

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1: Thursday	2
Kapitel 2: Friday	14
Kapitel 3: Saturday	23
Kapitel 4: Sunday	31
Kapitel 5: Monday	41
Kapitel 6: Tuesday	49
Kapitel 7: Wednesday	52

Kapitel 1: Thursday

Minerva McGonagall didn't smile often. Most of her smiles were small, private. They were caused by well-done pranks, good jokes and eager students. Her larger grins were reserved for special occasions like Gryffindor winning a Quidditsch game or students getting full scores on their tests.

But the smiles she wore when looking at him... no, they were not normal like that. The smiles that graced Minerva's lips whenever she looked at Sirius Black were sad. Sad and full of sorrow.

He didn't get why. He didn't understand. And most importantly, he wanted them to go away. He wanted to see her laugh, to be truly happy.

Since his first day at Hogwarts, Sirius Black has done everything in his power and even beyond to make Minerva McGonagall laugh. His very first prank had served the sole purpose to charm a smile on Minerva's face the same way every single one after that did.

Nobody knew that. Not even James. Sirius refused to share his irrational urge with anybody. They would laugh at him and for once he would not be able to bear it. For all the self irony he possessed, this was a matter he couldn't laugh about and he had not the faintest idea why.

Usually, he didn't think twice about making fun of himself, his name or family. But this, this was different. Special.

The comments about his restless flirting with McGonagall, or Minnie like they all called her, were barely manageable. He didn't even know why he did that. Once or twice it had been for the sake of a prank – like the time he had asked her out to the Yule ball and proceeded to have a fake fight over it with James. But the other times? Another irrational urge.

Sirius sat up and showed his covers away. Why the hell was he thinking about a professor during the summer holiday? Why was he thinking about a professor in such terms at all? What was wrong with him?

Sirius didn't bother switching on the lights as he searched for his shirt and pants. Wearing all black didn't make it easier but he knew where he had thrown his clothes before going to bed.

He put the clothes on and stretched before taking his wand from the table. It wasn't safe going anywhere without a wand. Not even at home. Or, in his case, especially not at home. Home, hell, Grimmauld Place 12 was anything but home but Sirius lacked a word to describe the place in better terms. Hell hole wasn't fitting. It simply didn't convey the true horrors of living with his lovely mother.

Sirius sneaked out of his room and down the staircase to the ground floor and

stopped. Where exactly was he heading?

He was sure that the houses' other inhabitants were asleep so he could do what he wanted, or go out.

For some strange reason, Sirius did not feel like leaving. Instead, he walked over to the library door and stopped. No, books didn't sound appealing either. But the attic... Yes, the attic sounded good.

Sirius stopped in the middle of the stairs. What the fuck was wrong with him today? First the thoughts about Minerva, than not wanting to leave and now a sudden urge to explore the attic? He never went up there!

But... Why exactly? What kept him away from the attic? He couldn't remember.

Sirius ran up the remaining stairs quietly, stopping in front of the door. He studied it for a few seconds before testing the first spell. Nobody gave a damn about under-age magic at times of war. To his surprise, the attic was actually not guarded.

Sirius slowly opened the door, the wand still in his hand, ready to cast a quick protego at any time.

"Lumos," he whispered and entered the room before closing the door quietly behind himself.

The air was heavy and warm. Every of his movements swirled up the thick layer of dust and made it almost impossible to see anything.

Sirius walked slowly through the room, looking around curiously. Old cabinets and bookcases filled the room. Mirrors and chests, old armchairs and drawers. Sirius stepped closer to one of the bookcases and skimmed the titles. Most of them were ordinary books on magic or history but of course the occasional dark arts title was lying around as well.

Sirius grimaced and walked over to a cabinet. A bunch of old envelopes caught his attention and he put his wand between his teeth so he could pull out the parchment from the one at the top. It wasn't easy to navigate his wand with his mouth but Sirius managed to pull out the letter without dropping it. It was addressed to his mother. Sirius skimmed over it quickly before putting it back. The matters of blood-purity discussed in the letter didn't interest him and he really didn't want to know why there was no signature. The possibilities were frightening and judging from the content from the letter he read there would be nothing useful in the others either.

Sirius continued his exploration of the room. A few steps away, he picked up a little mirror that didn't show his reflection. Sirius raised an eyebrow and put it back. He didn't feel like fucking around with dark artefacts. The next thing that caught his attention was a huge ugly necklace. It was golden with a lot of different gems on it and Sirius seriously wondered why it was lying around in the attic instead of being hidden in one of the Black vaults. Maybe it was ugly enough to assume that nobody would try and steal it? Maybe it was cursed? Or his mother thought the house safer

than Gringotts? He had no idea and no intention to ask either. It could prove fatal.

Another few steps and Sirius finally reached the cabinet standing at the back of the room. He skimmed its contents. Two books, an hour-glass, five half-empty bottles of what looked like ale, some small boxes, a bunch of rings and a silver pendant in the form of a model of the solar system – moving and all.

Sirius reached for the pendant. It was pretty. His fingers barely brushed the cold metal before everything went black.

oOo

Sirius blinked.

He was lying on his back, somewhere outside. It was dark and the stars and moon were hidden behind thick clouds.

Sirius sat up slowly, glad that his bones were still intact. What happened? He turned around, trying to orientate himself and his mouth fell open. He was at Hogwarts! More exactly at the brim of the Forbidden Forest! He could see the lit windows and the silhouette of the castle behind the lake. How did he get there? Apparating to Hogwarts was not possible?

The pendant! Where was it? And his wand, too! Sirius searched the ground around him in panic. He found the pendant after mere seconds. He didn't dare to touch it and risk leaving his wand behind though, and put a larger stone next to it to make it easier to retrieve it at a later time.

He continued running his finger through the grass in an attempt to locate his wand, getting more and more desperate with every passing second. He crawled through the grass, his hands searching for it.

About a minute or two later, even though it felt like eternity, his right pinky grazed the familiar wood. He recognized his wand instantly. It had rolled away when he let it loose upon arriving as it seemed.

Relief washed over him as his fingers wrapped around the wand and he let out a sigh.

Sirius crawled back in the direction of the pendant, not bothering to stand up and walk. His jeans were ruined anyway and he didn't want to risk spraining his ankle in the dark.

Knowing where he had left it, Sirius found the pendant immediately. He cast a quick lumos and eyed the jewellery warily before stretching his hand out.

Sirius' finger touched the pendant and... nothing happened. He was still in Hogwarts. Sirius cursed. This was just his luck. The pendant was obviously a one-way portkey.

He stood up and put the pendant into his pocket before turning around to walk to the

castle just to come face-to-face with a pretty girl his own age he hadn't seen before.

They stood in silence for a few moments, watching each other cautiously, even though they couldn't see much in the dark.

She had shoulder-long black hair, and her eyes were burning holes into his chest. Her expression was stern and she held her wand tightly in her right hand.

There was something oddly familiar about her, but Sirius couldn't remember where he had seen her before even if his life depended on it. He was sure that it hadn't been in Hogwarts, though.

"Who are you?" they blurted out at the same time.

Neither responded and they continued staring at each other.

"Who are you?" the young woman repeated after a while, her eyes not leaving Sirius. "I haven't seen you before."

"Look, I need to talk to Dumbledore," Sirius sighed, deciding that giving away his identity to a random girl would be a bad idea. They were at war, after all. "You know, the headmaster," he continued.

"Very funny," the girl commented dryly. "Is this some sad attempt at divination? Or just your idea of a very bad joke?"

Sirius gave her a funny look. "What the hell are you talking about?"

It was the girl's place to make a face. "Dippet is headmaster, and not Dumbledore. Or at least he was when I left the castle half an hour ago."

"What are you talking about?" Sirius asked, now fully confused. He was suddenly very tired and the things that the girl said didn't make any sense. "Dippet retired before I started school. Dumbledore holds that position now!"

The girl snorted. "Sure." She stopped, studying Sirius' face for any sign that he was joking but found none. "You are serious, aren't you?"

"No, I'm Sirius," Sirius replied, before he could stop himself. Damn that stupid habit.

The young woman rolled her eyes, but a small grin appeared on her face before she caught herself.

Sirius sighed and slumped down on the ground. "No, I'm not joking." He knew that he shouldn't let his guard down but the situation was ridiculous and for god's sake it had to be around two in the morning.

The girl hesitated only a second before sitting down opposite of him, her wand still in her hand. "You are telling me that you know a Hogwarts where Dippet is retired and Dumbledore the headmaster? That's pretty weird. After all, Dippet started only a few years ago and he was already over 300-"

"Wait!" Sirius interrupted her, eyes wide. "Dippet started only a few years ago? What year is it?"

"1952," the young woman responded slowly. "Why?"

Sirius paled. Even in the dark the young woman could see the colour drain from the face of the already pale guy.

"I – I wasn't even born then..." Sirius whispered. "How – how is it possible?"

The girl stared at him, speechless. When she finally caught herself, her voice was gravely. "How did you get here?"

Sirius ran a hand through his hair in exasperation. "I was at home. Decided to explore the attic. A very stupid idea, obviously, as I ended up here. At least I know why I never went there before," he muttered. "I looked around and found this pendant," he fished the little model of the solar system out of his pocket and held it in front of the girl, allowing her to examine it, "and touched it. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground here at Hogwarts. I wasn't here for ten minutes before you found me."

"It doesn't look like a time-turner," the young woman stated, studying the pendant Sirius held in front of her face.

