

# Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 3: Saturday

Sirius snuggled closer to the warm form next to him. It was so nice and comfy. He could get used to it. He should get Remus to share a bed more often. He really should.

But this wasn't Remus. Sirius' eyes flew open in shock when the realization hit him. He glanced down at the girl in his arms, confirming his suspicions. How the hell was he going to face her when he got back? It would be so awkward. Unless she had forgotten. Hopefully she had. After all, more than twenty years had passed.

Sirius tried to untangle himself from Minerva's unconscious form but she shifted closer to him in her sleep every time he tried to move away. Obviously, she enjoyed the warmth of another person as much as he did, if not more.

Sirius sighed and decided to let it be. If she accused him of something, he would remind her that it had been her idea to share the bed in the first place.

He closed his eyes again in an attempt to return to sleep but two of Minerva's room-mates started yelling at each other. He cursed the curtains around the bed from only keeping the sounds from leaving the enclosed space and not from preventing it from entering.

Looking at Minerva, who was obviously a heavy sleeper, he understood the reason for that. She simply didn't need it. Sirius wondered if that had changed over the time. He knew for a fact that a light knock in the middle of the night at her door would get an immediate response. What he didn't know was if the knock woke her up or she simply went to bed late.

Thinking about what he had learned about her since he ended up in the past, probably the latter. Even though... No, she probably barely slept at all in his time as it seemed. Sirius watched the girl in his arms as she slept, musing about what a war did to people. How it changed them.

Minerva mumbled something in her sleep and snuggled closer to Sirius. A soft smile appeared on his face and he stroked her back subconsciously. This Minerva was so innocent. She had not killed. She had not burned. She was still just a school girl. Not a soldier. Sirius' heart ached for the girl in his arms. For the woman she would become. But at least, she had a youth of freedom. A few years without the darkness looming

behind every corner. He knew more than enough people who weren't that lucky.

Sirius closed his eyes and pulled Minerva closer. He should get back to sleep. She was lying on top of him for the better part at this point but he didn't care. He would deal with awkward later.

And why the hell would it be awkward anyway? He had shared a bed with more than one of his friends before. She was a friend as well. It was the same as sharing a bed with Remus. No big deal.

With that thought, Sirius drifted back to sleep again.

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The second time Sirius woke up to Minerva trying to untangle herself from him. He had his hands and a leg around her while she had been hugging him, a leg between his.

"Good Morning," she grinned at him sheepishly. "I am sorry for waking you."  
"It's fine," Sirius smiled before yawning.

Minerva relaxed at that and lay back down, not bothering to separate them anymore. She had been anxious since she woke him up and not because of the cuddling as it seemed. She looked up at him expectantly.

"What?" he asked in confusion. He wasn't fully awake yet.

"You are ridiculously warm," she said and cuddled back against him.

Sirius didn't know what to say. Minerva had no shame as it seemed. He thanked the heavens silently for that. He put his arm back around her and closed his eyes, a wide grin on his face. This was way better than awkward.

"So, what's the plan for today?" he asked as he shifted to lie on his back.

Minerva moved as well, placing her head on his chest. "Well, it's Saturday. There are no lessons so we can spend it planning. But before that, I'll get something to eat for both of us," she gave him a pointed look. She had forgotten about sneaking into the kitchens the previous night and he hadn't said anything about that. In her opinion, he was already too thin and she certainly wouldn't allow him to starve himself as long as he was in her care. Especially as she enjoyed having him around. She was actually really comfortable in his presence even though she barely knew him for some reason. They simply clicked. The cuddling was proof of that.

"Sounds good," Sirius replied lazily. "Even though no lessons mean I can't leave the bed," he added with annoyance.

"You'll survive," Minerva sat up and stretched. "But I'm going to the kitchens now. I'm starving."

"I am not so sure about that," Sirius muttered.

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Minerva brought back a huge pile of food, pumpkin juice and even hot chocolate. The house elves liked her enough to supply a few cakes to go with the meal.

Sirius couldn't believe his eyes when she unloaded the food on the bed between them. He had never managed to get so much. "How?" he asked.

