

Out of the Blue

Chapter 15 – Protectors.

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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

"Knock, knock!" Buffy said, stepping into the boys' dormitories with a worried smile. "I brought chocolate."

Remus smiled back tiredly, waving and then letting his arm fall back to cover his eyes with a groan. "Put it on the night stand," he mumbled. "What's the time?"

"Around lunch," Buffy said, sitting down on the side of his bed with a sympathetic grin. "Have you been up at all today?" She wondered.

Remus shook his head. "No." He sighed, slowly propping himself up on his pillows. "It's one of those days." He grimaced slightly. "The transformation tonight is going to be a bad one – I can feel it. I haven't felt this out-of-it in quite some time."

"I'm sure you'll be fine," Buffy said, leaning forward conspiratorially. "The others are going to be with you, right?"

"Yes. That doesn't take the pain out of the change itself though." He yawned. "Did you practice those spells I told you to?"

"Yes," Buffy said, nodding. "I caught up on them rather quickly; Eliza and Lily and helped."

"Speaking of Eliza," Remus said. "How is she doing now, when the truth is out?"

"Very well," Buffy said. "She's easy to get along with, and she's funny when you get to know her. She feels much more relaxed now too. I think she really needed to talk to someone."

Remus nodded. "It can be hard, carrying secrets." He grinned tiredly, putting his hand on hers. "You and I should know all about it, correct?"

"Correct," Buffy said, smiling and trying to ignore the sudden heat she felt in the bottom of her stomach. "Talking about secrets," she said, pulling away her hand from Remus – did he look disappointed, or was she just imagining things? – "are you going to tell Eliza yours?"

Remus looked away. "It's not the same thing."

"I know," Buffy said calmly. "But we also know she's nothing like her father."

"That doesn't really mean anything," Remus countered. "Being a werewolf isn't something you just tell everybody. Lycanthropy isn't something that is only looked down upon by purebloods. The fear, the hatred, the shunning; it comes from *everyone*."

"I still think you ought to tell her," Buffy said stubbornly. "she's just one person. I think she'd understand. I'm planning on telling her I'm the Slayer soon."

"It's still not the same thing," Remus countered, sighing, frustrated she didn't seem to get his point. "Ever since I was a little boy, I've been shunned for what I am. My parents have constantly been on the move because of it, never being able to stay in one place for a longer time. Forgive me if I'm not shooting it out from the rooftops," he continued dryly.

Buffy stood up, eyes blazing. "Well, I'm sorry," she snapped. "I see your point of view, I really do, Remus, but have you ever thought about that maybe your attitude has something to with other people's?"

Remus jaw dropped. "Excuse me?" He said incredulously.

"How do you ever expect others to acknowledge and respect you for what you are if you won't even accept *yourself*?" Buffy finished, storming to the door and slamming it closed behind her, making the framed photographs of the marauders on the walls rattle and then fall down with a crash.

The moment she was outside of the boys dormitory, Buffy regretted her outburst. Remus had a point, and she knew it wasn't as easy as she made it out to be. But she also thought Eliza was trustworthy, and her instincts about people were usually pretty good... Sighing, Buffy sunk down to the floor, leaning against the wall, feeling like the worst person in the world.

After everything Remus had done for her so far; putting aside his own study hours to help her, and be generally nice, and not even hating her for almost killing him, she had repaid him how? By shouting and yelling at him. "I'm such an idiot!"

"Aren't we all," Sirius said dryly, coming up the stairs and sitting down beside her. "What's wrong?"

Buffy glared at him tiredly. "Don't you have class?"

Sirius shrugged. "I got thrown out for making an insensitive comment about the professor's outfit." He sighed. "This also earned me a detention for tonight, so I can't be with Moony. I was on my way to tell him, and then I saw you."

"Well, don't let me keep you," Buffy said, gesturing towards the door.

Sirius grimaced, stretching out his legs in front of him. "Nah. I'm in no hurry, considering I'm sure he'll chew me out."

