Son of the Gentle Queen

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Son of the Gentle Queen

by heiressofanor

Summary

Remus grew up hearing about Narnia and her kings and queens, but he thought they were just stories his mother made up to keep the memory of her siblings alive. One day while exploring the attic, he comes across something that will thrust him into the world of his mother's childhood and change him forever. "Once a king or queen of Narnia, always a king or queen."

Notes

Originally posted on fanfiction.net under my same penname.
Prologue: You'll Be In My Heart

Chapter Summary

Susan reminisces and something life-changing happens.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own anything Harry Potter or Chronicles of Narnia related! HP belongs to JK Rowling, Narnia to CS Lewis (or whoever owns the rights now-not me, that's for sure!)

Warnings: Some language, possible violence later on

Spoilers: Pre-Series for HP (set in Marauders' Era, but before they start school); Takes place during LWW for Narnia, but spoilers for entire series.

AN: In my head cannon Remus was born in 1966, so the HP timeline has been adjusted accordingly. Narnia timeline should be pretty much intact.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Prologue: You'll Be In My Heart

Come stop your crying
It will be alright

March 22, 1970: “…and Aslan, son of the Emperor-Over-the-Sea, crowned the four siblings: to the glistening eastern sea, Queen Lucy the Valiant; to the great western woods, King Edmund the Just; to the radiant southern sun, Queen Susan the Gentle; and to the clear northern sky, High King Peter the Magnificent. With these words he sealed their reign: ‘May you rule long kings and queens of Narnia and may your wisdom grace us until the stars rain down from the heavens.’ Together the siblings ruled Narnia for fifteen wonderful years. They were wise and just rulers and their reign became known throughout the ages as the Golden Age of Narnia.”

“What happened next, Mummy?” the four-year-old boy asked, brilliant blue eyes wide with awe.

Just take my hand
Hold it tight
The mother smiled at his childish delight. “That is a story for another night,” she said, tucking the blankets snugly around his small body.

“Pweeeeeease!” he begged, pouting his lips and opening his eyes as wide as he could.

_I will protect you_
_From all around you_

She simply smiled. “Not tonight, Remus,” she said. “It’s already way past your bedtime.”

“Awight Mummy,” he said sleepily.

She bent down and placed a soft kiss on his forehead, her dark brown curls tickling his skin. “Good night, my little prince,” she said. “I love you.”

“Wuv you too, Mummy,” Remus muttered sleepily, his eyes drooping closed.

_I will be here_
_Don’t you cry_

She stood up and walked to the door. Pausing in the doorway, she turned and watched her precious son, her only child, sleep. “May Aslan bless you and keep you safe, little prince,” she murmured. Her prayer given voice, she stepped out of the room, shutting the door behind her. Her small prayer to Aslan was all that remained to indicate that this loving mother had once been Susan the Gentle, Queen of Narnia. *Once a king or queen of Narnia, always a king or queen of Narnia.*

_For one so small,_
_You seem so strong_

Susan sighed as she began to put away the now dried dishes from dinner. Every time she saw her son she could see her siblings looking back at her: Peter’s golden hair and fierce protectiveness; Edmund’s porcelain pale skin and quiet, contemplative nature; Lucy’s sunny smile and giant sense of adventure; her own icy blue eyes and gentle kindness. Remus was the best of them all rolled up in one small package: magnificent, gentle, just, and valiant…and so much more. If she believed in such things, she would say that he was the reincarnation of all three of her siblings lost to her so long ago. But she didn’t, so she simply thanked Aslan every day that he had given her back a small piece of them to keep near to her always.

_My arms will hold you,_
_Keep you safe and warm_

Susan had been devastated when her entire family had been killed in a single, horrific train
wreck: her parents, Helen and Daniel Pevensie; her siblings, Peter, Edmund, and Lucy; her cousin Eustace Scrubb and his dear friend Jill Pole; Professor Diggory Kirke and Aunt Polly Plummer—all gone. Susan had been completely alone in the world and she had not reacted well. She had spent the next six years drinking and partying her life—and her memories—away.

This bond between us
Can't be broken

The year was 1951. Susan, desperate in her desire to disappear into oblivion, held an auction to get rid of what was left of the Professor’s things. Over the years, Professor Kirke had amassed quite the collection of oddities andvaluables. Treasures were sold left and right and soon all that was left was The Wardrobe—the one that had first led her and her siblings into Narnia so many years earlier. The bids kept rising, but Susan just could not bring herself to part with such an important piece of her siblings’ past. Then she saw him: he was tall and thin with eyes the color of hot cocoa and hair the color of toffee and she knew in an instant that she simply had to meet him.

He was a young man, fresh out of secondary school and optimistic about life. From the moment he first introduced himself to her (a goofy, endearing smile on his face), she knew that he was perfect for her. Even though he was eighteen and she was twenty-six, he was her protector. He helped pull her out of the self-destructive rut she had fallen into and, perhaps more importantly, he taught her to love and respect herself and others again. With his love and support she once again felt like Queen Susan the Gentle, someone she hadn’t been since Aslan had told her and Peter that they would never return to Narnia; someone she’d thought she’d lost long ago, along with her faith in Aslan and Narnia. But he showed her that the beauty and wonder that she had once seen so clearly in Narnia existed in this world and, by doing so, he restored her faith. Through him she was introduced to the magic of her own world, a magic that he was a part of. The night that Susan told him about Narnia, her boyfriend of two years did not laugh at her or tell her she was crazy or childish. Instead, he told her all about his world—the wizarding world—the world he had been born into, before dropping to one knee and proposing to her on the spot. She, of course, said yes and four months later she became—

I will be here
Don't you cry

“…Mrs. Lupin.” Susan felt strong, lean arms wrap around her small waist as she was drawn out of her musings.

“Hello to you too, Mr. Lupin,” she said, leaning back against her husband’s strong chest and laying her small, dainty hands over his much larger ones.

“What were you thinking about, Suzie?” he asked, resting his chin on her dark head.

“Hm?” She closed her eyes in contentment.

“You had that look. Were you thinking about Narnia again?”

“Of sorts.” She maneuvered herself around so that she was facing her husband. She
wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face in his shoulder. “I was just thinking about how much Remus reminds me of them.”

“Your siblings?”

’Cause you’ll be in my heart
Yes, you’ll be in my heart

Susan nodded. “Oh Jay,” she sobbed, “I miss them!”

“Hush, Suzie. I’m here.” Jay (short for Julius) hugged her close and rocked her gently in his embrace. He hesitated. “Susan,” he said, “there’s something I need to tell you.”

Susan lifted her head up to look into her husband’s cocoa-colored eyes. “What’s wrong, Jay?” she asked; the worry and fear she saw there scared her.

“Something happened at work today, darling,” he said. Now Susan was really worried; Jay Lupin was an auror, specializing in magical beings—“half-breeds” as they were derogatorily called. “There was this werewolf,” he continued, “who was brought in today because he’s suspected of purposefully infecting children.”

Susan gasped. “Children?” Her head instinctively drifted to the stairs which led up to her sleeping baby.

From this day on
Now and forever more

“Children,” Julius confirmed. “Apparently he didn’t like being told he couldn’t do that—even though there’s not enough evidence to lock up the bastard—”

Susan groaned. “Jay, please tell me you didn’t tell him where he could stick it.”

“The bloody bastard was asking for it!” Julius raged, throwing his arms in the air. “I was only giving him a bloody piece of my mind!”

“Jay,” Susan said, “what happened exactly.”

Jay ran a hand through his shaggy, toffee brown hair. “He threatened me,” he admitted. “Well, not me directly—he threatened Remus.”

“Remus? How did he know about Remus?”

Jay shrugged. “I have no bloody idea. But I do know how much he ‘loves’ children and I know that I don’t want him anywhere near our son.”

“Jay,” said Susan, glancing out the window as she spoke, “tonight’s the full moon.” Jay stared at her and as quick as a flash the two dashed up the stairs. But as the couple threw open the
door and heard a blood-chilling howl followed by a blood-curdling scream, they knew it was too late— the broken window and trashed room only confirmed their fears. Little Remus Lupin would never be the same again.

*You'll be in my heart*

*No matter what they say*

Remus survived his encounter with the werewolf—but just barely. He was patched up at St. Mungo’s, informed he was a werewolf, and sent on his merry way. After that night, Remus never asked his mother to tell him stories about Narnia again and Susan never offered. Her faith was once again shaken, though she knew it would never again be completely shattered as it once was. Every night Susan prayed for Aslan to protect her son and heal him. However, she would wait many years before her prayers were finally answered, after a fashion…

*You'll be here in my heart, always*

Chapter End Notes

Feed the plot dragons, tuppence a bag..or ya know, comments. Same difference. (Please no flames.)
Chapter 1: The Call

Chapter Summary

Remus has second thoughts and finds something amazing in the attic.

Chapter 1: The Call

It started out as a feeling

Seven Years Later…

Remus had never been quite the same after he had been bitten. He knew his parents still loved him, yet he always felt so alone. After that night he never again asked his mother to tell him stories of Narnia. This was because he felt that he was no longer worthy of Aslan’s love, because he was a werewolf—a monster—though he would never dare tell his parents this. Remus read a lot and all the books agreed that a werewolf was a beast, something less than human. His father told him he was smart and kind; his mother told him he was strong and brave. But Remus knew better. Why else would his eyes, once the same icy blue as his mother’s, have turned to the amber-gold of a wolf?

Which then grew into a hope

When he was eleven, Remus received his Hogwarts letter. He had made himself physically sick with worry that he wouldn’t be allowed to go at all. When the letter finally arrived, his father clapped him on the back and gave him a huge grin and his mother hugged him so tight he could barely breathe, thanking Aslan profusely as she peppered his face with kisses. Remus began to believe that maybe he could be a normal boy for once. Maybe he could be human. Maybe he wasn’t a monster after all.

Which then turned into a quiet thought

Remus’ letter arrived in mid-March, which gave his worries and fears plenty of time to
fester. As spring turned to summer, Remus, a quiet child at the best of times, grew positively silent as thoughts and worries of attending Hogwarts in the fall filled his mind. He would finally get to make friends. What if they found out? What if he attacked someone? What if no one liked him? There was so much to learn, he couldn’t wait to start. What if it was all a joke? What if they had sent him a letter by mistake?

*Which then turned into a quiet word*

“I can’t go to Hogwarts.”

The small Lupin family was sitting at the dinner table eating chicken pot pie served with green beans and homemade bread. Julius Lupin raised his eyebrow and set down his fork. “Why ever not, son?” he asked, humoring the boy.

“It’s too dangerous—I’m too dangerous.”

“You’re not dangerous, Remy,” said Susan Lupin. “The wolf is.”

“I am the wolf,” said Remus, his amber-gold eyes wide with sincerity.

“No,” said Susan sharply. “You may turn into a wolf once a month, but that does not define who you are.”

“All the books say—”

“Damn the bloody books!” said Julius, slamming his open hand on the wooden table.

“Jay! Language.”

“Dammit, Suzie, I’ve had enough of this! I’m bloody tired of our son putting himself down and convincing himself that he’s dangerous. Godric knows he didn’t get that from us. It’s those Godric damned books!”

“Jay,” said Susan, her voice deadly calm. She gently, regally, set her fork down beside her plate and straightened her posture and fixed her husband with her icy stare. “Do not swear in front of our son. And you,” she turned her icy blue gaze to Remus, “you are an amazing, smart, loyal, and brave boy. You are my son and I will not have you belittling yourself. Am I clear?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Good. Now, you will be going to Hogwarts next month. It has been your dream for years and I will not see that dream dashed to pieces because of your own irrational fears. Do you understand me, Remus?”

“Yes Mother.”

“Excellent. Now let’s end this ridiculous conversation and finish our meal in peace.”

*And then that word grew louder and louder*
Against Susan’s wishes, the dinner argument had not been the end of it. For the next three weeks, the Lupins argued and yelled at one another about Remus’ stubborn insistence not to attend Hogwarts. Susan had regressed to the shorter temper of her youth; Jay was constantly swearing up a storm and getting his ears chewed off for it; and Remus barely spoke, except to state that he would not be attending Hogwarts in September. The small family began to avoid each other like the plague: Jay started to work longer and longer days while Susan retreated to the kitchen, baking up a storm and preparing enough meals to last an entire year, and Remus began to explore their small house in a way he hadn’t since before the bite. No nook or cranny was left unexplored; he started in the cellar, which was mostly just used for his transformations, and slowly made his way up. The week before September 1st, he finally made it up to the attic.

The attic was a small room lit by a single, round window set in the front of the house. The room was packed full with boxes, crates, trunks, and an odd collection of tarp-covered furniture. These were the painful memories of Susan’s past and the sparse remnants of the Lupin inheritance, squandered away on an ill-spent youth and far too many healers’ bills.

The light of the afternoon sun lit the attic sufficiently as Remus began absently rummaging through a stack of old cardboard boxes. He quickly stopped once he realized that these were the sad remains of his own once-happy childhood. Leaving the boxes behind, he made his way further back, occasionally picking up a loose knickknack or misplaced picture.

Situated just shy of the back wall was a worn, wooden trunk that was painted a royal blue and trimmed in gold. Remus moved closer and ran his fingers over the peeling gold calligraphy. Susan Elizabeth Pevensie. This was his mother’s. His mother, gentle soul that she was, rarely spoke of her childhood beyond the stories of the make believe games she had played as a young girl. It was only because of those stories that Remus knew that she had had three siblings. He had once asked his father about them; Jay’s face had been grave as he told his son that the Pevensies had died young and tragically years before he had ever met Susan. Remus never brought them up again.

Remus hesitated. This was his mother’s private, painful past. Did he really want to intrude upon it? Yes, yes he did. The trunk opened with a slight creak. Remus peered inside, eager to uncover this mystery. The inside of the trunk was neatly organized, a small stack of clothes and some old schoolbooks lying visible on top. Remus moved them aside to reveal an old stuffed goose and a porcelain doll. He cleaned out a few more knickknacks and souvenirs, setting them gently on the wooden floor of the attic. There: at the very bottom of the trunk was the thing Remus had been looking for. He reverently pulled out the pink flowered hatbox and sat down.

Inside the box was a wealth of information: a stack of letters tied with a red ribbon, a blue journal, a small collection of old newspaper clippings, and photographs, dozens of black-and-white photographs. As Remus sifted through them (he daren’t touch the letters or the journal for fear of intruding upon his mother’s private thoughts), he noticed that a dark haired girl who was undoubtedly his mother featured in most of them. Along with his mother, there were three others who featured prominently in the pictures: an older fair haired boy and a younger boy and girl, both dark haired. Remus realized with a start that these must be his uncles and his aunt, his mother’s
unnamed siblings. He flipped the photograph he was holding to look at the back. *Peter, Susan, Edmund, & Lucy leave London,* was the caption. He flipped it back over and stared at the strangely familiar children standing at a train station, dressed in 1940s school uniforms. Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy. Those names sounded familiar. Remus racked his brain for the answer. It hit him like a train. *Narnia.* Those were the names of the kings and queens of his mother’s old bedtime stories.