"And it doesn't work like one either. I didn't set a time nor was I wearing it. I simply touched it. Sounds more like a port-key to me with the travelling upon touch," Sirius replied, looking at the jewellery closely for the first time as well.

"But port-keys don't allow you to travel in time," she retorted.

"I am aware of that. For all I know this could be some sort of dark artefact. Even if it has quite the unusual form. It's a lot prettier than most of the shit lying around at home."

She rose an eyebrow at that. "Why the hell would you have dark artefacts lying around at home?! Who the hell are you?!" the young woman demanded and raised her arm so her wand was pointing at Sirius' chest.

Sirius didn't move, used to that reaction by now. His name was enough for people to be vary around him, thanks to his wonderful family.

"Calm down. My mother is batshit crazy. That's all," he sighed.

"Explain," she ordered with a steady voice, the end of her wand still above his heart. Somehow, it was more intimidating when one pointed at the opponents heart, even if it didn't really matter where a spell hit somebody. Simple psychology and all that.

Sirius pinched the bridge of his nose, not minding the wand. She wanted answers and if he cooperated, she wouldn't hex him. So much was clear as she hadn't bothered

hexing him when she first saw him. She wasn't a Slytherin for sure. Nor a Huffelpuff judging by her behaviour.

"What house are you in?" he blurted out.

"You didn't answer my question, why should I answer yours?" she asked him coldly.

"It's not fair that I have to explain to a total stranger who doesn't even want to tell me in what bloody Hogwarts house she is!" Sirius glared at her. "If you want information, you'll have to share some with me as well!"

"You know, you are in no position to demand anything. After all, you've trespassed on Hogwarts' grounds using dark magic! Have fun explaining that!" she stared at him.

"Actually, I can!" Sirius barked back.

"That do it! Explain!" The girl demanded.

"Tell me your name and I will!"

The young woman didn't respond for a while as she thought about the exchange, her eyes and wand not leaving him.

"Minnie," she muttered finally.

"Minnie? What does it stand for?" Sirius asked with a very bad feeling.

"I told you. It's time for you to fulfil your part of the bargain," Minnie interrupted, ignoring his questions.

"I'm from an old pure-blood family," Sirius offered reluctantly. "As such, my relatives are a bunch of bigots. Well, most at least." He almost whispered the last sentence as his thoughts shifted to his cousin Andromeda for a moment and an uncomfortable feeling settled into his stomach.

"And you are different?" Minnie questioned with obvious scepticism. "Why should I believe you that?"

"I am a Gryffindor among Slytherins. The first and only," Sirius explained theatrically. "If you don't believe me, we can go and kidnap the sorting-hat and ask him," he winked at her, not sure if she could see it in the dark. If he had to be honest he tried to distract himself, not her. He missed Andy.

"And which almighty family did you disgrace in that way, Sirius?" Minnie asked with scepticism.

"Which house?" Sirius countered as Minnie's hand sank down a little. Holding the wand up for such a long time was draining.

She huffed but answered nevertheless. "Gryffindor."

"Black," he muttered.

"You have to be kidding!" Minnie jumped up, staring at him with wide eyes. "I don't believe that! A Black in Gryffindor?"

"The first and only," Sirius repeated, grinning at her as he stood up as well.

"No way. We are going to get the hat! I want to hear it with my own ears!" Minnie declared, still staring at Sirius in awe.

oOo

The way to the castle had been easy with no patrolling teachers or aurors around. The luxury of peace, Sirius thought. Inside it was a different matter. The first patrolling professor passed them even before they reached the second floor. It was a pity that he didn't have the Marauder's map there. It would have made things easier.

Sirius noted with interest, that Minnie had moved into the alcove behind the same statue he had without him saying her to.

It seemed that she was used to sneaking around at night.

"Wait," he caught her arm and pulled her back behind the statue when she wanted to move, after the professor disappeared behind a corner. "Something occurred to me just now. We can't be caught no matter what!"

Minnie rolled her eyes. "I am fully aware of that. Look," she pointed at her prefects-badge, "Do you think I got this by getting caught?"

"You don't get it! I've travelled in time! It could change the future! Especially if somebody I know sees me! Like Dumbledore or my mother or-" he felt silent for a moment, his eyes wide. "What's your full name?"

Minnie frowned. Finally, she whispered back, "Minerva McGonagall."

"Shit." Sirius stepped back.

"You know me?" she asked.

"Yes. No. It doesn't matter." Sirius responded weakly, cursing himself for his idiocy. He should have noticed sooner. Hell, they called her Minnie themselves!

"Tell me!" she demanded.

Sirius shook his head. "Come on, we should get the stupid hat and I'll go to the library afterwards to find a way to get back."

Minerva sighed. "If you are saying the truth, I will help you find a way back," she promised. "But you will have to tell me how we met in your time. What year is it, by the way?"

Sirius closed his eyes. The help of Minerva McGonagall would improve his chances of getting back considerably. And she would know who he was and what he had done at some point anyway as he had given her his full name. Well, except of the middle-name nobody used, but that didn't change anything. It didn't matter if she found out

tomorrow or 20 years later.

"Alright. I promise. And 1976," he said as he opened his eyes.

Minerva nodded and moved from behind the statue and this time, Sirius followed. They dodged another patrolling professor and reached the third floor without further problems.

Not far away from the Gargoyle statue that lead to the headmaster's office, Minerva slipped into an empty classroom.

"We need a plan," she announced, like it wasn't the most obvious thing in the world.

It was Sirius' time to roll his eyes. "You are not the only one who sneaks around." Minerva snorted. "I might not be the only one, but I am the best prankster Hogwarts has ever seen, or," she paused for a moment, staring Sirius down with a challenging smirk, "will see."

Sirius erupted in laughter.

"Don't you believe me?" Minerva asked, glaring him down.

He shook his head, unable to speak. It was not that he didn't believe her. No, he just thought that that statement would bite her in the ass when she started teaching. More specifically, when she started teaching him and his friends.

He stopped laughing. Thinking about it, Minerva's statement explained a lot. After all, she had never actually investigated a prank unless she caught them at it or somebody got hurt. Only a few minutes ago she had told him, that she didn't get caught! She had been challenging them silently all along!

"I didn't laugh because I doubted that you were the best till now. It was just the absurdity of the situation. I am sorry," he grinned at her. He was so going to ask her about this when he got back. After all, they needed to choose a winner!

It was then, when it struck him that he didn't doubt that he was going back to his time, that they would manage to get him back!

"Any suggestions on how we get the hat on my head without waking up half of the castle?" Sirius asked, grinning.

"I am not head-girl but I have the password for the Gargoyle. Getting inside is therefore easy and the portraits should be asleep at this hour. If we don't make unnecessary noise or use light they shouldn't be an obstacle either," she answered after a short contemplation.

"Sounds like the biggest challenge will be to shut the hat up," Sirius muttered. "The thing is ridiculously loud. Do you think a simple Silencio would work?"

"I have no idea. It would be surprising if anybody tried it before. We should try to sneak it out here so we don't accidentally wake up Professor Dippet before waking it up. He's a heavy sleeper but I don't want to risk it," Minerva replied, leaning against a desk.

"How about we levitate it from the office? It shouldn't wake since it is a fluent motion. James - my friend," he added after the confused look Minerva shot him, realizing that she didn't know his friends yet, "used a simple Leviosa to move me to the bed of another friend, Remus, once. I am quite the light sleeper and I didn't notice until I woke up," Sirius suggested, smirking at that memory.

Minerva contemplated the idea for a moment, before nodding. "We could try that. But I'm doing the levitating. Don't trust your abilities just yet."

Sirius grinned and walked over to the door, holding it open for her.

Minerva peered out cautiously before stepping out in the corridor and Sirius followed closely behind. They walked to the Gargoyle in silence, listening for any sounds indicating a teacher close by.

"Formatogoria," Minerva whispered and the statue moved without objection. The young woman grinned at Sirius and walked past him and through the now open door. He followed closely behind her, grinning as well. They walked up the stairs and down the corridor and stopped in the luckily already open door to the office from where they could see the hat on the usual shelf, sleeping.

"Silencio," Sirius whispered, his wand pointing at the hat, while Minerva performed a perfect Leviosa. The hat rose into the air and didn't even stir as Minerva navigated it through the study in their direction.

Sirius cast a cushioning charm around the door just in case before Minerva levitated the hat through it. They walked back to the entrance of the headmaster's study, grinning proudly. They had managed to kidnap the sorting hat! Sirius opened the door and froze. One of the professors was standing in the corridor, his back turned to them, but it was clear that he was waiting for something.

Sirius didn't hesitate and transformed into his dog form. A quiet gasp escaped Minerva's lips but he didn't give a damn and shot forwards instead. He passed the professor, who shrieked in surprise before he caught himself and chased after Sirius.

Minerva didn't waste time and emerged from the tunnel. She walked over to the classroom they had used for planning earlier and set down the hat carefully. She cast another silencing charm around it and sat down. Minerva was not the most patient witch, but she knew that there would be no use in looking for Sirius.

She was half asleep when the door opened and Sirius sneaked in half an hour later.

"Sorry," he muttered, "it took longer than expected to get rid of him since I didn't know his weaknesses."

"You are an animagus," Minerva stated, staring him down.

