

## Out of the Blue

### Chapter 18 – Breathe.

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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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"You have *got* to stop moping," Lily told Remus sternly, hands on her hips.

Remus just grunted in answer, burying himself deeper into his pillow.

Lily rolled her eyes, and then pulled off the covers from the boy, ignoring his noise of protest.

"Get up from this bed right now. It's Sunday afternoon, and you've been lying her since Friday evening. This is becoming ridiculous."

Remus glared, taking the covers back.

Lily sighed, sitting down at the edge of his bed and clapping his hand comfortingly. "I know how you must be feeling – "

" – No, you don't," Remus snapped, pulling his hand away.

Lily did her best not to scream of frustration. "I will not let you lay here a second longer," she said. "The other boys might be alright with that and think 'you'll get over it,' but I know you, Remus Lupin, and I know that if you had it your way, you would be lying in this exact position until the end of days. I am not going to accept that! Now, get up, get yourself together and stop being so bloody *pathetic!*" The last words were yelled out, and Remus stared at her in shock.

Lily opened his trunk with a flick of his wand, and with another flick made a shirt, a couple of pants, and a couple of boxers and socks soar over to land in Remus' lap. "Now, get dressed and *socialize*. I need to make sure a certain Slayer does the same." And with that, she left, flinging her red hair over her shoulder.

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"What are you doing?" Buffy hissed, glaring at Lily who was throwing clothes at the top of her bed in rapid speed.

"Saving you from becoming a vegetable," Lily said calmly. "Is it working?"

"No, you're just annoying me," Buffy said, while flinging away a skirt that came flying towards her face with a swipe of her arm.

"Good. That means I'm succeeding."

Buffy sighed and promptly pulled the covers over her head.

Lily rolled her eyes – it felt like she had rolled her eyes a lot this weekend. "Buffy, I am ordering you to get up from this bed. You can't stay here forever."

"Yes, I can," Buffy said.

"No, you can't."

"I can and I will," Buffy said, peeking up. "I will not show my face in public again."

"If 'public' means Remus, don't worry," Lily snorted. "He refuses to leave his dorm."

Buffy perked up. "He does?"

"Yes," Lily sighed. "So you're safe. You won't run into him."

"Promise?" Buffy asked hesitantly.

"Yes," Lily said, crossing her fingers behind her back, deciding that a white lie had never hurt anyone. "You made him feel really humiliated, you know. You hurt his feelings."

"I didn't mean to," Buffy said miserably. "It's just – "

" – I know you didn't mean to," Lily interrupted her. "And I understand. But I understand Remus too, and I've known him longer. This – you and him, or the lack of it – has made his barely existing self-confidence evaporate in thin air. It will be ages, if ever, before he even dares to look a girl's way again."

Buffy looked down, feeling even worse about herself.

"I am not blaming you," Lily continued comfortingly. "But maybe you should explain your actions to Re – "

" – NO!"

Lily held up her hand in surrender. "Fine. No talking to Remus. I get it. It was just a suggestion." She started to back out of the room. "So, I can expect you downstairs soon, then?"

Buffy sighed. "Yes, I suppose."

Lily grinned brightly. "Great!"

She was whistling as she skipped down the staircase.

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Buffy and Remus noticed the other coming down from their respective staircase at the same time, and their faces took on an identical expression of horror. As in one, they turned their heads the other way, before they slowly started the descent again.

"You lied to me," Buffy hissed in Lily's ear as she reached the red-head and Eliza by the fire. "You said he refused to leave his dorm. Lily smirked.

"Did I?" Lily wondered, green eyes wide, a lift of innocence in her voice. "I'm sorry; I must have been mistaken."

Buffy glared and Eliza snickered.

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"This is so embarrassing," Remus muttered, sinking down into his armchair as deeply as he could, hoping it would swallow him.

"Oh, stop being so melodramatic," James said airily, while moving another chess-piece. "Check."

Sirius frowned deeply, while considering his next move. "I don't know, Prongs," he said. "It is pretty bad." He snickered. "I don't think I've ever managed to make a girl want to flee."

"Okay, that's it," Remus said, starting to stand up. "I'm leaving."

James grabbed him by the arm, pulling him back down. "No, you're not," he said. "You are going to sit here and be a man."

Remus sighed.

"Honestly, Moony, all kidding aside," Sirius said, while moving his king to safety, "Buffy didn't make a run for it because she doesn't like you. She's confused."

Remus gave him a bewildered stare. "Confused?"

"Yes. That's what Eliza told me."

"Over what?" Remus asked.

"Well, according to Eliza, Buffy is dealing with a guilt-problem. She feels she's betraying Angel by liking someone else. Despite the fact the bloke has kicked the bucket."

Remus blinked. "That...actually makes sense," he said slowly.

"Good," James said, before checking Sirius once again. "Check. Because if we had to listen to you moaning over how bad of a kisser you must be one more night, it would probably have killed us."