“No,” he whispered. “It can’t be. They’re just stories…” As if in a trance, Remus stood up and walked toward the back wall of the attic. Set against the wall was a large *something* covered in a large canvas tarp. He reached out a shaking hand and gave the tarp a gentle tug. It fluttered to the ground, revealing a large, intricately carved wardrobe. “It’s real,” he said reverently. “I wonder…” Remus’ hand paused over the handle. He flinched back momentarily, but recovered as he heard his mother’s voice in his head: *You’re braver than you believe, Remus, and stronger than you think.* “I’m brave,” he whispered. “I’m strong. I can do this.” He yanked open the door. “Like pulling off a plaster,” he muttered and stepped cautiously inside. The door swung shut behind him.

*No need to say good-buy*
Chapter 2: Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Chapter Summary

Remus arrives in Narnia and finds out that not everything there is a fairy tale.

Chapter Notes

Prologue features "You'll Be In My Heart" by Phil Collins
Chapter 1 features "The Call" by Regina Spektor from the Prince Caspian soundtrack
Chapter 2 features the poem "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost

AN: This chapter features some implied violence to a minor, but nothing too graphic. If this upsets you, please skip over the latter half of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2: Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know

The wardrobe was filled with fur coats. Remus had never liked fur, as it reminded him too much of the wolf. He was curious, though, so he set his dislike aside and pushed through them, reaching for the back. He never found it. As he pushed forward, amber eyes shut tight, soft fur gave way to a sharp, prickly something. And it was cold. Bloody cold. Remus’ eyes flew open. This was most definitely not a wardrobe anymore. He found himself standing at the edge of a thick, deciduous forest. The ground was completely covered in a thick blanket of clean, white snow and a single, old-fashioned lamppost stood tall in the middle of the clearing.

“Wasn’t expecting that to actually work,” muttered Remus. He took a good look around him and noticed a set of fading footprints leading away from the lamppost. Remus was torn, but eventually his adventurous nature won out over his rational, logical mind.

His house is in the village, though

Remus brushed his fingers lightly over the cold metal of the lamppost. “How odd,” he muttered, staring curiously at said fingers as if he couldn’t quite believe that what they had touched was real. He turned his sharp gaze to the faint footprints in the snow and followed them with his eyes to where they disappeared into the thick woods. He gazed beyond the trees and with his
enhanced vision he could just barely make out some large building in the far distance, sandwiched between two large, snow-covered mountains.

A sudden movement from the edge of the trees brought Remus’ gaze back to his immediate surroundings. There it was again; a flash of silver and white against the dark trunks of the trees. “W-who’s there?” he called, his voice timid and shaking. “I-I saw you; show yourself. Please?” The last word came out as barely a whisper.

A moment later beautiful white wolf with molten silver eyes stepped out from the shelter of the trees. Remus unconsciously took a step back, pressing himself against the cold, hard metal of the lamppost. He couldn’t help his reaction; ever since he had been bitten, he had been terrified of wolves. The wolf seemed to have noticed Remus’ discomfort, for it stopped several meters from the boy and sat down. Silver met amber as the two beings stared at each other, one gaze curious the other filled with fear.

The wolf cocked its head to the side. “What are you?” it asked. There was something in the voice that was distinctly female and gave the impression of silver Christmas bells.

“W-what?” Remus was so lost in his fear that the fact that the wolf was speaking went completely over his head.

“What are you?” repeated the wolf. “You smell like wolf, but you don’t look like wolf.”


“A Son of Adam?” Her silver gaze pierced through Remus. “I have never seen one before.”

Remus, who was a very well read eleven-year-old, knew exactly what the wolf meant. “What are you?” he asked, their conversation lessening his fear. “I-I mean, how are you able to speak?”

“I’m a Talking Beast, of course,” she replied. “Legend says that when Aslan created the world, he gave certain animals the gift of speech.”

Remus blinked and took a hesitant step toward the wolf. “So this is Narnia, then?”

“Of course. Where else would we be?”

“England.”

“I’ve never heard of this Land of Eng,” said the wolf. “Is it very far?”

“It’s just through the wardrobe,” explained Remus. “I’m pretty sure it’s an entirely different world from this one.”

The wolf blinked once. “Another world? How odd.”

Remus looked around once more. “If this is indeed Narnia, why is it so cold and dark?” He, of course, meant dark as in evil, but that was neither here nor there.

He will not see me stopping here
To watch His woods fill up with snow
Both Remus and the white wolf turned their heads at the harsh, deep voice coming from the woods. A look of mixed irritation and fear flashed through the wolf’s molten eyes and Remus looked to the woods in time to see a large, grey wolf with the same silver eyes step into the clearing. There was something about this wolf that had Remus terrified all over again. He backtracked until he was flush against the lamppost, the bitter cold biting at his skin through the thin cotton of his shirt. As Remus’ shoes made a soft crunching noise in the snow, the grey wolf turned his sharp eyes toward him.

Remus could have sworn that the grey wolf smiled then, a cruel, cunning smile. “Well, well, well,” he said. “What have we here? Is that a Son of Adam I spy in Her Majesty’s lands?”

The white wolf trotted over to the grey, her paws silent on the snow-covered ground. “Father,” she said, gazing at him imploringly, “I beg of you—”

“Silence, young lady,” the grey wolf snapped. “You are in enough trouble as it is. Do not make it worse.”

“But father—”

“Silence, Chesapeake!” he barked. He then turned his cold, silver gaze on Remus. He padded forward on silent paws and circled the lamppost, his eyes never leaving his prey. “A son of Adam,” he said, finally stopping directly in front of the terrified boy. “Her Majesty will be most pleased.” He let out a series of growls and yips that Remus couldn’t make heads or tails of in his human form and two brown wolves broke out of the forest at a run, headed for the castle in the mountains. Never taking his eyes off of Remus, the grey wolf spoke again to his daughter. “Chesapeake,” he said, “you will remain by my side without complaint or so help me you will regret it come morning. Do you understand me?”

“Yes father,” came the grudging reply and she moved closer to him, lying down in the snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near

What seemed like hours, but was in actuality only some twenty minutes, later the soft chiming of sleigh bells sounded just beyond the clearing. Remus tore his petrified gaze from the grey wolf just in time to see a silver sleigh pulled by two large, white horses trot into sight. Inside the sleigh was a tall woman, dressed in white, with skin and hair both the color of snow. In fact, the only color she possessed at all was the dark, almost black of her eyes.

The sleigh pulled to a stop in front of the lamppost and the dwarf driver hurried to step down and offered his hand to the white woman. The grey wolf and Chesapeake both hurried to stand and bow to her.

“Maugrim,” the woman said, her voice cold and cruel, like ice, “where is this Son of Adam?”

“Here, my queen,” said the grey wolf, pointing his snout to where Remus stood, amber
The White Queen glided forward to stand in front of Remus, her long skirts leaving a brushed trail in her wake. She stopped barely a step away from him and peered intently into his eyes, her own like empty pits of darkness. “So tell me, Son of Adam,” she said, “why do you bear the mark of a wolf on your soul?”

“I don’t-I don’t know what you mean, ma’am,” he stuttered, desperate to look away, but finding himself unable to.

“Hmm. I think you do, little wolf-boy.” She straightened up. “Ginarrbrik!” she shouted.

“Yes your majesty?” said the dwarf, bowing so that his long, grey beard brushed the snow.

“Load the boy into the sleigh and make sure that he can’t escape.”

“Yes your majesty.”

“And Maugrim?”

“Yes, your majesty?”

“You know what to do if he does.”

Remus did not like the sinister smile that crossed the face of the grey wolf. What had he gotten himself into?

Between the woods and frozen lake

They arrived at the castle in the mountains in just under fifteen minutes. The ride had been uncomfortable for Remus. The grumpy dwarf had not been gentle as he had pried Remus from the lamppost and tied his hands tightly with rough rope. He had then been thrown into the bottom of the sleigh, where he’d spent the entirety of the ride squeezed between the White Queen’s freezing shoes and the even colder metal of the sleigh.

Their arrival at the castle did nothing to improve Remus’ spirits. It was just as cold and foreboding as the woman who resided there. The courtyard that they drove through was full of strange statues of a variety of creatures, all with looks of fear and terror frozen on their faces.

The queen was helped out of the sleigh first. She was already sweeping her way into the castle when Ginarrbrik dragged Remus out of the sleigh. He was brought, not into the main hall of the castle, but down several flights of stairs into the dungeon of the castle. If the castle was cold, it had nothing on the dungeon. The walls and floor were covered with a thin layer of ice and Remus had to fight to breath at times in the intense cold. He was thrown into a dark cell and his ankles were chained to the wall by heavy iron shackles. All he could do to keep his sanity was curl up in a small ball and pray to Aslan to deliver him.

The darkest evening of the year
He wasn’t sure how long he was down there before Ginarrbrik and Maugrim came down to fetch him, but he was grateful to be out of the bitter cold of the dungeon (even if the rest of the castle wasn’t much better). His relief was short-lived. He was brought into the main hall, a room as starkly white and cold as the queen, and thrown onto his knees. Maugrim and Ginarrbrik were stationed at the only door in the hall, preventing any escape attempt. If he hadn’t been so scared, he would have been amused that this powerful queen seemed to be so afraid of a little boy.

“Tell me, wolf-boy,” said the queen, her voice sharp as she stared unnervingly down at him from her seat on her icy throne, “are you the only one?”

“I-I’m sorry, ma’am,” he stuttered, “I-I don’t understand.”

Her eyes flashed dangerously; she was not a patient woman. “Have you any siblings, wolf-boy,” she snapped.

“N-No, ma’am,” he said. “It’s just me.”

Her cruel eyes narrowed. “You will address me as your majesty, are we clear, wolf-boy?”

“I-I—” He stifled a yelp as a sharp, unexpected pain flared across his back.

“The queen asked you a question,” barked Ginarrbrik. The dwarf had snuck up on Remus and it was the whip that he always carried with him that had caused the sharp pain.

“Y-yes, your majesty,” Remus stammered, blinking tears from his eyes.

“Good. Now tell me, wolf-boy, are there others like you?”

“L-like me, your majesty?”

“You are a Son of Adam, but you are also a wolf. How is this? Where did you come from?”

“I-I was bitten, years ago, your majesty,” said Remus, the threat of Ginarrbrik’s whip causing him to spill his secrets (he was only eleven), “by a werewolf, and so I became one myself. I- I told the white wolf earlier, I’m from England. I’ve never been to Narnia before today.”

The queen’s piercing stare seemed to see straight to his soul; to all the hidden fears and pockets of darkness, be they real or imagined. “A Child of the Moon,” she said slowly. “I have not come across one of your kind in many years.” The smile that spread across her ghostly pale face made Remus want to run as fast and as far away as he could. “We have much to talk about, young wolf-boy.”

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake

Remus shivered in his cell, curled in on himself to conserve what little body heat he still possessed. According to the marks he had chipped into the icy wall of his cell with a broken piece of stone, he had been the “guest” of the queen for nearly four weeks. He felt it, certainly. He knew he lost weight that he couldn’t afford to lose, especially as he could feel the pull of the moon grow
stronger each day. The full had to be soon; he’d estimate only another day or two more. He’d lost more blood than he cared to think about. His shirt was little more than rags now, shredded along with his back.

When he wasn’t being tortured by Ginarrbrik and Maugrim (who seemed to take his continued existence as a personal affront), he was left alone in his cold dark cell with only his thoughts as company. This was not good for his already fragile mental state. As the days passed with no hope in sight, Remus’ doubts and fears grew exponentially. He was too dangerous, too freakish, to be allowed around normal people. This was his penance, then, for being the monster that he was. No one was coming to save him; no one would miss him. His parents would eventually forget him and move on; maybe they’d adopt a nice, normal child that they could raise to be a functioning member of society.

The only other sound’s the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake

The full moon passed, leaving Remus more drained and broken than usual. He had been left in his cell, chained to the wall as always. He supposed that the wolf would have been too injured and drained to try and escape had it not been for the presence of the White Queen outside of his cell. She had come, not to gloat, but to see for herself the small, seemingly weak boy turn into a vicious monster. She was not disappointed, if the triumphant smirk she wore on her face when he woke the next morning was any indication.

“Maybe you’re not so useless after all,” she said to him as he shivered, naked and bloody, on the floor of his cell.

A few hours later, Ginarrbrik came down with a worn set of trousers and a shirt. He roughly threw them at the boy and unlocked his shackle long enough to let Remus pull on the pants. He was silent the entire time, though his dark eyes were irritated and Remus knew that he would pay later. At least he was clothed now, and in clothes that were warmer than anything he’d worn since he’d found his way into Narnia in the first place. Once again he was left with only his increasingly morbid thoughts.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep

A few days after the full moon, Remus was startled awake by a strange commotion outside of his cell. He blinked the sleep out of his eyes and, his curiosity getting the better of him, he slowly crawled as close to the bars of his cell as he could. He flinched back when he saw Maugrim and his two most trusted brown wolves (he’d never caught their names) herding a strange half-man, half-goat creature down the corridor. As they passed his cell, Remus scuttled backwards in a crab walk. He was terrified of Maugrim now more than ever; the tortures the wolf put him through brought him back to the night he was attacked, a place he’d wanted to forget about all together.

Remus’ sudden movement was not silent or unnoticed. As the two brown wolves herded the strange creature (faun, Remus’ mind supplied) to the cell across from his, Maugrim stopped in
front of Remus’ and stared at him with his cold, molten stare. He smiled nastily at Remus and said, “Enjoy the peace while it lasts, pup. The queen’ll be back for you soon.” Remus’ amber eyes widened in horror as two sharp cracks sounded from across the hall. Then the faun screamed. Maugrim chuckled darkly. “Pleasant dreams, pup.”

Once the wolves’ footsteps had faded out of sight, Remus crawled close to the bars again. “H-hello?” he called out.

There was the soft clinking of chains and the sharp intake of breath from across the hall. “Hello, little one,” said the faun, his voice trembling with pain. “I’d come closer, but I’m afraid I can’t move at the moment.”

“That’s okay,” said Remus. “I-I just—it’s been so long and I thought…” Remus trailed off awkwardly.

“My name is Tumnus,” said the Faun, something gentle entering his voice underneath the pain.

“Remus.” His own voice sounded hoarse and odd to his ears.

“What a peculiar name. What brings you to the queen’s dungeon?”

“I-I don’t know,” said Remus, swiping his tawny blonde hair out of his eyes (it hung down nearly to his shoulders now). “Sh-she doesn’t really ask me questions anymore.”

“She questioned you? And you’re still alive?”

