

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 4: Sunday

"Wake up," Minerva shook Sirius softly.

He blinked at her in confusion. "What's going on?" he asked, his voice husky from the sleep. Her face was just above his and in his half-asleep state he rose a hand and tucked a strand of hair that had fallen into her face behind her ear and let his hand rest at her cheek. They stared at each other for several long moments before Minerva cleared her throat awkwardly and pulled away.

"The quidditch training," she said. "You wanted to watch."

Sirius sat up and stretched himself. "Yeah, right. But isn't it a bit early for that?" he asked.

Minerva sighed. "You need to eat some breakfast and get out so I woke you up an hour early. I've eaten already."

Just then, Sirius noticed that she was wearing her quidditch uniform instead of her sleeping clothes. She grinned at him and started pulling food out of her bag.

"Eat up," Minerva ordered and leaned back.

"How can you be so... awake this early in the morning?" Sirius asked before he yawned.

Minerva smirked and pulled a small vial out of her robes and hold it in front of him. "Being good at potions brings quite a few advantages."

Sirius laughed at that and took the offered vial. He drank it in one go and sighed happily. "Much better than coffee," he said and took a scone.

"I know."

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Outside, Sirius ran.

Minerva watched the huge black dog chase a bird and roll around in the grass with delight. It was obvious that Sirius missed being outside even though he had been

hiding only for a couple of days.

Seeing him like this, Minerva thought that his animagus form fitted Sirius perfectly. He really was a big puppy – in both his human and his animal form.

She smiled and followed him down to the quidditch pitch, her broom slung over her shoulder.

"Come here," she called at Sirius when she reached the stands and he ran over to her immediately.

"Good boy," she said and scratched Sirius behind the ears. It was an odd thing to do considering it was her friend, but the fur looked just too soft and Sirius didn't mind and even enjoyed it, judging by the huge dog grin he was giving her.

When she heard voices coming towards them, Minerva pulled out her wand and put a disillusionment charm on Sirius once again. She had used it to get them out of Hogwarts but had lifted it as soon as they got outside. She didn't want to lose sight of Sirius and since there was nobody outside at such an early hour there had been no risk. That's what she had been telling herself at least.

As soon as the charm was done, Minerva turned around and walked towards her team, a bright smile on her lips.

"Morning," she shouted at the group and laughed at the various responses. As she was known to get to the pitch early at all times there were no questions about her being there already.

Instead, there was a small discussion about trying out a few new moves to use in the next game and soon enough the Gryffindor quidditch team was in the air.

Sirius watched from under the stands with astonishment. He had heard rumours about Minerva being an exceptionally good quidditch player, but what he saw made him speechless. She wasn't only exceptionally good – she was brilliant!

Sirius didn't play himself but as the commentator of the school games he knew more than enough about quidditch to know that she was playing on professional level.

He wondered briefly why she had become a teacher instead of pursuing a career in the field. After all she had both the skills and love for the sport. He decided to look it up when he got back, realizing that he couldn't ask her right now. She wouldn't know.

The other players were good too, but Minerva was clearly the best and Sirius couldn't help but watch her every move as the time flew.

He watched her play, talk and laugh with the team. It was clear that she was happy.

Finally, the captain called the team to the ground to give them feedback a last time and ended the practice. Someone cheered and Sirius could see Minerva smack him

over the head as all of them laughed. That was where she belonged.

But as the group turned to go back into the castle, she didn't go with them and got onto her broom and into the air instead.

Nobody seemed to really care as she flew a few circles and started doing figures in the air.

The team chatted among themselves and didn't turn back once.

When they were only small dots far away, Minerva pulled down and landed only a few steps away from Sirius, still smiling.

"We should follow," she said.

Sirius moved to stand beside her leg and made sure to brush against her hand every few moments on their way back to the castle.

"Why didn't any of them wait for you?" Sirius asked as he lied next to Minerva on her bed after finally turning into his human form again.

"Why should they?" she asked in confusion.

"It's dangerous to fly alone. Especially when you try out some new moves. You could mess up and get hurt and only be found like three days later with a broken spine or something," Sirius explained, trying to hide his worry behind his usual exaggeration. "We go and watch James all the time even as Remus doesn't like quidditch much because we can't have him hurt himself and not be found."

Minerva sighed. "I don't know about James' skills, but I am good. My friends know that and they know that I won't hurt myself."

Sirius closed his eyes and swallowed. "Look, I know you are good. Better than good actually. Hell, I saw you! You are amazing," he said as he pierced her with his look again, "but as you surely know quidditch is a bitch of a sport." Sirius fell silent for a moment. "I just worry about you," he added finally.

