

Out of the Blue

Chapter 17 – Kiss her.

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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

"Remus, I've been thinking."

"Yes?" Remus looked up from his DADA book to look at Buffy who gave him a nervous smile.

"I think I've been doing pretty well with the magic-stuff lately," Buffy began carefully. "But something I have been neglecting is...well...working out."

Remus blinked, trying not to flush as his mind suddenly summoned up a rather enchanting picture of a barely clothed and sweaty Buffy 'working out'. "Working out?" He repeated.

"Yes. Though I have been patrolling, I have been neglecting my Slayer duties a bit. I didn't think it mattered, since I haven't stumbled upon anything evil in the forest more than once – it ended badly then, but I got so busy I totally forgot." Buffy took a deep breath. "But then last night, there were vampires there again, and, well..." Looking around to make sure they were alone, Buffy lifted up her shirt discretely, revealing a bandaged stomach.

Remus eyes widened. "You got hurt?" he sounded worried.

"Yes. So I really need a place I can practice, because I do not want to end up on a vampire menu," Buffy finished. "I can't very well work out in the courtyard or the Great Hall, but I thought that maybe you or the other guys knew of a place?"

Remus looked thoughtful for a second and then he lit up. "I know exactly what you need," he assured her, standing up, book forgotten.

Buffy stared in bemusement at Remus, who was pacing back and forth in front of a blank wall opposite a tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy on the seventh floor.

"Tell me again what we're doing here, exactly?" She said.

Remus shushed her. "Be quiet. I need to concentrate."

"Ooo-kay," Buffy said, more confused – and amused – for every second that passed. Then, her eyes widened as a door suddenly appeared on the blank wall, once Remus finished his third round in front of it.

Grabbing the handle, Remus raised an eyebrow. "Are you coming?"

"Uh...sure."

Remus opened the door, and Buffy's jaw dropped.

The room was filled with muggle training equipment, weapons of all kind, and more stuff than Buffy thought she would need, and the Slayer felt like swooning. She was in Heaven!

"How did you find this place?" She said, while admiring a large medieval crossbow.

"It wasn't that hard," Remus said, scratching his head embarrassedly. "The guys and I found it while running from Filch in our fourth year," he said. "It's called 'the Room of Requirement,' and can only be discovered by someone who is in great need of it. By walking passed the blank section of the wall three times, and thinking hard of what you need, the room appears, equipped with your desires."

"That is so amazing," Buffy said, still in awe. "So, if I wanted, say, a horse – not that I do want one – it would appear?"

"Uh...I guess there is some kind of limit," Remus said, shrugging. "I don't think if it would be able to give you living things."

"It doesn't matter," Buffy said dismissively. "This is still awesome!" She was grinning widely, and pulling of her shirt.

Remus let out a squeak and quickly turned around, eyes shut tightly.

"Rem?" Buffy was laughing, bewildered. "What are you doing?"

"You're...uh...a girl," he said nervously as if that explained it. "And I'm a boy."

Buffy blushed deeply as she realised she had been about to undress in front of him. In front of Remus. Was her subconscious trying to tell her something? Perhaps something in the lines of that she wouldn't *mind* getting naked with Remus...alone...in a room that gave you whatever you needed...? "Sorry," she said, brushing away that thought. She did *not* like Remus. He was only a friend. She was still in love with Angel. Wasn't she?

"I...forgot."

"That's reassuring," Remus mumbled to himself, still embarrassed, and not so sure he was very flattered that Buffy had 'forgot' he was a boy.

"Sorry," Buffy repeated, while kicking off her boots. "Can you return here in, say, a couple of hours? I just have to give this room a try!"

"Sure," Remus gulped, and started to make his way towards the door, eyes still closed. "I'll...uh...see you later."

Buffy's lips twitched. "Yeah. Later."

"It was so embarrassing," Remus finished, moaning.

"I don't know," Sirius said, grinning widely. "I would have enjoyed the sight. Why'd you close your eyes?"

James smacked him on his head. "You're so disgusting, Pads," he said. Sirius stuck out his tongue in answer.

"It's not so bad, Rem," James said comfortingly.

"Not so bad?" Remus looked up with an expression of despair. "She 'forgot' I was a boy!"

James winced. "Alright, maybe that part was pretty bad."

"Pretty bad?" Remus exclaimed. "James, she regards me as one of her girl-friends! It was humiliating! I had to remind her that I am not of the female species! How can that be good in any way, shape or form? Please, enlighten me!"

"Uhh..." James scratched his head in confusion. "I'm not sure."

"My point exactly!" Remus said.

Sirius, still grinning, put an arm around Remus' shoulder. "Really, Rem, it could be worse. She could think of you as a *brother*."