“Sh-she said there’s something about me, but she won’t say what.” He paused, wondering why he was bearing his heart to this stranger. “She calls me wolf-boy. Sh-she came to me after the moon and told me—she told me that maybe I wasn’t useless after all.” He lifted his gaze and could almost make out the shape of his new companion across the aisle. “I’m afraid, Tumnus. I can’t imagine she wants anything good from me.”

Tumnus inhaled sharply. “I didn’t know there were any werewolves left in Narnia,” he whispered.

Remus cringed. “I-I don’t mean to be,” he said sadly. “I’ve only ever wanted to be normal. I didn’t ask for this, you know.”

Tumnus sighed. “I didn’t mean to condemn you, child,” he apologized. “I was simply not aware of the continued existence of your kind.”

“That’s because I’m not from here,” admitted Remus.

Something in Tumnus’ tone brightened. “Not from here? Are you perhaps from the fair city War Drobe in the far off land of Spare Oom?”

Remus was puzzled for a moment. Spare Oom? War Drobe? Suddenly something clicked. “Well, I don’t know about any spare room, but I did come through a wardrobe.”

“Do you, perhaps, know of a Daughter of Eve named Lucy?”

“No, I’m sorry,” said Remus. “I really don’t know anyone apart from my parents.”

Tumnus sighed. “That’s quite alright. I just thought that maybe you were one of the
brothers she talked about."

“Oh,” said Remus, his voice small. “I’m sorry to disappoint you, but I’m just me.”

“And you is a very good thing to be,” assured Tumnus in a gentle voice. “Never let anyone tell you that you need to be anything else.”

But I have promises to keep

And miles to go before I sleep

Remus was growing used to having someone to talk to. It was nice to have a friendly voice to come back to after his tortures at the hands (paws) of Ginarrbrik and Maugrim. It had been a week and a half, by Remus’ calculations, since he had met Tumnus. In that time, Maugrim and his minions had only come for Tumnus once. They had come for Remus eight times. Each time he came back battered and bloody, his body broken. Tumnus did his best to comfort the child, but there was only so much he could do. The one time he had been taken, they had re-broken his healing legs and now he could barely move. He could only watch in pained silence as the small boy was dragged to and from his cell, offering words of comfort and hope as he lay in a freezing puddle of his own blood, curled up in his cell like a little puppy.

They eighth time they took Remus, he came back to a surprise. Remus was only semi-conscious as Maugrim’s minions dragged him back to himself and let the chain magically lock around his ankle. He heard, through the pain-filled haze of his brain, Ginarrbrik speaking to someone. “Think good and hard, my prince,” he sneered. “If you don’t want to end up like that one, you’ll behave yourself and do as the queen tells you.” He thought he heard a young voice (definitely not Tumnus) say something in reply, but at that point he was rapidly losing his battle with consciousness and soon his world turned dark.

And miles to go before I sleep

Chapter End Notes

Comments & kudos are the lifeblood of my dragon-muse! Flames are not appreciated.
Chapter 3: I Know Things Now

Chapter Summary

Remus makes a new friend.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "I Know Things Now" from the musical Into the Woods

Warnings: Like the last chapter, this one is kind of dark and features some violence to a minor, mostly implied. Don’t worry, though, things will start to get better for poor Remus soon!

AN: I realize that the timeline between when Lucy first arrived in chapter 2 and when Edmund was tricked by Jadis might be a little off, but we'll just call that artistic license.

Chapter 3: I Know Things Now

And I know things now

Remus was jostled awake roughly by Maugrim’s sharp claws. “Up, pup!” he snarled. “You are going on a little adventure with her majesty.” Maugrim continued to paw at his fragile form, drawing blood, until Remus opened his eyes. He instantly wished he hadn’t. Maugrim was standing over him, a sadistic grin on his face, paw poised to strike again.

“That’s enough, Maugrim,” said the queen, her voice sharp as ice. “Ginarrbrik, get him up. We must depart at once.”

“Yes, your majesty.” If Remus didn’t know any better, he’d say that was a pout forming on the grey wolf’s snouted face as he backed off, allowing the queen’s favorite dwarf to unshackle Remus from the dungeon wall.

As Remus was pulled roughly to his feet, his hands and feet locked in heavy iron shackles, he chanced a glance across the hall. “What happened to Tumnus?” he dared to ask, his voice small and timid.

Remus’ head flew sharply to the side as the angry dwarf slapped him hard across the face. “Keep your mouth shut, boy,” he snapped.

“The w- the queen turned him to stone.” Remus glanced over at the small boy who had spoken; his voice was sad and familiarly accented. He was about Remus’ age with raven black hair and deep brown eyes. His skin was ghostly pale and spattered with freckles and his clothes looked
like something straight out of the forties, torn and dirty though they were. His lower lip was split and there was a gash across his forehead and he stood, hands bound before him with rope, under the guard of Maugrim’s minions.

“Shut up, little prince,” snarled Maugrim, molten eyes flashing dangerously. “You’ve already seen what happens when you disobey.” Remus inhaled sharply as the wolf’s words were accompanied by Ginarrbrik shoving the sharp tip of a silver knife against his neck, drawing a pinprick of blood.

The raven-haired boy’s dark eyes flew open wide in fear. “I-I’ll be good,” he promised, his voice shaking.

“You’d better,” threatened Ginarrbrik, “or—”

The last thing Remus remembered before he lost consciousness was the sharp, burning pain of silver slashing across his face.

Many valuable things
That I hadn’t known before:

When Remus woke, the world was moving beneath him. He was shivering and there was a strange, burning pain across his face, but the thing that he noticed the most was the feel of small fingers running through his hair and a soft voice speaking words that he didn’t quite understand into his ear. His breath hitched and he let out a moan as the pain on his face spiked. Almost instantly he felt a sharp, pointed something hit his head hard and he knew no more.

The next time Remus woke, he was fully conscious. He attempted to sit up, but a gentle hand stayed him. “Lie back down,” said the voice of a young boy. “You’re hurt pretty bad. I don’t know much about wounds, but I think it might be infected.”

“Wh-what happened?” Remus croaked, his vision blurry and his mouth dry. “Who are you?”

A cool hand pressed against his forehead. “My name’s Edmund,” said the boy. “Y-you were—that dwarf, he—”

Memory suddenly flooded Remus’ brain, an echo of the burning pain flashing across his face. “Oh,” he said, his voice small and tight with emotion. “I remember.”

The boy—Edmund—let out a choked sob. “This is all my fault,” he said, his hand never leaving Remus’ head. “I-I didn’t mean for you to get hurt. I just thought—”

“You just wanted to be nice,” said Remus softly. “Thank you, for telling me what happened to Tumnus.”

The boy’s head shot up and Remus, now that his vision was clearing, could see his pale, tear-streaked face stare at him in wonder. “You’re thanking me? Why?”

“You were just trying to help me by telling me what happened to my friend,” said Remus. “It’s not like you’re the one who cut me.”
Edmund laughed and odd sort of sobbing laugh. “I might as well have,” he said bitterly. “I was told what would happen if I disobeyed, but I didn’t listen. I didn’t think—She seemed so nice when I met her.”

“That’s because you’re a Son of Adam,” said Remus. “I don’t know why, but she’s been looking for siblings—two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve—for a while now.”

“And you aren’t?”

Remus chuckled dryly, which turned into a cough. Once he had caught his breath he said, “I’m not completely human; not anymore.”

Edmund’s dark eyes went wide. “Did She do something to you?”

Remus smiled sardonically. “She did many things to me, Edmund, but this wasn’t one of them.”

“Then what—”

“Ginarrbrik! Get the boys up! And so help me, if you lose either of them, you will be begging me to spend the rest of eternity as a statue.”

Both boys paled dramatically at the sound of the White Queen’s voice. “Listen,” hissed Edmund urgently, “don’t give up hope. We stopped because Narnia is thawing and Her sleigh won’t run. That means her spell is breaking! My—my siblings will have gone for help by now. They’ll find us; I know they will. Just don’t give up hope.”

_Do not put your faith in a cape and a hood_

_They will not protect you the way that they should_

The boys were forced to march with their hand bound before them for hours upon hours. Ginarrbrik followed closely behind them, silver knife thrust forward menacingly and whip tucked securely in his belt. All three followed along behind the queen, who seemed bound and determined to reach her destination (wherever that was) before nightfall.

Without the sleigh, she was doomed to failure. Dusk soon began to fall over the thawing land, forcing them to stop for the night. Unfortunately for Remus and Edmund, they just happened to stop in the same area that held a camp of the queen’s loyal supporters (aka Her minions). The strange collection of creatures all bowed down as soon as they saw their queen. Their leader, an extremely large minotaur with extra-long horns, took to shadowing Her every move.

The boys were separated when they reached the camp. Edmund was forced to the ground and tied tightly to a tree so that he could barely move a muscle. Remus, on the other hand was handed off to the queen’s minotaur shadow with instructions simply not to kill him. Remus knew what that implied and resigned himself to his fate as he was dragged off and chained to a stake that had been driven into the ground by their only campfire. He glanced back at Edmund only once and saw the dawning look of horror spread across his face. He thought he heard the other boy cry out as the minotaur’s spiked club came crashing down on his left leg, but he was soon lost in a haze of pain and could no longer distinguish Edmund’s screams from his own.
Edmund stared in horror at the broken body of his traveling companion—his friend—and let out a sob that was muffled by the dirty rag Ginarrbrik had shoved in his mouth what seemed like hours ago. He’d been forced to watch as the White Witch’s minions brutally beat and tortured the skinny, sandy haired boy, unable to cry out to him or lessen his pain. Every time he had closed his eyes, Ginarrbrik had slapped him across the face; eventually he simply learned not to look away. The Witch stood impassively by, more interested in Edmund’s reaction to the other boy’s pain than the evil being done by her command.

It was pitch dark but for the steady glow of the fire when they finally stopped. The broken form of what was once a boy just like him was dragged over and deposited face down in the dirt next to Edmund. They jeered at him and taunted his inability to lift a finger to help, but the ten-year-old boy could not take his eyes off the still form of his friend. He couldn’t even tell if he was alive and he despaired to think that the one friend he had made in this place might be taken from him forever. He desperately searched his still companion for any sign of life. He finally got his wish when the other boy’s finger twitched ever so slightly. Edmund would have missed it all together if his leg hadn’t been close enough to feel the movement, soft as a butterfly’s wing against the bare skin of his kneecap. Hope swelled in his chest. His friend was alive; everything would turn out right in the end. It had to.

And though scary is exciting

Edmund couldn’t sleep. He was worried that if he drifted off, something bad would happen to his friend. He’d never had a real friend before; he was a sullen child, prone to bursts of anger that generally deterred others from wanting to be around him. Even Peter, brothers though they were, couldn’t really be counted as his friend. He felt a bond with this strange boy, though; they’d shared in so much on their journey with the Witch that he couldn’t think of them as anything other than friends now.

There was a sharp crack at the edge of the camp site that had Edmund craning his neck, eyes searching for the source of the sound. Soon the clearing was filled with the sounds of clanging swords and angry roars. Edmund fought frantically to loosen his binds, but they were too tight. The sound of a sword being drawn from its sheath sounded close to his ear and he turned wide, panicked eyes on Ginarrbrik. The dwarf was smiling sinisterly and standing above the two boys, silver knife ready to descend on the unconscious blonde boy. Edmund’s horrified cries were muffled, but they drew the attention of one of the creatures who had attacked the camp. A large, warrior centaur trotted over, sword held high like some avenging angel. Edmund squeezed his eyes shut tight, preparing for the worst.

A solid thunk sounded and Edmund’s binds loosened. He opened his eyes in shock. He was free. His first thought was that he had to check on his friend. He fell to the ground and crawled over to the pale, bloody form and pressed his ear to his chest. Thump…thump…thump…thump… The boy’s heartbeat was slow, but it was still there.
Edmund pulled the rag from his mouth. “Please, sir,” he croaked, addressing his savior, his voice hoarse from screaming, “please help my friend. I think he’s dying.”

*Nice is different than good*
Chapter 4: God Help the Outcasts

Chapter Summary

Remus and Edmund bond.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "God Help the Outcasts" from Disney's The Hunchback of Notre Dame

AN: I hope I'm not making Edmund too OoC here, but I've always thought that underneath that angsty, angry-at-the-world exterior of his he was a sweet and loving little boy.

Chapter 4: God Help the Outcasts

God help the outcasts

Hungry from birth

Remus was still unconscious when he and Edmund arrived at their rescuer’s camp. The young werewolf was rushed to the healer’s tent as soon as they arrived. Edmund tried to follow him, but he was prevented from doing so by their rescuer. “Let the healers do their job, Adam’s Son,” said the centaur, his voice deep and commanding.

“But he’s my friend! I have to—”

“Peace,” said the centaur. “He is in good hands now; you may rest easy.”

“But I don’t want to rest!” protested the exhausted boy. “I have to know that he’s going to be alright.”

“Peace,” repeated the centaur. “All will be well.”

Edmund visibly deflated. “He’s my friend,” he said softly, allowing himself to be led to a different tent. “I just want him to be okay.”

He did not sleep well that night. On top of his worry over his new friend, he was also nervous about seeing his siblings again. He tossed and turned in the otherwise empty tent, various scenarios where his friend was dead or his siblings disowned him running through his head like herds of antelope. Sometime just before dawn, Edmund gave up trying to sleep and decided to sneak into the tent they had taken his friend into. He peered out of the flap of the tent. In the dim light of early morning he
could see about a dozen tents spread out across the grassy hillside. He spotted a few sentries along the edges of the camp, but otherwise everyone else was still in their tents. Taking a chance, he bolted off in the direction of the tent marked with a white cross; the same one he had seen their rescuers carry his broken friend into the night before.

*Show them the mercy*

*They don’t find on earth*

Remus’ whole body hurt. A deep ache spread through his bones and his left leg throbbed relentlessly. His torso ached with the familiar pain of broken and bruised ribs and there was a dull, burning pain across his face. He could only recall bits and pieces of what had happened to him, but he certainly remembered the all-encompassing pain. He cautiously reached his hand up to his face, but hissed when his fingers made contact with the still healing gash there. He had recognized the familiar burn of silver (how many times had he accidentally burned himself on Sickles and his mother’s good silver before his parents had finally caught on that the rumors about werewolves and silver were true) and he knew that it would scar.

Remus was just trying to sit up when Edmund entered the tent. “Should you be doing that?” the raven-haired teen asked, taking a seat beside the only occupied cot in the tent.


“How are you feeling?” asked Edmund nervously. “Y-you looked pretty awful last night. I-I was worried you weren’t going to make it,” he admitted.

Remus smiled softly at him. “Thank you,” he said.

“For what?” asked Edmund. “I didn’t do anything. I-if anything it’s my fault you got hurt in the first place.”

Remus furrowed his brow. “How do you figure that?” he asked.

“W-well, if it wasn’t for me Sh- the Witch would never have hurt you.”

Remus chuckled dryly. “Oh Edmund,” he said, “it was never your fault. She hurt me before you came and she would have continued to hurt me whether you were there or not.”