Buffy snorted. "I doubt it. I think he's more upset with me at the moment."

Sirius already looked wary. "What did you do? It must have been something severe, or he wouldn't be angry. He's not easily pissed off. Well, I suppose it's easier to make him angry around this time of the month, but, still."

Buffy sighed. "I made a really unsensitive comment about his furry-ness," she confessed. "I made it sound like it wasn't such a big deal."

Sirius winced. "Ouch. Yeah, that wouldn't have gone over too well with him."

"Wait, aren't you going to yell at me?" Buffy asked, narrowing her eyes. "I was sure you'd be the first, considering how you claim to be overprotective of him and all..."

Sirius shrugged. "He gets really easily upset about that stuff; you're not the first making the mistake of trying to smooth the entire being-a-werewolf-thing over as your usual everyday-problem. Both James, Peter and I have been there, and done that already. Even Lily did that mistake once."

He patted her back comfortingly. "Don't worry, he'll get over it, real soon. Just let the moon pass."

"I wish I could say you were right," Buffy said, frowning. "But it's more to it than that. I may have said something else – something that *is* true, according to me, but I don't think he took that too well either. I didn't stick around long enough to find out."

"Whatever it was, I'm sure one of us have already said it once before," Sirius assured her. "So, tell me, and I'll let you know how bad it was on a scale between one to ten. I bet it won't pass five."

"I told him to start accept himself for who – or rather, what - he is, or others certainly won't," Buffy said.

Sirius eyebrows hit his hairline. "Okay. I changed my mind – you just made the scale explode."

Buffy grimaced. "I was afraid of that."

"You have a point," Sirius said. "I'll give you that; Remus does need to start to acknowledge himself and all that shite, but it's not as easy as you made it sound."

"I know," Buffy groaned. "But tact is not my thing."

"Yes, I realised that." Sirius smirked. "You never should have said it so bluntly as you did; he'll be in denial forever. When it comes to Remus, you've sort of got to approach things slowly, gently, and *really* sneaky." He shuddered. "Almost like a...*Slytherin*, so he doesn't notice something is amiss. I'm talking from experience here. He's already made a lot of progress in the believing and accepting himself-department; a lot thanks to me and James and Peter and Lily, if I may say so myself."

"You may," Buffy said, rolling her eyes at the black-haired boy's slightly smug tone. She jumped as Sirius clapped down a hand on her thigh.

"You wouldn't believe what he was like showing up at Hogwarts. I've never seen such a sorry sight. So insecure, so tiny and so...*cute!*" He grinned. "I don't know how else to describe it, really."

"Cute?" Buffy repeated, intrigued and fascinated by Sirius' story.

The grey-eyed boy nodded. "I made a bet with James – we met on the train and became best pals right away – that he'd end up in Hufflepuff – he thought Ravenclaw. But then he proved us wrong and wound up in Gryffindor. So we both decided to take him under our wing, thinking he'd be swallowed by the other lions otherwise. And the rest is, as they say, history!"

"Tell me more!" Buffy begged, or rather, demanded, wanting to know everything there was to know about the marauders from their young days.

"Alright. Oi! Wormtail!" Sirius yelled down the stairs. "You down there?"

Soon, there was a slight scuffling sound, and then, Peter's head showed up by the bottom of the stairs, with a spot of ink on his nose. "What? I'm studying!"

"And I'm reminiscing," Sirius countered. "Telling Buffy stories about the good ol' days - Get your arse up here!"

Peter looked torn. On the one hand, he really needed to study if he planned to pass his NEWT:s, even though he took less subjects than the others. On the other, studying was boring and hanging out with Sirius was fun. Not to mention, Buffy was there too and she was gorgeous. Mind made up, Peter started to climb the stairs. "I'm coming," he said, huffing slightly as he reached the top and plopping himself down on Buffy's other side. "So do you want to start or should I?" Peter wondered, slightly breathless.

"You can. Begin after the sorting," Sirius ordered, putting his hands behind his neck.