Minerva shrugged at that. "I'm nice to them."

Sirius tilted his head. "But-"

Minerva showed a piece of bread into his mouth to shut him up. "Don't dwell on it and eat," she commanded.

Sirius rolled his eyes but stopped questioning her persuasion methods of house-elves. Instead, he asked her more about Abigail and Dorian. They had a mission after all.

After several hours of plotting they agreed to pull the thing off on Wednesday morning, leaving themselves three days to prepare everything. By then they would have found a way to get Sirius back home, they hoped.

"Do you think time passes as I am here?" Sirius asked suddenly. "Like I miss a few days in my time?"

Minerva didn't respond immediately, obviously thinking about the matter. "I have no idea," she said finally. "I have never heard about a similar device before."

"To be honest, I am just glad that it isn't a time-turner," Sirius admitted.

"Why?" Minerva inquired, leaning forward. She did that when she was really curious, Sirius had found out. It wasn't that hard to see, as she did it all the time, but he was quite proud of himself of knowing it after such a short time.

"Because time-turners can only bring you into the past," Sirius sighed.

"And you would be stuck here forever," Minerva finished his line of thought. She grasped his hand and squeezed it, giving him a reassuring smile when he looked up at her. "I am sure my older self would have told you something if we didn't manage to get you back home. She would know, wouldn't she?"

"Are you suggesting that this happened in my time-line?" Sirius cracked an eyebrow, contemplating the idea.

Minerva nodded. "A time-turner would change the events of the future by altering the events in the past, getting you stuck here because you eradicated your future self if you change the events too drastically. If not, you simply catch up with your normal time-line. But as there is a twenty year difference, that would not be possible."

"And as we assume that we are indeed not dealing with a time-turner as the pendant

worked as some sort of portkey as well, we can draw the conclusion that the device doesn't work like a time-turner would in any other aspect," Sirius summed up.

"Correct," Minerva grinned at him. "But think about it. Is there anything my future self did that suggests that she knew you? That you were here?"

Sirius fell silent again. He closed his eyes and professor Minerva's sad smile appeared in front of his inner eye. He opened his eyes again and sighed. "Yes," he said. "But at the same time, it doesn't give us any answers. To the contrary. But I don't want to further elaborate that."

Minerva shot him a funny look but didn't question. She had learned already that Sirius was stubborn as a mule and questioning him on something he didn't want to explain had no use.

"I have to pee," Sirius announced suddenly and Minerva made a face.

"You didn't have to tell me that," she said.

"I did," he retorted with a grin. "After all, you would ask what I was doing if I tried to leave the bed."

Minerva rolled her eyes but didn't argue. He was right.

He left the bed and Minerva pushed the curtains a bit away so he could return as the charm prevented people other than her to open them if they were drawn shut.

She played with her quill, thinking about Sirius and the whole situation for several minutes when two loud shrieks brought her back into reality.

Leandra, another one of her room-mates was standing face-to-face with a half-naked Sirius. Minerva ignored the fact that Sirius was able to reach the same heights with his voice as her dear friend and grabbed her wand. She left the bed and set up the friendliest smile she could muster at that moment.

"What's wrong?" she asked as innocently as possible.

"Don't you see?" Leandra pointed at Sirius who was standing there, his arms crossed over his chest and a grin on his face.

Minerva rolled her eyes, but a plan formed in her head. "I do. And I like what I see," she replied and Sirius' grin widened at that. Minerva stalked over to him and gave Leandra her sweetest smile. "This is Sirius, my boyfriend," she gave him a pointed look, "is on his way into my bed." She slapped him lightly on his ass and he winked at her before obediently walking towards the bed and pulling the curtains around it close after settling on it.

Minerva used the split second Leandra spent ogling Sirius' ass and drew her wand. A quick obliviate later and Leandra had forgotten all about the encounter.

She blinked a few times before asking Minerva if she knew what she had come up for. Minerva shrugged in response and walked towards her bed, wand still in hand. She waited till she was sure Leandra wasn't looking and climbed onto her bed.