Remus glared half-heartedly at a smirking James. "Haha." Then, Remus noticed something on the chess board, and he lit up slightly. "Sirius," he said. "Move that piece over there, and you will have James in quite a bind."

It was James' turn to glare, while Sirius' face lit up with glee. "Thanks, Moony." He sounded delighted.

"Yes. *Thanks*, Moony," James repeated, teeth gritted, and it was obvious he meant everything but.

"You're welcome." He gave James a smug look. '*Revenge is sweet...*'

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"Seriously, Remus, she will come around," Lily said Monday afternoon, not looking up from her book. Sighing, Remus moved his eyes away from Buffy, who was sitting on the opposite side of the lake, talking with Eliza.

"You think?" He sounded doubtful.

"I know," Lily said, raising her head to smile at him. "Just give her some time, alright? Let her sort out her feelings first. We all know she likes you – now, all that remains is for her to admit it."

"Yes," Remus said morosely. "Because liking me must be something that is very difficult to accept. After all, who in their right mind would like a werewolf?"

Lily rubbed her nose tiredly. "Remus," she said. "How many times do we have to go over this? Your...furry little problem, as James calls it, is not such a big of a hindrance as you make it out to be! It's only because you let it! To be honest, *Moony*, I sometimes think you only use that an excuse to get away with you being all moody and self-blaming."

"That is not true!" Remus protested hotly.

"Oh, yeah?" Lily asked, raising an eyebrow challengingly.

"Yes!"

"Then stop bringing it up!" Lily finished, deciding the subject was closed. "And Remus, you should stop avoiding her. Be around, let her know you're not giving up. Otherwise, Buffy won't see a reason to let her past stay in her past."

Remus sighed. "You know I'm a coward."

"You're not a coward," Lily sighed. "You're just...shy."

"That's just a nicer word for it," Remus said, drawing circles in the grass with his finger.

"Oh, stop with the 'woe is me' already!" Lily exclaimed, moving over so she was hugging Remus from behind. "You, Remus John Lupin, is an amazing person, and a wonderful human being. Everyone else can see that, so why can't you?"

Remus' lips were twitching now – he was feeling slightly happier. "I don't know. Maybe I'm just one of those hopeless cases."

Releasing him, Lily smiled widely. "You're not hopeless. Not yet anyway. Now, I suggest you go and ask Buffy to go with you to Hogsmeade this weekend, alright?"

Remus frowned, biting his lip worriedly and glancing towards the other side of the lake again.

"I changed my mind; I am *ordering* you to ask her to Hogsmeade," Lily corrected herself, sensing her friend's hesitation. "Because if you don't, someone else will."

Remus head snapped up at that. "What do you mean, someone else will?" He asked.

Lily was inwardly smirking. '*Gotcha.*' "Well, I am certain it hasn't escaped your notice that Buffy is a...well, beautiful young woman."

"Of course it hasn't!" Remus exclaimed, flushing slightly. "It's rather difficult to miss!"

"And then I think it is safe to assume that more people than you have noticed that as well," Lily finished calmly. "So unless you want to suffer the next weekend because you have to watch Buffy going with someone else to Hogsmeade – someone far less worthy of her attention – I suggest you get a move on."

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Later that evening, Buffy sighed, burying her head in her DADA book. This wasn't even the slightest bit of fun without Remus here to help her.

"Hi, Buffy."

Buffy looked up blearily. "Oh, hi Peter. What are you doing here?"

"Looking for you, actually," Peter said, fiddling with his thumbs nervously, gulping.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Peter wiped off his sweaty hands on his robes, leaning over the table to try and get a look on the name of the book. "What are you reading?"

Buffy held up the book, revealing it to be the book Peter and the others had used in third year.

"You're on third year already? That's really impressive," Peter said, sitting down and forcing himself to relax.

"Yeah, I guess. Remus is a good teacher." Buffy grimaced. "Although I'm still not sure if I will manage to pass all my subjects."

"Well, since Remus isn't here," Peter said hesitantly. "Maybe I can help? I'm not as good as Remus, obviously, not even close, but I have passed third year, so..." He shrugged awkwardly.

Buffy looked surprised but pleased. "That would be really helpful, thank you, Peter," she said, grateful and smiling.

Peter smiled back. "No problem."

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"Thank you, Peter, you have been a great help," Buffy said an hour later, lying through her teeth. Though Peter hadn't slowed her down or anything, he hadn't really been able to help either – he just didn't explain as well as Remus, and there were some of the spells Peter didn't even remember...

"You're welcome," Peter said, standing up also, and smiling. "Just give me the word, and I'd be happy to help you again."

"Oh, that's alright," Buffy said hurriedly – but not *too* hurriedly – she didn't want to hurt his feelings. "I wouldn't want to take up your time. I mean, you have your own NEWT's to worry about. I'm sure I'll manage."