Sirius shrugged, not impressed at all. She hadn't perfected her glare yet. "So are you." Minerva raised an eyebrow at that, managing to hide the shock completely. She would get her answers soon enough – no matter if the hat confirmed Sirius' claims or not. She would make him talk if he had lied.

Minerva stood up and stretched before checking if the door was properly closed while Sirius rolled his eyes. They nodded at each other and both cast a silencing charm around them. Better safe than sorry and all that – Dippet's punishments really weren't desirable.

Minerva approached the hat slowly and petted it gently. Once, twice, and it stirred in its sleep. Minerva continued the stroking until the hat yawned.

"Why am I out of the headmaster's office?" the hat asked, suddenly fully awake.

"You'll be returned immediately after you help me out with something," Minerva said, going straight to business.

In the few moments of silence that followed, the hat studied the two youngsters in front of him. "Why isn't the boy sorted?" the hat asked finally. "If the explanation is sufficient and I agree that you need my help, I'll sort him and won't tell Professor Dippet about this incident, Miss McGonagall."

Sirius looked at Minerva in surprise. She replied with a quick nod and an indication that he should tell his story. And he did. The hat nodded at some points and asked questions.

After Sirius finished his explanation, the hat fell silent again.

Sirius pulled absent-mindedly at his shirt while Minerva stared at the wall in front of them while they waited for its decision.

"I'll help you," the hat announced and Minerva let out a relieved sigh. She picked up the hat and placed it on Sirius' head after announcing his name.

When the hat called out "Gryffindor!" she almost fell over, gaping.

"Why are you surprised?" Sirius teased her. "I told you I was something special," he winked at her.

"Black in Gryffindor is truly unheard of," the hat commented, obviously quite surprised itself.

Minerva shut her mouth and glared at Sirius. "We should bring you back," she said to the hat. "Wingardium Leviosa."

They sneaked the hat back into the headmaster's study the same way they had sneaked it out without further complications and returned back to the empty classroom to discuss how to proceed.

Or at least that had been their intention, but Sirius yawned even before they closed the door.

Minerva giggled at that, sat down, checked her pocket watch and yawned as well, making Sirius giggle as well. With their adrenaline levels going down, they noticed how tired they truly were and their giggling showed clearly that no serious work could be done before they got some rest.

"We should get some sleep. The books will wait for us," Minerva said as she leaned back in her chair.

Sirius wanted to protest, but yawned again instead. Sleep was probably really necessary. "Sounds good to me. But where can I sleep? The Forbidden Forest isn't appealing at all." he wondered. She couldn't take him to her dormitory as several charms prevented that. Besides it would be awkward as hell for him to share the bed with a teacher, even though it was his favourite one and currently his age. The Shrieking Shack wasn't build yet and sleeping on one of the couches in the Gryffindor common room sounded like a very bad idea since somebody could see him there.

"The obvious choice would be my bed," Minerva stated, not looking at him.

"But the charms-"

"They'll let you in in your animal form," Minerva explained in a bored voice as she played with her hands in her lap, still not looking at him.

Sirius barely hid his surprise. He didn't know that. He wasn't really happy with that, but he had no other options. He really didn't feel like sleeping outside. "Alright," he muttered finally and transformed into his dog form.

Minerva stood up and turned into a cat. Since Sirius knew about her being an animagus, there was no reason to not use her ability. They made their way to the Gryffindor tower where Minerva transformed a corridor away from the portrait of the Fat Lady back into her human self.

She walked over to the portrait and it opened without complaint as she gave it the correct password. Minerva stepped through the opening and Sirius followed, still in his dog form.

They walked through the deserted common room and up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. To Sirius' astonishment the stairs really didn't turn into a slide when he walked up as a dog and he was able to follow Minerva to the room she shared with another four girls.

She used a quick charm to change into her nightclothes while Sirius jumped on the

bed and curled up at the far end of it.

"You know, you can change back if you want," Minerva whispered as she pulled the curtains around the bed shut. "There are silencing charms and some to prevent the curtains being opened from the outside in place."

Sirius raised his head and shook it, indicating that he was going to stay a dog. It was awkward enough as it was.

Kapitel 2: Friday

The next morning came too early for Minerva.

She stretched, jumping up a bit when her foot came into contact with something fluffy. Fluffy and moving! A dog! What the hell was a dog doing in her bed?! Minerva was about to call for her roommates when the dog turned into a human. Sirius! The events of the previous night came crashing back and Minerva started laughing like mad.

Sirius tilted his head to the side and watched her with a smirk until she calmed down.

"No, I'm not a dream. I'm real," he teased. "Even though I understand why one may think that."

Minerva rolled her eyes, but the smile on her face showed that she wasn't really annoyed.

"As it is Friday I have classes today. I am going to the library and bring some books over here so you can start the research. I'll join you as soon as I can," she announced suddenly.

"Are you telling me, I am supposed to stay here all day?" Sirius asked, frowning. He hated being stuck.

"Exactly. You said yourself that nobody should see you," Minerva replied and ran a hand through her hair, not looking at him. "I am going to take a shower and get some breakfast. I'll eat downstairs but I am going to get you something as well. Any preferences?"

Sirius wasn't too happy with the arrangement but gave her a list of his preferred foods, that made her roll her eyes again, anyway. After all, she had a point and he really didn't fancy the thought of running into his dear mother on accident.

Minerva nodded and left the bed, careful that the curtains hid Sirius at all times.

The young man listened to her little chat with her room-mates in silence and had snickered a few times at her remarks. Minerva McGonagall has been sassy her whole life as it seemed.

When they finally left the room, Sirius fell face-first onto the bed and groaned. He hadn't slept much during the night, drifting in and out of sleep constantly. The situation was just so weird. He had shared a bed with his teacher! Even though she was currently his age and kinda cute... No, he didn't think that, did he?

Was it even wrong considering sass-master Minerva McGonagall as a 17-year old cute? He didn't know and he really didn't want to find out. As long as he found her only 'cute', everything was fine. Even though his friends would laugh at him if he ever told

them. He was sure of that.

Sirius wiggled and rolled around in bed, somehow really uncomfortable and pulled a pillow over his head just as the door to the room opened again.

Minerva walked over to her bed and peered inside the curtains. "What the hell are you doing?" she asked with amusement as she saw Sirius tangled up in the sheets and with a pillow hiding his face.

"I don't know. I am just really bad at dealing with boredom?" Sirius grinned at her as he lifted the pillow to look at her.

Minerva shook her head in disbelief and pulled the curtains back in place. "I'm going to the Great Hall now. The others will come back shortly so stay put and don't do anything stupid," she said as she walked towards the door.

Sirius sighed and pulled the pillow back over his face. This was way too weird.

He was half asleep again when Minerva came back with food and books. She nudged him slightly to wake him up before she pulled the foods he had requested and a selection of books that could prove helpful from her bag. "Enchanted," she said when she saw his surprised look. Sirius nodded and dug in, making Minerva giggle.

"What?" he asked with full mouth. "Hogwarts food is way better than the weird stuff we have at home. And I don't have to fear that it's poisoned," he added bitterly, missing the look Minerva gave him.

"I have to go to class," Minerva said as she looked away from the boy, or rather young man, stuffing his face on her bed. "See you later."

She was up and away before Sirius as much as opened his mouth to reply.

He stared at the empty space she had occupied just moments ago, wondering what he did wrong. Was it the remark about his home? Probably. It was always something involving his family. Sirius sighed and put his unfinished piece of toast back on the plate. He had lost his appetite.

The young man ran a hand through his hair, grimacing as he got stuck thanks to it being tangled. He needed a shower. He was sweaty and probably stinking as well.

Sirius crawled out of bed and looked around the room curiously. The girls' stuff was scattered all around the room: books, clothes, beauty products and various school supplies could be found on the desks and chairs or on top of their trunks. Sirius snatched an elastic from one of the trunks and put it on his wrist. He had forgotten his own back at home and if he wanted to read later he would need it to hold his hair out of his eyes.

Sirius walked over to the bathroom door and peeked inside. It was just like the boys' bathroom he shared with his friends except that the shower was missing. There was a

bathtub instead of it. Sirius rolled his eyes and walked over to let the water in. He studied the various little containers in the room with interest before adding some of the bathing salt he found in one of them to the water. He stripped quickly and climbed into the tub to wash himself. Sitting in the hot water, Sirius spaced out, thinking about what to do. Sure, he had to go through all the books and find a way to get back to his time. But there were other matters as well. What about Voldemort? There was no war in this time. There was no threat. But the man was alive, maybe already plotting. Should he tell Minerva about that? Should he warn her? Should he tell somebody else? But whom? He didn't trust Dumbledore. He never had and he certainly wasn't going to start now. The old man was hiding something and Sirius didn't trust people who were obviously hiding something on principle. That was why he had had a rocky start with Remus back in their first year.

Sirius submerged, bringing himself back into reality and onto the topic on hand. He had to do something. He had gotten a unique chance to save so many lives. He had to tell Minerva. She would be able to change things if she knew. After all, she was one of the most skilled witches and wizards he had ever met, maybe the most skilled one.

Sirius massaged the shampoo he took from one of the bottles into his scalp as he thought about what exactly he was going to tell her. That was a difficult question. He didn't know much himself. After all, he was only a teenager.

Sirius sighed and washed out the shampoo out of his hair. He stood up, realising that he had no towel and cursed before climbing out of the tub and getting his wand to conjure one.

After rubbing himself dry, Sirius transfigured the towel into a pair of fresh boxers and collected his clothes before walking back to Minerva's bed. He dumped his dirty clothes on the bed and sat down, before closing the curtains around himself.