As soon as she drew the curtains close, she put her face into her hands and groaned. That had been so weird. And she had obliterated a friend!

She peeked at Sirius through her fingers. He was watching her intently, his legs crossed and worry on his face.

"Are you fine?" he asked.

"Yeah. That had been just so awkward!" she replied. "And I really hope that I didn't fuck up the obliteration. I would hate myself if something went wrong and I messed up her brain."

Sirius patted her knee. "You are an exceptional witch. I am sure you performed the spell perfectly."

Minerva smiled at that. "Thanks."

He winked at her again. "Do you really think I look good?" he teased in an attempt to cheer her up.

She rolled her eyes but laughed nevertheless. "Who wouldn't, brightest of all stars?" she replied theatrically.

Sirius snickered and poked Minerva's side with a finger, making her squeak. He laughed even harder at that and when Minerva returned the action a tickling-war broke off. They laughed and rolled around in bed playfully attacking each other and laughed even more until they were out of breath. Minerva was in Sirius' arms as he held her wrists in an attempt to stop her from tickling her any further and they were grinning at each other.

"That was fun," Sirius smirked and let her wrists go but Minerva didn't move away. She rather liked cuddling and Sirius was quite a good cuddling partner. She would miss it when he got back. "It was," she agreed softly.

They lied like that in silence for a while, both deep in thought. There were enough things on their respective minds: plans and troubles, hopes and fears. But mostly there were questions that needed answers.

Minerva sat up abruptly, startling Sirius.

"What's wrong?" he asked in confusion and sat up as well.

"I should go to dinner," Minerva replied. "I don't want anybody to ask questions. I'll bring you something when I get back. Is that okay?"

Sirius nodded, still dumbfounded. As it seemed, Minerva had a habit of acting out of the blue and without any warning.

He watched her leave before he allowed himself to fall back into the mattress and go back to his thoughts.

Professor Minerva's smile and the hidden meaning behind it was making his head ache. He wanted, no, he needed, to know what it meant. Was it there before they became such good friends while he stayed here and she simply missed it? Missed him? Or was he going to stay and she was smiling at him like that because she knew and there was no way of changing it? Was he going to die before he even went to Hogwarts? There were so many possibilities. Sirius groaned and pulled a pillow over his face just like he had the previous day. Somehow, it was comforting.

In the meanwhile, Minerva walked down the many flights of stairs. Dinner was over long ago but she hadn't realized it until she had left the room. Not that she really cared. She could always get some food from the kitchens.

She had simply needed to get out. She didn't even know why. Sure, she wasn't the biggest people's person to ever exist, but she was fine most of the time if she had enough time to herself. And as Sirius was one of the few people she was fine with for long periods of time, her own need to flee was confusing her to no end.

The more she thought about it, the more she believed that the thoughts were the thing she fled from. Would they manage to get Sirius back? What would happen if they didn't? What would happen if they would?

She shook her head and turned around the corner to the hallway with the painting that hid the entrance to the kitchens.

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When Minerva pushed her head through the curtains around her bed, she almost dropped her bag at the sight of Sirius. He was standing on his head.

"What the hell are you doing?" She asked reluctantly as she climbed on the other side of the bed. She wasn't sure if she wanted to know.

"Thinking," Sirius replied as he lowered himself down and sat up.

Minerva didn't say anything to that and started fishing out the food out of her bag.

"I missed dinner," Minerva explained with annoyance as she continued to unpack. "Didn't look at the time when I left. A few people in the common room asked if everything was alright with me missing all of the meals today. One even asked if I was pregnant and if there would be tryouts for the quidditch team tomorrow instead of practice to fill my position."

Sirius snickered. He had heard about her legendary quidditch skills before. "And, are

you pregnant?"

Minerva smacked him, but there was a grin on her face. "Not funny," she said. "As if I would allow anything to get in my way when kicking Slytherin's ass is concerned."

Sirius laughed wholeheartedly. "Can I come and watch the practice tomorrow?" he asked. "A dog shouldn't rise any suspicion."

"A dog would rise suspicion especially when he looks exactly like the grim." Minerva replied. "But you can come," she added with resignation as he made puppy-eyes at her.