Edmund didn’t really know how to respond to that. For some reason, it actually made sense when the amber-eyed boy said it. “I-I guess you’re right,” he said. “I-I just—”

“It’s nice to have someone who cares,” said Remus, a shy look crossing his face. “Back home I just have my parents. They’re wonderful, but sometimes I don’t think they really understand me.”

Edmund gave him a crooked smile. “I feel that way too, sometimes, about my siblings. It’s nice to have someone who understands—even if I still don’t know your name.”

Remus let out a bark of laughter. “With everything that’s happened, I guess that little detail slipped my mind. I’m Remus.” The pair fell into comfortable silence.
“Have we met?” asked Remus. “I mean, before the queen captured you.”

“I-I don’t think so,” said Edmund, “I’m not exactly from around here. And she’s not really the queen. She’s actually a witch. She’s the one who made it always winter here and never Christmas.”

“And now? Why is her spell breaking?”

Edmund shrugged his shoulders. “When my siblings and I were with the Beavers, before I ran off, I think they said something about an Aslan.”

Remus’ eyes brightened. “Aslan?”

“Yes. I take it you know who that is.”

“Oh yes,” said Remus. “My mother used to tell me stories about Aslan every night when I was small.”

“A-and this Aslan…is He good?”

“The very best.”

“Is he kind?”

“Of course.” Remus, seeing the crestfallen expression on Edmund’s face continued, “He’s also very forgiving. He loves all His subjects, great and small, no matter what they may have done in the past.”

“What about traitors,” said Edmund, spitting out the last word as if it were poison. “Surely they are beyond His forgiveness.”

Remus looked at Edmund solemnly. “No one is beyond His forgiveness. He will forgive what you have done, Edmund. I know it.”

“How did you know?” He looked stunned.

Remus shrugged. “It was a guess. You looked so guilty when you talked about traitors; but surely what you’ve done isn’t that bad. You’re only a boy.”

“So are you,” said Edmund, “and the Witch certainly thought you’d done something bad.”

Remus sighed. “I’m afraid not, Edmund. She just thought that a creature like me belongs in the dark, ready to be summoned to do her bidding.”

“What do you mean by that? You’re just a boy like me…aren’t you?”

Remus’ expression saddened and he pulled down the left shoulder of his worn shirt to reveal a large, reddened set of teeth marks. “I was bitten, when I was very young,” he said softly, his
eyes on the floor. “My parents were devastated—there’s no cure for what I am; believe me, they’ve looked.”

Edmund reached out his fingers and gently touched the strange scar. Remus flinched. “Sorry,” he said. “It’s just, the beast must have been huge or you were very small.”

“Both actually.”

“It must have hurt very much. What kind of creature did this?”

“Werewolf,” said Remus softly, turning his face from his friend. “It’s why I know Aslan will never love me as he does you. I am by definition a dark creature; I am beyond His love.”

“Somehow I doubt that,” said Edmund, gazing intently at Remus’ turned head. “I’ve not know you long, Remus, but I already know you’re a good person with a big heart. How could Aslan not love someone like that?”

Remus’ head whipped around and he stared, wide-eyed, at Edmund. “Y-you don’t care? B-but I’m a monster!”

“I don’t think so,” said Edmund, placing a tentative hand on Remus’ scarred shoulder. “I think you’re a boy just like me, only a whole lot braver.”

“I’m not brave,” said Remus, his voice small. “I’ve been hiding for years; from myself, from the world. I’m always afraid of what will happen if people find out about me.”

“Well, sometimes you just have to take a chance. If someone is truly your friend, they won’t care about what you are, only who you are.”

“What if I don’t know who I am?” Remus looked so small, hunched in on himself and buried under several thick, red blankets.

“Well, that’s the beauty of being a kid,” said Edmund, taking a risk and throwing his arm around the older boy’s shoulders. When he didn’t flinch or push him away, he grinned and continued, “We’re still figuring all of that out. You’re not alone, Remus, and you never will be.”

God help the outcasts

Or nobody will
Chapter 5: Children Will Listen

Chapter Summary

Remus meets the rest of the Pevensie siblings.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "Finale: Children Will Listen" from the musical Into the Woods

Disclaimer: Anything you recognize, I don't own. Bonus points if you catch the random references in this chapter! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Careful the things you say

Edmund was sent out of the healers’ tent just as dawn broke by a young hare and an elderly tortoise who were apparently the camp healers come to look in on their patient. “We need privacy to heal your friend, young Sir,” said the elderly tortoise.

“Besides,” added the young hare, “Aslan is waiting outside for you.”

Edmund looked at Remus, worry in his dark eyes. “Go on,” said Remus, waving him out. “Everything will be okay.” Edmund left, his pace slow, looking back only once before closing the tent flap behind him.

Once Edmund was gone, the young hare spoke, “My name Lola and this is Stefan; he trained me and my mother before me in the healing arts. You are in good hands, Son of Adam. May we proceed?”

Remus nodded his acquiescence and the pair got to work. The poking and prodding was familiar to Remus; he’d been to St. Mungo’s more times than he cared to think about in his eleven short years. The soft back and forth too was familiar, as was his lack of understanding of the subject matter. He was well and able to heal small injuries that he inflicted on himself during the moon, but anything bigger than a sprained ankle or dislocated shoulder was beyond his grasp. He caught words like “curse” and “lash” as well as “broken” and “shattered,” but that was all.

The trouble started when Lola the Hare went to remove his shirt to tend the wounds on his upper body. “Stefan,” she said, staring blatantly at Remus’ bite scar, “what do you make of this?”
Stefan slowly stepped up and took a look. He blinked and narrowed his gaze at the wounded boy. “Lola, go and fetch General Oreius here,” he said, his voice slow and steady.

Lola ran out of the tent at top speed and Stefan sat down on a small wooden stool by the end of Remus’ bed. He rested his chin on the gnarled walking stick he carried, never once taking his eyes off of the boy. He made no move to speak, neither did Remus. He’d seen the quick look of knowledge that had passed through the aged tortoise’s eyes when he’d looked at the scar. Stefan knew what he was.

“What is this all about, Stefan?” The being that entered the tent was a large centaur with bronzed skin and a dark brown horse half. He carried a sword strapped to his back and bore himself with a warrior’s grace.

Stefan lifted one clawed hand to point at Remus. “He bears the mark of a dark creature,” he said, his gravelly voice surprisingly strong.

The centaur stepped toward Remus with Lola, who pointed out the scar to him. Anger flashed through the proud creature’s earthy brown eyes. “This is grave news indeed,” he said. Remus closed his eyes and prepared himself for the worst.

Lucy, who had always been a light sleeper, was woken just after dawn by the soft sounds of conversation not too far from the tent entrance. She opened her stormy blue-grey eyes and glanced around the tent to make sure that Peter and Susan were still asleep. Satisfied, she climbed off her pile of blankets and snuck silently out of the tent.

In the dusky light of early dawn, she could just make out the form of Aslan walking off to the edge of the camp beside a smaller, vaguely human figure. In the direction they had come from, she could make out a hushed conversation coming from the cross-marked tent that had been pointed out to her as the healing station. Curiosity getting the better of her, she ran over and sat herself down right outside the tent. She was nearly bowled over moments later by the panicked hare who came rushing out of the tent.

The tent was quiet now and Lucy was beginning to lose interest. She was just about to leave to wake her siblings when she saw the same hare that had left the tent returning with a familiar face; General Oreius. She quickly ducked around the side of the tent, hoping against hope that she hadn’t been spotted, and settled back down to see what was going on that required the stern warrior’s attention.

Lola the hare ran out of the tent ahead of Oreius, who was dragging Remus along by the arm, his scar exposed for all to see. Stefan the tortoise followed along behind them at his own steady pace. As they made their way to the center of the camp, they drew quite the crowd as all manner of creatures rose to greet the day. Most simply stared curiously at the spectacle, but did nothing to either help the boy or hinder the general.
“What’s going on here?” The large beaver was the first to say anything as he stepped into General Oreius’ path.

“We have been tricked, Mr. Beaver,” said the general, his voice full of contempt. “We have in our midst a dark creature; one of Hers. We are lucky that Stefan discovered this snake in our bosom when he did. Who knows what evils he might have done had he been left unchecked.”

“He’s just a boy, General,” said a smaller beaver, her voice soft and motherly. “Surely there must be some mistake.”

“No,” spoke Stefan, finally catching them up. “I saw the mark myself.” The Beavers’ looks turned to horror and they edged away.

“We must act!” shouted someone from the growing crowd.

“Purge this evil from our midst!” shouted another.

Oreius threw Remus to the ground. The boy let out a half cry, half sob as he hit the sold earth hard, his bad leg buckling beneath him. “Please,” his plea came out as a choked whisper and fell on deaf ears. The roar of the crowd as they bayed for his blood grew louder.

Children will see
And learn

Lucy had run off to wake Peter and Susan as soon as she saw Oreius leaving the healing tent with the injured boy in his grasp. “Peter! Susan!” she called, pulling aside the tent flap and allowing the growing light of day to illuminate their sleeping faces.

Peter groaned and opened bleary blue eyes. “What’s the matter, Lu?” he asked.

“We have to do something,” she cried desperately. “They’re going to hurt him!”

“Who’s going to hurt who?” yawned Susan, sitting up on her nest of blankets and pillows. “You’re not making any sense, Lucy.”

“Just come with me,” she said impatiently, tugging on Peter’s arm as he attempted to put his boots on. “This can’t wait.”

Children may not obey

The children made it to the crowd just in time to see Oreius throw the boy to the ground. Lucy pushed her way through the assembled creatures and threw herself on Oreius, staying his hand. “What are you doing?” she cried. “Leave him alone!”

“You don’t know what you are saying, Daughter of Eve,” said the centaur general. “This thing is not a boy; he is a dark creature, one of the Witch’s.”
“I-I’m not,” the boy on the ground protested softly, rising to his knees. “I-I’m not Hers.”

“Still your tongue, beast,” snapped the general. The boy lowered his eyes to the ground and hunched into himself at the harsh words.

“This is madness!” said Lucy, stomping her foot angrily.

“Lucy!” cried Peter and Susan, finally making their way to the center of the crowd. They grabbed their sister and Susan pulled her close.

Peter looked down at the boy on the ground; a boy about the same age as Edmund. “This is wrong,” he said. “Why do you treat this boy like a criminal? What has he done?”

“He’s a dark creature, Son of Adam,” said Stefan calmly. “That is enough of a crime.”

“You would turn on this boy simply because of something that he can’t help?” said Susan incredulously.

“He’s not a boy,” snapped Oreius. “I don’t even know why we continue this pointless discussion; you wouldn’t understand. Dark creatures are not like us, child. They are evil and soulless; they care for none but themselves and their ilk. They are all servants of the Witch. This beast should be put down before he has a chance to hurt any of us.”

“I-I’m not—”

“Silence!” Oreius punctuated his command with a sharp whack from the hilt of his sword. The boy whimpered, but said nothing more. “I have had enough of this.” He raised his sword to strike the small boy, curling into a protective ball on the ground. Susan hugged Lucy close, burying the younger girl’s face in her chest. Peter clenched his fingers, itching to do something.

“Stop!”

But children will listen

“Stop!” cried Edmund, running into the midst of the crowd. He had just finished a long and comforting conversation with Aslan and had been looking forward to seeing his friend and reuniting with his siblings when he heard the commotion. “Don’t hurt him!” He flung himself between the centaur’s sword and the shaking Remus.

Upon seeing his little brother step into the path of a sword, Peter acted. He drew the sword he had been given by Father Christmas and used it to block the general’s blade. “You will not hurt my brother or this boy,” he said, his voice even and strong.

Edmund knelt down and pulled Remus’ arm over his shoulder, struggling to help him stand. “He’s not a beast or a monster or any kind of evil being,” the dark haired boy snapped at the centaur. “He’s just a boy like me and if you’re going to hurt him, you’ll have to go through me first.”

Oreius paused, struggle visible in his dark eyes. In his moment of hesitation, Susan stepped over to stand next to her brother, an arrow knocked to her bow, ready to fire if need be. Lucy used her small stature to slip around to the other side and helped Edmund hold the swaying boy.
steady. “That goes for us as well,” said Lucy, glaring fiercely at the centaur.

Children will look to you

For which way to turn

“From the mouths of children oft comes the purest kind of wisdom.” The crowd as one turned to face the new arrival; Aslan himself panned toward the children with purposeful strides. “Stay your blade, Oreius,” he commanded, his voice deep and powerful.

“My lord, this is—"

“Just a boy, Oreius,” said Aslan, stopping before the five children. “A boy who feels and loves as all children do, who has been cruelly abused by the White Witch, and who is braver than he believes and stronger than he thinks. Do not be so hasty to judge others, Oreius; things are not always what they seem to be.”

The four Pevensie children gazed at Aslan in wonder while Remus continued to stare at the ground. “Do not judge a book by its’ cover,” said Susan softly.

“Wise words, Daughter of Eve,” said Aslan. He then turned his honeyed amber gaze on Remus. “Why do you hide your face from me, Son of Adam?” he asked kindly.

Remus was visibly trembling. “Please, sir, y-your majesty,” he stammered, “I kn-know I’m not worthy to be granted your m-mercy. I kn-know I’m just a m-monster, b-but I d-don’t want to d-die. P-please.”

Aslan stared at him impassively. He did not speak for a moment. “Look at me, Son of Adam,” He said, His voice permitting no argument. Remus slowly lifted his head and turned his dull amber gaze on the great, golden lion. “Why do you call yourself a monster, young one?” He asked.

“B-because th-that’s what I am,” he said softly, fighting the urge to lower his gaze.

“Who told you this? Your parents?” There was a knowing sort of look in His gaze as He met Remus’ eyes.

“N-no,” he admitted. “They always tell me that I’m a normal boy with a special condition. B-but the books…”

“Do you always believe everything you read in books, mate?” asked Edmund.

“W-well n-no…”

“Then why would you believe those that say you are a monster?” said Aslan, a knowing look in His eyes.

To learn what to be
“I—I’m not a monster,” said Remus, as though the thought were occurring to him for the first time.

“Definitely not,” said Edmund with a grin. “You’re far too nice.”

“Monsters are scary,” piped in Lucy, standing well below the tall boy’s shoulder as she held him steady by his waist. “You’re not.”

“You see, my child?” said Aslan. “You must learn to listen to those who love and care for you, not the words written by men who know only their own prejudice. You must learn to listen with your heart and not your head.”

“I—I’ll try,” Remus said.

Aslan smiled at him. “I know you will, my child. Having friends with whom you may share your burden, your secrets, will help as well. Now, dear Lucy, I believe you can help your brother’s new friend to heal.”

“How—Oh!” Lucy pulled a small diamond bottle filled with a red liquid from a beaded pouch hanging off her belt. “My cordial!” A wide, sunny smile broke across her pale face like the dawn. “Thank you, Aslan, I had almost forgotten.”