"No, really, it's no problem," Peter assured her, feeling pleased. "I'm glad to help."

"Well, then, if I ever need you, I'll let you know," Buffy said, hoping Peter would forget all about this conversation so he wouldn't feel wounded when she didn't ask for his help again.

"Great!" Peter was beaming.

Buffy smiled, placing the book back in her bag. "Goodnight, Peter," she said. She turned around to leave.

"Actually, it was one more thing," Peter burst out, feeling himself start to sweat again.

Buffy turned to look at him. "Yes?"

"I-I was...I was w-wondering if you'd l-like to go to H-Hogsmeade with me," Peter stuttered out, hating his stammering and cursing it.

Buffy blinked, suddenly feeling very out of her depth. "Uhh..."

Peter gave her a hopeful look.

"Well...the thing is," Buffy began lamely, not really sure what to say. She...liked Peter, she really did, but as a *friend*. Nothing more. She may not be in love with Angel anymore, but she wasn't going to date anyone unless it was *Remus*. No one else. Suddenly, Buffy froze in realisation.

"I like Remus," she breathed out. "I like Remus. And I'm not afraid to admit it!"

Peter looked stumped.

"I-I like Remus! Not Angel – Remus!" Buffy's heart felt so much lighter, and a smile started slowly spread across her face. Suddenly, she remember Peter standing there and her head snapped around to stare at the heartbroken boy. "I-I'm sorry, Peter, but I have to go..."

She ran out of the library, leaving Peter behind feeling like the smallest and most insignificant being on the face of the planet.

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"Oh, stop the bloody pacing! It's driving me mad!" Sirius exclaimed and Remus stopped pacing the common room to glare at Sirius.

"Excuse me for being nervous," he snapped.

"Nervous?" James said said stupidly. "What do you have to be nervous about?"

Remus sighed, dragging a hand through his hair tiredly. "I have to ask Buffy on a date."

"And I repeat; what do you have to be nervous about?" James repeated. "Asking someone out is easy. It's being turned down that's difficult."

"Oh, thanks, Prongs," Remus said sarcastically. "That sure raised my confidence."

James ignored Remus' input and instead turned to stare at Lily, sitting by the fire along with Eliza, studying. "Now, Remus, watch me demonstrate: Oi, Lily!" He said, fighting the urge to mess up his hair.

Lily turned to look at him with a raise of her eyebrows. "Yes, James."

James smiled charmingly. "You, me, Hogsmeade?" He suggested.

Lily gave him a thoughtful look.

James leaned over conspiratorically to Remus and Sirius. "Here it comes – the *no, I don't think so*. What is important to remember is to play it cool, no matter what they say." He turned back to Lily, an expectant look in his eyes. Lily regarded him for a little while longer, before answering:

"Alright."

James fell out of his chair.

Sirius and Remus snickered. "*Play it cool*, was it, Prongs?" Sirius said loudly.

James sat up, jaw dropping. "Y-you just a-accepted my invite to H-Hogsmeade," he stuttered out. Lily regarded him with a calm look, ignoring the whispers and the hands that were suddenly collecting their winnings – or handing over their losses - from the many bets that had been taken on when – if ever – this miracle occurrence would take place.

"Yes, I did," Lily said. "Pick me up in the entrance hall before we leave. On time," she added before she turned to back to her homework, a small smile playing across her lips.

"Breathe, Prongs," Sirius said, waving his hand in front of a hyperventilating James Potter.

"She accepted," James repeated, rocking back and forth on the floor. "She *accepted*."

Sirius shook his head sadly, giving Remus a mournful look. "I think she broke him."

They all jumped in shock as the portrait slammed open with a loud bang, revealing Buffy.

"Don't do that!" Sirius clutched his chest dramatically. "I think you just gave me a heart attack!"

Buffy ignored him, only having eyes for Remus, standing in the middle of the common room.

"Rem," she breathed, striding over to him, grinning widely.

"B-Buffy," Remus said, feeling the nervousness return. "I-I –mphh - " Remus eyes widened in shock as he realised Buffy was kissing him.

After what seemed like an eternity, Buffy pulled back, still smiling at Remus, who was swaying slightly and wondering when the sky fell down.

"I like you too," Buffy said breathlessly. "And I'm not afraid to admit it anymore. Rem – " she grabbed his hands, " – I was afraid I was betraying Angel's memory by letting myself fall for you, but more than that, I was afraid that I liked you for all the wrong reasons: That I was only using you as a replacement for Angel – that I was only using you to get over him. I was wrong. I was already over him, and that was what made me feel guilty." She smiled. "But I don't feel guilty anymore."

Remus stared dumbly at Buffy, not noticing their surroundings holding their breath in anticipation. "Go with me to Hogsmeade?" He croaked out, just as Peter, unseen by all, entered the portrait hole.

Buffy smiled widely. "I'd love to."

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