend Beauxbatons likes his ancestors did. I wanted to go to Hogwarts, though. I've read so much about it! So here I am, living my dream." She shrugged, looking away.

Buffy gave a her a look of doubt. She didn't look too happy about being here, despite the fact that she was 'living her dream...' "Where are you going to sleep?" She asked.

"Umm...I think I'm going to be sharing a room with you two," Eliza said.

Lily sat up a bit straighter. "Is that even possible? It will be really tight, with an extra bed in there..."

"Oh, right," Eliza hastened to add. "Professor McGonagall – our Head of House, I think – told me to tell you that your other two roommates are getting their own dorm..." She frowned a bit in confusion. "She said something about one of them feeling uncomfortable after Lily caught her in a revealing position...?"

Sirius choked on his pumpkin juice.

"Are you getting any wibes?" Lily asked Buffy, while making her bed with a swish of her wand.

Buffy blinked, looking up from her Potions homework. Well, not homework, exactly, since this was sixth year material. But Slughorn wanted proof that she was up to scratch and ready before letting her begin with seventh year potions, and Buffy was determined to prove she was up for the challenge. "Huh?"

"Slayer wibes. From the new girl," Lily explained. "You've told me how you sometimes get prophetic dreams about upcoming evil."

Buffy shrugged.

"Yeah, well, dreams about incoming apocalypses, to be exact - the end of the world stuff. I doubt Eliza plans to bring that forth. Because, hello – she's *in* the world. You'd be better of asking me if I've had any dreams of that Vollymort person."

"Voldemort," Lily corrected, straightening her pillows.

"Yeah, yeah," Buffy said dismissively. "Voldemort then. What does it matter? It's ridiculous either way."

Lily grinned. "So, I take it you get no tingling hairs on your neck from Eliza?"

"Nope," Buffy said.

Lily laughed. "That's good. But I'll still be a bit wary of her...if she's a supporter of Voldemort, she will want me gone – muggleborn, you know."

"You were awfully nice yesterday," Buffy commented, scratching out a line on her essay, and cursing the lack of graphite pencils and rubbergums. She had to get Remus to teach her a spell that erased ink...

"It's my duty as a Head Girl," Lily said, starting to pack her bookbag for the day. "And she will be sharing our dorm for the rest of the year. I see no reason to make her hate me." She bit her lip. "And besides, just because her family supports Voldemort, doesn't mean Eliza does. I mean, look at Sirius. His family is filled with dark wizards, but he's still firmly on the side of good. I want to give her the benefit of the doubt, until I get to know her better."

"Well spoken," Buffy said, nodding, and holding up her essay. "Can you read this through for me?"

"Sure," Lily said. "Where is Eliza anyway? She wasn't here when I woke, and you were up before I was."

Buffy shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe she wanted to check out the castle. See if she can find her way around..."

Lily frowned. "I just hope she doesn't get lost. It's very easy to do in this place," she remarked, and then pointed out a piece in Buffy's work. "This is wrong – you should crush the sopophorous beans with the *flat* side of the silver dagger, not cut them. And a clockwise stir should be added after every seventh counter-clockwise stir."

Buffy blinked. "That's not what it says in my textbook," she protested.

"You're right, it doesn't. That's because the textbook is wrong. Trust me," Lily said. "The way I explained it is the correct way to do it. I promise on my honour as a Potions-genius."

Buffy snorted. "Way to be modest, Lils."

Lily chuckled, giving Buffy the essay back. "Why do you do your homework – " Lily looked at her watch – "an hour before it's due? You've had a whole week!"

"Because I've been trying to catch up on six years of study in my other subjects," Buffy said dryly. "It's not a walk in the park, you know!"

"Sorry," Lily said sheepishly. "I forgot." She peeked over Buffy's shoulder down at the parchment, trying to see how far the Slayer had gotten in correcting her essay. "Are you done with the changes soon? I want breakfast!" She jumped up and down, clapping her hands like an excited child.

Buffy grinned, rolling up her essay and placing it in her back. "Yep. I'm all good to go!"

September 1

"I will see you this Christmas."

Eliza forced out a smile. "Of course."

"I hope I will not be getting any more owls about you being in detention again," her father continued. "You don't want to disappoint me, do you?"

Eliza quickly shook her head. "No, of course not."

"Now, hurry along, or you will miss your ride." He kissed her cheek. "Je t'aime, my darling." He spun around, apparating away. Eliza stared at the spot her father had just vacated.

"You have a strange way of showing it," she muttered to herself, all too aware of the bandages surrounding her upperbody, hidden under her school-robe in blue silk.

"Les étudiants, entrent dans le chariot, s'il vous plait! Nous partons en cinq minutes!"

Eliza turned to look on the giant carriage, quickly being filled with students. Attached to the carriage were beautiful Abraxan horses, that would fly them to Beauxbatons. Then, she too, spun around, disappearing with a 'pop.'

"...Hi, Eliza!"

Eliza looked up.

"Where were you this morning?" Lily wondered kindly. "You must have gotten up early?"

Eliza swallowed the last of her sandwich, brushing off some breadcrumbs from her hands. "Yeah...I went for a walk."

Rough translation:

Je m'appelle Lily. Pardonnez-moi. – My name is Lily. I'm sorry.

Je suis si insensible. - I'm so insensitive.

Je t'aime. – I love you.

Les étudiants, entrent dans le chariot, s'il vous plait! Nous partons en cinq minutes! -

Students, enter the carriage, please! We leave in five minutes!