Careful before you say

“Listen to me”

The children followed Aslan back to the tent Peter, Susan, and Lucy had been using. Edmund and Lucy helped Remus to limp there, his shattered leg unable to hold his weight. Susan and Peter followed behind them, ready to defend the younger children if need be.

“Lay him down gently, Edmund,” said Aslan as the six entered the tent and Peter and Susan took up posts guarding the entrance. “Do you remember what Father Christmas told you, dear one?” He asked Lucy.

Lucy nodded her head. “He said that one drop would heal almost anything.” She walked over and stood by Remus’ head. He opened his mouth and she squeezed a drop of the precious liquid on his tongue.

It was like nothing he had tasted or felt before. It was sweet and spicy, almost like cinnamon, but it went down smooth and warm like hot chocolate. He could feel it working as it entered his bloodstream, his leg almost instantly feeling like a leg again and the pain on his face gradually lessening. “Thank you,” he said, a smile crossing his face.

“You’re very welcome,” said Lucy, smiling back at him. “Oh…Aslan?” The smile fell from her face.

“Your cordial cannot heal every ill, dear one,” He rumbled.

“It’s my face, isn’t it?” said Remus, reaching up to touch the cut there. It no longer hurt and it now felt like a scar rather than a fresh injury, but it was still there. “That knife…it was silver, wasn’t it?” There was a resigned note in his voice as he spoke.
“I am afraid so, my child. You shall always bear that scar, but remember that it does not define who you are.” He turned to look out the entrance. “Now I must go calm the masses. Children, remain here for the time being, please.”

“Of course, Aslan,” the five children chorused.

After Aslan left, Susan and Peter closed the tent flap and joined their younger siblings at Remus’ bedside. “I’d like you to meet my friend Remus,” said Edmund, addressing his siblings. “Remus,” he added, “this is my sister Lucy.” She waved and flashed him a huge smile.

“Thank you for healing me, Lucy,” he said.

“You are very welcome, Remus,” she replied, tucking her chin-length brown hair behind her ear.

“This is my brother, Peter,” said Edmund. The older blonde boy smiled softly at Remus. “And this is my sister, Susan.”

Remus turned to look at the brunette girl smiling brilliantly at him. “Thank you for taking care of our little brother,” she said.

Remus opened and closed his mouth, his brain forming no words. That face, that voice—he would know those anywhere. And yet, he’d never seen her so utterly young and carefree. He finally found his voice. “Y-you’re welcome,” he said, his voice rather harsher that he would have liked. He studied this girl (who was no more than a year or two older than him) from head to toe; the same chestnut curls, the same icy blue eyes, the same smile, the same freckles, the same *everything*. There was no denying it now; there, standing right in front of him, was a younger version of his mother.

*Children will listen*

Chapter End Notes

AN: I hope I did Aslan justice; this is actually my first time writing him.
Chapter 6: Frozen Heart

Chapter Summary

Jadis arrives at Aslan’s camp.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "Frozen Heart" from Walt Disney's animated movie Frozen

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 6: Frozen Heart

-  

Born of cold and winter air  

And mountain rain combining

Remus was frozen in shock. His mother—or, a twelve-year-old version of her—was standing in front of him, interacting with her siblings and showing not an ounce of recognition towards him. That was another thing—her siblings. He had an aunt and uncles…and one of those uncles happened to be the only friend he’d had since… well, ever really.

Susan stared at him oddly, a gleam of familiarity in her icy blue eyes. “Have we met before?” she asked. “Only, I feel as though I know you.”

Remus’ mouth was dry and he found it difficult to respond. “I-I’ve never been to Narnia before,” he finally managed to croak out.

The four siblings started. “We came through a wardrobe too,” said Edmund. “Lucy found it in the spare room at Professor Diggory’s house out in the country.”

Peter frowned thoughtfully. “Does this mean there’s more than one wardrobe in our world that leads to Narnia, or are we from two entirely separate worlds?”
“The Wardrobe was carved from a tree in our world that was grown from a seed of an apple that was brought to our world from Narnia long ago,” said Remus.

The others stared at him in wonder. “So we are from the same world,” said Peter.

“Yes,” replied Remus.

“How do you know how the wardrobes came to be?” asked Susan.

“There is but one Wardrobe in our world that leads to Narnia,” admitted Remus. “I only know how it came to be because my mother has told me stories of Narnia my whole life.” He stared at Susan, his amber eyes full of raw longing; he had never been very good at lying to his mother.

“Then how did we come to pass through the same wardrobe in two different places?” asked Peter.

“Time is not the same here as it is back home,” said Remus. “While years may pass in Narnia, only a few seconds may have passed back in our land.”

“Are you saying that if- when we return, no time will have passed?” asked Lucy curiously.

Remus shrugged from where he still sat on the mound of pillows and blankets that served as a bed. “It is possible,” he replied. “In that same vein, I hypothesize that it is possible that we may be from entirely different decades in our world.”

The four Pevensie siblings stared at Remus in shock. “Are you saying that you come from a different time than us?” asked Edmund.

“Yes, I believe so.”

_This icy force both foul and fair_  
_Has a frozen heart worth mining_

A sudden ruckus, different from the mob out for Remus’ blood, grew outside the tent and caused the five children to abandon their topic of conversation in favor of sticking their heads outside. “What’s going on?” asked Peter, snagging Mr. Beaver’s furry arm as he rushed past.

“She’s here,” Mr. Beaver said, panic in his voice. “Her dwarf said she demands an audience with Aslan.”

Dread cut through Remus’ heart, as cold as if he had been struck by ice. “W-what does She want?” he asked, terrified that the answer would be him.

“The dwarf didn’t say,” said Mr. Beaver, his dark eyes full of sympathy.

“We won’t let her take you, Remus,” said Lucy, grabbing his hand and holding it tight. “Either of you,” she added, looking up into the frightened eyes of her elder brother. “Right, Peter?” She turned imploring blue eyes on her blonde brother.

Peter’s expression was fierce. “Of course we won’t, Lu,” he said, voice full of conviction. His hand strayed to his sheathed sword, so recently christened with its first taste of
blood. He smiled a crooked smile and said, “I’m a knight now, remember?”

Lucy giggled. “Sir Peter Wolfsbane,” she said, sweeping a dramatic curtsy.

As Lucy, Peter, and Susan laughed at Peter’s impromptu knighting, Remus’ eyes widened with horror. He’d forgotten that Peter was said to have gained his knighthood from slaying a wolf. Granted, he felt no love for the Narnian wolves who had joined the Witch (or wolves in general, for that matter), but Peter’s knighting (he belatedly remembered) had been one of the reasons he’d stopped asking for stories of Narnia after his bite.

“Remus? Are you alright?” asked Edmund, crouching down beside the older (younger) boy, his dark brows knitting together in concern.

“It’s nothing,” said Remus, waving off his friend’s (uncle’s) concern with a shaking hand.

“It’s the Wolfsbane thing, isn’t it?” he asked, understanding dawning in the dark depths of his eyes. The slight widening of Remus’ amber orbs and his minute flinch gave him away. “Peter won’t hurt you,” promised Edmund. “Despite our differences, he really is a rather superb big brother. He has this protecting people thing that can sometimes get on my nerves, but deep down I know he means well.”

“He hardly knows me,” protested Remus, despite the warm feeling spreading from his heart at the thought that his uncle would protect him.

“But I do,” said Edmund solemnly, “and that’s all that matters.”

Cut through the heart cold and clear

In the end, the Pevensie children decided to bring Remus with them when they left the tent. Edmund was terrified to let the taller boy out of his sight for a second and Peter and the girls were inclined to agree after what had happened the last time. Remus limped out of the tent, propped up between Edmund and the taller Peter. Despite Lucy’s cordial, it seemed that his left leg was not quite fully healed. Not that he was surprised, mind; he had broken that leg more times than he cared to remember and had been warned (repeatedly) by his healer (who was also his loving Aunt Joan, his father’s baby sister) that it would be resistant to healing and eventually might not heal at all.

The five arrived just in time to see the Witch sweep into camp, white skirts swirling dangerously behind her as she strode purposefully toward Aslan, a shining sun to her deadly moon. Remus shrunk back, hunching in on himself as her icy gaze found him. He could feel it’s deadly burn even as he kept his eyes deliberately fixed on the ground at his feet, as though it were the most fascinating piece of ground in the whole of Narnia. He listened in a sort of detached silence as the Witch argued with Aslan for the lives of Edmund and Remus, leaning against Peter’s strong, steady form for both physical and emotional support.

Strike for love and strike for fear

It was the Witch’s sharp cry and the burst of cold that flew toward Remus that woke him
from his trance-like state. “The wolf-child is mine!” Remus let out a small yelp as the sharp cold hit his bad leg, causing it to collapse under him. He would have fallen to the ground had it not been for the steady presence of Peter and Edmund at his side.

Aslan let out an earth-shaking roar and stepped between the Witch and the children. “Remus Lupin is and shall always be My child,” he said, his voice rippling like thunder through the still air. “He has been one of My chosen from the moment of his conception and you have no claim to him, Jadis.”

The Witch narrowed her dark eyes at the majestic lion and sneered. “He is a dark creature and all dark creatures belong to me! Thus it is written in the deep magic from the dawn of time.”

“This I do not dispute,” said Aslan calmly, his stance and his voice equally firm. “However, My claim to this boy supersedes your own. He has been one of Mine from his birth by grace of his mother, and it is because of his mother’s unfailing faith and love that he shall remain My child far beyond the end of all things. It matters not that a dark creature cursed him as a child; My blessing and love still remain. I say again to you, Jadis: you shall not have Remus Lupin in this or any other life.”

*There’s beauty and there’s danger here*

Remus stared at Aslan in shocked reverence. In that moment, he saw beyond the physical form of the lion standing boldly in front of him and saw over Him a greater, indescribable presence. He knew then that just as Aslan had claimed him as His own, so would Remus proclaim himself foreverymore as Aslan’s. He vowed to himself and to Aslan that he would do his very best to be worthy of the love and devotion shown to him this day. He wasn’t sure how he would accomplish such a feat, but he knew that he would think of something.

The Witch was the first to break eye contact. In a whirl of white and silver, she turned to glare menacingly at the assembled creatures who dared to look upon her. “There is still the matter of the traitor, Aslan,” she snapped, whipping her icy gaze toward Edmund. “According to the deep magic from the dawn of time, the blood of all traitors in Narnia belongs to me. Even You cannot dispute that.”

Aslan sighed heavily and bowed his great head. “Walk with me, Jadis,” he said. “I wish to discuss this privately. Children, return to your tent. All will be well.”

*Split the ice apart*

*Beware the frozen heart…*

Chapter End Notes

Things may diverge from cannon slightly with Remus in the picture. Honestly, this story is sort of unfolding as I write it, so apart from a general plot line, even I don’t really
know what's going to happen next until I'm actually writing it!

Keep the comments & kudos a-coming! And put out those flames! ;)}
Chapter 7: All That Is Gold Does Not Glitter

Chapter Summary

Remus and the girls witness Aslan's sacrifice.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features JRR Tolkien's poem "All That Is Gold Does Not Glitter" from The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7: All That Is Gold Does Not Glitter

All that is gold does not glitter,

Remus bit his lip nervously as he sat once again on his bed of cushions and blankets in the Pevensies’ tent. He could tell that he was not the only one worried about the future of both Edmund and himself. “Aslan will make everything better,” said Lucy firmly, her faith unwavering. “I know He will.”

“I wish I had your faith, Lu,” whispered Edmund.

Lucy gave him a small smile. “Lucky for you, I have faith enough for the both of us.”

Edmund smiled crookedly back at his little sister. “Of that I have no doubt,” he said.

The children waited, worrying, as Aslan spoke to the Witch. As the minutes stretched on, the five became lost in their own worlds, drifting apart almost unconsciously. Remus remained sitting on his makeshift bed, his leg in pain from the Witch’s cruel spell; Edmund shrank back into the shadows of the tent and sat against the canvas with his knees pulled up to his chin; Peter paced the ground in front of the entrance, glancing outside every so often; Susan stood, stiff as a board, in the corner opposite Edmund, her fingers straying to the feathers of her arrows and stroking them absently; and Lucy sat cross-legged in the middle of the tent, the sun shining on her serene face as she patiently waited for Aslan to return.

Not all those who wander are lost;

“It is done,” said Aslan, stepping into the children’s tent. “Jadis has renounced all claims
on Remus and Edmund."

Peter and Susan rushed over to their brother to engulf him in a hug while Lucy, sweet little Lucy, ran over to Remus and gave him the biggest, warmest hug he had ever received in his life. Being hugged by Lucy was like being engulfed by love; not that his mother’s hugs were anything to sneeze at, mind. There was just something so pure and innocent about Lucy that made her hugs feel like so much more. “Thank you,” he whispered into the small girl’s ear as she held him tight.

“You’re practically family now,” said Lucy softly. “Besides, everyone deserves a hug now and then.”

“Thank you, Aslan,” said Edmund, finally escaping from the fussing of his elder siblings. “How did you convince her to let us go?”

“That, my son,” said Aslan, “is not something that you need to know. Just trust that all will be well.” Edmund looked as though he might argue, but a soft touch from Lucy, who had disentangled herself from Remus, was enough to stay his voice.

“Aslan,” said Remus, furrowing his brow, “thank you, but I know—” his furrow grew deeper as he tried to remember what it was that he had forgotten. “I feel as though I am missing something…something important.”

Aslan looked upon Remus with kind, sad eyes. “Walk with me, my son,” he said gently. “We have much we must discuss.”

_The old that is strong does not wither,_

Aslan took Remus walking along a hill a good ways away from the camp. “Speak, my son,” rumbled Aslan, sitting on His haunches. “I know you have much on your mind.”

Remus plopped down beside Him, gingerly stretching out his bad leg. Nervously he began to pick at the grass on the hill. “I am forgetting things, Aslan,” he admitted miserably. “I know I have heard this story before; I remember my mother telling it to me as a bedtime story when I was small. Yet when I try to remember the details…” He frowned. “It is as if I am reaching into a great fog; everything is clouded and oddly distorted, yet I know it is still there, somewhere.”

Aslan gave a sort of sad smile. “Has your mother never told you, my child, that I never tell anyone any story but their own?”

Remus furrowed his brow in confusion. “I believe she mentioned it,” he said, “but isn’t this my story too now?”

“Indeed, my son,” he said gently, “but it also belongs to your mother, your aunt, and your uncles. To know what is to happen next is a burden that I will not let you suffer alone. You must discover this with them, Remus Lupin. You are part of this story, but unburdened by expectations and foreknowledge, so that you may carry on with a light heart and an open mind.”

Remus was silent as he considered Aslan’s words. “I think I understand,” he finally said, raising his eyes to look at the great cat. “This is no longer just a bedtime story, is it? This is life; this is happening right now. It would not be right if I, or anyone else, knew what was to happen next. Life is meant to be lived day to day with each moment as new and exciting as the last. No one is
meant to know what their future holds, or they would grow complacent or try to change things that must not—cannot—be changed.”

