

## Out of the Blue

### Chapter 9 – Whomping Willow.

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RATING: PG-13 (T) to R (M).

TIMELINE: Takes place after season two in BTVS, and during the marauders last year at Hogwarts.

SUMMARY: BTVS/HP crossover. Life had never been kind to Buffy Summers, and she thought she had earned a break. Boy, was she wrong. Stuck in another dimension, with no way back, Buffy must learn to leave her past behind her, and look to the future: New friends, new enemies and new relationships is just the beginning of what will prove to be the longest journey and perhaps the biggest trial of her life.

CENTRAL PAIRING: Buffy/Remus

OTHER PAIRINGS: James/Lily, Sirius/OC

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Buffy watched nervously as the last of the students on the pitch left. The tryouts were officially over, and she nervously dried her suddenly sweaty hands of on her jeans.

James was talking to the rest of his team, watching as they either nodded or shook their heads. Then, suddenly, he turned around and waved for Buffy to come up.

"Everyone, this is Buffy Summers," he said, and Buffy waved shyly. "Buffy, this is my current team – Michaela Duncan, Chaser, Sam Bryant and Nick Vandom, Beaters, and Amanda Lorne, Seeker."

"Hi," Amanda smiled kindly, then turned back to James. "So we are agreed then?" She asked. "Morgan is to be the new Keeper?"

"Yep," James nodded in affirmation. "He was the best out there. As for reserve Beater, I think Rory Rogers did quite well."

"I agree," Nick Vandom said, and Sam Bryant nodded in agreement.

"As for Chaser," Michaela said, "I think Ryan Samuelson was very good. He has improved a lot since last year."

"Yes, he has," James said. "He has a spot, but whether that's on the reserve team or the ordinary team will depend on Buffy here." He grinned. "Of course, if you let me down completely, Buff, I'll have to put Davies on the reserve team."

The rest of the group groaned.

"Please, spare us that pain and make us drop our jaws," Sam Bryant joked, falling down on his knees in front of Buffy, pretending to kiss her shoes. Buffy could only stare in bemusement, some of her nervousness fading.

"Oh, get up," Amanda rolled her eyes, hitting the six year on the head with the twigged end of her broom.

The rest of the broom snickered, and James clasped his hands together.

"Alright, Buffy, first, I'll teach you the basics of flying, and once you've got that down, I'll put you up in the air with me and Micha, to check whether you can pass the Quaffle and cooperate. And, then, I'll let you score – first, without someone guarding the hoops, and then with – Nick, you'll have to play keeper."

"Sure thing."

"Okay, mount your broom – the end with the twigs behind you," James told Buffy with a smirk. The Slayer stuck out her tongue at him.

"I got that, thanks," Buffy muttered, doing as she was told, feeling the agitation creep up again – along with silliness. She felt very awkward, with a wooden stick between her legs...

"Usually," James said, "when you first start riding a broom, you put it on the ground, hold your hand over it, and say 'up.' But that's for beginners only...the way I show you now is the way pro's handle it..."

Buffy felt her face start to flush. Why did all her thoughts and James comments feel like metaphors for...something completely different from Quidditch? Her hands gripped the handle tighter, and beside her, she saw James mount his own broom.

"...And, kick off!" James said cheerily, and Buffy watched as James rose from the ground a few inches. "To go upwards, you point your handle up," he instructed. "To go down, you point it downwards. To quicken the pace, lean forwards, and to slow down, backwards. It's easy," he said. "You'll get the hang of it in no time!"

Buffy nervously pushed off from the ground, yelping slightly as she felt the broom start to move beneath her.

"Try not to be too anxious," James added, flying down so he was hovering beside her. "The broom can feel that."

Buffy glared, not really feeling the slightest bit reassured. She was all too aware she was rising in a steady pace...

"Let's go a little quicker, shall we?" James said, grinning, pointing his handle upwards and leaning forwards, and Buffy gasped as he shot up into the open sky like a bullet. "Don't you dare leave me like this all alone!" She shouted, following his movements, and going up after him until she was once again at his height.

James' grin widened, and he let go of the broom, putting his hands behind his head. "Look down," he instructed and Buffy rolled her eyes, looked down – and almost fell of in surprise as she realised the pitch and the rest of the team were barely visible.

"So," James said, smugness and self-satisfaction clearly visible in his voice. "I think you've got this flying thing down pat. Race you!" He added, leaning forwards and shooting off into the distance. Buffy's eyes narrowed and she did the same, her stomach

lurching – but not in an uncomfortable way – as she speeded up. Soon, the two were flying side by side – Buffy, as fast as her broom allowed, James a little slower, as his broom were of a better quality. “You’re a natural this far,” James said, giving Buffy a look out of the corner of his eye. “How are you at diving?”

