

Out of the Blue

Chapter 16 – Denial.

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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..." Buffy flung herself down in the sofa in the Gryffindor common room beside a startled Eliza. "It's a full moon tonight."

Eliza gave her a strange look. "Yes..." She agree slowly. "It is."

"Do you...umm...like the full moon?" Buffy asked innocently, staring up at the ceiling.

Eliza blinked, feeling more confused for every second that passed. "Buffy," she said in a voice half laughing, half bewildered. "What is your point exactly?"

"Point?" Buffy exclaimed. "What point? What makes you think I have a point?"

Eliza rolled her eyes. "If you don't have a reason for being here, then go away," she prompted. "Study, or something. Ask Remus to help you. Or is he still not feeling well?"

"Nope," Buffy said. "He left for the hospital wing a few moments ago. And, we're kind of, not talking, at the moment."

Eliza frowned, sitting up a bit straighter. "Whatever for? What happened?"

"Oh, we had a row," Buffy said, waving her hand in dismissal. "I suppose I'll have to apologize to him. Later. Tomorrow. When he's feeling better. But," she added, "back to my point – which isn't a point – how do you feel about the full moon?"

Eliza rolled her eyes again. "Certain rituals are strengthened by the full moon. Some plants have to be picked during it if their magical qualities are to be preserved. To be honest, Buffy, I don't have an opinion of the full moon what-so-ever, except that I think it is beautiful."

"Alright," Buffy said, beaming, her face falling half a second later. "Let me rephrase the question."

"Yes, please do," Eliza said dryly, her lips twitching. She was very curious, and interested in where this conversation were going...

"How do you feel about...animals that come out of their hiding places during this time of the month?" Buffy asked, inwardly wincing. *'Subtle, Buffy, real subtle...not.'*

"Umm...like mooncalves and werewolves?" Eliza asked, frowning.

"Exactly!" Buffy said. "Or more specifically, werewolves," she added.

"They're dark creatures," Eliza said, shrugging. "And that's that, I suppose."

Buffy's face fell even further. "You think they're evil?"

"Yes. In a transformed state, a werewolf will kill you, that makes it dangerous," Eliza said. "If I saw one, it would be kill or be killed."

Buffy gave her a weak smile. "So...it doesn't matter to you that it's only...dangerous one day out of several once a month?"

Eliza turned to look at the Slayer, her blue eyes filled with curiosity. "Why all these questions about werewolves?" Without letting Buffy, who was feeling more and more ridiculous – Remus had turned out to be right, after all – answer, Eliza continued:

"I have nothing against werewolves when they're *not* transformed. I suppose they're just as human as you and me. But during the full moon; that's another thing completely," Eliza explained. "During those times, there are no humanity left in them."

Buffy felt her heart lighten again. "You think, huh?"

Eliza nodded, smiling, turning back to her book about Charms.

"Great!" Buffy said, standing up and going towards the stairs. Half-way there, she spun around on her heel and went back to Eliza, looking around to make sure they were the only ones there. "Actually it was one more thing," Buffy said.

Eliza looked up, blinking slightly. "Yes?"

Buffy opened her mouth, and then shut it again, shaking her head. "Never mind." Once again, she spun around and disappeared up to her dormitory, leaving a bewildered Eliza behind.

Buffy sneaked towards the hospital wing thirty minutes after sunrise, being sure Remus would be there. Finding James, Lily, Sirius and Peter sitting outside, she sunk down to the floor beside them.

"It was a bad one," James said tiredly, before Buffy even had the chance to open her mouth to ask how Remus was feeling. "I didn't dare take him into the forest either; he was out of control."

Buffy frowned. "Do you think it's my fault?" She wondered. "I mean, I upset him..."

"Maybe a little bit, but not completely," Lily assured her. "Remus has had bad transformations before; it happens. And since he was really tired even before you two had your...disagreement, we knew it wouldn't be one of the easy ones."

Buffy sank down against the wall, hands in front of her face. "It *is* my fault," she said. "And even if it wasn't, I certainly didn't make it better. I'm such an idiot!"

"You're right," Sirius said abruptly, earning himself startled glances from the others. "You *are* an idiot, and this is all your fault."

"Sirius!" Lily hissed, shocked. "How can you say such a thing?"

Sirius ignored her. "So what are you going to do about it?" He continued. "Sit out here and bemoan your own misfortune, or go in there and cheer him up?"