Aslan smiled down at Remus. “You are wise, young one. You have indeed heard this story before, but it is not up to you to change what must happen. You were always meant to be here, Remus, just as surely as your mother and her siblings were.”

“I’m not in any of her stories, though,” said Remus, confused. “Surely if I was meant to be here, Mother would have told me.”

“It was not her story to tell, my son,” said Aslan. “This is the story unfolding now; there was never another like it, nor shall there ever be.”

“So this…I’m not coming into a story and repeating history? This, the here and now, is the only time that this story is happening; never before and never again?”

“Yes, my son,” said Aslan, pride in his voice at Remus’ intelligence. “There was only ever once that five children from your world were called to Narnia for this specific purpose (which you must discover for yourselves, young one). It just so happens that one of those children was pulled from a time far ahead of the other four, a time when his adventures in Narnia were already a part of his family’s history.”

Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

Remus stayed on the hill for a while after Aslan left, contemplating what he had learned. He had always belonged here in Narnia, at this point in time, to help his mother and her siblings defeat the White Witch. It was strange to think of, but in a roundabout way he had helped to create the very history that had led to his existence in the first place. Without her trips to Narnia as a child, Susan would never have come into possession of the Wardrobe; the very Wardrobe that was the catalyst for her meeting Remus’ father. Without everything Susan had—or would—learn in Narnia, she would never have become the woman who would one day tell her small son stories of kings and queens and a great lion; stories that would shape his beliefs and convictions.

Remus eventually made his way back to the Pevensies and was welcomed as one of them. The other children were happy and playful as they caught up with their recently recovered brother and his new friend, but Remus could not shake the sense of foreboding that stuck to him like sap sticks to a tree. Something big was about to happen; something bad. Something that would change the fate of Narnia and the children in ways that he did not—could not—yet comprehend.

From the ashes a fire shall be woken,

Remus slept fitfully that night, tossing and turning without relief. He woke with a start sometime around midnight, gulping in great gasps of air like a fish out of water. His sharp eyes darted around the tent frantically, taking in the sleeping forms of Edmund and Peter and…the empty spots where Lucy and Susan should have been. Quietly, Remus rose and slipped his boots on before sneaking out of the tent into the moonlit night.
He had no real destination in mind as he walked toward the forest along the edge of the camp; he simply walked under the light of the pale, near-full moon toward the dense trees. As he set foot under the shelter of the trees, a shiver ran down his spine. Something was happening; something important. He picked up his pace and began to race through the forest, dodging trees with a supernatural ease that he hadn’t realized he possessed.

*A light from the shadows shall spring;*

Remus slowed down when he began to hear a loud, dull roar and distant chanting. He snuck from tree to tree, making certain to keep out of sight. As he came closer to the site of the ruckus, he saw a thick crowd of dark and dangerous creatures; creatures the likes of which served the Witch. He shivered in fear, but continued on. Something told him that he needed to see what was going on at that evil gathering.

He almost missed the girls crouching at the edge of the clearing; they were doing a fair job at blending in to their surroundings, considering their lack of experience. He crept closer to them and covered their mouths with his thin, scarred hands. “Shh,” he whispered as the girls tensed. “It’s just me, Remus.”

“Remus!” hissed Susan after he removed his hands. “You gave us a fright!”

“What are you doing here?” asked Lucy.

“I could ask you the same thing,” said Remus. “I was restless and I went for a walk. I don’t really know how I ended up here.”

“We followed Aslan,” said Lucy, gesturing toward the crowd.

Remus looked out at the crowd and saw Aslan walking calmly through the jeering creatures toward the Stone Table where the Witch (Jadis, Aslan had named her) stood holding a wicked looking stone knife. The malevolent smile on her pale face caused Remus to shiver in fear. “What’s he doing?” he asked.

Susan and Lucy shared a look. “Remus,” began Susan gently, laying her small hand on his shoulder, “Aslan was not able to get the Witch to renounce her claim on Edmund as easily as her claim on you.”

Remus furrowed his brow. There was something niggling at the back of his mind, like an itch he couldn’t scratch. “I don’t understand,” he said. But that wasn’t quite right…it wasn’t that he didn’t understand, but that he couldn’t quite comprehend the magnitude of what was about to happen.

“Remus,” said Lucy, laying her smaller hand on his other shoulder, “Aslan has chosen to give his life in place of Edmund’s to satisfy the Witch and the Deep Magic.”

Remus could feel tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. “H-He would do that? Why?”

“Because He loves us,” said Lucy simply, her blue eyes bright with unshed tears. “We are His children and He chooses to protect us in whatever way He can…even if that means giving His life for us.”
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,

Susan, Remus, and Lucy huddled together as the Witch ordered her minions to tie down and shave Aslan. Tears fell from three sets of young eyes as He was ridiculed and mocked, degraded and belittled. They held their sobs as the Witch rose above Him, the stone blade held high, a triumphant, evil grin on her face. The girls buried their faces in Remus’ shirt as the blade was propelled downward with great force into the heart of the great lion, but Remus could not tear his eyes away. It was the saddest thing that he had ever witnessed and he was frozen in shock. How could someone so evil defeat someone so good? It couldn’t end like this; it just couldn’t!

The three children remained huddled together, crouched in the bushes at the edge of the clearing, as the Witch crowed her victory to the assembled creatures of darkness and roused them into a great battle frenzy. Whipped into action by her passionate words, the creatures marched out of the clearing behind her, battle cries of victory and death on their lips. The three remained still until the clearing was completely silent. It was not the comfortable silence of the forest at night, though. This was the silence of the dead; a silence that said that something was so utterly wrong with the world that not even the crickets dared to chirp this night.

Lucy could not bear it any longer. Letting loose a great sob, she ran forward toward the Stone Table and flung herself across the still warm body of Aslan. Susan wasn’t far behind her sister, walking briskly toward the dead lion and tentatively reaching out a hand to stroke His shorn mane. Remus watched the sisters in a sort of detached fog. Had he known once that this would come to pass? Was this what Aslan had spoken of when He said that there were some things that he should not be burdened with?

Moving as if in a dream, Remus slowly walked toward the Stone Table, his feet seeming to move of their own free will. He stepped toward the head of the great lion and reached out a shaking hand to His bound muzzle. His fur was still warm and though it was cropped close, it was still soft. Remus’ couldn’t hold it in any more. As he sunk down against Aslan’s head, he let out a great heaving sob. He tightened his grip on the great lion as his tears fell like waterfalls onto the soft, golden fur. His body shook as he poured out his grief and love over the still form of the once vibrant cat. Aslan was dead.

The crownless again shall be king.

Chapter End Notes

I hope Lucy and Susan weren't too OOC here. I have this idea that Remus sees them as older than they are because of their relationship to him and thus they react subconsciously by acting more mature. Does that make sense? It did in my head, but on paper...screen...whatever...let's just roll with it. Lol. ;)

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The crownless again shall be king.
Chapter 8: Animal

Chapter Summary

Aslan lives.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "Animal" by Ke$ha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8: Animal

I’m not asleep, I’m up for the fight

Remus and the girls lay sprawled over Aslan’s body until they had no tears left to cry and the first fingers of dawn peeked over the horizon. Remus kept his eyes closed tight as he buried his face in what remained of Aslan’s mane. This had to be a bad dream; it just had to. He would open his eyes and he would wake up in his tent and Aslan would be alive. He wasn’t sure how, but somehow this was all his fault; bad things usually were, he’d come to believe. It was his fault his mother rarely smiled anymore; it was his fault his father couldn’t get a better job; it was his fault his family was dirt poor (had Remus been in his right mind, he would have remembered all the good in his life and he wouldn’t have been so quick to blame himself for things outside of his control).

“Hey! Get away from him!”

Remus opened his eyes lethargically and stared over at Susan, who was no longer lying on Aslan’s body. “What’s going on?” he asked.

“The mice,” cried Susan, “they’re crawling all over Him!” Tears filled her icy blue eyes. “We have to get them off.”

“Wait, Su,” said Lucy. “Look—the mice are chewing though the ropes!”

Remus looked up, his brow furrowed quizzically. “What?”

“The mice,” repeated Susan. “Come on, we have to help them!” she added, digging her graceful fingers into a knot.

Following Susan’s example, Lucy and Remus tried to pull the knots apart. “They’re too tight,” said Lucy sadly, wiping a tear from her cheek. “We can’t leave Him like this.”

“Here,” said Remus gently, guiding her small hands to a rope that had already been
Lucy flashed him a small smile. “Thanks, Remus,” she said. It took some time, but with the help of the mice, Lucy, Susan, and Remus finally had Aslan’s body free of the constricting ropes. “Thank you,” Lucy said the mice. They squeaked happily at the children before scurrying away.

“What now?” asked Remus, sticking his hands into his pants’ pockets. He hadn’t really noticed it before, but his leg was aching fiercely from his unplanned romp through the woods and the hours he had spent curled up against Aslan’s still body.

Susan sighed and welcomed the two younger children into her arms like a mother bird welcoming her chicks. “There is nothing more we can do here,” she said quietly, pulling Remus and Lucy closer. “We should head back to camp.”

“W-we’re just going to leave Him here?” asked Lucy, her lower lip trembling and her blue eyes bright.

“I’m sorry, Lu,” said Susan sadly, squeezing her shoulder in comfort. “There’s nothing else we can do.”

“Susan’s right, Lucy,” said Remus, leaning his head briefly on his young mother’s shoulder and allowing himself a moment of her comfort. “We really should head back; Edmund and Peter will worry.” The trio turned away from the Stone Table and headed back into the woods. The sun was just beginning to peek over the far ridge.

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CRACK! The sound echoed through the near empty clearing. Remus, Susan, and Lucy whirled around and gasped out in surprise. The Stone Table was cracked down the middle and Aslan was gone. The three children ran towards the broken table, eyes wide.

“He’s gone!” cried Remus. “I don’t understand—what happened?”

Susan gingerly touched the cracked stone. “I-I’m not sure,” she said.

“Is this more magic?” wondered Lucy.

“Indeed it is dear one.”

The children turned slowly. Standing there in the clearing was Aslan, the bright light of the morning sun surrounding Him like a halo. Filled with sudden joy, they rushed forward to greet Him. They stopped short. “Are you a ghost?” asked Susan in awe.

Aslan smiled at them and breathed his warm, sweet breath on them. “It is I, my children,” He said, His voice deep and bright. “Do not fear Me.”

“How?” asked Lucy, her blue eyes wide in awe. “How are You alive? We saw You die.”

“Jadis knew of the deep magic from the dawn of time,” explained Aslan. “This is what
gave her the right to the blood of a traitor. What she did not know is that there is a deeper magic from before the dawn of time that says ‘when a willing victim who had committed no treachery was killed in a traitor’s stead, the Table would crack and Death itself would start working backwards.”

“Oh Aslan!” the three children cried in delight, rushing forward to bury their hands and faces in Aslan’s warm, golden mane.

“You’re really here,” said Remus breathlessly.

“Of course, my son,” He replied.

“What are we to do now, Aslan?” asked Susan.

“Climb on my back, children,” said Aslan, kneeling low to the ground. “We have much to do this day and little time to do it in.”

And I don’t want the concrete

There was nothing quite so exhilarating, Remus discovered, as racing across open fields of green on the back of such a gentle and powerful lion, friends by his side and hope alive in his heart for the first time in years. He felt the bubbling laugh rising from his stomach long before it left his mouth and he relished in the freedom and joy that escaped with it. He grinned at his companions, shared in their laughter and smiles, and for once he lived, his right to be human and loved beyond question. He never wanted this feeling—this day—to end.

But as with all things, this euphoric bliss could not last forever. Remus recognized their destination from a distance, thanks to his lupine senses, long before his human companions and he could feel his previous joy melt away in an instant. “What’s wrong, Remus?” Susan asked, her voice soft in his ear.

Remus closed his eyes. The concern in her voice was so painfully familiar. “I know where we’re going,” he replied, his voice pained. “I had hoped to avoid the place, but I should know better by now.”

Susan looked confused for a moment, a small furrow forming in the smooth skin between her eyebrows. She looked forward, where their destination was just coming into normal human view and understanding dawned on her face. “The Witch’s castle,” she said, her eyes softening in understanding.

“I was really hoping to never see the place again,” whispered Remus. He flattened himself against Aslan and buried his face in His warm, golden fur.

I am alive comes with the tragic

The courtyard of the Witch’s castle was eerie, thought Remus, as he and the girls slid off of Aslan’s back onto the cold stone. “It’s too quiet,” said Lucy softly, hugging her arms close to her body.
“It reminds me of a graveyard,” said Remus, shivering at the many statues littering the courtyard. There were a variety of creatures captured in stone, including a centaur and a lion. One thing that they all had in common was—

“Their faces,” said Susan breathlessly. “They all look terrified of something.”

“Or someone,” said Remus darkly, edging closer to Aslan.

“These are no ordinary statues, children,” said Aslan solemnly. “They were all once flesh-and-blood creatures, turned to stone by Jadis’ dark sorcery.”

Susan gasped. “Those poor creatures,” she said; Lucy’s innocent eyes teared up. “Is there nothing we can do to help them?”

Remus’ mind froze. He had almost forgotten, with everything that had happened since. “I’ve seen this before,” he said softly, “when the Witch brought me here.” He shivered and huddled into himself. “I don’t much care for this place.”

Rather than suffer under the girls’ well-meaning stares of pity, Remus chose to wander through the crowd of stone beings. He would have continued his aimless wanderings indefinitely had one statue in particular not caught his eye. A faun, hands thrown up and face frozen in fear, stood nearby the sleigh entrance. He wasn’t sure why this statue in particular called to him, but as he stared, it slowly came to him. It had only been two days, yet it already seemed so long ago when his fellow prisoner, a boy he’d never met before, had told him the fate of his only source of comfort in the Witch’s cruel dungeon: “The queen turned him to stone.”

**So if it's just tonight**

“Remus, where are—*Mr. Tumnus*?” Lucy’s cry pulled Remus abruptly out of his memories.

“Y-you know him?” asked Remus, his voice sounding hoarse and odd to his ears.

“He was the first person—well, faun, being, whatever you prefer—I met here in Narnia, back when the others still didn’t believe me,” explained Lucy.

“Was he—was he your friend?”

“Yes, he was,” said Lucy. “Did you know him too, Remus?”

“He was…kind to me, when no one else was,” said Remus softly, amber eyes glued on the stone faun. “He was my companion in the Witch’s dungeon. I’d say he was my friend too, as much as anyone had ever been before Edmund.”

