

Amending Time

by luvsev

Albus Severus Potter goes back in time to save two lives and ultimately bring them together.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 3

Albus Severus Potter goes back in time to save two lives and ultimately bring them together.

'You have used me.'

'Meaning?'

'... Now you tell me you have been raising him like a pig for slaughter.'

The conversation between the two former headmasters had haunted Albus Severus Potter ever since he had discovered his father's Pensieve when he was eleven. He couldn't believe how willing Professor Dumbledore had been to sacrifice not only the bravest man he never knew but his father as well, all for 'the greater good.'

Five years after his discovery of the memory, Albus found himself in possession of a stolen Time-Turner and the opportunity to change history. Although it was illegal and highly dangerous, he could not resist the chance to save more than one deserving life. He had broken into a fellow student's trunk, one who had permission to use the device, and borrowed it for one night. He told himself that borrowing it from a student was a small price to pay.

Before leaving his dormitory, Albus grabbed his father's silvery Invisibility Cloak from his trunk and then darted to his bedside table to withdraw a delicate crystal phial from the locked mahogany drawer. If he left without the potion, the trip would be for naught. He checked everything one last time, consulting the Marauder's Map to make sure the headmistress was asleep, and began the trek to her office. Once at the guarded entrance, he found the gargoyle fast asleep, which surprised him and made his mission easier.

Once standing in the dark, empty office, he spun the device hanging on a thin golden chain around his slender neck. He prayed to anyone who might be listening that he would arrive at the precise moment he needed to. Moving backwards through time unnoticed was an exciting thing indeed, but he had a mission...a mission he hoped would change everything.

He arrived an hour before the conversation was to take place and waited in a cramped cupboard much like his father had occupied at his aunt and uncle's house as a youth. He was waiting for Dumbledore to say one phrase: *'But this is touching, Severus. Have you grown to care for the boy, after all?'*

Time inched along so slowly it seemed as though the minute hand on his watch had stopped. Soon, he heard loud, angry voices ricocheting off the walls like bullets. The younger of the two men's voices softened to almost a whisper; it sounded as though he was resigned to his fate. Albus could no longer hide in the pitch-black, spider-filled cupboard and listen to Severus Snape be verbally flayed. As soon as those words so callously fell from the headmaster's mouth, Albus threw off the Invisibility Cloak and exited his hiding place, revealing himself.

'Who are you?' Professor Dumbledore demanded of him.

'I'm someone who gives a shite about the two men you are so willing to throw to the wolves. Professor Snape has done everything for you, yet you don't care what happens to him. He's only a means to an end for you,' Albus yelled bitterly, clenching his fists so tightly they turned red.

'Things are not as they seem.' Dumbledore frowned at him.

'Spare me, Headmaster. I'm in no mood to listen to your pathetic excuses. You'll not manipulate me as you've done everyone else...the ones who should have mattered in your twisted desire for power and your so-called good intentions. Don't you understand, old man? There are greater things at risk than what you see.'

'Please sit and explain.' Dumbledore said roughly, gesturing toward the high-backed chair facing his cluttered desk.

Rolling his eyes, Albus Severus scoffed. 'I owe you nothing; I didn't come here to explain myself to anyone, especially you. My only desires were to address you and to let Professor Snape know that someone supports him, however distantly I am able.'

Severus stood dumbfounded, unable to believe anyone could see past the headmaster's façade to stand in his defense. He truly admired the fortitude the boy had, but couldn't understand why a stranger...a child...would defend him so fiercely when so many were against him.

'Why does my life matter to you, boy? You don't know me.' Severus looked at the raven-haired young man who reminded him somewhat of Harry Potter. It was the eyes that kept him from drawing the connection between the boy standing in front of him and his student.

'While it's true we don't know each other, Professor, I know enough about you to say you deserve better than this...better than the fate awaiting you.' Albus searched Severus's worry-lined, tired face, finally resting on the blue-black circles underneath his eyes.

'How do you...?' Severus was cut off before he could finish his thought.

'Don't worry about it, Professor.'

Dumbledore reached out to grab the boy's arm, trying to stop him from leaving his office. He was too slow for the young man, who disappeared without another word.

Albus felt better than he had in years, but he didn't have time to dwell on the feeling...he still had one more mission. It was not enough to let Dumbledore know how he felt; he wanted to give Professor Snape another chance...a chance to have a better, more peaceful life.

Spinning the Time-Turner again, he leaped forward to a year later, and this time faced a very dishevelled Professor Snape who was sitting at his desk and writing.

'I wondered if I would see you again,' Severus said, not looking up from the ink-stained parchment lying on his desk.

