

# Zu Hilfe, Zu Hilfe!

by karelia

Sequel to *Reacquainting With Beethoven*. In which Hermione, Severus, and Lucius watch *Amadeus*.

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## Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I guess it's no news that JKR is impervious to Imperio where ownership is concerned. Damn.

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"I'll admit I'm in awe." Lucius put his hands out in defeat. "But, honestly... Mozart a Muggle? Impossible," Lucius said once the credits faded off the large screen in the Covent Garden pub.

"Are you going to join us Thursday, Lucius?" Severus asked. "*Amadeus* is merely an introduction to the music of Mozart. Wait until you see an entire Mozart opera."

"Not sure if I can make it." After a short silence, Lucius continued. "I'd love to see Mozart in real life, of course. His music is exquisite. I understand his laugh may not be the same in reality. Give me the details, and if I can, I'll meet you outside Hogwarts. Will that work for you?"

"Sure." Turning to Hermione, Severus said, "We'll have to leave at five precisely, right?"

"Yes. According to my calculations, there is a 98% likelihood that we'll get there at the right day, time, and place. And safely back, too." Hermione smiled at him.

After saying good-bye to Lucius, Hermione and Severus Apparated to Hogsmeade.

"Lucius seemed a bit absent-minded today," Hermione said on the walk back to the castle. "Surely, watching *Amadeus* can't have overwhelmed him. It's not the first movie he's seen."

Severus frowned. "Yes, you're right. I wonder what's bothering him..."

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"Hermione?"

"Yes, Severus, I'm getting ready!" Hermione sounded nervous.

"Stop fretting," Severus said as he entered the bathroom. "If you don't want to go, just say so."

Hermione's wide eyes met his through the bathroom mirror. "Of course I want to go! I'm just nervous, is all."

"Why?" He could not fathom his witch being nervous about anything. She was so perfect, so brilliant. "Why are you nervous? Is it because Lucius might come along? Don't

want to be seen with me?" He smirked at the memory of the first time he'd asked her that. She'd gone ballistic, and making up had been pure bliss. He'd said it a few times since just to make her react.

Hermione gazed at him, a small smile playing around her lips. "No, love. I rather enjoy Lucius's company. Because..." she stopped and looked at him squarely, "it's the first time we are going to use *our*, improved, Time-Turner for a purpose other than testing, and what's more, we're going to see Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Do you know what that means, love?"

"Yes, it means good music." He smirked.

Her face brightened. "Yes. There is that." She turned serious again. "Do you realise we're going to see Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?" Her eyes widened. It was as if the realisation of seeing the musical genius in his own time was only hitting her now.

"Yes, love. That's the idea, isn't it? Remember when we met at the premiere of the Ninth? We agreed to visit Mozart next." He moved closer to stroke her back and shoulders. She calmed down at last.

"I... I just can't believe we're actually going to see him," she whispered, relaxing further under his ministrations.

He chuckled. "You're so Muggle-born. I love you."

"Why, yes, I am, and I love you too."

She returned his kiss and sighed. "Merlin. We're going to see Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart." She leaned against his chest, inhaling the scent she would never tire of.

"Indeed. Can we leave now? If you stop burying your face in my cloak, you'll find I'm ready." He took Hermione's hand, and together they headed out to the grounds.

Once they'd wandered through the gate, Severus stopped her and put their Time-Turner around both their necks. "September 30, 1791, correct?"

"Yes. And if we arrive late afternoon, we'll get a chance to take a *Fiaker* to the theatre," Hermione said, her eyes shining with anticipation.

Severus nodded curtly. "As you wish. And I suppose Lucius has other plans; he knows we cannot wait for him." He consulted his watch and then checked the parchment with the Arithmantic calculations one last time before turning his attention to the Time-Turner.

Vienna again. She recognised the Staatsoper from her previous visit. In front of it stood many horse-drawn carriages, their owners chatting and drinking hot beverages from steaming stone mugs while waiting for clients needing a ride to other parts of Vienna, the horses stomping feet, neighing occasionally, and shaking their manes now and then.

Hermione took a deep breath, drinking in the atmosphere of old Vienna. The air was filled with the smell of dung and other, unidentifiable, tings instead of the more familiar car fumes. The roads were bustling with life in front of the Oper; people, some dressed envy-worthy, others in rags, were all over the square, and *Fiakers* reining galloping horses occasionally yelled out, "Achtung!"