He might not have known the faun well, but he had vague, fever-filled memories of shivering in his cell, broken and bleeding, and a kind voice (a voice that somehow reminded him of *home*) telling him wonderful tales about a great and wonderful Lion who had created the world; tales of promise and hope for a better future, a future free of pain and cold. Tumnus the faun had also shared with him stories of the kind, sunny girl who had changed his own life for the better.
“Her name is Lucy,” Tumnus told him, when there was no one around to overhear. “She’s a Daughter of Eve and entirely too trusting for her own good…but that’s part of her charm, I think. She sees the best in others, even when they can’t see it in themselves. She’s also very forgiving, understanding even. She puts others before herself and is exceedingly loyal to her family and her friends—even if they don’t deserve her.” Remus, through the haze of pain, could tell that there was more that the faun did not say, but he was content to leave it so long as Tumnus continued to speak to him. Tumnus spoke often, his soft baritone a soothing balm for Remus’ fragile soul. In the days following their initial conversation, Remus never made a sound, but Tumnus was not deterred in the least. He told the boy wonderful stories to keep him sane and give him hope. Remus didn’t always understand his words, but the simple act of kindness that was Tumnus’ voice was enough.

This is our last chance

“Aslan, is there nothing You can do?” Lucy’s pleading voice broke Remus out of his reminiscing. While he had been lost in the past, Aslan and Susan had joined them by Tumnus’ statue.

“Jadis’ magic is dark and cruel, dear one,” said Aslan and Lucy’s face fell, “…but that does not mean it cannot be broken.”

Lucy’s face lit up like the sun. “You can bring him—all of them—back to life?”

Aslan chuckled. “Of course, dear one,” He said. The Son of the Emperor Beyond the Sea smiled and breathed his sweet breath onto Tumnus the faun. That task accomplished, He padded off, Susan trailing behind Him, to revive the others.

Lucy and Remus stayed locked in place, watching in fascination as grey stone turned to brown fur and rosy pink flesh. The faun took a deep gulp of air, which was promptly squeezed out of him by Lucy’s glomming onto him in a desperate hug. “Welcome back, Mr. Tumnus,” she said, tears of joy spilling from her bright blue eyes.

“Lucy,” said Tumnus, gently squeezing her back, “it is wonderful to see you again, but what are you doing at the Witch’s castle?”

Lucy giggled and let him go. “Aslan brought us here,” she told him. “He’s the one who brought you back to life.”

“He’s back?” said the faun, pale blue eyes widening in wonder. “Oh, this is wonderful news, dear Lucy!”

Lucy smiled. “I thought you might feel that way,” she said.

Tumnus smiled back at her, but his face quickly fell into a frown. “Lucy,” he said, “there was as boy in the Witch’s dungeon. I must know if he still lives—we must rescue him, if we can. He’s just a boy and—”
“I’m right here,” Remus interjected quietly.

Tumnus surprised Remus then. He greeted the boy as a long-lost friend, pulling him into a warm hug. Tears dampened the loose, moss green shirt Remus wore where the faun’s face was buried in his shoulder. “I’m so glad you are free, my young friend,” he whispered in the boy’s ear.

Remus smiled crookedly. “You as well,” he said. “I’m glad you’re free too, I mean.”

Tumnus pulled away and smiled gently at him, brushing a lock of hair off Remus’ forehead. “You look much better, Remus,” he said, acting much as an older brother or beloved uncle would. “Freedom suits you well.”

Remus’ gaze turned first to Lucy, watching their reunion with glee, then to Aslan and Susan, further down the courtyard. “I’ve made some good friends,” he said. “I think that’s helped more than anything else.”

“Friendship is indeed a most precious gift,” agreed Tumnus. “I am truly glad for you, young cub.”

‘Cause our world is spinning at the speed of light

Remus once again sat on the back of the great lion, sandwiched between tiny, eight-year-old Lucy and his own twelve-year-old mother. Their pace, though necessarily slow to accommodate the large assortment of allies they had acquired at the Witch’s castle, was urgent. “Where are we going now, Aslan?” asked Susan curiously.

“We are off to join your brothers, my children,” He answered, addressing all three. “It is time for Jadis’ false rule to come to an end.”

The night is fading, heart is racing

The battle against the Witch and her minions went by in an adrenaline-charged blur for Remus. At some point someone (he thought it had been Oreius) had handed him a sword and told him to “stick the pointy end at the enemy.” Mostly Remus just tried to stay out of the way of the real warriors while also avoiding the Witch’s minions. He supposed, as he ducked a swing from a minotaur’s broadsword, that he was lucky to have survived the battle as long as he had. It was pure dumb luck really (with a healthy helping of faith); he was an eleven-year-old boy who had never so much as held a sword before in his life and here he was thrust into the middle of a violent and bloody battle that would decide the fate of an entire kingdom. If it had been a full moon…well, he didn’t really want to think about that, but he supposed (rather reluctantly) he’d have had a better chance at survival as a wolf than as a boy.

Suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, the Witch appeared in front of Remus. Her eyes were cold chips of slate and her pale, pointed face was twisted in an ugly sneer. “Well, well, well,” she
said, her voice cold as ice, “if it isn’t the little wolf-boy. You thought you could run from me, wolf-boy? You thought you could hide? How precious.” Her sneer turned to a cruel smirk. “You are mine, wolf-boy,” she hissed, grabbing the terrified boy by the front of his shirt and pulling him close. She shoved her face into his and continued, “I will show you what happens to those who defy me.”

Remus closed his amber eyes tight as the Witch shoved him to the ground and raised her wand. He prayed to Aslan that his death would be swift and painless. Soothing white swiftly overtook his mind and he knew no more.

Now, just come and love me like we’re gonna die

Chapter End Notes

(1): Direct quote from The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe (book) by C.S. Lewis
Chapter 9: Let It Go

Chapter Summary

Remus and the Pevensies chat.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "Let it Go" from Disney's Frozen.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 9: Let It Go

It's funny how some distance

Remus woke slowly, blinking his amber eyes lethargically against the harsh, white light flooding the unfamiliar room. “You’re awake,” said a familiar voice, filled with relief. He turned his head to face the pale, raven haired boy sitting in a wooden chair beside his bed.

It took him a minute to recognize Edmund. “What happened?” he asked, his voice escaping at a croak.

“The Witch hit you with a dark spell,” said Edmund solemnly. “We thought you weren’t going to make it.”

“How—how am I still here?”

“Aslan,” said Edmund simply. “That’s something we have in common now.”

“What?” Remus felt as if his head was floating somewhere above his body; nothing made sense to him.

“Aslan saved us both,” elaborated Edmund. “I-I saw you fall and I just—I had to do something, so I foolishly stepped between you and the Witch.” Something inside Remus felt warm and fuzzy at that act of love. “Aslan saved the day; the Witch was about to kill me when He pounced on her.”

“So she’s gone?” Remus asked.

“Torn to pieces,” confirmed Edmund. “We’re free, Remus. We’re finally free.”
The healer, an elderly badger called Snuffles, proclaimed Remus well enough to leave the sickroom the day after he woke. The boy himself was only too glad to leave the place behind; he'd seen far too many hospitals and sickrooms in his young life and he knew that there would always be more (thus his desire to spend as little time there each visit as humanly possible). He made his way down the sunny corridor of the palace that he and the Pevensies had taken up residence in (Cair Paravel, he was told, was its name) toward the room Snuffles had indicated. In there, he knew, were his mother and her siblings, waiting to tell him of the battle to defeat the Witch and free Narnia. Edmund had been suspiciously dodgy about what had happened to Remus out there and the young werewolf was determined to ferret out the truth.

Remus entered the brightly lit room, decorated in warm shades of cranberry and evergreen, with nearly silent steps. The four Pevensies were huddled together on a braided rug in front of an empty fireplace; Lucy in sunny yellow, Susan in elegant blue, Edmund in somber green, and Peter in majestic red. “You look like the Founders,” remarked Remus softly.

The four siblings looked up at their friend and greeted him with smiles and soft words of welcome. They then guided him to the cushioned corner of a plush cranberry couch patterned with small evergreen vines. “Who are the Founders?” asked Lucy, settling herself by his feet and looking up at him curiously.

“As much as I’d love to tell you that story, I have some questions of my own I would very much like answered,” he said.

“Perhaps a trade then?” suggested Edmund diplomatically. “We will tell you what you wish to know and in turn you will tell about these ‘Founders.’”

“And perhaps about yourself as well,” added Peter.

Remus smiled wryly. “I forget,” he said, “that as much as we’ve all been through together, we barely know each other.”

“It’s only been a few days since we met,” said Edmund. “A week, maybe, if you count the time you spent unconscious.”

“How long was I out?” asked Remus.

“About three days,” answered Susan gravely. “Healer Snuffles was worried that you might never wake.”

“We’re truly glad you’re alright,” said Lucy, smiling up at Remus.

Can’t get to me at all
“Why don’t we go first,” offered Edmund. “A question for a question; ask away, Remus.”

Remus stared at his lap, contemplating his first question carefully. “What exactly happened when the Witch cursed me?” he finally asked.

“It was strange,” said Peter. “At first you simply fell to the ground. We thought she might have outright killed you.”

“You started convulsing,” said Edmund solemnly. “It was horrible. When I ran over to you, you were writhing like mad on the ground.”

“You were screaming,” said Susan softly. “We could hear you even across the battlefield.”

“Aslan took off toward you the moment we heard,” said Lucy. “Even He looked concerned.”

Remus digested the information for a moment. “It sounds like she was trying to force me to transform outside of the full moon,” he said, voice shaking with terror.

The Pevensies all nodded. “That was our conclusion as well,” said Peter. The five children contemplated this in silence for a moment.

“Our turn!” said Lucy, bouncing on her knees. “Who are the Founders?” she asked curiously.

*It’s time to see what I can do*

Remus smiled fondly at the small, brunette ball of energy that was his aunt (though, of course, she didn’t know this). “Godric Gryffindor, Rowena Ravenclaw, Helga Hufflepuff, and Salazar Slytherin were four friends who lived many centuries ago,” he said. “They were all wizards and witches who wished for a way to safely pass on their knowledge to future generations without fear of persecution. So these four friends built Hogwarts Castle as a school where they could teach young witches and wizards their craft. However, they were divided on which students to take in. Gryffindor desired to teach those who were brave and daring. Ravenclaw wished to teach those who sought knowledge above all else. Hufflepuff wanted to teach those who were loyal and hard-working. Slytherin desired to teach the ambitious and cunning.

“Eventually these four brilliant minds came up with a solution. They used their magical talents together to enchant a wizard’s hat that would look into the minds of their potential students and decide which of the four friends’ ideals each individual best suited. Thus was created the Sorting Hat and the four houses of Hogwarts, named for the Founders: Gryffindor, where dwell the brave at heart; Ravenclaw, with those of ready mind; Hufflepuff, where they are just and loyal; and Slytherin, where the cunning use any means to reach their goal.

“This was the beginning of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the most famous wizarding school on the continent.”
To test the limits and break through

Susan was first to break the silence after Remus’ tale. “Are you telling us that magic exists back in our world?” she asked.

Remus smiled mischievously. “I believe it is my turn to ask a question,” he said.

Lucy pouted and Edmund smiled. “He’s right, Lu,” he said. “We had an agreement.”

“What’s your question, then?” asked Susan.

Remus’ expression turned serious. “Did I hurt anyone when I was cursed?” he asked.

“Of course not,” scoffed Peter. “Aslan kept you safe while Lucy gave you some of her cordial.”

“You stopped shaking when you drank it,” said little Lucy quietly, her blue eyes shining, “but it wasn’t enough.”

“Aslan called for the healers,” said Peter, “but it took some time for them to arrive. He stood vigil over you with Edmund and Lucy while we all waited. None came to harm by your hand, nor did anyone harm you while you were unconscious.”

“Thank you,” said Remus, relieved to hear that he had remained in control despite the Witch’s curse. “What’s your next question?”

“Magic!” said Lucy brightly.

“Yes,” said Susan. “Are you telling us that magic exists in our world?”

Remus smiled widely. “Yes, yes I am.”

No right, no wrong, no rules for me

“Surely you jest,” said Peter. “Magic can’t exist in our world; we would have seen it.”

“Would you have?” said Remus, tilting his head to the side curiously. “People often only see what they wish to.”

“He’s not wrong, Peter,” said Susan. “We didn’t believe Lucy until we’d stepped through the wardrobe ourselves, after all.”

The golden haired teen smiled wryly. “You do have a point, Su,” he admitted. “I’d just never thought our world would have magic in it too.”

“How do you know about this magic anyway, Remus?” asked Susan curiously.

Remus stared right into his mother’s blue eyes when he spoke, ignoring the fact that it was, in fact, his turn for a question. “I’m a wizard,” he said. “That’s how I know.”
I'm free!

Chapter End Notes

Sooth the savage beast; leave a comment! (Don't flame me please; that's not cool.)
Chapter 10: How Soon Is Now?

Chapter Summary

Remus returns home.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song How Soon Is Now? by Love Spit Love (also known as the theme song for the TV show Charmed.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 10: How Soon Is Now?

-  

_I am the son_

Remus was happier than he could ever remember being. He supposed that he must have been happy when he was very small, but that seemed like a completely different life now. With the Pevensies, he felt loved and accepted. They didn’t care that he was a werewolf and they were more fascinated than anything else by the fact that he was a wizard as well.

“Do you know any magic?” asked Lucy.

“Can you turn someone into a toad?” asked Edmund.

“What do they teach you at this Hogwarts school?” asked Susan.

“How do they tell who’s a wizard and who’s not?” asked Peter.

“One question at a time,” laughed Remus merrily. “No, I don’t know any magic yet Lucy, which means that I can’t turn anyone into a toad yet, Edmund—at least not on purpose. They teach us magic at Hogwarts, obviously, M-Susan,” he said, stumbling over his mother’s name for a moment. “Things like potions and charms, transfiguration and astronomy and so much more. And Peter, there’s an enchanted quill at Hogwarts that can detect when a magical child in born in the UK and it writes that child’s name down on a list for future students. I read about it in _Hogwarts, A History._”

“When do you get to go?” asked Edmund.

“After you turn eleven,” said Remus. “I just got my letter a few months ago; term starts on September 1st.”
“So could I be a witch too, then?” asked Lucy curiously. “I’m only eight.”

Remus smiled sadly. “I wish you could be, Lucy,” he said, “but generally a child would have already shown signs of accidental magic by your age.”

“Oh,” said Lucy, face falling slightly, “that’s alright. I just wondered.”

“You’re in Narnia now, Lu,” said Peter, throwing a comforting arm around his sister. “What more magic could you possibly need?”

“You’re right, Peter,” she said, brightening up instantly. “Narnia is more than enough magic for me.”

Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar

“I’m glad to hear that, Dear One,” said Aslan, padding softly into the room, “because I have news for you and your siblings.”

“What is it, Aslan?” asked Peter, standing and staring intently at the Lion.

“You have been chosen, all four of you, to rule Narnia as its kings and queens,” said Aslan, smiling at the children.

“All of us?” said Edmund softly.