Minerva smiled at that and put a hand over his. "Thank you," she said. "But there is nothing to worry about. I am careful. And sometimes my friends come and watch but I can't expect them to be available at all times. And unfortunately I tend to fly at the oddest times. It is my outlet."

Sirius smiled back at her. He still didn't like that she flew alone but there was nothing he could say after her little outing. Besides, he knew for sure she wasn't going to kill herself while playing.

"What now?" he asked.

Minerva shrugged. "Tell me about yourself," she said.

Sirius gaped at her. "Why would you want that?"

It was Minerva's turn to be confused. "Why not? You are my friend. Of course I want to know you."

"But," Sirius sighed, "there's not much to know. I have told you everything interesting."

Minerva rose an eyebrow. "You told me about your pranks, the Potters and your friends. But not about you," she said carefully.

"That's me," Sirius tried to give her one of his charming smiles but failed miserably for once.

"It's fine if you don't want talk about yourself," Minerva squeezed his hand.

"That's not it," Sirius replied and ran his free hand through his hair.

"Than what is it?"

"There really isn't anything to tell. Everything else is stupid."

"Why?"

"Because nobody wants to listen to whining. It isn't right for a boy to cry. It's weak," Sirius admitted.

Suddenly, Minerva pulled Sirius closer and wrapped her arms around him. "No, it isn't stupid. Sirius, you matter. Your feelings matter. I don't know who told you that you shouldn't cry, but I am sure your friends and the Potters will agree with me when I say it is okay to show weakness. It's human."

Sirius nodded into her shoulder, not trusting himself to speak.

"Know what?" Minerva asked as she ran soft circles on his back with her fingers. "I am going to tell you about myself and you can listen. You can tell me about yourself when you feel like it. Is that fine with you?"

Sirius nodded into her shoulder again and Minerva started talking. She talked about her childhood, her muggle father and magical mother, her friends and her time at Hogwarts. She told him about her grandmother's death. She had started a tale about her first prank when Sirius fell asleep.

Minerva smiled sadly and kissed his hair.

She didn't know what made Sirius so insecure but she wasn't going to push him to talk about it as it obviously pained him. He would eventually, even if it was not with her.

She sighed and leaned back before closing her eyes as well. She needed some sleep if they were going to the library again.

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This time, it was Sirius who shook Minerva awake.

"I am sorry," he said, "but your room-mates are trying to wake you. I thought you would want to know."

And indeed, loud noises were coming from the other side of the curtains.

Minerva groaned. "Not again," she said and sat up. "What the hell do they want this time?"

Sirius, who had a pillow over his head didn't respond. He might have shrugged but it was hard to tell as he was covered with the blanket.

Minerva sighed again and slipped out of bed. The noise stopped immediately and Sirius let out a breath he was holding. He hated loud noises.

He sat up and listened to what was going on.

"-pigs, Minerva!" a girl shrieked. Sirius wasn't sure which one. "We need to do something!"

"Calm down! All of you!" Minerva said, anger evident in her voice. "We won't let this pass, but there is no use to plan revenge in our current mood. Anger makes us reckless and we can't risk failure."

"Minerva is right. Each of us should think about it on her own before we meet again tomorrow night." Leandra said. Or at least, Sirius thought it was her.

Not too long after that announcement, Minerva crawled back onto the bed. She was frowning.

"What happened?" Sirius asked cautiously. When pigs were mentioned, he had thought the girls were talking about a prank. But now, he wasn't so sure anymore.

"It's nothing that concerns you," Minerva replied coolly.

Sirius' jaw dropped. Something had to be wrong. Very very wrong.

"It might not concern me, but I might help," he tried again.

"You can't." Minerva said, but as if she realized that her behaviour was wrong, added, "Look, I am sorry. This isn't your fault but something serious has happened and I need to think about it."

Sirius nodded and leaned back. But he didn't keep quite for too long.

"What is going on?" he asked. "My brain produces the worst images possible and I am just too worried. Did somebody die?"

"No, nobody died." Minerva replied shortly.

"God. Just tell me!" Sirius was high-pitched at that point. "I come from a time of war. If there are bad news, it isn't about a prank that went wrong or a bad mark on an essay. Bad news mean death, insanity and people losing everything. So for the sake of my sanity, fucking tell me that something stupid and meaningless happened," he pleaded.

Minerva was staring at him with wide eyes. "I-" she put her hand on his arm but pulled it back when he flinched under her touch.