As in one, all the three marauders shuddered. "Yeah, that would be seriously off-putting," James agreed. "And don't you start," he added as he saw Sirius open his mouth, most probably on his way to fire off one of his 'Siriusly-serious'-jokes.

Sirius pouted.

"Still, Moony," James continued, "look at this on the bright side."

"What bright side?" Remus muttered.

"Now, you have a perfectly good reason to prove to Buffy you are a boy," James finished, ignoring Remus' input. "It is time you stopped being friendly and gentlemanny, and go about this the other way."

"The other way?" Remus sounded rather worried.

"Yes," Sirius said. "The way of charm, sexiness, and animal magnetism. Believe me, Moony, when you are done with Buffy, she will be *begging* you to take her."

Remus let out a noise of disgust. "I'm not so certain I want to go *that* far," he said.

"And that is not what I meant," James said, glaring at Sirius. "Ignore Sirius. What I meant was, you have got to stop acting like...a girl."

It was Remus' turn to glare. "You're not helping. And I don't understand why I come to you two for advice on girls anyway. What with Sirius being the one who sees shagging every woman in Britain before he turns thirty his personal goal, and James being the one who has been pining after one girl in what seems like forever, and yet unsuccessfully."

Sirius clutched his chest, eyes widened and lip theatrically quivering. "You wound me, Moony, you really do."

Remus rolled his eyes.

"Kiss her."

"Huh?"

"Kiss her," Lily repeated, smiling at Remus. "To prove that you are definitely not a girl, but a man, with needs and desires, kiss her."

"I can't just walk up and kiss her!" Remus protested. "That would be...rude." He was seriously starting to wonder if all his friends were out of their bloody minds. Did he not know of a singly person in this castle he could count on getting some advice that actually sounded sensible?

"Then I can't help you," Lily said calmly, still smiling and returning to her 'Daily Prophet.' "If you keep insisting all the obvious solutions are improper, you won't get anywhere." She shrugged. "So unless you are willing to do anything...drastic about your current dilemma, I suggest you begin to accept Buffy sees you as nothing more than a...girl-friend."

Remus opened his mouth, and then closed it again. Shaking his head, he left Lily, leaving the red-head grinning behind her paper.

"Uh...b-buy her gifts?" Peter suggested, shrugging. "I wouldn't know." He was starting to question Remus' sanity. Why would Remus come to *him* for advice on girls? And on a girl he, Peter, liked as well? Not that Remus knew of *that* little piece of information...

"Too awkward," Remus said. "Anything else?"

"Well...ask her out on a date?" Peter shrugged. "Isn't that what you normally do when you like someone?"

"Too...I would never be able to work up enough courage," Remus said. "I'd just stand there, stuttering and stammering, with sweaty hands and ending up blurting out a question about homework and making myself look like an idiot."

"Oh." Peter cocked his head to the side. "Then I don't know. Sorry."

"That's okay, Wormtail," Remus said, sighing, before leaving Peter behind, not aware of the thoughts that had awoken inside the shorter boy. *Maybe I should ask Buffy out before Remus does...*

'Dear mother,' Remus wrote. 'I like this girl, but she regards me only as a friend. What do I do? Love, Remus.'

Staring at the short letter, Remus let out a yell of frustration, before crumpling the parchment into a ball and setting it on fire with a flick of his wand.

He grabbed a new parchment. *'Dear dad,'* he began. *'Have you ever felt like the lowliest being on this face of the planet? I think I am in love with this girl I know, but unfortunately she seems to forget that I am a boy. Any advice? Your son, Remus.'*

That parchment joined the first in the ashtray. He could almost see his father's response in his mind's eye. And it would not be very helpful.

Remus stared up at the door – it had never felt more intimidating. Lifting his hand to knock, he froze.

"I am NOT this desperate," he told himself out loud, then ran as fast as his legs would carry him, away from professor McGonagall's office.

Remus entered the Room of Requirement, not an ounce wiser than when he had left it, and all in all feeling rather miserable. Then he froze.

In the middle of the room, Buffy was moving slowly with a katana, motions deliberate in some sort of entrancing dance. She was barefoot, dressed in dark blue tights that ended at her knee. Her upper-body was merely clad in a black sports-bra, her stomach only covered up by the bandage.

Remus gulped.

Buffy stopped, and turned towards Remus, still on a high from practice and completely unaware of the effect she had on the werewolf. "Hi," she said, sounding rather breathless and wiping away some sweat from her face. "I forgot the time, sorry. This room is brilliant!" She said, before taking a gulp of water from the bottle that had just appeared in her hand.