Sirius pulled his hair into a ponytail and picked up the first book, not bothering to put on any more clothes. He wouldn't be disturbed for a while after all.

That's how Minerva found him several hours and in his case, several books, later. She blushed fiercely when she stuck her head inside the curtains, earning herself a very confused look from Sirius. He had been so absorbed into his reading, he hadn't heard her come in in the first place.

Only as she threw a black robe in his size at him, he understood what was going on and shot her one of his trademark grins.

Minerva huffed and sat down on the other side of the bed as he put on the robes. "Did you find something?" she asked and sighed when Sirius shook his head.

"I'm through almost all of the books. Only three are left," he muttered. Minerva looked down at the large pile he had already discarded, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"Seems like we have to make a trip to the Restricted Section," she announced without

any enthusiasm. She had a passion for both knowledge and mischief, but books that yelled at her weren't exactly her cup of tea. They caused her headaches.

"Why the hell is it always the Restricted Section of the Library?" Sirius questioned as he leaned back. "You want to make Polyjuice potion? Have fun in the Restricted Section. Become an animagus? Of course you have to go to the Restricted Section. Find out what the stupid pendant is and how it works? Restricted Section. I am not even kidding when I say that I've spend more time there than in the main part of the library. And I'm not even allowed there yet!"

"You are not allowed there yet?" Minerva frowned. "You are younger than me?" Sirius laughed at that. "I came from the future, of course I'm younger than you!"

Minerva rolled her eyes and punched him lightly into his arm. "That's not what I meant!"

He snickered, but answered nevertheless. "I'm Sixteen. Just finished my fifth year and O.W.L.s."

Minerva nodded and grabbed one of the remaining books to skim its contents. She had to admit that she was surprised. She had thought that he was older, maybe in his seventh year. He looked so tired.

"Nothing," Minerva muttered and put the book away to take the last one, sure that there would be no information on the pendant or something similar either.

To her disappointment she had been right and the book didn't contain anything useful. She put the book aside and looked at Sirius, who had been staring at her. "What?"

"Nothing. I'm thinking," he replied without looking away.

Minerva didn't say anything at that and settled on watching him instead. He would speak up eventually - she was sure about that.

But he didn't. At least right then.

Instead, Sirius averted his eyes and started piling the books. "When are we going to the library?" he asked when all the books were in neat piles between them.

"After most of the people went to sleep," Minerva said. "Till then we should both try to nap. After all, we probably won't get any tonight - I fear we'll have to spend several nights going through the Restricted section."

"You know, you don't have to help me," Sirius looked up from the books and straight at her.

"I said I would. And I'm going to keep my word," Minerva glared at Sirius and started packing the books back into her bag. "By the way, are you hungry?" Sirius was confused for a moment by the abrupt change of topic but realized soon enough that it was already late afternoon and he had had no lunch. He had only

nibbled on the remains of his breakfast during the day.

"Uh, oh, no, I'm fine. Thanks," he smiled at her. "I'll be fine if we get something from the kitchen on our way to the library later."

Minerva shot him a sceptical look as he was way too skinny for it to be healthy in her opinion but didn't say anything and put away the last of the books before she closed her bag and let it fall out of bed.

"Minnie?" a female voice came from the room. "Are you there?"

Minerva rolled her eyes and grimaced at Sirius before she crawled out of bed, once again very careful to hide Sirius from prying eyes.

"What is it, Abigail?" she asked as she straightened her skirt, tilting her head as she looked at her room-mate.

"Are you okay?" Abigail asked. "You are acting strange. You seem to be in a hurry and your bed curtains are drawn shut. That's quite unusual."

Minerva cursed her too-observed friend silently. What should she say? "You know, a girl has her secrets," she winked at Abigail, hoping that would spare her more explanations.

"Are you planning something?" Abigail asked with amusement. "Another prank?"

"Even if I was, I wouldn't tell you," Minerva replied. "If I did, I would have to give you detention for planning a prank."

Sirius could hear an exasperated sigh from Abigail. "You are no fun!" her voice was accusing. "I'm bored and need a distraction. Let me in on it!"

It wasn't hard to guess that Minerva was rolling her eyes at that moment. "How about you distract yourself with a book? Or two?" she said. "That way you won't have to copy my essays on Sunday evening."

Abigail didn't respond and marched out of the room, slamming the door as she left. Minerva shook her head and crawled back onto the bed.

"It seems it would kill her to spend some time with school work instead getting on people's nerves. I get that she needs attention, but I am not even the person she wants the attention from!" Minerva complained. She hated whining. "Would it kill her to approach Dorian?"

"Maybe. We can test it out," Sirius joked.

"Test it out? Like set them up and see what happens?" Minerva's eyes lit up. "That's brilliant! It provides the perfect cover up and she'll finally stop bothering me whenever she is too shy to talk to him! And some of her concentration may come back!"

Sirius tilted his head, a deadpan expression on his face before he started laughing.

"She'll either hate or love you. Depending on how it works out."

"I believe she will love me, judging by the looks Dorian gives her," Minerva snickered and stretched out on the bed, Sirius mimicking her actions.

They lye there next to each other in a comfortable silence, both thinking about how to bring the love-birds together at first but eventually they started to make random more or less sane suggestions on how to accomplish the feat.

At some point, they stopped talking about the match-making and shifted to other topics. They talked and talked, their noses only inches from the others as they had moved to face each other at some point.

They joked and laughed, deliberately ignoring darker topics to not ruin the mood. Time flew like that and Sirius finally found peace for the first time since the summer holiday started three weeks ago. He hadn't been able to see James and the others and the situation at home had gotten worse with every day. Walburga was constantly yelling at him, which put a strain on Regulus and his father ignored his children's suffering as always. The war didn't make the whole situation better.

When Sirius realized that Minerva was giving him a concerned look, he shook his head, indicating that it was nothing.

"What time is it?" he asked, aware that he had ruined the mood and cursed himself for it.

Minerva reached out to grab the alarm clock from her bedside table and held it in front of Sirius' face. He noted with surprise that it was already past midnight.

"Is it safe to go to the library now? I mean, in my time half of the house would be still chillin' in the common room, but this are the fifties-"

"Oh, shut it!" Minerva nudged Sirius with her foot, but there was a small smile on her lips. "I don't know what they told you, but I'm pretty sure there is a party going on in the common room."

"The one who told me that the people during your school time were responsible and behaved well was actually you," Sirius teased and sat up.

Minerva snorted and followed shut, curiosity written all over her face. "Tell me more about that," she demanded. For her to say something like that... She really wanted to know what prompted her to tell such a ridiculous lie.

"Later. I promise," Sirius grinned at her. "It will be funnier that way."

Minerva huffed but didn't fight him. "If you want to go to the library get dressed. I have a plan how to sneak you trough the common room," she commanded instead and explained the details as Sirius put his trousers and shoes on.

He snickered and obediently turned into a dog. Minerva cast a disillusionment charm on him and they walked together out of the dorm and into the common room.

The disillusionment charm didn't work as well as James' invisibility cloak would have,

but as most of the people in the common room were tipsy if not completely wasted and didn't look for him, the spell was more than effective.

Both Minerva and Sirius believed that it would hide Sirius perfectly and felt therefore confident enough to plan a little prank.

It was simple enough: as soon as they descended the stairs, Sirius ran off into the crowd and started licking people's hands on random, while Minerva cast a charm to make all the alcohol in the room change the taste with every sip, going through all the flavours of Bertie Bott's every flavour beans, in the meanwhile while walking through the common room as if everything was perfectly normal. Thanks to Sirius causing chaos, nobody had seen her cast the spell and when he returned to her side, a few steps away from the portrait, she had been long finished.

"Whaa- Why does my firewhiskey taste like lemon?"

"Strawberry-vodka? How?"

"I got spinach! I hate spinach!"

Minerva smirked to herself at the various exclamations as she walked out of the common room. The spell worked properly and had therefore the potential to be used in a larger scale.

When they turned around the corner, just away from the prying eyes of the Fat lady, Minerva turned into a cat. She started running and Sirius chased after her through the empty corridors and to the library.

Minerva transformed back first and lifted the disillusionment charm so Sirius could shift back as well. Neither was sure if the animagus form interfered with other magic and they had agreed to not risk it.

They started laughing even before they managed to catch their breaths, while trying to shush the other at the same time. They had to be careful or they would be found but the prank had worked out wonderfully and the faces and exclamations of the Gryffindor students have been hilarious.

"I am pretty sure they are playing some sort of drinking game with your spell by now," Sirius said after they calmed down. They made their way to the restricted section and Minerva grinned at him.

"So what? Pranks are about fun after all, aren't they?"

Sirius shook his head, hardly suppressing his laughter. "Yeah. What I tried to say is, that the spell is brilliant," he glanced at her through his bangs. He had let his hair loose when they had lied down.

"Thanks." Minerva didn't notice his look and continued walking down the corridor between the aisles to the back of the library.

When she arrived, she turned to look at Sirius, expectantly. "Where do you want to start?" she asked.

"To be honest? I don't know. Maybe we should work through the shelves and check every book even remotely related to the topic," Sirius shrugged, his smile long gone. He hated these books. They were full of dangerous and disturbing things. The only thing his mother did right with his upbringing was to push him away from any kind of dark arts, even though it had been the direct opposite of what she had wanted to achieve.