"I think a translation charm is in order, don't you?" Severus murmured as he watched Hermione absorb the environment. He grinned when she turned to him with a sheepish expression and cast the charm on both of them.

"Oh!" Hermione exclaimed. "I understand what they're saying now." She laughed. "So, can we take the *Fiaker* to go to the Wieden?" Then her face dropped. "Damn. We don't have money that's accepted here."

"Well..." Severus drawled, "unlike *someone* I know, *I* have come prepared." He withdrew a few tiny gold pieces from his cloak, looking positively smug. "Gold is an acceptable form of currency in this day and age, my dear. And I know how you'd feel if I were to *extract* money from one of the obviously rich patrons you see here." He smirked at her from the side and guided her to the carriage at the top of the queue on the roadside.

Hermione gazed across the foreign landscape as the horses started to trot and left the area of the opera house. Buildings soon made way for greenery, a small forest, fields with grazing sheep, all on a road that seemed to be held together by dust and potholes, a road shared by pedestrians and carriages where nobody stayed on one but moved randomly between left, right, and the centre. She was thankful it wasn't overly busy; in the twenty-first century, such behaviour would have resulted in instant pile-ups.

By the time they reached the theatre, Hermione's body felt stiff from the rocky journey. She glanced at Severus. "Yes, next time, Apparating it will be."

"It was... an experience," he said wryly and spelled the dust off Hermione and then himself. "There. Your dress looks perfect again, without a ghastly shade of gray. Now, to obtain tickets..." He looked around. "Let's go inside." There was no ticket booth anywhere, so Severus cast a disillusioning charm, and they followed the crowd into the auditorium.

Excited chatter slowly turned into whispers when the orchestra started to tune the instruments. Whispers stopped abruptly when the composer entered and swiftly bowed to the audience.

*He really does look the way he's shown in pictures today,* Hermione thought in bewilderment. From the moment the first tones of the overture rang crystal-clear through the theatre, the magic of the music held the audience captive. Spectators hung on every word the characters sang, listened to every tone the orchestra offered. Together, words, music, and voices granted a heavenly bliss only Mozart's music afforded.

The last notes rang out, and it took minutes for the audience to come out of its trance. Then the hall detonated into a firework of applause: there was enthusiastic clapping, many men whistled, others shouted Mozart's name and animated comments on his genius; not one person remained seated.

When the cast was finally allowed off stage, the musicians of the orchestra were beckoned to stand up by the composer. "Look at the contra bass. He looks like Lucius!" Hermione suddenly whispered to her partner.

Severus squinted. Then he frowned. "Merlin. *It is* Lucius. What the...?"

Severus and Hermione sat down once the audience started to leave. The hall emptied quickly, exciting chatter of praise for the performance filling the air now. Severus turned around to see the last groups leave and stood up. "Come. Let's investigate."

With Hermione in tow, he headed for the stage and then walked down to the orchestra. It was deserted now but for one person, a long-haired blond who was reverently caressing the contra bass in front of him.

"Lucius! What on earth are *you* doing here?" Hermione asked when they reached him.

Lucius looked up. "Oh, thank goodness, you've made it here! I had the greatest day of my life, but I'm hungry for decent food." His voice carried genuine relief. "I think I owe you an explanation..." He suddenly looked uncomfortable.

"I'm very curious, my friend," Severus said wryly. He suddenly had a fair idea of what had happened and didn't bother to hide the smirk.

"Well, you see..." Lucius stood up and carefully placed the instrument against a sturdy chair. Then he looked around. "Can we go outside? I'd rather not have anyone

overhear our conversation. Had to cast a spell earlier to ensure anyone talking to me thinks I talk in German. It'll wear off by itself..."

Severus remembered the translation charm he'd cast earlier on himself and Hermione and silently cast the counter spell.

Lucius now sounded as if he were talking gibberish.

Hermione motioned for him to leave the building, and once they were outside, she said, "Lucius. Start again, will you? Couldn't understand a word you were saying." With a side glance to Severus, she added, "Someone cancelled our translation charm."

Severus threw her a grin before turning to Lucius. "Yes, do start over, would you?"

