

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 6: Tuesday

Sirius woke up to a bunch of books hitting him in the face. He sprang out of the bed and grabbed his wand while searching the room for anything unusual. There was nothing. Nothing except a pile of books scattered over the bed.

Sirius put his wand away and took the first book. It was about wards. And suddenly, it made sense.

Minerva must have brought him books about wards and placed them in a neat pile on the bed next to him. But as he shifted in his sleep, he must have knocked the pile over, causing the books to fall down and hit him in his face.

Sirius groaned and started collecting the books. When he finished, he lied down in the hopes of falling asleep again but he didn't manage.

Not twenty minutes later when it was clear that no, he wouldn't succeed he sat up again and took the nearest book and fished a cupcake from the bag Minerva left for him.

He leaned back and started reading, snacking on the food from occasionally. He was not an expert at wards, but the one used to repel muggles was simple enough and two books later he got the gist of how it worked and how it was spun. The third book revealed the spell he had been looking for and the sixth contained instructions on how ward alterations worked.

Sirius grinned. He took a quill and parchment from Minerva's desk and wrote down everything he found.

All in all, it took him less than three hours to complete the task he had had for the day and come midday he was bored. Until that day, he had been sleeping most of the time Minerva was away and now he had nothing to do.

He contemplated taking a bath when Minerva walked in.

"Morning," she greeted him and Sirius grinned at her.

"Here you are," he hold out the parchment with the instructions and she raised an eyebrow.

"You are already finished?" surprise was clear in her voice.

Sirius shrugged. "Woke up early. Had nothing to do."

"Thank you," Minerva leaned in and pecked him on the cheek.

"Always. But now I have nothing to do," Sirius complained, causing her to laugh.

"You really need to be entertained 24/7, don't you?" Minerva teased.

"Yeeeesss," Sirius exclaimed theatrically, causing her to giggle.

"What do you want to do?" Minerva asked as she sat on the bed next to him. "I have to go back to class soon, but maybe I can get you something before that."

Sirius hummed as he was thinking. "I really don't know," he said finally. "Maybe just

parchment and a pencil?"

Minerva rolled her eyes. "You know where those are," she laughed as she swung the notes he had given her in front of his nose.

Sirius stuck out his tongue at her, causing her to giggle.

"You are so cute," she said.

"No! I am not!", Sirius exclaimed in mock offence. "I am manly! And manly men are not cute!"

"Sure thing," Minerva stood up and patted him on his head. "But I have to go now. See you later!"

Sirius waved at her before getting up again to get the parchment and pencils he wanted.

He sat at the table and stared at the empty page before finally deciding what he was going to do. Sirius smiled to himself as he drew. He drew from memory, every line precise and where it should be. Sirius loved drawing but it was rare that a drawing consumed him like this one did. Time flew by without him noticing and soon enough Leandra walked into the room, bringing him back to reality. Luckily, he was almost finished and managed to add the last lines before anybody else walked in. He signed the drawing and tucked it in Minerva's transfiguration book lying on the table.

He stood up, grinning, and walked over to the bed to get a book. Leandra shot him a funny look but he ignored it and sat down to read.

He barely opened the book when Minerva stormed in. She threw her bag next to the table and opened her trunk. She rummaged through it and let out a victorious yelp when she finally pulled out her quidditch uniform.

Sirius had been watching her curiously and raised an eyebrow when she finally looked at him.

"Surprise quidditch practice. Evan will kill me if I don't come," she explained. "Wanna watch again?"

Sirius tossed the book away and sprung up from the bed instead of replying. He looked like an overexcited puppy at that moment.

Minerva shook her head, suppressing a grin. "Let's go," she said after he cast a disillusionment charm on himself.

On their way out, they sneaked into one of the many broomclosets and Sirius took on his animagus form. He needed some time out as Padfoot and the quidditch training was an excellent excuse.

But of course it wasn't only about running around. No, he watched Minerva the whole time, aware that he wouldn't get another chance to see her this happy and free.

He shook himself and went on another run before lying down to wait for the practice to end, his eyes never leaving Minerva.

He stayed as she flew her extra rounds and they returned to the castle together.

While Sirius allowed himself to fall onto the bed immediately, Minerva went to the bathroom to take a bath.

Sirius spend the time chatting with her roommates and he didn't notice her come out of the bathroom.

When her wet hair came in contact with the back of his neck, he shrieked and jumped up and fell from the bed.

The girls were all roaring with laughter, but Sirius had only eyes for Minerva. She was offering him a hand to get up again, an incredibly bright smile on her lips, wet hair falling around her face and the sunset in the window behind her. "I am sorry," she offered, still smiling.

"It's fine," Sirius took her hand and let himself be pulled up.

He let himself fall on the bed again and watched Minerva out of the corner of his eyes as she charmed her hair dry.

When she finished, Minerva joined her roommates who had been waiting for her and they went to dinner, leaving Sirius alone in the room once again.

He used the chance and added a little message on the back of the drawing, putting it into the book when he finished once again. He hoped Minerva wouldn't find it before he left. He wanted her to have something that reminded her of him and the drawing was the best he could offer at that point.

As he waited, Sirius pulled out the pendant from his pocket and examined it with interest. He hadn't done that after they found out what it was yet. To him, it still looked the same: pretty and unusual but certainly not as evil. But were all things that demanded blood evil? Was it even possible to put things and people into that category? Thinking about Voldemort, Sirius concluded that it was. But then, it wasn't as easy as it seemed. Remus was the best example of that. Sirius let the pendant roll in his palms. What if this really wasn't dark magic? What if this was his fate? Did it really matter?

Sirius smiled slightly and put the pendant away again. He took one of Minerva's school books and flipped through the pages.

He waited for the girls to return and spent the evening with Minerva and Abigail while the others went to the common room. At some point, Pomona joined them, but was sent to bed not too long after. Minerva wasn't the strictest prefect around, but there were things even she couldn't ignore.

Soon after that, Abigail claimed exhaustion and went to bed and Minerva and Sirius were left on their own.

"What now?" Sirius asked as he stretched himself.

"Good question. It's strange not having to go to the library," Minerva confessed.

Sirius smiled at her and sat up on the bed, offering her his hand. She took it and joined him on the bed.

"Wanna go over the details once again?" he asked and Minerva pulled the curtains close around them. Abigail went to bed, but they didn't want to risk her hearing the plan right before they set it in motion.

They went over everything once again and Minerva showed a photograph of Dorian to Sirius so he was sure who the boy Abigail liked was.

As usual, they changed the topic soon enough and shifted so Minerva was lying in Sirius' arms.

Like that, they fell asleep, content smiles on their lips.