"I'll start from the right if that's fine with you," Minerva said and started working when Sirius nodded. He took the left and they worked in silence. They read each book title and pulled out these that sounded promising before checking the register and sometimes even the text. When a book felt weird, they cast a silencing charm over it before they tried to read it. Both had had rather unpleasant encounters with screaming books in the past.

One of the books even snapped at Sirius but Minerva had managed to stupefy it before it could do any harm. At that, Sirius had smiled at her gratefully and they continued working in silence.

Some three or four hours later, Sirius was struggling to hold his eyes open. The letters were swimming in front of his eyes. He had spent the whole day reading and his eyes were ridiculously tired.

He pulled the elastics out of his hair again and ran a hand through it. "We should quit for today," he said to Minerva who was skimming the contents of a book. "I may fall asleep otherwise and you would have to carry me all the way to the Gryffindor tower." "Or I could leave you here," she answered without looking up.

"You wouldn't," Sirius pouted.

"No, I truly wouldn't. But I would levitate you and maybe accidentally let you hit a wall or two," she looked up at him with a grin.

Sirius laughed and stood up from the chair he had been sitting on and walked over to Minerva to snatch the book out of her hand and put it back on its place.

"I was reading that!" she complained, but didn't sound too serious. "If we don't find anything it will be your fault for putting that book away!"

Sirius rolled his eyes and scooped Minerva from her chair. "You can finish it tomorrow. But if we don't leave now, you will really have to levitate me back," he said and carried her bride-stile to the front of the library.

He let her down at the door and yawned demonstratively.

Minerva shook her head in disbelief. "You are impossible."

"Took you long enough to figure that out," Sirius laughed and turned into a dog. Minerva followed shut and they ran back to the Gryffindor tower where everything went just like the night before. Sirius was able to follow Minerva through the hole behind the portrait and up to the girls' dorm without a problem and they fell into the bed completely exhausted.

"I'm so glad that tomorrow is Saturday," Minerva sighed.

"Technically tomorrow is Sunday," Sirius teased and Minerva hit him weakly.

"Shut up," she said without any malice. "And sleep. You were the one who said that he would fall asleep on the spot if we didn't move."

Sirius laughed. "Good night, Minnie," he whispered.

"Night, Sirius."

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 roommates 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.

oOo

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.

oOo

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 obliviated 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 obliation. 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 of. 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.

oOo

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 of 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 re 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.

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."

oOo

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.

oOo

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.

"Oj," 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 oblivate Leandra after all." Minerva moved to punch his arm but stopped herself just before she hit Sirius'.

"Its 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 be trust him?" a girl with a Huffelpuff 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 tried," 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 tried?" 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.

Kapitel 5: Monday

When Sirius woke up, Minerva was gone. A piece of parchment and her bag were on what he thought of as her side of the bed.

Sirius yawned and took the note.

Good Morning, I am of to class. I'll come back during lunch. There's some food for breakfast in my bag. See you later, M. was written on it.

Sirius sighed and closed his eyes again. He had no idea how late it was and no real reason to get up. He wasn't even hungry and there were no books around.

Nevertheless Sirius rolled out of the bed and sat down on the cold floor. Now that the girls knew he was there, he was free to move around the room.

Not that he really cared. Sure, it was nice to have the possibility to stretch ones legs without having to obliviate somebody but he was pretty sure he was the one guy who couldn't appreciate being stuck in girls' dormitory. Not that he didn't fancy girls – he did. He fancied all genders. No, this was about something else. Privacy. As somebody who grew up with a mother who believed she should know everything about her children and correct anything she seemed unworthy of their bloodline, he knew how important privacy was. He definitely wasn't going to go through the girls' things. He was aware of the fact that he had checked the bottles in the bathroom but that had been only practical and he hadn't touched anything he didn't need to and thought of as private.

"What's wrong?" Minerva was standing in front of him suddenly, Pomona right behind her.

"What are you doing here?" Sirius asked in confusion, looking from one to other.

"Don't you have class?"

"There is a thing called break. I came to check on you again as you slept through lunch," Minerva responded with a smirk and pulled out a few books from the bag she had been carrying. "The first books have arrived."

Sirius took the books and smiled up at the two girls in front of him. "Thank you. I'll get to work immediately."

While Minerva nodded, Pomona sat down opposite Sirius. She had not said anything till now and was watching him instead. Sirius ignored her, but it was unnerving him.

"What?" he asked finally.

"How the hell did you get up here?" Pomona questioned. Sirius glanced at Minerva who shrugged. He didn't want more people than necessary to know that he was an animagus, especially as he would meet this particular girl in his own time.

"I walked up the stairs?" Sirius decided to play dumb. The girls believed he was simply a guest and therefore it would be not suspicious if he had no idea about the castle's perks.

Pomona scowled at him. "Men can't walk up the stairs! They turn to slides!"

"That's not entirely true," Minerva joined in. "Dumbledore is able to walk up here without trouble. Maybe the charm makes it impossible to walk up the stairs only for male Hogwarts students."

"Or minors," Sirius suggested, flashing Pomona a charming smile. She blushed immediately and Minerva rolled her eyes behind her back. Minerva liked Pomona, but she was a first-year and behaved accordingly. And Sirius' white lies to make himself look cool didn't help.

"We should go," Minerva said to Pomona. "Break is almost over."

"I have History of Magic next," Pomona sulked. "I am pretty sure Padfoot can teach me more than Binns!"

Both Sirius and Minerva rose an eyebrow at that. It was actually quite funny, as they did it at the exactly same time and glanced at each other.

"I doubt Padfoot knows as much about History of Magic as Professor Binns does," Minerva said slowly.

"So what?" Pomona turned around to look at her. "It doesn't matter how much Binns knows as I don't listen to him."

Minerva sighed and Sirius did his best to not laugh out loud. This situation was just so weird. If he was not wrong, Pomona, Professor Pomona Sprout, had a little crush on him. It didn't matter that she was currently eleven. If anything, it made the situation even funnier.

"If you are not going to your lesson, it's your decision. But I won't let you stay here," Minerva announced as she glared at her friend. "If you have forgotten, I am a prefect. I can't simply accept this."

Pomona huffed and stood up. She took her bag that she had dropped at the door and turned around to wave at Sirius before she descended the stairs.

Instead of following her, Minerva shut the door and sank onto her bed. "What the hell was that?" she asked.

Sirius burst out in laughter and she shot him a deathly glare.

"She may fuck up the plan, you know," Minerva muttered.

"Are you jealous?" Sirius teased and Minerva threw a pillow at his head.

"Sure. I'm jealous because an 11-year old has a weird crush on a time-travelling guy I know since Thursday. God, that sounds weird," she groaned.

"It is weird," Sirius laughed and climbed onto the bed next to her. "Don't you have class?" he asked.

"Divination. Utter nonsense. Don't need to go there," Minerva replied and took one of the books she brought for Sirius.

"Tss, tss. You forced little Pomona to go to class while not going yourself. Where are your morals?" Sirius teased. Minerva smacked him with her book and rolled onto her side so her back was facing him.

Sirius leaned over her shoulder and rested his chin against it. "Wouldn't it be smarter to get the book from yesterday first?"

"Sure thing. And explain why I am not in class and want a totally specific book from the Forbidden Section," Minerva replied.

"Yeah right. Bad idea," Sirius agreed and rolled onto his back.

Minerva turned as well so she could face him.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Sirius shrugged.

"No, tell me," she demanded.

"It's just... There is so much going on. Both good and bad. And there is something from my time you should know. But I don't want to burden you. But I know is important. Really important." Sirius didn't look at Minerva as he said this.

Minerva took a deep breath. "What is it?" she asked calmly. "If it troubles you this much, it's probably something you should really tell me."

Sirius closed his eyes and nodded. "Yeah."

"Now or later?" Minerva asked.

"Now," Sirius opened his eyes and turned to face her. They were lying face to face

again, their noses almost touching. Only this time, the air was heavy around them.

"My time is the time of war," Sirius spoke with a clear voice. "A dark wizard called Voldemort is trying to seize power. He tries to force muggle-borns out of the wizarding world. He has supporters. A lot of them. They torture and murder all along their way. It's madness. The one standing against him is Dumbledore, but there is something wrong with him as well. I don't know what. It's just a feeling."

Sirius managed to explain everything clearly, but by the end of it, he was visibly shaking.

Minerva was staring at him with wide eyes. She threw herself at Sirius and hugged him tightly.

"How long has the war been going?" she whispered into his neck.

"Six years," Sirius whispered back and held onto her even tighter. "Hogwarts is the only safe place. And yet we are thought how to kill."

Minerva was speechless. They were teaching children how to kill? Dumbledore was teaching children how to kill? Was she herself-?

"Sirius? Am I one of those who teach you how to kill?" she whispered.

Sirius shook his head slightly. "No. You teach us only stupidly boring things like turning teacups into birds."

Minerva let out a breath she didn't know she had been holding.

"You help us, Minnie," Sirius assured her. "You helped us to get the books on how to become animagi. You care. You are one of the good ones."

"Thank you," Minerva smiled into Sirius' neck. "And I am sorry. I just freaked out. Please tell me more. More about what really matters."

And Sirius did. He told her everything from the beginning till the day he got into the past. He told her about the Death Eaters, about the Dark Mark, about the murders. He spoke clearly and detached about most things, but when he described the horrors that happened his voice was strained.