Sirius leaned back with a pleased smirk and Minerva hoped she had learned to resist the look in the years to come. She still had no idea how they were linked to each other in the future, but having such a weakness could not be beneficial in any way.

"We should get an early start and finish early so you can rest and don't fall off your broom," Sirius said as he took a sandwich. He looked up at her and when he saw that she wanted to retort he shook his head. "I am not joking. I'm not going to be responsible for you injuring yourself." After a short pause he added in a lighter tone, "After all, who would take care of me?" before winking at her once again.

Minerva rolled her eyes as always but smiled nevertheless as she took a sandwich herself. "Than hurry up and eat," she said before tucking in.

After dinner, Sirius turned into a dog once again and Minerva cast the same disillusionment charm on him that she had used the previous night. They left the dormitory and walked down the stairs and into the common room. This time, they didn't play any prank and went straight for the hole leading out of the Gryffindor common room. Nobody paid them any attention and they safely left. They raced to the library and Sirius rubbed his win under Minerva's nose.

She had smacked him with a book when he interrupted her reading for the twelfth time – she had been counting – before she reminded him why they were there.

He told her that he was going to stay until Wednesday anyway and that they would finish the restricted section by then.

She had rolled her eyes at that and didn't reply as she went back to read. This time the silence that settled over them wasn't comfortable as it had been until that point. No, it was heavy. Loaded.

They knew that they would have an answer in four days time and since they still believed that they would manage to get Sirius back, the realization that they had only four days in each others company if everything went right was hard to swallow.

They had so much fun together even with the troublesome task hanging over their heads it was ridiculous. They clicked. That was what Minerva thought again and again. She hadn't met a person she felt so comfortable with before. It was unsettling. The

notion that he would leave her after less than a week was disturbingly unsettling for her.

Sirius on the other hand had James. He had experienced the same thing with both James and this young Minerva. He still loved his other friends and especially Remus and Peter dearly, but they hadn't become close friends the moment they met. That was exactly what had happened with James and somehow with Minerva if one ignored the first five minutes they had both been suspicious.

Sirius sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He knew how much he hated being separated from the other Marauders and especially James and asked himself how it would be to not see this Minerva again, how it would feel to face Professor McGonagall. Suddenly everything clicked into place and he understood for the first time the secret of the sad smiles.

Sirius blinked. He looked over at Minerva who was frowning at a book as if it was the first time he saw her. The dark hair, the scowl, the pale skin and the lean muscular figure clad in the school uniform.

Sirius had to stop himself from laughing out loud. This was ridiculous. If he broke it down like this, he was looking at a female version of James, only without the glasses and with way more sass. He closed the book he had been reading and stared at her in awe. That was unexpected.

He was his teachers best friend. Or somebody who had had the potential to become it if everything was different. He snorted. Fate had a cruel sense of humour. It had showed them both what could be while telling them that it was their duty to walk away from it. It wasn't fair.

Sirius stood up from where he had been sitting on the floor and put the book away before he walked over to Minerva and put a hand on her arm.

She looked up at him questioningly.

"You don't have to help me," he said. "No-, listen," he continued when she opened her mouth to say something. "I have been here for two days. Of those two days, we spend most of the time together and I feel myself growing attached," Sirius confessed. "I don't know how exactly you feel, but I don't want to make this whole thing unnecessary hard on you. I hope this makes sense," he sighed before smiling at her weakly.

Minerva stared at him, her mouth agape for what felt like eternity before bursting out in laughter.

"Look," she said after finally calming down, "the feeling is mutual and unfortunately for you, it gives me even more reason to help you out. You can protest all you like but I am not going to change my mind. Besides: I will see you again, no matter what, right?" she gave him the brightest smile and Sirius pulled her up into a tight hug.



A thousand thoughts swirled through his head but he didn't feel like voicing any of them. Instead he went with what felt right and whispered "Thank you" in Minerva's ear.

He let her go after that and they returned to work for another hour or two until Minerva decided to call it at night and they headed back to the Gryffindor tower.