"I'm happy I could please you," Remus choked out.

Buffy grinned. "Just give me a sec to get dressed and then we can get to dinner, okay?"

"Okay," Remus squeaked out.

Buffy's grin widened, and she grabbed a towel out of thin air, using it to wipe the sweat off from her throat.

It was too much for Remus, who finally lost all sense of decorum and 'proper' behaviour and ran up to her...and kissed her.

After what seemed like an eternity to him, Remus moved away, face flushed and lips slightly swollen. "Buffy, I-I like you," he got out. "A lot."

Buffy stared at him with wide eyes.

"She *ran away*," Remus repeated miserably. "How is that a good thing?"

"Well..." Sirius sounded amused. "Look at it from the bright side. She wasn't crying. Ouch!"

Lily had slapped him. "You're not helping," she hissed.

"Am I that bad of a kisser?" Remus continued mournfully. "I didn't think I was that bad!"

"You're not a bad kisser, Remus," Lily tried to assure him.

"And you would know that, how?" James asked, eyes narrowed as his head snapped around to stare at the red-headed girl.

Lily rolled her green eyes skyward. "We did date."

"And you said you never even kissed!" James told Remus accusingly.

"It was a *peck*!" Lily exclaimed.

"And I repeat; how would you know whether Remus is a good kisser or not?" James asked smugly.

Lily gawked and spluttered. "I do not need to explain myself to you!" She finally said hotly. "And you're not exactly making Remus feel better, now, are you?"

"None of you are doing a very good job," Remus muttered darkly.

Sirius slapped him hard on the back. "Don't worry, Moony. Because I, Sirius Black, conquerer of female lips of all shapes and sizes are here to save you!"

He was promptly bombarded with pillows.

"What's wrong?" Eliza asked, giving Buffy, who hadn't moved an inch from her bed since Eliza entered the dormitory half an hour ago.

"Notihng," Buffy said, voice monotone, not even blinking.

Eliza snorted. "Come on. I can see it's something."

"I just did something really stupid," Buffy muttered.

"...Yes?" Eliza prompted after another long silence.

Buffy sighed, turning to face the dark haired girl.

"Remus kissed me."

Eliza squealed, then stopped as she realised Buffy wasn't joining in. "And...is that a...bad thing?" She asked hesitantly.

Buffy let out a noise of frustration, grabbing her pillow and burying her face in it, hoping to choke herself. "Yes! No! I don't know!" She exclaimed, voice muffled.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," Eliza asked calmly, "but the expression I've gotten from the time I've been here is that Remus likes you, and you like Remus."

Buffy sighed, removing her pillow from her face as she realised it took more than that to kill a Slayer. "Maybe. I don't know what I feel."

Eliza's eyes suddenly lit up in realisation. "You think you might still be in love with that Angel bloke you told me and Lily about."

Buffy's sigh deepened. "Yeah. I'm just so confused!" She exclaimed with a loud groan, falling back down on the bed.

"Well...what was the first thing you did when Remus kissed you?" Eliza wondered. Buffy looked up with a confused look.

"What has that got to do with anything?"

"Your first reaction when something like that happens, is usually a good indicator on what you feel deep down," Eliza explained sensibly. "If you froze, you're probably not ready for a relationship. If you tried to fight against it, then you're definitely not. If you returned the kiss....well, you understand where I'm going with this."

Buffy flushed deeply, biting her lip. She *had* returned the kiss...which had been very nice by the way...in fact, *Remus* had been the one to pull away...but he hadn't been the one who *ran* away afterwards... Where did that leave her?

"Well...I guess I did return the kiss..."

"And did you pull away first, or he - "

"He did."

Eliza gave her a knowing look. "See?"

"But then I sort of...fled the scene."

"Ah. I see your problem," Eliza said, looking thoughtful. "But you didn't pull away. You enjoyed the kiss, you lost yourself in the kiss. It was afterwards you ran, after your mind came back to you and you started to question your feelings."

"Huh?"

"What I'm trying to tell you, Buffy, is that you *do* like Remus, but you are *afraid* to like Remus, because you think you *should* be in love with Angel. You feel like you're betraying him, by maybe liking someone else. Am I right?" Before Buffy could answer, Eliza continued. "Of course, I may be wrong - after all, I don't know anything about how your relationship with Angel came to an end..."

"He died," Buffy said shortly, and Eliza's eyebrows hit her hairline.

"Ah. No wonder you're feeling guilty and confused."

Buffy looked down. What Eliza said had made an awful lot of sense...but it was also disturbing. Angel was dead...but he was still hunting her, preventing her from moving on, because she was still clinging onto his memory.

"I just want to be free of him," she whispered.