"I must be the last person he'd want to see!" Buffy protested, standing up.

"I think it's the other way around," Sirius said. "Chicken," he finished after a short pause.

Buffy's jaw dropped in indignation. "I am not!"

Sirius just raised his eyes to the ceiling humming a little tune and pretending it rained.

Lily, James and Peter did their best to muffle their laughter, rather unsuccessfully.

"Fine," Buffy snapped. "Fine!" She opened the door to the hospital wing, and walked inside, backwards, never letting her eyes slip from Sirius, as she was still glaring.

The door swung shut, and James turned to a now grinning Sirius, applauding.

"You, Sirius Black, are a genius," he proclaimed.

Sirius bowed. "Thank you, dear Prongs, thank you."

The second the door shut closed behind her, Buffy realised she had been tricked into this. Tensing, she turned back around, placing her hand on the door handle, only to hesitate. She did not want Sirius call her 'chicken' for the rest of her stay at Hogwarts!

"Who's there?" A croaked voice said, and Buffy jumped and spun back around. She bit her lip, squeezing her eyes shut, wincing.

"James? Sirius? Is that you?"

Sighing, shoulders slumped, Buffy made her way towards Remus' bed. "No," she said, shuffling with her feet. "It's me."

"Buffy?" Remus sounded tired.

"Yeah." She sat down on the edge of his bed, fiddling with her robe. "I just...I'm sorry," she finished weakly, refusing to meet Remus' eyes. "I had no business telling you what to do. Especially as I couldn't follow my own advice."

"What do you mean?" Remus didn't sound accusing, just curious, and rather sleepy.

"I was all set and ready to tell Eliza about myself, but when it came down to it, I couldn't. I just...I wasn't ready. And I have been acting like an idiot, and I'm sorry." Buffy finally looked up, meeting Remus eyes, expecting pain and accusation there, but instead, she only found understanding, forgiveness and...affection?

"It's fine," Remus said. "You did have a point." Remus sighed, looking away. "I do need to learn how to accept myself. Sirius made me see that."

"Sirius, huh?" Buffy didn't sound surprised and she chuckled. "He seems to have an ability of being around when we need a good kick in the ass."

"And thank Merlin for that," Remus said, grinning weakly. "Or we would just hang around moping and drowning in our misery."

"Probably."

There was an awkward silence, before they both opened their mouths at the same time.

"Buffy, I - "

"Remus, I - "

They both chuckled nervously.

"You first," Remus prompted.

"No, you first," Buffy said.

"Uh...alright." Remus took a deep breath. "Buffy, I...I li - " He swallowed. "I...I...wondered if you might want to...eh...to...go on a...d...I mean...uh...I just...wondered whether you've been practising anymore Transfiguration or not," he finished lamely, inwardly cursing himself and trying to ignore the voice that sounded awfully like Sirius and was singing "*coward, coward, coward,*" at the top of his lungs.

"Oh." Buffy sounded oddly disappointed. "No, not really," she said, shrugging. "I haven't been in the mood."

"Oh." More awkward silence. "So...what did you want?"

"Huh?" Buffy looked up, startled. "Oh, right...I just wanted you to know that I...that I...uh...never mind...I...I forgot." Inwardly wincing, Buffy smiled brightly. "Anyway, don't let me keep you up any longer," she said, standing up. Was it just her or did Remus look...disappointed? "I'm sure you must be tired."

"Uh..."

"I'll...see you later!" Buffy said, practically running towards the door, stumbling over her own to feet.

"Yeah...see you," Remus muttered, staring at the now empty now miserably. Cursing loudly, he buried his face in his hands. "*I just wondered whether you've been practising anymore Transfiguration or not,*" he mimicked himself with a baby-voice. "I'm such an idiot!"

"Is Remus and Buffy back to normal again?" James asked Lily a week later. "On Moony, it seems like it, but you never know with him – he's always pretending everything is always bright and shiny."

Lily laughed. "Yes, he does, doesn't he?" She shook her head, still smiling. "Both him and Buffy are hopeless," she said. "Everything is back to normal, true, with both of them still in denial of their feelings."

James rolled his eyes skywards. "I should have guessed," he said. "Hey, weren't you supposed to help Remus chat Buffy up?"