Buffy didn’t have a chance to answer as James suddenly directed his broom towards the ground, and her eyes grew round as she watched the messy-haired boy disappear below the clouds, in a speed that must be quicker than lightning.

“Are you trying to kill yourself?” She yelled, leaning downwards, looking around desperately after James. She didn’t realise how quick she was coming close to the ground, until she saw the rest of the Quidditch-team staring at her in fear. Buffy’s eyes widened, and she quickly leaned backwards, directing the handle slightly up...

...She felt her feet touch the ground...she stumbled slightly. But she was alright. She had landed with barely no trouble at all. She stared dumbly at the broom still in her hands, still between her legs. And then, she suddenly saw James’ face, in front of her own...upside down?

“Hey, Buff,” he said, doing several loops in front of her, that smug grin still on his face. “Told you you’d be a natural.”

Buffy glared.

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Buffy was sitting on a chair beside Remus’ bed in the hospital wing, her broom on the floor in front of her, and her head between her knees. The werewolf gave her a look mixed with amusement and confusion: When Buffy had come in, the first thing she’d done was sit down, in the exact position she was in now, not saying a word.

“So...from the look of things, I suppose you’ve been out flying?” Remus finally asked to break the silence. “Have you been trying out for the Quidditch team?” He only got a mixture between a grunt and a moan in answer.

“Did it...go well?” Remus added, taking Buffy’s noise that followed as a yes. Buffy sighed, finally looking up.

“I suppose. I mean, the flying went great, the scoring went great and the team is great.”

“...But?” Remus prompted.

Buffy sat up straight, and her eyes seemed to be shooting lightning. “James Potter is the most aggravating and obnoxious person on the planet!”

Remus’ lips twitched.

“I can understand why Lily doesn’t like him!” Buffy ranted, standing up, and pacing around the room, her arms making wild gestures. “He’s so full of himself and so-so...gah! I don’t even have words for it! He’s...he’s...He’s like a...SLYTHERIN in disguise!”

Remus simply let an eyebrow raise.

“...Doing all sorts of awful, suicidal things to make me worry and do the same! That’s...that’s...sly! And *deceptive!* And...and - ”

“ – A dangerous, but brilliant way of teaching you to fly?” Remus finished for her, calmly.

Buffy paused, frowning, and she sat back down on the chair with her arms crossed, pouting slightly. "Yes," she said. "But you could have let me rant a bit longer."

Remus sniggered.

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Buffy frowned deeply, staring at the moving picture in her transfiguration book, which was showing the reader how to transfigure a matchstick into a needle and back again. She had already tried to imitate the movements several times, but it wasn't going too well.

"I so need help," she muttered, throwing her head back in frustration.

"I know something that will cheer you right up," James said, throwing himself down in the sofa beside her.

"Yeah?" Buffy asked, staring at her wand in despair. "And what's that?"

"Remus is being released from the hospital wing today, so you can have your tutor back."

Buffy sat up a bit straighter. "Really?" She exclaimed, feeling a smile appear on her face.

"Yep. Though you should ask Sirius for help too – he has a free period at the same time you do as well."

Buffy winced slightly. "I don't think so," she said. "I don't think he likes me very well," she muttered.

James frowned. "Oh. Is it because of what he said the other day? About you belonging in Azkaban?" James added. "He didn't mean that – he was just upset – we all were – but Sirius tends to be rather hot tempered."

Buffy sighed. "No, it's not that." She licked her lips nervously. "Well, it is that, but there are other things too." She forced out a smile. "Don't worry about it."

James frown deepened. "If you say so," he said uncertainly. "Anyway." He pulled up a piece of paper from his jeans pocket and threw it to her. "I've got the result from the Quidditch-trials here."

Buffy caught the paper, staring in disbelief at the results. "Are you serious?" She asked.

James smirked. "No, but my best friend is."

Buffy didn't even bother to comment on the pun, and instead leaned heavily backwards, sinking down into the soft couch material, still in shock. She couldn't believe it. But there it was, black on white, clear as day: *Buffy Summers – Chaser, 1<sup>st</sup> line-up.*

"I made the team?" She whispered.

James smirked, not able to resist mussing up his hair. "Yep."

Buffy took a deep breath. "I can't accept the position."

James smirk fell. "What?!" He exclaimed, standing up.

"I'm sorry," she said, miserably. "But it wouldn't be right."

"What do you mean, not right?" James said, starting to wave his hands around, pacing the common room. "You've earned it, fair and square!"

"But I didn't! Not really," Buffy said, burying her face in her hands. "It wouldn't be right to those who have practiced long and hard to get the position, while I just show up out of nowhere and steals it from under their noses!"