Lucius took a deep breath and started again, surprising Severus with the lack of glaring he'd expected. "So... I woke up this morning only to find myself not in the usual surroundings. The bed, oh, Merlin, it was uncomfortable! Narcissa wasn't there. She *never* wakes up before me. When I got up, I found my slippers gone. My feet were cold and the floor, oh, my, it was some horrid planks that seem to exist only to insert splinters into anyone who dares walk it. And the dirt on it!" He shuddered.

Hermione grinned.

"The strangest thing was that my wand was in the holster on my arm. *never* carry it these days during sleep; I've been putting it on the bedside table since the day we returned to the manor after the Dark...Voldemort was gone."

They walked down the wide thoroughfare the Fiaker had taken earlier, carefully staying on the side and avoiding the many potholes. Hermione discreetly cast Lumos so they could at least see where they were going.

"I had no idea where I was of course. The place was unfamiliar; it felt like a different era altogether, but I wouldn't know by staying in that awful bed, so I got up to find out. And... oh, Merlin..." He stopped still, his expression wondrous. When he continued, his voice was barely a whisper. "It was Mr Mozart's home. And... Merlin," he groaned, "the man is a genius like nobody else I've ever met." Lucius took another deep breath. "He laughed when I walked out of his guestroom into the kitchen and greeted me like an old friend. He even knew my name." Lucius shook his head. "'Oh, good to see you again, Lucius. I hope you play the contrabass. Mine is down with the blasted pox, and it's the premiere. I really need a contrabass,' he said and laughed. Then he led me to the music room, told me to listen, had a chair brought by one servant and some food by another...awful food, I might add...and then he started to play. He switched between piano, or rather harpsichord, and violin so quickly my head started hurting. And not a single wrong note." Lucius still looked in awe of the memory.

"I *had* to help him out. So I used many a spell when the contrabass arrived, and then we came here. In *aFiaker*." He pursed his lips in distaste. "Nasty means of transportation."

"Pray tell, Lucius, how did you get here?" Severus asked, his eyebrow quirked.

Hermione was unable to suppress a giggle at Lucius's sheepish expression.

He glared at the couple. "*You* gave me your old Time-Turner to play with. The last I remember is that I turned it. That was last night." He scratched his head. "That might explain why I carried my wand..."

"You didn't take the lunar constellation into account, did you?" Hermione asked.

"No." It sounded sheepish.

"Silly man," Severus grumbled. "I *told* you that was important with that piece. It's the reason we decided to further Hermione's Time-Turner rather than mine."

Hermione had reached the point at which she *almost* felt sorry for Lucius. He'd made a few rash decisions in the past that had resulted in merciless teasing from Severus. "Oh, well, at least we're here now, and you can come back with us. Next time, be more careful with that Time-Turner," she said, effectively preventing Severus from teasing his friend for his thoughtlessness.

Severus sighed inwardly. Hermione was getting to know him entirely too well. He'd always had so much fun mocking Lucius. Taking the Time-Turner out, he motioned for Lucius to step closer. "Let's go back to our time, then."

They arrived back in current-day Hogsmeade to a cool breeze and the smell of rain in the pitch-black dark. Hermione cast Lumos and looked around. "We better get back. It feels as if it's going to rain soon."

"Thank you," Lucius said. "I appreciate your rescuing me."

"You're welcome. Use more caution next time. Now, go. It's late, and no doubt Narcissa will be worried where you are," Severus said.

Walking up to the castle, Hermione suddenly stopped. "Severus... if Mozart knew Lucius already, that means he's met him earlier in his life..."

"Indeed." Severus's eyes glinted. "I think I know just the perfect birthday present for him." He smirked at her.

Hermione nodded, her expression smug. "Splendid idea. Maybe *Le Nozze di Figaro* next time..."

"Perfect," Severus breathed. "Did you know the full title is *Le nozze di Figaro, ossia la folle giornata*?"

Hermione grinned widely. "Day of Madness. Hm. Somehow that does sound like a *perfect* birthday present for Lucius."

By the time Severus and Hermione reached Hogwarts, the birthday surprise for their friend had been planned in its entirety, and the couple went to sleep, happy and content with life.

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A/N: Grateful thanks to Melenka for the lightning-fast beta.

Lucius the Muse shamelessly twisted Lyn\_F's prompt: Lucius wakes up and finds himself a houseguest of ... Mozart. Yes, he travelled back in time. Describe their interaction.

The title means "Help! Help!" and is sung in the scene in which the three ladies rescue Tamino in Act I of The Magic Flute.