

## Out of the Blue

### Chapter 13 – Magnetic temptation.

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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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Buffy tip-toed carefully into the dormitory she shared with Lily and Eliza, carefully closing the door behind her.

"Where have you been?"

Buffy jumped, staring at Eliza who was watching her from her bed. "Eliza! You're awake!" She said, rather flushed and self-conscious, considering she didn't look her best...

"I had a...nightmare," Eliza said quietly. "Why do you have blood on your clothes?"

"Oh, this?" Buffy gestured towards her body dismissively, grinning awkwardly. "This is nothing. I just...had a little accident. Don't worry about it. You should go back to sleep," she prompted, pulling off her boots and climbing up onto her bed.

Eliza gave her a suspicious look. "If you say so."

It didn't sound like she believed her, and Buffy inwardly winced. She knew her explanation was bad, but she didn't know Eliza at all. Telling her that she was the Slayer who had just gotten back from a messy patrol...well, it would be a decidedly risky move.

"Well, I hope you manage to get back to sleep," Buffy said instead, smiling and closing the draperies around her bed. "Goodnight."

Buffy sighed, grimacing slightly as soon as she was safely hidden from view.

Patrol had been officially dead every time she'd been in the forest – except for tonight. She'd wandered deeper into the forest than ever before, and had been rather surprised to suddenly find herself in the middle of a vampire nest. The undead beings had been rather easy to overcome – it was clear they didn't see much action – but they had been

many, and Buffy hadn't had much action herself lately. And she now had several scrapes to show for it.

Buffy winced as she pulled off her sweater, hissing, and she grabbed her wand to perform a silencing charm, and a cleaning charm. She frowned a little as she saw some of the blood refused to wash out, and she sighed. Maybe she didn't have the charms down perfectly yet...but Lily *had* only shown her in all haste.

Yawning, she fell down with a thump against the pillow, too tired to bother with her jeans. She closed her eyes, letting sleep take her.

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Eliza glanced at the closed draperies that was hiding the other student, Buffy, from view. She frowned. So Buffy had had an 'accident.' She didn't buy it...but then again, who was she to pry? It wasn't her business...it was not her problem...she already had enough to last for a lifetime.

### **August 30**

*"...You are telling me, this girl, got all these wounds by falling down a cliff! C'est impossible!"*

*"That is exactly what I'm saying."*

*Eliza closed her eyes, trying to shut out the voice of her father. She was so tired...she just wanted to fall back asleep...perhaps never wake up again.*

*"These wounds on her back can not have been gained by falling down a cliff! They are far too deep!" the Healer argued.*

*"Don't ask me how it happened," Eliza's father snapped back. "I only know what she told me! I brought her here - you treat her. That's what I'm paying you for!"*

*Eliza winced.*

*"Very well." The Healer didn't sound very pleased. "I will have to ask you to leave while I examine her, then."*

*"Of course," her father said. "Eliza, êtes-vous éveillé ?"*

*Eliza opened her eyes, finding herself face to face with her father, his eyes dark, glittering pools. "I will be right outside," he said. The message was clear. Say nothing, or you will regret it.*

*"Alright," Eliza said weakly, watching him as he left.*

*"I will be back soon."*

*The door closed, and the Healer snapped into action, staring at Eliza with kind eyes.*

*"Miss de Mort. Is there anything you wish to tell me?"*

*Eliza shook her head, turning her face away. "Non. Rien."*

*The Healer sighed, rubbing her temples. "Are you certain?"*

*Eliza nodded, and the Healer sighed again. "Can you tell me how you fell?"*

*"...It was an accident," Eliza finally said.*

*"Un accident?" The Healer sounded doubtful. "Can you tell me nothing else?"*

*"Non. Je ne me rappelle pas." She was lying. She knew it, and the Healer knew it too, but there was nothing she could do about it. If she told...Eliza inwardly shuddered. It would make things worse.*

*The Healer stood up, putting down some notes on her chart.*

*"Alright. If there is nothing else, I suppose you are well enough to be discharged." She frowned. "If you ever need anything - " she pulled out a small plastic card from her robe pocket, placing it Eliza's hand, "place a floo-call to this adress, alright?"*

*"Alright."*

*Eliza already knew she'd never call.*

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"So?"

"So, what?" Remus stared at Lily in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Lily looked up to make sure the Arithmancy professor was busy in the other end of the classroom, and then leaned down, whispering. "So, how is the 'tutoring' with Buffy going?"

Remus flushed. "I have no idea what you mean," he murmured, suddenly becoming very interested in his parchment with numbers.

Lily rolled her eyes. "Don't play stupid! I know you like her."

"Am I that obvious?" Remus whispered, weakly, looking rather worried.

Lily gave him a sympathetic look. "No, it's not. At least Buffy has no idea." She sighed and leaned in a bit closer, throwing her red hair over her shoulder. "If you want my advice," she whispered conspiratorically, "you should use the study sessions for some digging."