"A-alright," Peter stammered out, suddenly feeling rather insecure, very aware of Buffy sitting rather close to him... But the Slayer also looked interested in what he had to say, so he decided to give it a shot. "The sorting was over, and we all sat down to listen to Dumbledore's yearly speech..."

"I'm Peter Pettigrew!" Peter said brightly. "I'm really excited to be here – I was sure I'd end up in Hufflepuff – nothing wrong with Hufflepuff, of course, but Gryffindor is so much better, don't you think?"

"I'm Black, Sirius Black," the boy said, grinning back widely. "I hope we get to share a dorm! We're going to have so much fun!"

"...STOP!"

Peter froze. "Huh?"

Sirius rolled his eyes. "That is so not what happened!" He protested, half-laughing. "Perhaps in your mind, but not in reality!"

Peter looked offended. "Of course that's how it happened! I was there!"

"So was I, remember?" Sirius scoffed. "And that was not what happened. You were a nervous wreck!"

...Sirius nudged James in the side, nodding towards the pale and sickly-looking boy in the seat diagonally across from them on the other side of the table. "So, Huffleclaw-boy ended up in Gryffindor," he noted.

"Seems that way," James said. "He looks as if one gush of wind would blow him over." He snickered, Sirius soon joining in.

"Umm...when do we get to eat?" A small voice asked, and both boys turned their heads to the right, staring at the small and chubby boy who sat there, with rather watery eyes and a runny nose. "I'm P-Peter Pettigrew! Peter said, voice overly bright and shaking and stuttering at the same time. "I-I'm really excited to be here – I was sure I'd end up in H-Hufflepuff – nothing wrong with Hufflepuff, of course, but G-Gryffindor is so much better, don't you th-think?"

Ignoring him, James and Sirius looked at each other with despair. "I thought Gryffindor was the home of the brave," Sirius whispered conspiratorially. "Not the m-m-m-mentally challenged," he stuttered, imitating Peter who still looked up at them with an expression of worship.

James choked on his laughter. "Sirius! That's not nice! Gryffindors stick together! Even if they look like death warmed over," he added, glancing at the sickly-looking boy again.

"I suppose you're right," Sirius said, grinning wickedly. "But you've got to admit some of them look like they need to be protected, not like the protectors themselves."

"...Now, hang on!" Peter spoke up, frowning. "I can't believe you two made fun of me and Remus! You never told us that!"

Sirius shrugged. "You never asked. And you never noticed, despite the fact you only sat a seat away from us. Not our fault." He smirked. "Besides, it was all in good fun. And we were all immature."

"Still are..." Peter muttered, but was hushed by Sirius.

"Now, were was I? Oh, right!"

...James grinned back. "Then it is up to us, the strong and ruggedly handsome to take care of them," James said, flexing his none-existent muscles.

A red-head that sat beside the sickly looking boy snorted, catching his attention as well. "Please," she said. "Ruggedly handsome? Allow me to laugh."

"What got your knickers in a twist?" James smirked, making the girl's green eyes narrow before she turned away in a huff, burying her nose in a giant book, which the messy-haired boy saw was called Hogwarts, a History.

"Y-you never answered my question?" The chubby boy, Peter, spoke up again.

Sirius and James blinked in confusion. "What question?"

"When does the food arrive?" Peter wondered again.

The sickly looking boy hesitated for awhile, and then opened his mouth to answer. "Well," he said, voice wavering slightly. "After the sorting, the Headmaster is supposed to say a few words, and then the food appears."

Peter blinked. "Oh." He then smiled at the boy. "Thanks. I'm Peter."

"Remus," Remus said, smiling back shyly, his fringe – which was far too long and in need of a good cut – falling down to cover his eyes.

"We're going to have to listen to a speech?" James asked incredulously, groaning.

Sirius nodded mournfully. "Apparently. I'm going to starve before that!" He exclaimed, making the red-headed girl roll her eyes at him.

