

# Trust me if you can

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 2:

Remus stared out of the window of the room he was now to share with Sirius and Harry. While Minerva had argued that Harry should sleep in her room because she wanted them to have more space for themselves, Sirius had agreed with him, that Harry should stay with them, allowing Minerva to get enough sleep. Harry tended to wake up in the middle of the night, crying, probably from his nightmares. As Sirius had trouble sleeping, it didn't bother him too much, but Minerva had to teach during the day and needed the rest.

"What's wrong?" Sirius stepped next to Remus, Harry on his arms, trying to reach Sirius' hair that was out of reach in a ponytail. Sirius had learned rather quickly that Harry enjoyed pulling on it.

"Nothing," Remus answered and turned around to look at the room. He had moved in the previous day on Minerva's demand and had already unpacked all of his things – not that he owned much.

"Sure," Sirius muttered, not believing his friend for even a second.

"Pads, it really is nothing. I am fine," Remus crossed his arms over his chest.

Sirius let out a low laugh at that. "Yeah, sure. Because we all are fine."

Remus glared at him. "Is the great Sirius Orion Black admitting that he isn't feeling well now? What has the world come to?"

"My whole world crumbled in front of my eyes," Sirius returned the glare and leaned down to kiss Harry on the forehead. Lily had told him that small children needed to get attention and physical contact from their caregivers when he had visited them once and Sirius planned to give Harry all he needed.

Remus sighed. "Do you know when Minerva will be back?"

"Sometime in the evening," Sirius said uncertainly. "I don't live her any longer than you do as you know so how the hell am I supposed to know?"

"Watch your mouth," Remus muttered. "There's a child in the room. And technically, you live here two days longer."

"Doesn't change the fact that it is the first day of school." Sirius retorted. "And he won't remember it."

"When his first word is "fuck" I don't want to be there when Minerva finds out."

Sirius rolled his eyes.

Ooo

Remus was sitting in the living room, reading a book about child-care Minerva had bought, when the fireplace lit up and Minerva stepped through.

He took in her face and slowly closed the book, before putting it aside. "What's wrong?"

"Where is Sirius?" she asked.

"Upstairs, probably asleep. He didn't sleep much last night and when Harry started to get tired he brought him upstairs and hasn't returned since."

Minerva sat down next to him on the couch. "Dumbledore is pulling all strings to catch him and wasn't too happy with you moving in."

"Neither is really surprising," Remus muttered.

"It isn't. I had to tell him, that I did it to keep an eye on you before he stopped questioning me."

Remus sat up a bit straighter. "That's not all, is it?"

"Unfortunately not. You have to go to the Shrieking Shack on full moons," Minerva explained with annoyance and Remus shrugged.

"I would have gone there anyway."

"No, you would not," a voice came from behind them. "And you will not. We will go into the forest, just as we used to. I'll watch over you," Sirius said, his hands on his hips.

"I could too," Minerva offered after a short moment.

"No," Sirius shook his head as he walked around the couch and sat down on Remus' other side. "You have to stay with Harry. Besides, Dumbledore would make sure that Remus moved out if you got even the tiniest of scratches."

Minerva pressed her lips together but didn't argue, knowing that he was right.

"What's your animagus form anyway?" she asked instead.

Sirius grinned and Remus rolled his eyes as he watched him transform.

"A black dog?" Minerva raised an eyebrow. "Sirius Black the black dog?"

"I didn't choose it," Sirius shrugged, his most charming smile on his face, after he transformed back.

"But you would have, if you had the choice," Remus gave him a pointed look and Sirius winked at him.

Ooo

After the first few days, they fell into a routine rather quickly: Minerva would feed Harry before she went to work and the two men would watch over the boy during the day. When Minerva came back in the evening, she would wash him with whoever's turn it was and after Harry went to bed, they would sit in the living room and chat until one of them fell asleep.

That was, until the fullmoon came.

Remus felt worse and worse with every passing day and Sirius was on edge because of it. It would be the first time he would be keeping watch on Remus alone.

"I am not sure that this is a good idea," Remus repeated for the umpteenth time.

"There will be children!"

"There won't be any children as they stay safely tucked away at school. Besides, they were there when we went to school too! Hell, some of them went to school with us!"

Sirius shot back.

"But it wasn't just the two of us back then!" Remus said and Sirius' face fell.

While Remus was managing to keep up a facade thanks to years of hiding his secret, Sirius froze at even the slightest mention of James or Peter. It was quite surprising that he could even look at Harry, not to mention to care for him. But that was Padfoot to you – he got shit done.

Minerva had told Remus, that she was astonished how well Sirius was coping, considering his history, but he wasn't fooled. He was sure, that Sirius would explode at some point.