Remus blinked. "Digging?" He was sounding very confused, and quite pathetic.

The red-head rolled her eyes. "You know, get to know her better, see if she still has feelings for that Angel-bloke, what kind of things she falls for, stuff like that. It's not that difficult!"

"Easy for you to say," Remus muttered. "You know how I get around girls."

"Yes, unfortunately," Lily nodded, patting his hand sympathetically. "But you've managed to talk to her this far, haven't you? And you're not even the slightest bit awkward around me."

Remus looked even more depressed. "But we only talk about schoolwork," he said miserably. "And with you - I'm not in love with you. You're just like any other friend. Except so much more important," he quickly added. After all, he knew how hot-tempered

Lily could be, and he didn't want her to think he didn't value her friendship, which was the way she was bound to interpret his comment on.

Lily however, hadn't noticed his small slip-up, and was instead staring at him with a dropped jaw. "You're *in love* with her?" She hissed, and Remus' eyes widened comically. "I just figured you *liked* her!"

"There's a difference?" Remus said, trying to sound like he had no idea what he'd just said, and failing miserably.

Lily glared. "You know perfectly well what I mean, Remus John Lupin," she said. "I know you. If you say you love her, you love her. Or at least like her a *whole lot*." She sat up a bit straighter. "Alright. Since I know you to be a lost cause when it comes to girls, I will just have to help you along a bit. This is serious stuff you know." She shook her head in disbelief. "You love her. That's just...wow."

Remus groaned. What had he just gotten himself into?

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"Okay, so, if Peter does that, and I do that, *this* should happen," James said, pointing at a spot on the parchment which contained the planning for the Halloween prank.

Sirius frowned. "Are you sure? Wouldn't it be better if *I* did that, and Remus did that, to get *this* result? While you fix *this*."

James blinked stupidly, staring at the parchment in confusion. He groaned. "I am so out of shape!"

"That's what you get when being a responsible and boring sod," Sirius sing-songed. "You run out of all good ideas."

James glared. "I have not. And it's not like yours is much better," he muttered, sighing. "We need our planner," he said. "We need Remus. Where is he?"

"Studying with Buffy. Again. And, for some reason, wearing new robes," Sirius said, smirking. "Jeez, I wonder why."

"So he's finally admitting to himself he likes her?" James wondered, while scratching something out on the parchment.

"Actually, I think he's acknowledged it long ago," Sirius said. "But it's only now he's choosing to do something about it. Or rather, Lily's forcing him." His smirk widened, only to falter, as he saw James' look, previously filled with intense concentration, now turned into one of a lovesick puppy.

"She's just brilliant, isn't she?" He said dreamily.

Sirius sighed. "And here we go again..."

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"Why are we outside?" Buffy asked Remus curiously. "And...are you wearing new clothes?"

Remus flushed, inwardly cursing Lily's inability to stay out of his love-life (or rather lack there-of), and cleared his throat awkwardly. "Yes. Anyway, we are outside because I thought we should do some charms."

"And we can't do that in the library?" Buffy asked, confused.

"I doubt Madame Pince would appreciate it if made her precious books wet," Remus said smiling at Buffy's uncomprehending look.

"Wet?" She repeated.

"Yes. Like this." He lifted his wand, mumbling "Aguamenti," and a jet of water sprayed out of the tip of his wand, landing on Buffy, who shrieked.

"Remus!"

Remus grinned. "Maybe we can have a water-war later. Once you've mastered the Charm, that is."

Buffy glared, and lifted her own wand, taking that statement as a challenge. "Aguamenti!" She said loud and clear, and a hard spray hit Remus straight in the face, making him splutter.

Buffy smirked. "I'm a quick learner when I have to be," she said smugly.

Remus' eyes narrowed. "That was beginner's luck," he insisted, and then lifted his wand again, and Buffy ducked, but to no avail, as the water came out of the ground this time, from beneath her, drenching her completely.

"That's cheating!" Buffy yelled, and soon, they both shot large jets of water at each other, laughing and screaming, both having forgot all about the lesson.

"Well," Remus puffed out, laying on the grass, completely spent and wet from inside and out. "I'd say you mastered that charm easy. It was sixth year-level, just so you know."

Buffy fell down beside him on the ground, blinking away some driplets of water from her eyes. "Yeah?" She sounded pleased.

"Yes. Anyway, to the point." He stood up again, and Buffy watched in amazement as several arrows was shot out of his wand. "I thought it would be useful for you to learn that spell," he said. "The water was just the warm-up. Or rather, the cool-down."

Buffy stood up and then threw herself in Remus' arms, hugging him in delight, and Remus flushed at the feeling of her wet body pressed closely to his.

"You have no idea how much that spell will come in handy!" Buffy said, jumping up and down, arms still around his neck. "So much better than a crossbow! And way more effective! No need for reloads! Thank you!"