She took a deep breath and started again. "Iris, a fifth year from Slytherin, was assaulted. Her boyfriend, or rather ex at his point, groped her and then hit her when she tried to get away." Minerva explained with a strained voice. She was furious. "Neither the headmaster nor any of the teachers will do something about it. They never do."

Sirius nodded, well too aware of how ignorant the authorities could be. He had always thought that it was because they were at war but he would have to reevaluate that as it seemed.

Sirius took Minerva's hand. "I understand that this is your war and I support every decision you make. I am offering you my help but I will understand if you don't take me up on that offer. Just know that I'll do anything I can to stop abuse," he said in a gravelly voice.

"Thank you," Minerva replied in an equally gravelly voice, "but this really is a war we need to fight ourselves."

Sirius nodded and pulled Minerva into a hug. "Do you want to think or should I tell you something?" he whispered into her ear.

"Tell me," she whispered back. "I might kill him, if I keep thinking."

Sirius nodded against her shoulder and took a deep breath. "I have a younger brother," he started. "His name is Regulus and he is both my best friend and my worst enemy. He is everything who I should be but I am not."

Like that, Sirius told Minerva about his beloved and at the same time hated younger brother. The perfect child. The afraid child. The boy who he tried to protect at any cost. The boy who cleaned his wounds after he watched their mother inflict them on him without batting an eye. The boy who was both so weak and so strong.

At some point, tears started falling down Sirius' face. But he wasn't the only one crying. Tears rolled down Minerva's cheek and mixed in with Sirius' where their cheeks touched.

"You should help us," Minerva whispered as she clutched Sirius's hand. "But for that, you'll need to show yourself to the girls. I can't betray their trust."

Sirius nodded and rolled over to face Minerva. She did the same and soon they lay there with their foreheads touching.

"You are my teacher," Sirius rasped. "You are head of house and don't sleep. You yell at me and my friends when we do something reckless but I believe you cheer us on every time we prepare a prank."

"Why are you telling me this?" Minerva whispered back.

At that, Sirius let out a low chuckle. "Hell, I don't know. It felt right."

Minerva smiled at him. "I hope this doesn't make things awkward now," she said, causing Sirius to laugh again. "That's up to you. After all, I have known the whole time and yet here I am, crying in your bed."

Minerva brushed a strand of hair out of his face and gave him the most charming smile he had ever seen. "I am glad it hasn't been awkward. This doesn't change anything. My future self may curse me for this, but I am not her. We are the same age right now. We are friends. I am not a teacher and I have no idea what the hell made me take up teaching. To be frank, I don't want to know at this point."

"Thank you," Sirius whispered.

"You are welcome. But now, pass me my bag. I am seriously starving and there should be some cakes left," Minerva commanded and they broke out in giggles. It felt good to laugh. The day had been an emotional roller coaster.

"I would appreciate it, if you introduced me to your friends. I won't give them my name, but I really want to help if all of you are fine with that."

Minerva nodded. "I'll ask them at dinner."

Sirius smiled and snatched the last cake from under Minerva's hand. "If you are going to dinner, you shouldn't eat that or you won't be hungry. She chuckled at that and leaned in so she could bite of a huge piece.

"Oi," Sirius complained. "You bit of more than half of it!"

Minerva wiggled her eyebrows suggestively as she chewed and Sirius almost choked on the cake. If she was trying to tell him what he suspected she was judging by her humor being very similar to James', he would never get certain images out of his head. There were things you really didn't want to know about your teachers even if they were your age and rather cute.

"Don't worry about me not being hungry," Minerva said after she swallowed. "I'll be just fine. But I should be going if I don't want to miss it again." She sat up and stretched herself. "Are you going to be okay here by yourself?" she asked with concern in her voice.

"Yes. But will you be safe out there?" Sirius countered.

Minerva grinned at him. "I will. Trust me, I know a few rather nasty hexes."

"I am aware of that," Sirius replied and Minerva laughed.

"See you later," she said and slipped out of the bed.

Sirius ran a hand through his hair and peeked out from behind the curtain. With everybody at dinner and the incident keeping them there for a bit, he wanted to take the chance and take a very quick bath. He had been using cleaning charms, but it simply wasn't the same. Especially with the running he had done that morning.

Sirius was sitting on the bed scrubbed clean and smelling rather nice long before Minerva returned. His hair was braided and he was transfiguring a feather into the most random things to occupy himself.

"They want to meet you," Minerva said as she struck her head through the curtains when she returned. "They'll all come here in half an hour for the introduction if that is fine with you."