"Please, just trust me," Sirius ran a hand through his hair. "I *will* make sure that no one gets harmed!"

"Not even Snivellus?" Remus raised an eyebrow in challenge.

"Not even him," Sirius pressed through clenched teeth.

"Fine," Remus sighed and slumbered onto the couch, before glancing at Harry who was playing with some wooden bricks on the carpet in front of the fireplace. "I believe he needs changing."

Sirius sighed and picked Harry up so he could sniff at his butt. "You are right. As always."

Remus smiled weakly and watched silently as Sirius took care of Harry, before his eyes wandered to the huge clock on the wall and from there to the window.

"Sirius," he called out in alarm. "We have to go!"

Sirius caught on immediately with what was going on and picked Harry up from the table he was changing him on. "What about him?"

"You stay here," Remus said and stood up. "I'll go to the Shack."

"No! That's not an option! Where the hell is Minerva?"

"Watch your language!" Minerva stepped out of the fireplace and Sirius stopped his pacing. "This little one will understand you soon enough! I am sorry I am late, but Dumbledore wanted to talk to me. Now give me Harry and go!"

Sirius didn't hesitate and put Harry into her waiting arms and transformed.

Remus gave Minerva a quick nod before following Sirius out of the door.

Ooo

The next morning, Remus stumbled back into the house followed by Sirius, who was still in his animagus form.

Minerva was already fully awake and bustling around the kitchen to make Harry's breakfast. The boy himself was sitting in a transformed baby-chair, babbling happily.

"How bad is it?" Minerva called over her shoulder when she heard the steps in the hallway.

"Everything fine," Remus called back, but didn't enter the kitchen and Minerva frowned.

"It isn't. But it could be worse. Or better," Sirius peaked inside and waved at Harry, who started squealing happily at the sight of him.

"Do you need anything? Bandages? Or should I take a look at the wounds?" Minerva asked and placed a plate with mashed fruit in front of Harry.

"I don't need anything. Everything is fine," Remus repeated from the hallway and Minerva crossed her arms over her chest.

"If everything is fine, come in and let me take a look at you," she demanded.

Shuffling could be heard from the hall and Remus finally walked in, his face bruised and the bags under his eyes darker than ever. "See, not so bad," he muttered and turned to leave.

"You call that not bad?" Minerva raised an eyebrow. "You look as if you've been in a pub brawl."

"Trust me, it is fine in comparison to how I look when I am alone on such a night," Remus sighed. Minerva was about to protest but Sirius cut it. "He is saying the truth. It really is not as bad as you think."

"Let me at least heal the worst of it," Minerva said.

This time, Remus wanted to protest, but didn't get the chance as smashed fruit suddenly landed on Minerva's cheek and she let out a surprised squeak.

The adults all turned to look at Harry, who was staring at them angrily, his hands in his

breakfast. He took some more and threw it in Remus' direction, but didn't hit him as Remus was standing too far away. At that, Sirius started laughing uncontrollably and Harry threw another load at him.

"It seems he doesn't like when we argue," Remus commented dryly and Minerva glared at him as she wished the food from her face.

"Than do us all a favour and let me heal you so we don't upset Harry with further arguing," she said.

Remus rolled his eyes but walked towards her and Minerva took out her wand to take care of the worst of the bruises and cuts.

"Why were you late yesterday?" Sirius asked from where he sat next to Harry, trying to feed the little boy who wasn't really willing to cooperate this morning. It seemed he didn't take well on spending the night with only Minerva around.

Minerva sighed and put her wand away. "I am sure it would be better to talk when Remus had some rest."

Sirius frowned. "Why do I think we won't like what you are about to tell us?"

Remus ran a hand through his hair. "Sirius, if you are right, I want to get some sleep first. Usually I would be in bed right now."

Sirius grumbled something under his breath but didn't protest and Remus walked out of the room.

When he was out of earshot, Sirius looked expectantly at Minerva.

"I am not telling you right now," she said.

"If it is something important, I want to know right now," Sirius crossed his arms over his chest. "And it must be something important if Dumbledore kept you at Hogwarts for so long. Unless he wanted to make sure you were that late because of Remus. And considering how he had treated him during the war I wouldn't be surprised about that either."

"We will talk when I come back," Minerva replied. "But I have to go now or I will be late for work."

"Could you at least bring me the newest Prophets when you come back, please?"

Sirius asked and Minerva looked at him for a long moment. She had the Daily Prophet delivered to Hogwarts as she read it during breaks and the meals.

"I will," she said and walked out of the room to get ready.

Sirius stared at the spot where she had been before turning back to Harry who had gone quiet during the conversation.