Remus flush deepened, and he returned the hug awkwardly, very self-consciously aware of how quickly his heart was beating. "Don't mention it," he muttered. "And try not to do the spell in public. It was kind of outlawed in 1894," he murmured.

Buffy let go of him, and stared. Then, she burst out laughing. "You are just too much," she grinned. "Remus Lupin, who would have thought you had a little rebel somewhere in you?"

"Yes, well, I *am* a marauder," Remus said, grinning back.

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"Hey, Buffy?" Lily asked casually, and both Buffy and Eliza looked up from their books.

"Yeah?"

"How do you know you're in love?" Lily wondered out loud. "How did you know you loved Angel for example?"

Buffy frowned. "Why are you asking?"

"Oh, no reason," Lily said airily. "I'm just curious."

Buffy's eyes twinkled. "Lily Evans, you're not falling for James Potter, by any chance?"

Lily flushed deeply. "No!" She protested. "Just humour me, please."

Buffy grinned. "Alright."

Lily inwardly sighed in relief. If Buffy thought Lily wanted to know because she was starting to fall for James Potter, then it would have to be so. Better that then tell her the truth – that she wanted to know on the behalf of her friend, a clueless Remus Lupin. Anyway, it didn't hurt any to have Buffy jump to conclusions. It's not like her assumptions were *true*, and then it didn't matter. Because there was no way in hell Lily Marie Evans would ever fall in love with the messy haired prat.

"How do you know you're in love?" Buffy repeated the question out loud. "Well...I suppose with Angel...it just sort of happened, you know? He was always helping me out of sticky spots, and there was just a mutual *attraction* right away. He was older, and mysterious and exciting, and the whole deal with it being a forbidden love just made it so much more exhilarating."

Eliza frowned. "What do you mean, forbidden love?"

"Oh, you know, age difference and stuff," Buffy said, hating to lie to the girl, but she couldn't very well say it was because he was a vampire. "Anyway, I felt this...thrill, I guess, in the pits of my stomach, like butterflies, and my pulse quickened whenever he was near..." Buffy sighed, her eyes far away. "It was just...like a magnetic temptation that lead to something more."

Lily bit her lip, frowning. "But...was it just attraction?" She asked hesitantly. "I mean...was there nothing about his personality that drove you to him? Or was it all...lust?"

Buffy blinked. "Uhh...how do you mean?" She asked, not liking the way their conversation was going.

"What I'm trying to say is, *why* were you attracted to him?" Lily asked. "And when you were together, what did you talk about? Did he make you laugh or feel like you were the one?"

Buffy frowned. It felt sort of like Lily was dissecting her and Angel's relationship... "He did make me feel special," she said. "Powerful. *Alive*. But there wasn't much laughter, I suppose," she admitted softly. "More tears, actually. But there was emotion. Lots of it."

Lily nodded thoughtfully. "So what *did* you talk about?" She asked again.

"Actually, we were more about kissing than actual talking," Buffy said wryly, chuckling a bit, a feeling of ice in her stomach. Somehow, this conversation was making *her* dissect her relationship with Angel as well. What *had* it really been built on? "But when we did, we mostly talked about demons."

"Demons?" Eliza asked, startled, and Buffy jumped, having forgotten she was there. She winced. "Yeah. I mean, personal demons," she hurriedly lied. "Issues, and thoughts we had on our minds...and our...jobs."

"If I may say so, it doesn't like you had a very healthy relationship," Eliza said quietly. "Or like you had very much in common. Except...your work." She blushed. "I-I'm sorry, it's none of my business," she then added, feeling embarrassed.

"No, no it's alright," Buffy assured her. "But you're wrong. It wasn't like that. I had just...I...sort of made up this fairy-tale scenario in my head about our future..." she trailed off.

*Angel, when I look into the future, all I see is you!*

"I was so naive," she said out loud, only just now realising it.

*Dates are things normal girls have. Girls who have time to think about nail polish and facials. You know what I think about? Ambush tactics. Beheading. Not exactly the stuff dreams are made of.*

"All the things I wanted...it could never be."

*This isn't some fairy tale. When I kiss you, you don't wake up from a deep sleep and live happily ever after.*

"Our relationship...it was all about pain. Passion and pain."

*No. When you kiss me I wanna die.*

"It was suffocating me," Buffy whispered to herself, burying her face in her hands. "Our relationship...it was slowly killing me..."

Maybe she had always known that was the case, but perhaps she had been too afraid of the truth to admit it. She closed her eyes, tears slowly streaming down her cheeks, but they were tears of relief. It felt as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Lily gave Eliza a look and then nodded towards the door. The two girls got up and left the dorm quietly, leaving Buffy alone with her thoughts.

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Rough translation:

C'est impossible! – That's impossible.

Êtes-vous éveillé? – Are you awake?

Non. Rien. – No. Nothing.

Un accident – An accident?

Non. Je ne me rappelle pas. – No. I don't remember.