James hazel eyes blazed in anger. "That's not true! You got the position because you were the best!"

"Because I'm talented!"

"And is that wrong?" James scoffed. "I'm talented! Hell, that's how I got on the team!"

Buffy let out a sound of frustration, before taking a deep breath, and grabbing James hands in hers, staring into his eyes.

"What I'm trying to say is, I don't think I'm ready for the responsibility, James. If I was, I wouldn't be standing here, trying to give my position up." She smiled softly. "I'm just not prepared to sacrifice everything to be playing. I know what the game means to you, and to have a member on the team who doesn't really want to be there, it wouldn't be fair. And besides," she added wryly, "I think I need to put all energy on my school work if I plan to pass even *one* subject."

James frowned, letting go of her hands and starting to pace again. "Alright," he said. "I see your point. And I *was* kind of worried about how you would split your time between Quidditch and homework...*But*," he added, "I will place you on the reserve team. You don't have to come to practices regulary. Just show up whenever you get the time."

Buffy smiled. "Thank you."

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Two days later, during another one of her free periods, Buffy was pouring over some books about Defence Against the Dark Arts in the library, when a shadow fell over her, and she looked up in surprise.

"Need help?"

"Sirius! You startled me."

"Sorry." He pulled out a chair, sitting down opposite her.

"I forgot you shared this free period with me," Buffy said, lowering her eyes down to the DADA-book again.

"Is it anything interesting?" Sirius asked, nodding towards the book.

Buffy grimaced. "Not really. It's about Cornish Pixies."

Sirius snorted. "Oh, I remember when we had to face those. Our teacher just told us the spell to freeze them, but didn't let us practice it before hand... The classroom was in chaos afterwards. It took forever to clean up."

They both chuckled awkwardly.

"I heard you turned down the Chaser-position," Sirius said, breaking the silence.

Buffy nodded, not looking up. "Yeah."

Sirius took a deep breath. "I hope it wasn't because of what I said," he mumbled, fingering his red- and gold-striped tie nervously.

Buffy smiled. "It wasn't, don't worry." She shrugged. "But you were right. I wasn't ready to pour my soul into Quidditch. And," she gestured towards the book. "I *do* need all the time I can get to study. You opened my eyes to reality. Thanks."

Another awkward silence fell around the table.

"The reason I came here," Sirius began hesitantly, breaking the quiet again, "was to apologize. I know I haven't been...the nicest of people."

"You don't have to," Buffy said hurriedly, closing the book. "I understand."

"No, you don't," Sirius said, frustratingly. "I – what I said about you trying to kill Remus and stuff – I know you couldn't have helped it. I know it wasn't your fault. I was wrong; I was out of line, and I'm sorry. I'm sorry about everything. But I want you to know *why* I reacted the way I did."

He fell silent again, squirming a bit on the chair uncomfortably.

"I'm sensing a story, here?" Buffy prompted gently.

"You're right," Sirius mumbled. "There *is* a story. I just need to find the right words..." He frowned.

"It was in sixth year," he said, finally.

### **Flashback**

*"He's following us. Again," Sirius muttered angrily, casting a look over his shoulder, glaring at the greasy-haired Slytherin who was walking behind them, smirking, and taking in their every move.*

*"Just ignore him, Sirius," Remus muttered, rubbing his arms as if he was freezing.*

*"Why can't he just mind his own business!" Sirius continued, rambling. "I mean, doesn't he have anything better to do? Like WASH HIS HAIR," he said loudly, once again turning to look at Snape, whose smirk quickly died.*

*James and Peter snickered.*

*"Sirius, please," Remus sighed. "Just let it go."*

*"No, I won't!" Sirius exclaimed, lowering his voice. "If we let him continue, there's only a matter of time before he finds out about you-know-what."*

*"Oh, stop worrying, Padfoot," James said, clapping him on the back. "There's no way Snivellus will figure out Remus furry-little-problem."*

*"Well...we did," Peter said, glancing backwards worriedly. "And...he is kind of bright."*

*James and Sirius froze in their steps.*

*"You did not – I repeat – did not – just compliment the big-nosed git's intelligence, did you, Wormtail?" Sirius said, voice dangerously low.*

*Peter squeaked. "N-no, of course not. But he does always score awfully high on Potion-tests and stuff..."*

*James snorted. "Lily scores higher," he said, dismissing him. "And talking about Lily, did you see her in Charms earlier? She was brilliant." He stared dreamily ahead, and the others groaned.*

*"Not again," Sirius muttered. "You've already mentioned it four times!"*

*"So?"*

*"You need a psychic evaluation, Prongs," Sirius said, shaking his head. "Before you're beyond all salvation."*