"I can't believe there is a war so soon after the last ended," Minerva whispered when he finished talking. "The muggles killed each other not five years ago, and now the wizards are going to make the same mistake?"

"I am sorry," Sirius said. "I shouldn't have told you. It's too much."

"You did the right thing by telling me," Minerva replied. "This is knowledge that may save lives."

"You are strong Minnie. I have always respected you," Sirius murmured.

"Thank yo-"

"Here you are! We should have guessed that you are making yourself a nice afternoon with your *friend!*" Abigail stormed into the room, followed by Leandra who mouthed a sorry at Minerva.

Minerva herself whispered a quick wandless glamour charm to cover hers and Sirius' red eyes and sat up.

"Actually, we were working on the plan," she said.

"Sure," Abigail rolled her eyes. "You planned how to castrate a guy while cuddling. Totally believable."

"We are not going to castrate anybody!" Leandra objected. "But if you were working on a plan, I hope you have one," she looked pointedly at Minerva. "Because if not, you'll lose every right you had to force Pomona to attend History of Magic."

Minerva leaned back and gave her friends a self-assure smile. "Trust me, I have a plan." Soon after that, the two girls left for the common room and left Minerva and Sirius alone again.

"Do you really have a plan?" Sirius asked. There were many questions he wanted to ask, but he had settled on the one that seemed safest. The least painful.

"I don't have a plan – yet," Minerva replied. "But I want to know what I want to achieve and therefore it's only a question of time till I have one."

"What do you want to achieve?"

"I want to make it possible for everybody to see who tried to assault somebody. Something that would work on itself. A spell that makes you glow or something. But not one you have to use on a specific person but one that covers the whole of the castle and works when necessary," Minerva explained.

"Like a ward? How about we let the abuser's skin turn bright pink?" Sirius asked.

Minerva nodded. "Sounds good. They can't cover themselves up completely. But it won't be easy."

"Yeah. I'll probably leave before it's finished," Sirius sighed. "I would really like to see if you manage it."

"First, we have to make the others agree to this. You said it yourself: it won't be easy." Minerva ignored the comment about leaving together with the uneasy feeling in her stomach caused by it.

"And yet it isn't impossible. Some of the smartest witches will be working on this." Sirius gave her an encouraging smile. "Maybe you should try vowing runes into Hogwarts' wards?"

"We would need to know them to make that possible," Minerva ran a hand through her hair.

"Here, let me braid it again," Sirius offered and positioned himself so he could reach Minerva's hair comfortably. "I am sure there are some of the simpler wards used here. Like the Muggle Repelling one. If I am not wrong, there is a simple charm to detect it as it's not really necessary to make it too hard to find it since Muggles can't do anything about it even if they know that it's here."

"Why do you know so much about wards?" Minerva tried to turn around to look at Sirius but he put a hand on her shoulder to prevent her from that.

"People are putting wards everywhere. We learned the first ones in our fourth year. It is simply necessary," he explained.

"Well, than we'll look for the Muggle Repelling one," Minerva agreed. "But I should go to dinner soon. I'll bring you something up as always."

Sirius threw a guilty glance at the bag that was now lying on the floor and didn't say anything. He knew that he should eat more, but he simply forgot. When he was at Hogwarts with his friends it was never a problem. At home, he didn't eat much because he avoided leaving his room and here – here he simply forgot.

He finished braiding and Minerva stood up from the bed. She ruffled Sirius' hair, took her bag and left the room.

Not two minutes later and Abigail stormed into the room again, her eyes red and puffy.

"What happened?" Sirius asked immediately. "Should I beat somebody up for you?" After the previous night it was a legit question in Sirius' opinion.

Abigail stared at him for a moment. "I have forgotten that you are here," she said softly.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Sirius ignored her comment. When she shook her head he shrugged and opened one of the books.

Sirius hadn't even finished the table of contents before Abigail spoke up. "Who are you really?" she asked.

"A lost puppy," he answered without looking up.

"Nonsense. You are Minerva's boyfriend, aren't you?" Abigail continued her questioning.

Sirius laughed at that. "No, I am not. I have met her not a week ago. She found me and I followed her here like a puppy. I am a lost puppy," he grinned at her.

"So she endangered us all by bringing a total stranger here?" Abigail stared at him in horror. "Did you imperius her?"

Sirius sighed and put his book away. "I proved to her that I can be trusted. But there are things I don't enjoy talking about and that are too personal for anybody else to know."

Abigail gulped. "Tell me and if anybody else asks, you have two people backing you up."

Sirius pinched his nose. "I ran away," he said finally.

Abigail took his hand and squeezed it. "I was crying because my father send me a howler. Again. He is never satisfied with what I do."

"What was the reason for the howler?" Sirius asked. He had his fair share of experience with howlers from his mother.

"He complained that I didn't write him enough," Abigail sniffed, "but when I write him he is never happy with it. The response is always something like my handwriting sucks, my grades suck, I should do better networking or find a fiance as soon as possible or he'll do it. That's why I thought not writing him would be a good idea. But it doesn't work. He is angry with me no matter what I do."

Sirius shook his head at that. "Your father is a real dick. I wish I could help."

Abigail shrugged at that. "Nobody can. And it is almost over. As soon as I finish school, I am leaving."

"You are strong," Sirius said and smiled at her. "Have you talked to your friends about it?"

Abigail shook her head. "I don't want to bother them."

"You wouldn't," Minerva said from the doorway where she stood with Leandra and Pomona.

"We didn't approach the subject before because it was not our place," Leandra joined in. "It's too easy to suggest you should leave if you are not in the same position."

Abigail stared at them with wide eyes as tears rolled down her cheeks. "I- Thank you!" she threw herself at Leandra before pulling Minerva and Pomona towards them for a group hug while Sirius watched them with a fond smile from the bed.

"We can talk about it later tonight if you want to. Or tomorrow. Or whenever you want to, but right now, the other girls are coming here for the meeting," Minerva said to her friend.

Abigail nodded with a smile. "Tomorrow is fine."

Minerva smiled back and went to sit next to Sirius on her bed. Pomona sat down on his other side and Abigail and Leandra took their chairs. They talked about their days as the other girls walked in and joined their conversation. When everybody was there, Leandra asked Minerva to explain her idea and soon enough a discussion started.

All in all, the idea was accepted but with a few changes: a sign should float above the abusers head as there were glamour charms that would cover up bright pink skin and people who called others "Mudblood" would be marked as well. The mark would float about the head of the offender for three days and would reappear only when their repeated their actions.

Groups were made and tasks distributed and soon enough most of the girls started

yawning and had trouble keeping their eyes open. It had been a long day and sleep was overdue. As they started to leave, books were pulled out from bags and placed next to Minerva's bed. As it seemed, most parents have send of the literature their daughters demanded right away.

Sirius stared at the pile in awe. 15 books were lying on the floor. 15! Only a little over twenty people had been present in the room!

"That's a lot of books," Abigail commented. She hadn't asked her father, knowing that he would question it and eventually send her another howler.

"Indeed it is," Minerva replied. "But we have to check one in the restricted section before we start going through these."

"We found something yesterday," Sirius explained.

Abigail smiled at the two of them. "Do you need any help?" she asked.

Minerva shook her head. "It's fine. You had a rough day and should rest."

Abigail shrugged and pulled out her sleeping clothes. "Have fun," she said before walking to the bathroom.

Minerva smiled and cast a disillusionment charm on Sirius once again. They left the dorm and the common room in the usual manner and without incidents. Outside, Minerva lifted the spell, Sirius transformed and she cast it again. They had agreed that using their animagus forms was more convenient.

In the library, Minerva walked straight to the shelf with the book from the previous day. Sirius had to lick her hand repeatedly to make her lift the disillusionment charm as she had simply forgotten in all her excitement.

Sirius sat down on one of the chairs and managed to convince Minerva to sit in his lap so they could read the book at the same time.

Minerva flipped through the book to the correct page. Sirius' chin was resting on her shoulder as she was leaning against him. She held up the book so he could read comfortably as well and they started reading the short article about the silver pendant.

Fate's heart

An extremely rare moving silver model of the solar system charmed to answer to the original owner's bloodline.

Minerva turned to look at Sirius who shrugged.

"I would be surprised if our family *didn't* own something like this," he said.

After a row of incidents in the 17th century, it was forbidden to recreate or sell the artefact. The existing ones were collected by the Ministry of Magic and mostly destroyed. It is said that a few were given to the Department of Mysteries and survived. The effects are still unknown.

"I wonder what kind of incidents..." Sirius muttered.

"I can only assume people travelling back in time, getting used to the time period, getting back and being confused as hell," Minerva suggested. "But even if we knew, it doesn't really help us."

Sirius leaned back into the chair and pulled Minerva with him as he still had his arms around her. "But we have a name for this thing at least," he muttered. "Can go through the books again."

"Actually we don't need to," Minerva smiled at him. "There's a spell that does it for you if you know what you are looking for. We didn't so I couldn't use it before but now I can try it with 'Fate's heart'."

Minerva performed the spell and Sirius watched quietly as two books flew out of the shelves and landed before her feet.

"You have to teach me that," he said.

Minerva picked the first book and flicked through the book to the correct page. Unfortunately the article was even shorter than the last one and didn't contain any new information. The last book was the same.

"Well, there are still the books from the girls," Sirius said.

"Considering that they are on this specific subject we may have more luck with them," Minerva agreed.

"To be honest we have found more than I would have expected," Sirius confessed and Minerva patted him gently.