"Everything alright, Harry?" Sirius turned to the boy. "Just ignore our adult crap. Trust me, you don't want to get involved with it."

Harry looked at him with big eyes before splashing a fist of smashed fruit into his face and Sirius froze before laughing again.

"I wish I could deal with things I don't like the same way you do," he muttered and picked up Harry from his chair, going to see Minerva off and check on Remus.

Harry pulled on his eye and Sirius cursed. The boy was really angry with all of them and he couldn't even blame him. It truly hadn't been a stellar morning.

The day got slightly better even though Sirius was tired to death as Harry slowly calmed down and pulled him through the whole living room as he ran through the room.

Sirius was incredibly relieved when nap time finally came around and he collapsed on his bed, falling asleep immediately.

Unfortunately, the break ended soon when Harry woke up again and Sirius spend the remaining time altering between reading to him and playing with wooden bricks.

"How do children have so much energy?" he mumbled to himself for the umpteenth time when Remus finally walked downstairs.

"There's some soup in the refrigerator," Sirius called his shoulder and caught Harry just in time to save him from falling over.

Remus walked back with a bowl of soup and sat down on the couch to watch them play. "What do you think Dumbledore told Minerva?" he asked after a while.

"No idea, honestly," Sirius replied without looking at his friend. "I've asked Minerva to bring us the Prophet. If she or Dumbledore have left out something, it might be in there. I just hope there haven't been any more deaths."

Remus hummed in response and continued eating his soup in silence.

It took another hour for Minerva to come back and Sirius was ready to explode. Curiosity and worry were slowly killing him and it was obvious enough for Harry to get fidgety to that point that Remus had brought him to bed early to calm him down.

When he returned, Minerva was already home, standing in the kitchen and making tea.

"How are you feeling?" she asked when he walked into the kitchen.

"Better. Still weak but this time really was fine. The healing helped," he shrugged and sat down next to Sirius.

Minerva placed a cup of tea in front of each of them and joined them at the table. "Is everything else fine? Did you have any trouble?"

"Everything fine," Remus replied calmly while Sirius was glaring at her.

"I believe you wanted to tell us something."

"Indeed," Minerva said flatly. "It's about the trials. Three days ago, the first Death Eaters were condemned to Azkaban, small fish, really."

"Whose trial was yesterday?" Sirius hissed. "Bella's? Malfoy's? Is this what it is about? My family?"

"Yesterday was the trial of Severus Snape," Minerva ignored Sirius. "While he admitted to be a Death Eater and was convicted of several crimes, Dumbledore vouched for him."

Remus' mouth fell open while Sirius roared with rage.

"You have to be fucking kidding me!" he shouted. "That has to be a joke!"

Minerva glared at Sirius and hissed, "Keep your voice down or you'll wake Harry! He isn't going to Azkaban, and it really isn't a joke," she put the newest Prophet on the table, where Severus Snape was staring at them from the front page. "But that's not all. He has offered him the position of Potions' Professor starting next year when Slughorn retires and he accepted."

Sirius jumped from his chair and started pacing in the kitchen while pulling at his hair, while Remus sat there, skimming the article with disgust all over his face.

"How can he do that? Has he gone completely crazy? Allowing a convicted Death Eater to teach? At Hogwarts? Especially Snivellus? That's insane!" Sirius continued raging and Minerva watched in silence, hoping that the walls were thick enough for the child sleeping upstairs to not wake up.

"Why did he want to talk to you about it?" Remus asked when he finished reading.

"He needed to tell me so I don't look for another Potions Professor. And because he wants me to make sure that all the other Professors won't make any trouble," Minerva replied, frowning. "I just hope he doesn't get another Death Eater to teach Defence."

Sirius stopped his pacing. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Lucius Malfoy has been declared innocent today," Minerva explained darkly.

"Narcissa hadn't even been charged as she technically wasn't a Death Eater."

Sirius roared and punched the wall closest to him, leaving a dent in it and his hand bleeding.

"Corrupt bastards! Idiots! Racist scum!" he shouted and both Remus and Minerva jumped up from their chairs to stop him from doing more damage to himself and the furniture.

"Sirius calm down," Minerva held his upper arm in a firm grasp. "It is certainly not fair but we have to accept it."

"If those well-known Death Eaters have been declared innocent, maybe Sirius should turn himself in," Remus said carefully when Sirius' breathing slowed.

He turned to glare at him and Minerva shook her head. "No. Dumbledore has said that while those cases were open, a trial for Sirius won't be necessary as it is clear what had happened and there is more than enough evidence that he committed a mass-murder."

Sirius shook with anger and Remus looked from him to Minerva. "Then we have to prove his innocence first and catch Peter," he practically spit out.