“Yes, my son, all of you,” replied Aslan. “As the prophecy foretold: ‘When Adam’s flesh and Adam’s bone/ Sits at Cair Paravel in throne/ The evil time will be over and done.’ The only way to truly move on from Jadis’ dark reign is to start a new rule, a Golden Age for Narnia. You, my children, shall bring about this time of prosperity and peace as Narnia’s new rulers.”

“What about Remus?” asked Susan, who had been strangely silent. “What is to happen to him?”

Aslan stared straight at Remus and His honeyed eyes seemed to look deep into the boy’s soul. “Remus shall attend your coronation,” He said, “but there is something that he must do first.”

I am the son and heir

“Am I meant to tell them, Aslan?” asked Remus softly.

“This is your story, my son,” replied Aslan. “I will not stop you if that is what you wish to do.”

Remus nodded thoughtfully and stared at the curious looks on the faces of his family.
Should he tell them who they were to him? How important they were? “Aslan, I wish to, but I don’t know how,” he admitted.

Aslan chuckled. “I shall endeavor to help, son of Adam.” He turned to the Pevensies. “Tell me,” He said, “is there something familiar to you about your friend Remus Lupin?”

The four children stared thoughtfully at the amber-eyed boy. “His smile,” said Susan. “It’s just like Lucy’s.”

Lucy cocked her head to the side. “His hair is just like Peter’s and he has Edmund’s complexion.”

“He has Susan’s kindness and Peter’s protective nature,” said Edmund, wheels slowly turning in his head.

“He’s adventurous like Lucy, but quiet and thoughtful like Edmund,” added Peter.

“Is he our brother?” asked Lucy, excitement evident in her voice. “Is mother pregnant again?”

“No,” said Susan slowly, “that’s not right. For all that he’s like us, there’s too much that is different.” She stepped forward and tentatively touched his cheek with the soft palm of her hand. “You’re my son, aren’t you?” she said gently.

Remus smiled and nodded. “Yes,” he said, “I am.”

Susan smiled softly. “I thought so,” she said. “A mother always ought to know her own child.”

Of nothing in particular

The Pevensies’ suddenly all looked at Remus in a new light. “So Susan gets married someday,” said Lucy. “That’s wonderful news!”

“What year are you from?” asked Peter curiously.

“Why?” said Susan, quirking a dark eyebrow at her older brother. “Are you going to try to track down the father when we get back and give him a talking to?”

“N-no,” sputtered Peter. “I was just curious…but now that you mention it…”

“No, Peter,” said Susan sternly.

“But…”

“No.”

“It’s 1977 where I’m from,” interrupted Remus.

“1977,” parroted Edmund in awe. “When we left the Professor’s it was only 1940.”

“And it still is, my son,” said Aslan. “You are from different times, but no matter when
“You shut your mouth

“So was this all for nothing then?” asked Susan. “Will we remember nothing of what we’ve seen and done here?”

Aslan chuckled. “I did not say that, Daughter of Eve. You shall remember you time in Narnia, of course. It is just your body, not your mind, which will return unchanged.”

“When will that be, Aslan?” asked Lucy. “How long may we stay?”

“For you four, a while longer,” said Aslan, “but for Remus, it is almost time to return.”

“When?” asked Remus, spirits falling at the thought of having to leave behind his new friends, his family.

“After the coronation,” replied Aslan solemnly. “I’m sorry, my son, but it must be done.”

How can you say

The coronation, they found, was to take place in two days’ time. The children spent that time getting to know their future son/nephew and making sure that he wasn’t suffering from any hidden side effects of the Witch’s spell. The day arrived sooner than they would have liked and all five children were dressed in the finest silks and velvets that Narnia had to offer. Peter was magnificent in ruby red and gold; Susan was elegant in sapphire blue and bronze; Edmund was noble in emerald green and silver; Lucy was glowing in sunny yellow and onyx, and Remus was handsome in chocolate brown and amber.

Aslan himself presided over the ceremony. Mr. Tumnus placed the crowns on each of the siblings’ heads (gold for Peter and Susan, silver for Edmund and Lucy) and Aslan spoke thus: “To the glistening eastern sea, I give you Queen Lucy the Valiant; to the great western woods, King Edmund the Just; to the radiant southern sun, Queen Susan the Gentle; and to the clear northern skies, King Peter the Magnificent. Once a king or queen in Narnia, always a king or queen. I now give you as heir apparent to all of Narnia, Prince Remus the Wise,” he added, smiling at the young werewolf with kind eyes. Remus was shocked as Mr. Tumnus placed a plain gold circlet on his head as well. “Bear it well, Sons of Adam! Bear it Well, Daughters of Eve!” proclaimed Aslan and the crowd cheered and hailed their new rulers with great joy.

I go about things the wrong way

“You go back, you shall always return to the exact same place and time as when you left.”

“I go about things the wrong way

“Will I ever return to Narnia someday?” asked Remus, staring sadly past the lamppost in the woods toward where he knew the wardrobe was located. He’d already said goodbye to his
mother and her siblings after the coronation the day previous, which was just as well for Aslan had come for him early in the morning to send him back home to England.

“Perhaps,” said Aslan gently, “but for now you must return to your home and your parents. Your adventure here is done, my son, but soon you will embark upon an even more exciting one. Hogwarts awaits you, dear boy. I think that you will find it to be even better than you ever imagined.” The Great Lion gently nudged the nervous boy forward with His warm nose. “Go forth, my son, and be happy. Your future awaits you.”

“Thank you, Aslan,” said Remus, hugging Him one last time before squaring his shoulders bravely and walking through the trees toward the wardrobe and home.

I am human and I need to be loved

Prickly pine abruptly turned to soft furs and Remus found himself tumbling through the wardrobe out onto the wooden attic floor. Everything appeared just as he’d left it, from the haphazardly tossed sheet to the pictures spread across the floor; pictures that suddenly meant so much more to him than they had before. He carefully gathered them up and placed them back into their box before solemnly replacing the sheet that had covered the wardrobe. He then picked up the box of pictures and headed down the stairs to the main floor.

Remus found his mother in the kitchen rolling out a pie crust and filling it with spiced apples. “Mum?” he said softly.

She turned and smiled tiredly at him. “Hello, Remus,” she said, wiping her hands on her blue and white checked apron. “Did you need something?”

He held out the old hatbox. “I found this in the attic,” he said. “Could you tell me about them? Your siblings?”

Susan stopped cold and stared at her son with a strange gleam in her blue eyes. “What?” she said, her voice strained.

“Your siblings,” said Remus, pulling the top picture out of the box. It showed four young children dressed in school uniforms standing outside of a train station; three dark haired and one fair in the black-and-white photo. “I found these up in the attic and I recognized you, so I just thought the other three must be your siblings. You never talk about them, Mum, and I was just curious. What happened to them that makes you so sad?”

Susan sighed and gestured to the table. Mother and son sat down together. “My siblings are a painful subject for me, Remus,” she said. “There was a train accident when I was twenty-one and I lost my entire family in one horrid day. My parents, my siblings, my cousin, my aunt and almost-uncle…I was alone and grieving for so long after that. Until…”

“Until what, Mum?”

“Until I met your father,” she said. “He saved me from myself. With him, I was finally able to put my past behind me and move on to a better, happy future.”

“Does that mean you should just forget the past, though?” asked Remus.
“Of course not,” said Susan. “But, Remus, it’s hard for me to talk about them. I still miss them so much…”

“So tell me about them, Mum,” encouraged Remus. “What were they like? Were you close?”

“The closest,” said Susan, smiling faintly. “We did practically everything together as children. We were near inseparable; Peter and Edmund and Lucy and I. Peter was protective and magnificent; he had golden hair and eyes like the midday sky. Edmund was darker; he had hair that was so dark it was almost black and deep, chocolate eyes. He was quiet, thoughtful, just, and sneaky. Lucy was…Lucy was sweetness personified. She was sunny and vibrant, so full of life and faith. She was valiant and trusting, with eyes of stormy blue and golden-brown curls. She was the best of us all. You, Remus, you remind me so much of all of them, in so many different ways…”

“I would have liked very much to meet them,” said Remus, smiling a knowing smile.

“They would have loved you very much,” said Susan. “I think that you and Edmund would have been the best of friends; Lucy would have doted on you endlessly and Peter would have been your stalwart protector.”

“Perhaps in another life they might have been,” said Remus, glancing up the stairs with a strange sort of longing in his amber eyes.

Susan followed his gaze and her eyes widened in understanding. “You found more than just this box of pictures up there, didn’t you?” she said.

“There’s a wardrobe up there, Mum,” he said, “and it led me to the most wonderful place…”

“How could I have forgotten?” said Susan, her voice hitching. “I knew you before you were even a thought.”

Remus smiled wryly. “Aslan always says we’re not meant to know any story but our own,” he said. “I wasn’t part of your story until you met Dad.”

Susan impulsively reached over and pulled him into a hug. “You’ve changed, Remus,” she said happily. “Narnia has done wonders for you.”

“I learned a lot, Mum,” he said. “I think—no, I know I’m ready to go off to Hogwarts now.”

“I’m so proud of you, my darling boy,” said Susan, gently brushing his sandy blonde hair back from his forehead. “Peter and Edmund and Lucy would be too. They all loved you dearly…as do I, Remus. I’m so glad you’ve finally learned to accept who you are.”

“So am I, Mum,” said Remus. “And who knows; maybe I’ll make some friends just as wonderful as you all were to me, once upon a time.”

*Just like everybody else does*

Chapter End Notes
AN: Hope I did the whole revelation thing okay; I struggled a bit with how I wanted it to turn out.
Epilogue: When Can I See You Again?

Chapter Summary

Remus heads off to Hogwarts for the first time.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features the song "When Can I See You Again?" by Owl City from Disney's Wreck-It Ralph.

AN: Quick note for the previous chapter: Aslan's lines at the coronation come directly from a mix of both the LWW book and the 2005 movie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Epilogue: When Can I See You Again?**

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*Don’t close your eyes ‘cause your future’s ready to shine*

“Are you ready for this?” Susan asked her son as the small family of three stood on King’s Cross platform, staring at the wall between platforms nine and ten.

“It’s alright if you’re not, son,” said Jay, placing a large hand on the tall boy’s shoulder. “You can still change your mind and wait a year or so to go to Hogwarts.”

Remus smiled wryly. “You’ve certainly changed your tone overnight, Dad,” he said.

“Julius, he’ll be fine,” said Susan, taking her husband’s hand in her own. “He’s ready.”

“Mum’s right,” said Remus, flashing a grin at his dad. “I am ready.” At that, he took off toward the barrier at a run.

*It’s just a matter of time, before we learn how to fly*

Remus stared up in awe at the gleaming scarlet engine sitting on the tracks. “It’s even more beautiful than I imagined,” he said, eyes wide and excited.

“Just wait until you see the castle,” said Jay, coming up with Susan behind their son and smiling down at him. “It’s more wonderful than anything you could possibly imagine.”
Remus smiled back widely over his shoulder at his parents. “I can hardly wait,” he said.

“Go on,” said Susan, a wistful smile on her fair face. “Your whole life is waiting for you, Remus; all you have to do is take that first step.”

Welcome to the rhythm of the night

Remus was early to catch the Hogwarts Express, so he had is pick of empty compartments to sit in. He chose one, no different from all the others, at the very back of the train. He lugged his trunk through the door and hauled it up into the rack above the seat before sitting down by the window and opening it to wave at his parents out on the platform. Once they’d waved back at him, he pulled his head back in and closed the window, settling in for the long train ride to Hogwarts.

It was about a minute to ten when the doors to his compartment flew open dramatically. “Oy, James,” said the tall, elegant raven haired boy, “this one’s mostly empty. You mind if we join you?”

It took Remus a second to realize that the boy had addressed the question at him. “No, that’s fine,” he replied. “I’m Remus, by the way.”

“Sirius,” said the boy, reaching out into the corridor and pulling a second, black-haired boy, this one with oval-shaped glasses, into the compartment. “This is James.”

“Hey, mate,” said the boy, hazel eyes narrowing in on Remus. “Do I know you? You look familiar.”

There’s something in the air you can’t deny

Remus cocked his head to the side thoughtfully. “You do look awfully familiar,” he admitted, “but I’ve been living out in the country with my parents for years.”

“What’s your surname?” James asked, too curious to let the subject just drop.

“Lupin,” he said. “Remus Lupin.”

“Lupin…” James trailed off, eyes suddenly widening in recognition. “My Mum’s a Lupin!”

“Oh?” said Remus. “Dad mention a couple times that he has a sister Joan—”

“That’s my Mum!” exclaimed James excitedly. “Joan Lupin Potter—that means we’re cousins!”

“I guess so,” said Remus, smiling slightly.

The exuberant boy plopped himself down next to the taller boy and threw his arm around his shoulders. “This is gonna be great, Remus!” he said. “You, me, and Sirius together at Hogwarts; think of all the trouble we can cause!”
“We barely know each other,” said Remus quizzically.

“Minor details,” said Sirius, waving him off and lounging elegantly on the seat across from them.

So let me know before I wave goodbye

“You boys got room for one more?” The girl who stood in the open door of the compartment was even taller than Remus, with dark brown curls that fell down to the middle of her back and golden, honey-brown skin. The three boys stared at her in bemusement. “Well? Are you all mute or something?” she asked, some strange lilt (Italian, Remus thought) coloring her accent.

“O-of course,” stuttered Remus while James just gaped at her.

Sirius rolled his stormy grey eyes and lowered his long legs to the floor. “You can sit with me,” he said dryly. “These two apparently are incapable of forming complete sentences at the moment. You’d think they’d never talked to a girl before. I’m Sirius Black, by the way.”

“Jessica Martini,” said the girl, sitting regally beside him, “but everyone calls me Jessi.”

As the boys and Jessi slowly fell into comfortable conversation Remus couldn’t help but smile. Aslan and his mother had been right; there were friends to be made at Hogwarts. James reminded him of Lucy with his vibrant personality and friendly nature. Jessi was a bit like Peter, with a regal bearing and quiet strength. Sirius…Sirius was dark like Edmund, with a hidden kindness underneath the stormy façade. Yes, Remus was sure he’d found the friends that he was meant to have all along. Hogwarts was going to be a most excellent adventure indeed.

When can I see you again?

Chapter End Notes

AN: The Remus and James being cousins thing is something that's been part of my head-cannon since I first started writing HP fanfics waaaay back in, like, the early 2000s. Sorry if it's weird to you, but it's something I just can't tear myself away from now, it's such a part of my character back-stories.

AN2: Jessi Martini is one of my favorite HP OCs, one of the Marauders' and Lily's best friends from Hogwarts and Remus’ best friend (besides Sirius). In my head, they met on the train either before or right after he meets the other Marauders. I usually do before, so I thought I'd experiment with after. No, she is not a replacement for Peter. Yes, I hate Peter too, but he was good once and an important part of the Marauders. I don't see the point of denying that or pretending that he doesn't exist; that just really annoys me.

Comments & kudos are always appreciated! (Flames are not.)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!