"I wouldn't call it 'chat her up' exactly," Lily said airily. "But yes. But things have been a bit...unstable, since their row, and I just thought it might be better to let them do things their own way for awhile. Let them get comfortable around each other again, until they feel they have steady ground under their feet instead of traitorous quicksand that might swallow them whole."

James grinned. "Good idea. Though I wouldn't wait too long, if I were you," he warned. "Because if we let them do things their own way, they'll still be in denial when they're old and wrinkly."

Snorting with laughter, Lily sent off a charm that slammed open all cupboard doors in the entire corridor, revealing them empty.

James gave her an admiring look. "Clever," he said.

Lily looked pleased. "Thank you. I thought we may as well save ourselves some time."

"Oh, really?" James smirked, looking around to make sure they were alone. "And what did you plan to do with the time left-over?"

"Uh..." Nervously, Lily backed up a few steps, until she felt the wall against her back. James was awfully close. "I...I'm not sure." She licked her lips nervously, unaware what that small movement was doing to James, who gulped.

"M-maybe we could..."

"Yes?" James breathed.

"...I-I have to...uh...study," Lily finished. "NEWT's and all. It might seem like we have lots of time left, but really, it's only a few months and there are seven years of material we must repeat..."

James blinked. "Oh," he said lamely, taking a step back. "NEWT's. Of course. I'm...sorry for taking up your time." Spinning around, he disappeared down the corridor, leaving Lily leaning against the wall, flushed and confused over the sudden feelings that had surged up inside.

"I do not like James Potter," she whispered to herself, taking deep breaths to calm herself down. "I could *never* like James Potter."

But she was not so sure anymore.

"What are you reading?"

Eliza jumped in surprise, almost dropping her book. "Sirius!" She exclaimed. "You scared me."

"Sorry." He didn't sound sorry at all.

Rolling her eyes, Eliza showed him the book cover.

Sirius peered at it. "Madame...Bovary," he read. "What's it about?"

Smirking slightly, Eliza threw him the book. "Read for yourself."

Shrugging, Sirius picked it up, and started reading from the back cover. And froze. "It's French!"

Eliza smiled widely. "This edition is in french, yes."

Sirius pouted, crossing his arms over his chest. "What happened to good ol' fashioned english?" He muttered.

Eliza laughed. "But you forget, dear sir, that I am from France, and therefore, multi-linguaged."

"If you can call speaking two languages multi," Sirius said, sounding smug.

Eliza snorted. "And how many do you speak?"

Sirius pretended to count on his finger. "Well, let's see...that...and this...and that...hmmm...one," he finished, holding up his pinky. Eliza burst out laughing.

"I should have known."

Sirius grinned. "Anyway, madame Eliza. The reason I am bothering you in your...world of french literature; I was wondering, if you are busy Saturday night?"

"Yes," Eliza said, turning a page in her book, pretending to be deeply engrossed in it.

Sirius looked surprised. "You are?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure whatever it is isn't so important you can skip it for my sake?" Sirius said, fluttering his eyelashes.

Without looking up, Eliza answered; "I will not go with you to the Astronomy tower, Sirius."

Sirius' jaw dropped. "How did you know?" He spluttered.

Putting away her book, Eliza turned to him with a raised eyebrow. "Sirius," she said. "I've been here almost a month. And wherever I go, I hear people talking, whispering and gossiping about your latest conquests. I am not going to be one of them."

Sirius actually looked pleased. "They talk about me?"

Eliza rolled her eyes. "I wouldn't be flattered if I were you," she said airily, pretending to inspect her nails. Sirius looked stumped.

"What's that supposed to mean?" He asked.

Eliza smirked, standing up and grabbing her book. "You'd just love to know, wouldn't you?" She started to walk towards the stairs leading to the girls' dormitories.

"Wait! Eliza!" Sirius stood up, hurrying after her. "What do they say? Eliza!"

Eliza had already reached the top of the stairs, and Sirius scrambled up the steps after her. And his eyes widened comically, as he felt the stairs move beneath him.

"Oh, shit!" He exclaimed, as a wailing klaxon went off and the stairs turned into a stone slide and he was promptly sent sailing to the bottom. Eliza gave him an amused look, as did the other's in the common room, who were whispering and pointing, while giggling.

Groaning, Sirius stood up. "I hate that spell," he muttered.

Eliza grinned. "Goodnight, Black," she said, disappearing into the dormitory she shared with Buffy and Lily.