Sirius grinned at her. "Seems like you didn't have to obliviate Leandra after all." Minerva moved to punch his arm but stopped herself just before she hit Sirius'.

"It's fine," he whispered and took her hand that had been hovering just before his upper arm. "I am not made from porcelain. I appreciate the concern but I can't allow myself to let them control me."

Minerva nodded and smiled at him. "I like your hair," she said.

"Thank you."

By the time all the girls came up to the sixth year Gryffindor girl dorm, Minerva's hair was in a wonderful braided updo and the duo was throwing jelly beans at each other.

They were still hidden behind the curtains but that had been agreed on beforehand since all the girls were really curious about the boy Minerva wanted to involve and had argued about who would get to see him first.

When it was clear that everybody was there, Minerva pulled back the curtains and revealed about twenty girls with different ties sitting around the room on beds, chairs and chests.

There were girls from every house and they were all looking curiously on Sirius.

"Ladies, this is my friend Padfoot," Minerva started. "He has offered us help and as he is somebody who won't be suspected I wanted to take him on on his offer."

"Why should we trust him?" a girl with a Hufflepuff tie asked.

"I know my share about abuse," Sirius replied calmly. "I want to fight it."

The Hufflepuff nodded in acknowledgement and the other girls started asking their own questions which were answered by both Minerva and Sirius.

It took over an hour for a girl to ask the question Sirius had been waiting for. "So, is he in?" some Slytherin girl had asked and all the others have agreed.

"Good," the Hufflepuff who had asked the first question spoke again. "And now show us how you did that braid," she motioned to Minerva's hair. "Because she certainly didn't do it herself."

Minerva had huffed at that, but Sirius had agreed to teach the girls his favourite braids and even Minerva decided to try and learn them.

As the night progressed, a rather crazy idea manifested in Sirius' head.

"I want to be a cursebreaker when I finish school," he said to the group of girls next to him. "I wanted to, since I found this pendant," he pulled it from his pocket and held out into the air. "I found it in an antique shop long ago but I can't figure out what it is."

The girls looked interested, but none of them was able to tell him what it was.

"I'll ask my mom if she can send a book on magical and cursed jewellery tomorrow," a girl offered and Sirius thanked her eagerly. After that, several girls repeated the offer and Sirius congratulated himself to his brilliant plan.

"You shouldn't look so smug," the Hufflepuff girl sat down next to him, "or Minerva will get jealous."

"Pomona!" Minerva protested and Sirius struggled to hide his shock. If he wasn't mistaken, the girl next to him was a very young Professor Pomona Sprout. He had fucked up again.

Luckily, Minerva saved him from further trouble. "That would be quite enough," she announced. "I am rather tired after quidditch this morning and would really like to go to bed."

Some of the girls groaned and complained but most agreed and soon only Minerva's roommates were left in the dorm with Minerva and Sirius.

"You aren't tired," Leandra stated.

"No, but we need to go to the library to work on a plan for revenge," Minerva replied calmly as she glanced at Sirius.

"Restricted section?" Leandra asked and rolled her eyes when Sirius confirmed her assumptions.

Soon enough, Minerva and Sirius left the room. Only this time, Sirius was still in his human form when Minerva cast a disillusionment charm on him.

Their way to the library was pretty much the same as their sneaking on the first night had been and they arrived without problems.

It was clear that neither felt like really looking for the artefact but they tried their best and went through several books.

"I hope the books the girls get will be of some help," Sirius sighed.

"I should yell at you for that," Minerva said and closed her book before putting it on the table next to others. "But the move had been brilliant."
"Thank you," Sirius smiled at her. "Are you tired?" he asked.

Minerva shook her head and reached for the book again. She didn't even know why she had put it away. She took it, but managed to knock over a few of the others as well.

They both bend down to pick them up but Minerva squealed before she could pick up the first book.

"Look!" she pointed at a picture in an old edition in front of her. "This is it!"
Sirius snatched the book away and pulled Minerva into a hug when he confirmed her observation. They were both smiling brightly.

"Your little lie to the girls was unnecessary, as it seems," Minerva teased and Sirius laughed into her ear.

"Maybe it was," he replied and let go. "But we should mark the volume and get back to Gryffindor tower. It's late enough and we have found the book earlier than I thought we would. I don't want to be disappointed tonight."
Minerva agreed even though she wasn't really tired. If she wanted to be awake in the morning lessons, she had to go to sleep.

They cleaned up and walked up to the tower hand-in-hand, the moon shining through the windows and illuminating their way.