"It'll be fine," she said.

They went back to the Gryffindor tower and Minerva performed the spell to locate the books with a mention of Fate's Heart in it again. Nine flew towards her and she gave Sirius an encouraging smile.

This time each of them picked up a book due to the number of them. The first few were failures, but the third each of them picked had a lengthy article on the subject.

"Look!" they said in unison and smiled at each other. They put the open books next to each other and started laughing.

Minerva checked the binding and shook her head. "Well, this was bound to happen. It would have been weird if there wasn't a double."

"Well, at least it's a useful double," Sirius grinned.

Fate's Heart

An extremely rare moving silver model of the solar system charmed to answer to the original owner's bloodline first created by the Slavic wizard Svätomir in the 9th century. The Name Fate's Heart comes from the supposed ability to send the user to a crucial point in time and space where they influence the future – their own and that of the world.

Critics say, that the things you experience aren't real and are therefore simple hallucinations caused by the magic the pendant emits when it comes in contact with blood.

After a row of unfortunate incidents involving missing limbs it is hard to tell which one is true, since magic this complicated is almost impossible to create but hallucinations can't let legs disappear. Madness is a common occurrence after 'returning' home.

There have been only four known wizards with the ability to manufacture Fate's Heart which makes the artefact extremely rare.

In Great Britain, only Families from The Sacred 28 were in the possession of Fate's Heart but were forced to give it up and let be destroyed after the tragic death of Tibault Nott in 1692.

"That was a wild ride," Minerva said.

"Indeed it was," Sirius had to agree. "But at least, it sounds like you can return to your own time."

"Indeed it does. Sirius?" Minerva asked. "What was the part about blood?"

He looked up at her. "What about it?"

"Were you bleeding when you touched the pendant the first time?"

"No, I wasn't," Sirius shook his head.

"Are you sure about that? Not even from a paper-cut?" Minerva questioned. It was the best lead they had.

"No, I don't think so-," Sirius stopped for a moment. "Unless-, I've read an old letter not a minute before. I might have cut myself on the parchment without noticing it."

"And as it was a small paper-cut, you would have stopped bleeding by the time you

touched it again. Makes sense," Minerva grinned at him. "I believe we have figured it out!"

"We have!" Sirius was practically glowing. "I can go home!"

Minerva's smile wavered a little. "Do you want to try it out right away, or-?" she asked uncertainly.

Sirius shot her a horrified look. "What? Why? Do you want me to leave right away?" he almost shouted.

"No, that's not it," Minerva sighed. "But I would understand it if you wanted to go home. After all, this is not where you truly belong."

Sirius smiled at her sadly. "The pendant says it is, but you are right. I have to go home soon. I can't let my friends fight in the war alone. But I have promised you to stay until we finish Mission Abigail, haven't I?"

Minerva pulled him into a hug. "You are such a dork," she whispered into his shoulder and Sirius laughed.

"And you are awesome," he said. "Truly awesome."

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.

Kapitel 7: Wednesday

Sirius woke up seconds before Minerva's alarm clock went off. She blinked and raised her eyebrow.

"You are awake?" she asked, her voice heavy with sleep.

Sirius shrugged. "My inner clock works better than any alarm when I am looking forward to something – usually a prank," he explained with a grin.

Minerva yawned and sat up. "Well, than get ready," she said. "Is there anything special I should bring you for breakfast?"

Sirius requested some toast and eggs and watched Minerva disappear to the bathroom. She was going to get herself presentable first, before going to the kitchens to get them both something to eat. He would take a bath in the meantime and they would eat together.

Minerva was already back when Sirius walked out of the bathroom and they ate quickly.

When they finished, Sirius put a disillusionment charm over himself and they exited the room. As expected, everyone else was asleep and the way out of the Gryffindor tower was easy.

They walked down to the second floor and to the small room next to the Muggle Studies classroom. It was empty but for a huge old wardrobe, a dusty desk and two broken chairs.

Sirius and Minerva walked over to the wardrobe and Minerva opened the doors. It was empty but for an exceptionally ugly moth eaten coat and some cobwebs.

Sirius made a face. "Judging by the layer of dust, it has been hundred years at least since somebody opened this wardrobe."

"Don't complain and start cleaning," Minerva laughed and cast the first spell to remove the worst of the dust.

Sirius rolled his eyes but obeyed anyway. He had known what was coming, but Minerva hadn't told him that the wardrobe would be in such a bad shape. Sirius concluded that it didn't matter. They would have to place a few stabilising charms along the extension charms and it would work. He sighed and cast the first. Minerva followed suit and soon enough the inside of the wardrobe was the same size as the room where the wardrobe stood.

Sirius cast a few stabilising charms for good measure and looked at Minerva expectantly for further instructions.

She had fished the book out of her bag already and was skimming the text.

"Maybe we should start with the lamp," she said and walked to a spot near the back of the wardrobe.

Sirius followed and wrote "LAMP" on the floor with a piece of chalk Minerva had previously given him.

"There," she pointed at the back as she looked up from the book again, "should be the castle." Sirius followed and wrote "CASTLE" on the back of the wardrobe."

"There isn't much more. The rest are bushes," Minerva said and put the book back into her bag before taking out her wand again.

Sirius didn't wait for her and placed the piece of chalk on the marking that read lamp. He took his wand out as well and transfigured it into a lamppost.

Minerva who had thrown little pieces of parchment around the inside of the wardrobe

was transfiguring them into trees and bushes in the meantime. Sirius let her handle the transfigurations and walked to the back to take care of the castle. He had earned himself the task by being the more artistic of the two.

It took him quite some time till he was happy with his work but it paid off. The castle was full of moving details and magical sparkles.

Minerva, who was finished with the nature around them looked around in satisfaction, a smile on her lips. "We are almost done," she said and Sirius walked over to stand next to her. He watched as she cast a complicated spell and it started to snow. Soon enough the snow melted and flowers shot up from the ground. Sirius smiled slightly as he watched Minerva make the seasons change inside of the wardrobe.

Finally, she finished the spell and grinned at him. "What do you think?" she asked.

"If they won't like it, there is something seriously wrong with them," Sirius smiled at her.

"They'll like it," Minerva replied and pulled out a quilt from her bag. "After all, we recreated a scene from their favourite book. Like this, they'll talk about it and discover how talking with each other is easy and finally start dating after they confirmed their hopes and realized that they truly have so much in common."

Sirius laughed at the lengthy explanation. He had heard the little rant several times by that point and found it quite endearing how she was frustrated by her friends' behaviour. He took a few things from Minerva's bag and placed them on the quilt. They chatted a little as they prepared the picnic but soon enough, it was time for Minerva to go to her lessons.

She looked around the wardrobe for the last time with a proud expression before she placed the book on the quilt and they walked out of the wardrobe together.

Sirius closed the doors and stretched.

"Have fun in History of Magic," he said and glanced at Minerva who made a face.

"Have fun at doing nothing," she replied sarcastically.

"You know, I am not sure which one is more boring," Sirius laughed. "I wish you could wait here together with me."

Minerva rolled her eyes. "It's not like a crucial part of the plan is for me to lure the lovebirds over here and I need to go to History of Magic for that."

"I know," Sirius whined and let himself fall down on the floor. "But waiting is so boring."

Minerva didn't reply and pulled another book from her bag. "Here," she said, "against your boredom."

Sirius looked at the title and started laughing. "Yeah, because reading the History of Magic textbook is so much more interesting than listening to Binns," he muttered.

Minerva winked at him before she turned around and walked out of the room.

Sirius sighed and opened the book. Despite his earlier comment, he was aware that that the book was quite interesting. He had read the previous parts even though he would never admit that. The only one who knew was Remus and he had promised to not tell anyone.

Sirius sat there and read, occasionally throwing glances at the clock Minerva left with him. He had to be ready when the others appeared after all.

Five minutes before the lesson ended, Sirius closed the book and put it on the dusty desk. He didn't bother covering it with dust, as neither Abigail nor this Dorian would have the chance to really check it out. At least, that was the plan.

Sirius put another disillusionment charm over himself and walked over to stand right next to the wardrobe. As long as he didn't move, nobody would see him.

So he didn't move. Sirius waited patiently, slowly getting bored, but fully aware that he couldn't risk moving as Minerva could return together with Abigail at any moment. Luckily, she did. They walked through the door, chatting happily and Minerva pointed at the wardrobe.

Abigail eyed it curiously and walked over to look inside and check out the dresses Minerva had told her about. As soon as she opened the door and saw that there were no dresses, Sirius cast a charm that lifted her and moved her inside of the wardrobe. At that, Minerva cast it shut with a grin. She gave Sirius a short nod and checked her watch.

Just then, the door opened again and Dorian walked in. "Ah, here you are," he said to Minerva. "So where's the boggart?"

Sirius had to bite his cheek to not laugh aloud. Boggart. Yeah, that was one way to call your future girlfriend. Even if you didn't know that you would be stuck in a wardrobe together with her in less than a minute.

Ironically, Abigail pound against the wardrobe-door at that moment, giving a pretty good impression of a boggart.

So instead of replying, Minerva motioned to the wardrobe and Dorian walked over. He opened the door and froze, eyes wide and mouth open.

"McKinnon?" Abigail managed to squeak in surprise, before Sirius hauled Dorian inside and Minerva closed the door again, locking it permanently for the next 90 minutes of their free period.