*"I fear it's already too late," Remus said dryly.*

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*Sirius gritted his teeth in frustration, before casting a glance out the window. James had already left, wanting to ask Lily out one more time before moonrise. Peter was in the kitchen, stuffing himself full with snacks, and Remus had left for the hospital wing early. Which left Sirius alone. Stuck with the stalker. He finally spun around.*

*"Can't you just go off yourself?" Sirius snapped.*

*Snape smirked, crossing his arms and leaning against the corridor-wall arrogantly. "That would make your day, wouldn't it, Black?" He questioned. "And there's your answer: No, I won't. Merlin forbid I do something that would make you happy."*

*"Just leave me alone!" Sirius exploded. "I am so tired of you following us around, like a lost puppy! It's kind of pathetic, actually."*

*Snape smirk widened into a smug, full blown grin. "I will," he said to Sirius surprise. "If you tell me where Lupin disappears to every month."*

*"In your dreams," Sirius hissed, clenching his fists.*

*"Well," Snape said. "Then I suppose you will have the pleasure of my company for a lot longer."*

*Sirius finally lost it. He was so tired of Snape following them around! The marauders hadn't been able to play real pranks in forever, because he was always there, watching! They had to be careful about what they said, because he might be there, listening! No, Snape had to be brought down, before he drove them all to insanity!*

*"You want to know where Remus disappears to?" Sirius snapped. "Fine! Go to the Whomping Willow after moonrise, and push the knot on the tree trunk. I'm sure you'll be surprised."*

*Snape looked taken aback. "Are you out of your mind, Black? Approaching that tree is suicidal!"*

*Sirius shrugged, disappearing down the corridor. "Well, you wanted know, didn't you. And besides," he added under his breath. "It won't be the tree that finally rids us of your sorry arse."*

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*"You're looking pleased," Peter noted as Sirius entered the common room.*

*"I am," Sirius said, throwing himself down in one of the armchairs in the room. "I finally took care of our problem."*

*"Oh, yeah?" James asked, absently, holding up his invisibility cloak and the marauder's map. "Are you talking about Snape? You'll have to tell us all about it on the way to Moony."*

*"Nah," Sirius shrugged. "I think we ought to stay here tonight, Prongs. We wouldn't want to get in the way of things."*

*James' eyes narrowed. "What do you mean? What things?"*

*Sirius suddenly became very interested in his nails, pretending to inspect them thoroughly. "Oh, you know. Things."*

*"No, I don't know," James said, suddenly wary. "What did you do?"*

*"Oh, nothing much," Sirius quipped. "I just told Snivellus how to get pass the Whomping Willow."*

*Peter's jaw dropped, and James eyes widened. "What?" He hissed.*

*"Yeah, I know!" Sirius chuckled. "Isn't it brilliant? The best prank ever! Ought to give ol' Snapey quite the scare! I can't imagine he'll ever bother us after this!"*

*James spluttered incoherently. "Are you mad?!" He finally got out, and Sirius looked at him, surprised at his angry tone.*

*"Why are you so upset, Prongs?"*

*James grew red. "Upset?" He hissed. "Upset?! I'm way beyond upset! Do you have any idea what you just did?!"*

*"Yeah," Sirius said slowly. "I got rid of a problem."*

*"No," James said, shaking his head. "You just sent Snape to his death! Or worse! And either way, it will be Remus' who'll pay for it!"*

*Sirius blinked. "Huh?"*

*"What do you think will happen when Snape stands face to face with a fully-grown werewolf?" James snarled. "Moony will either kill him, or turn him! And, come morning, Remus will be the one facing the consequences of a crime you made him do! He'll be executed, Sirius!"*

*Sirius paled. "Prongs, I swear, I didn't mean it...I-I wasn't thinking..."*

*"That much is obvious. Peter, watch him, and alert Dumbledore to what's happening," James said, turning around and starting to walk towards the portrait hole.*

*"Where are you going?" Sirius said weakly.*

*"Someone has to save Snape's sorry arse," James snapped. "And I doubt it will be you!"*

***End Flashback***

"...Dumbledore made Snape swear not to tell anyone. I lost Gryffindor all points, though James earned most of them back immediately for rescuing Snape. I got detention everyday for the rest of the year, lost the respect of all my professors, and the trust from my friends. Remus wouldn't even look at me, let alone speak with me, for weeks," Sirius finished. "So you see? I'm still feeling guilty from the...incident. I couldn't bare it if anything happened to him. That's why I'm kind of...overprotective. I almost got Remus killed, because of my stupidity. What happened, in the forest, between you and Moony...it reminded me of my own mistake and I took it out on you. I'm sorry."

Buffy smiled. "I understand." She held out her hand hesitantly. "Friends?"

Sirius grinned. "Friends."

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