"If a human is to die of starvation, he must first suffer from it for about one to two months, which causes permanent organ damage, and then you die. I highly doubt the Headmaster is going to keep talking for that long."

Sirius and James gawked at the girl, their mouth opening and closing, while Remus snickered. Peter just looked dazed at the red-head, blinking stupidly.

"What is she talking about?" James spluttered, giving Sirius and James highly confused looks. "Is she out of her bloody mind? And who is she, anyway?"

Lily rolled her eyes again. "Boys!" She huffed, shaking her head, and sticking her nose in the air, inwardly deciding to ignore them all in favour of learning and knowledge.

However...

"...That was really clever," a voice told her shyly, interfering in her descent back into her book. The red-head turned to look at the pale boy beside her, surprised. "Thanks," she then said, just as shyly, holding out her hand for him to take. "I'm Lily. Lily Evans."

"Remus," Remus introduced himself.

Lily grinned. "Yeah, I heard. Before, when you told...umm...Peter, I think," she added quickly, blushing.

"And I'm Black, Sirius Black," Sirius said, interrupting their conversation, grinning back widely, ignoring Lily's glare of death. "And that's Potter. James Potter. And now, when we've all been introduced, why don't we all engage in a group hug!"

Half of the Gryffindor table turned to stare at him strangely.

Sirius pouted. "It was just a suggestion..." He then shrugged, immediately recovering. "Anyway," he clapped his hands together, letting his eyes travel between Remus, James and Peter. "I hope we get to share a dorm! We're going to have so much fun!"

"...And that," Sirius finished with flourish, "was the marauder's – and Lily's – very first meeting."

"Can I come on in or are you brooding?"

Remus glared half-heartedly at Sirius. "Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

"Yeah..." Sirius scratched his head sheepishly. "'bout that..."

Remus rolled his eyes, pulling his covers over his head. "Don't bother. You've got detention tonight and can't come. I get it," he said, voice slightly muffled.

Sirius' jaw dropped. "You heard us?"

"Every word," Remus said. "Well, almost. Sensitive hearing remember?" His head reappeared, as Sirius pulled off the covers. "Especially this time of the month."

Sirius winced. "I forgot."

Remus snorted. "I kind of got that." He let an eyebrow rise, smirking. "So you think I'm insecure, tiny and *cute*?"

Sirius huffed. "No. You *were*. Right *now* you're an annoying and broody bastard who doesn't know what's good for him."

"And what, exactly, Sirius, is that?" Remus said tiredly, voice monotone as he squinted up at his friend. "Please, enlighten me – I'm very interested to hear what you've got to say."

Sirius smirked. "Buffy."

Remus grew bright red.

"She's good for you," Sirius continued. "Admit it."

"I'm not denying that I...like...being around her," Remus said slowly, flushing. "But she had no right – "

" – No," Sirius interrupted. "She didn't. What she said was tactless, I'll give you that. But she did have a point. You do need to start accepting yourself, Moony. Not so others will, but to make peace with yourself." Sirius poked his chest teasingly. "That's important."

Remus rolled his eyes. "I know. But it's not like I can just wake up one morning and say, oh, I like me!" The sarcasm was obvious, and Sirius grinned.

"Now what's the Moony I know. The king of irony."

Remus snorted, then sighed. "It's not that simple," he said quietly, inspecting his hands as if they held the answers to all of his questions.

Sirius eyes darkened. "No," he agreed. "It never is." He flung himself down on his bed. "How did the subject came up between you and Buffy anyway?"

"She thinks I should tell Eliza about what I am," Remus said, frowning.

Sirius sat up. "She does?"

Remus nodded. "Yes. Do you agree with her?"

Sirius shrugged. "Can't answer that. She's only been here for two weeks and we've only *known* her for a few days. Only you can decide whether she's trustworthy."

Remus sighed. "What is your opinion?"

"My opinion?" Sirius smirked. "My opinion is what it always has been; that she is one hot chick that I haven't bedded yet."

Remus let out a strangled noise of disgust.