"McKinnon?" Sirius echoed Abigail after he made himself visible again. "Dorian McKinnon?"

"Yes?" Minerva replied uncertainly. "Is something wrong with that?"

Sirius burst out laughing. "Nothing. It's just too much of a coincidence."

Minerva shot him a confused look. "Care to explain?" she asked.

"I know their daughter," Sirius explained after he stopped laughing. "When you talked about Abigail and Dorian it didn't occur to me that it was Abigail and Dorian McKinnon. I have never met them before and Marlene looks a lot like Dorian so there was nothing that gave it away."

Minerva shook her head, but there was a huge smile on her lips. "Well, seems like our match-making worked out."

"Indeed," Sirius agreed. "But what now?" he asked as he glanced at the wardrobe that was surprisingly silent. After Abigail's pounding on it just minutes before he had expected that they would at least try to get out but he had been wrong as it seemed. Minerva shrugged, looking anywhere but at Sirius. Both knew, that it was time for him to go home but neither wanted to speak up. It was weird. He had been there for less than a week and they had already grown so close. In his time even with him knowing now they couldn't be friends – not like they had been here. After all, she was his teacher and he was her student. She had to answer to Dumbledore and he to his friends. Not to forget the war that was looming over them.

"I don't want to go," Sirius whispered suddenly. "But I miss them. James, Remus and Peter. Mrs and Mr Potter. I know that I can't stay. And I don't really want to. It's--"

He stopped talking when Minerva pulled him into a hug. She ran slow circles with her hand on his back, when the first tears started to flow.

"It will be fine," she whispered as she cupped his face. They were looking each other in the eyes, long intense stares, conveying all that hiding in their hearts without the need for words. A silent agreement was made. They were to bury the feelings that the short week had planted in them as deep as possible. They couldn't speak about them

again. After all, when they got the chance, she was an older widow and he just a teenage boy.

Sirius tore his eyes away. "Thank you," he whispered again and squeezed Minerva. She smiled sadly, the smile she would smile at him in the future, before she whispered a soft "Always."

Neither didn't want to let go, but Minerva forced herself after a reminder that she would see him again. Twenty years was a long time but he would be there, waiting for her in the future.

"Do you have everything?" she asked and watched as Sirius ran a list of things through his head.

"Almost," he said suddenly, his eyes gleaming.

He walked over to her in two fast strides and crashed his lips against hers. They had agreed to not speak about what could have been if things were different, if Sirius wasn't from another time, but he wasn't going to miss his last chance to get at least a taste of the love they had to bury alive as soon as it came to life.

He broke the kiss gently and stroke a strand of loose hair behind her ear and placed one last kiss on her forehead. "See you later," he whispered before turning around.

Sirius held his head high as he cut his finger open with his wand. He didn't look back as he pulled the pendant from his pocket and touched it with his injured hand.

Minerva watched silently as Sirius disappeared, her eyes dry, her expression neutral. She took her copy of History of Magic from the dusty desk and put it back into her bag. She checked the spells on the wardrobe that guaranteed that it opened itself on the end of the free period one last time and left the room, not turning around once.

She walked up to the Gryffindor tower calmly, as if everything was as always. And it was. Now that Sirius was gone there was nothing reminding her of the strange week she had had.

Yes, Sirius had been there for less than a week and yet he had managed to change her life forever.

Minerva reached the portrait of the Fat Lady and said the password. She stepped through the opening and walked through the common room in swift steps. She walked up the stairs to her dormitory and went to her desk.

Minerva grabbed her transfiguration textbook and turned around to walk back to the common room to finish the homework due to the next period, but stopped as a piece of parchment that fell from the book caught her eye.

She bend down to pick it up and her eyes lit up when she saw what it was. Minerva put the book down on the desk and studied Sirius' drawing, a smile on her lips. She cast a preserving charm on it and pinned it over her desk.

She picked up her book again and left for the common room as a girl with a bright smile and a huge black dog watched her.

oOo

Sirius blinked. It was dark. The floor underneath him as hard and his finger stung. Everything indicated that he was back in his time.

Sirius sat up and searched for his wand in the darkness. Luckily the floor was even and it hadn't rolled away like it had when he had arrived at Hogwarts.

Sirius cast a quick lumos and looked at the pendant. Not thinking, he reached his injured hand out to take it.

His fingers touched the cold metal and he picked it up. He inspected it once again, almost dropping it when he realized what he had done. And yet, nothing happened.

If it wasn't for his bleeding finger, Sirius may have thought that he had hit his head

and dreamt the while thing but the little elastics around his wrist and the pendant in his hand proved that it had been real.

Slowly, Sirius stood up, not really trusting his legs after the events of the past week and walked slowly to the attic door, careful to not touch anything.

He opened it slowly and peeked out. It was dark outside. Still or again he asked himself.

Sirius crept from the attic and towards his room. He pay attention to every step he made as he walked even more carefully than usual to his room. He wasn't sure how much time had passed and didn't want to risk his mother to find him if he had been gone for a week or even longer.

When he opened his door, everything was as he had left it. The alarm clock on his bed side table told him it was in the middle of the night but that wasn't proof enough that no time had passed. Sirius was too careful for that.

He crept downstairs and into the kitchen. His father kept the week's Daily Prophets there. Kreecher got rid of them every Sunday evening. Checking the date of the top Prophet would answer all his question and banish his fears. After all, the house elf of the most noble and ancient house of Black performed his duties perfectly.

A quick look at the date on the top of the Newspaper and Sirius let out a breath he hadn't known he was holding. No time had passed.

He ran up the stairs back to his room and was about to sit down on his bed when he stopped in his tracks. Minerva's face flashed in front of his inner eye, followed by Abigail and Pomona. His own friends appeared just after that.

In that moment, Sirius made a resolution.

He pulled his trunk from under his bed and cast a number of spells that packed his things into it. When he was finished, he took a long look around his room, making sure he hadn't missed anything.

For the moment, Sirius let the trunk in his room and walked out of it and to Regulus'. He raised his hand to knock but stopped just before his knuckles hit the wood.

He lowered his hand slowly and simply pulled the handle down. The door opened smoothly and Sirius stepped into his brother's room.

He closed the door carefully and walked to his sleeping form.

Sirius squatted down next to the bed and gently shook Regulus awake.

Regulus blinked, looking at Sirius with big confused eyes. But before he could open his mouth, Sirius spoke up. "I am leaving," he said calmly. "I can't and I won't stay here any longer. I am going to the Potters. You should leave too. You can come with me."

Regulus sat up and stared at Sirius in shock. "Why?" he whispered.

Sirius gave him a sad smile. "I haven't been happy here for a long time. I don't make mother and father happy. It's best if I leave. But I don't want to leave you here alone." "Why now?" Regulus asked.

"A bunch of friends opened my eyes," Sirius said as he thought back to the talk the girls' had had with Abigail.

"You have set your mind." It wasn't a question.

"I have," Sirius confirmed. "Are you coming with me?"

When Regulus shook his head, Sirius smiled sadly once again. He stood up and opened his mouth to say something. Instead he leaned down again and kissed Regulus on the forehead. It seemed this night was made for it. "I know we had our differences but you are my little brother. No matter what, you can always come to me."

When Regulus nodded, Sirius turned on his heel and walked out of the room. He went to his own, grabbed his trunk and his beloved leather jacket and levitated it down the

stairs.

He walked out of the house, out of his old life, not looking back, the silver pendant dangling around his neck.

oOo

A half asleep James Potter raced down the stairs of his parents' house, wondering who the hell was knocking on their door in the middle of the night. His parents were upstairs, making themselves somewhat presentable as it was hard to tell what was happening. Was it an emergency?

James peeked through the peep-hole on the door and tried to pull it open immediately, forgetting that it was locked.

He cursed loudly, causing his mother to ask from upstairs what was wrong in a concerned voice.

"Sirius is here!" he yelled back as he unlocked the door before finally opening it.

Sirius was grinning at him and pulled James into a hug as soon as he could.

"What are you doing here?" James asked as they let go.

"I ran away from home," Sirius explained, grinning cheekily at James.

Before James could answer, his mother's voice came from behind him. "Come in, Sirius. Let's have tea and talk."

Sirius shot her a thankful smile and carried his trunk through the door.

Inside, Mrs Potter pulled him into a hug before hushing him, James and her husband to the kitchen where Sirius was to explain his sudden appearance.

And he did. He explained his family situation and his feelings about it, filling any gaps James and his parents had had. He let out the pendant and the whole story about it and it didn't matter. After all, it had only given the push he had needed to finally let go.

"Of course you can stay," Mrs Potter said as he finished his story. "You can have the guest room next to James' bedroom. It's yours. Decorate it however you want."

Sirius thanked her a thousand times and let himself be pulled into another hug, before Mr Potter announced that it was time to sleep for them all.

At that, Sirius spoke up once again. "Can I borrow your owl?" he asked.

When Mr Potter agreed they all said their Good-nights and James helped Sirius carry his trunk upstairs.

In the Potter household, underage magic was forbidden. Sirius didn't care. It was worth it.

Finally alone in his new room, Sirius took a piece of parchment from his trunk.

He scribbled his short message down and reread it quickly.

Dear Minnie,

I ran away from home. I am at the Potter's now.

S.

He fold the parchment together and went down to send it of. As he attached the letter to the owl's foot, he made another decision. He took the pendant from where it had been hanging around his neck and tied it around the letter.

It was a message worth more than a thousand words.

The End