Severus rose from his chair and donned a silver demi-mask, a dark-green, velvet cloak, and a pair of well-worn leather gloves. His hair fell in a wave in front of his face, covering part of his mask, and he pushed the lock of hair back.

'Professor, I don't have long, and neither do you. I've come to warn you.'

'About what?' Severus inquired, though he already had a suspicion of what was going to happen when he left the school.

'You're about to go to Voldemort,' Albus simply stated as he rifled through the pockets of his robes. 'You need to be prepared for what you're about to face... Tonight, that evil, snake-faced bastard will try to take your life.'

'I know what awaits me. This is my last sacrifice; my life is all I have left to give,' he said, standing straight.

'You deserve better, Professor. You deserve to live, have happiness, love even.'

'The only woman I have ever loved chose someone else.' Severus recalled his last memory of the beautiful redhead with the brilliant green eyes: tears streamed down her angelic face as she walked away from him, leaving him behind to make his own, lonely way in life.

'Lily Evans was never meant for you.'

'There's no need to remind me of that. And how do you know about Lily? I've never told anyone.'

'I know many things, Professor. Like the fact that if you choose to live tonight, you will love another.'

'You're not serious.' Severus shook his head in disbelief.

'I am. I'd elaborate, but there's not much time.' Albus took a phial containing a smoke-coloured liquid and held it out to Severus. 'You have but a moment to decide. If you take this chance, you will have freedom...true freedom.'

'What does the potion do?' Severus queried, curiosity filling his voice.

'This will save your life when Voldemort sets his snake on you. When her venom hits your system, the potion will stop it. The neat thing about this is that you'll still appear to be dead even though your body will be repairing itself. You'll be in a coma of sorts for several hours, and then you'll wake up.'

'Ingenious. How do you know it will work?' He pressed the issue, stalling for time.

'I know it will work because I was the one who designed and tested it, Professor. You're not a guinea pig in an experiment.' He dug in his pockets once more, withdrawing a deceptively thin envelope and laid it on the professor's desk.

Severus hesitated, his hand trembling as he touched the oddly cold phial. 'What if you're wrong? What if I survive only to return to a world where the Dark Lord won?' He paused to consider. 'Yet, if the Light wins, I'll most likely be thrown in prison and left to rot, or someone will avenge Dumbledore's death by murdering me...whichever side wins, I'll be punished severely or killed.'

Albus uncorked the phial for Severus. 'I know you have your doubts, and you have every right to, considering the life you've led, but try to trust me. If I didn't know for certain, I would never have come to save you... and one other.'

'What makes you so certain? And did you say you were going to save another life tonight?'

'I have my reasons, Professor. And yes, I fully intend to save someone else.'

'Who?'

'Professor, you're wasting time. Take the damn potion!' Albus ordered. 'I have a letter that will explain everything you need to know after tonight.' He retrieved the envelope he had laid on the desk and handed it to the professor.

Severus drank the icy potion and felt it freeze his insides as it pooled into his stomach. Doubling over, he gasped as tears streamed down his cheeks. He felt as though all of his organs were freezing, causing him to suffocate.

'Perhaps I should have warned you about its violent effects. It'll subside, Professor.' He reached his hand out to touch Severus's shoulder, but it was pushed away, which left him feeling more powerless since he was unable to relieve the pain associated with the potion.

After several minutes had passed, Severus straightened and noticed the boy had not moved from his position in front of the desk. He also saw that the boy's teeth were deeply sunk into his bottom lip and he had tears shining in his bright blue eyes.

'I'm fine,' Severus assured the boy.

'In that case, Professor, I'll see you again, I'm certain.' He spun the Time-Turner forward and disappeared out of sight, leaving Severus standing with his mouth agape.

The Dark Mark on his forearm seared once more; Voldemort was summoning him to his death. If the potion somehow failed, this could be his last hour alive. With leaden feet, Severus exited his office and made his way to where the Dark Lord was hiding: the upstairs bedroom of the Shrieking Shack.

A/N: The three lines of text quoted at the beginning of this chapter are taken from "The Prince's Tale" in *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*...p.687 in the American hardcover edition.

Prompt info: Fix a Wrong, See a Right. Someone is given a Time-Turner and instructions to use it. Only once when using it, a mistake is made in counting or a slip of the fingers, and he/she goes forward/ backward in time. Who does this person meet/see? How would he/she fix a wrong while back in the right time?

Chapter 2

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Albus Severus Potter goes back in time to save two lives and ultimately bring them together.

'My Lord,' Severus called as he entered the cluttered, dirty bedroom of the Shrieking Shack. Dropping to his knees, he kissed the filthy, black hem of his master's robe.

'Severus, how good of you to join us.' Voldemort grasped

Severus's shoulder, his sharp, yellowed fingernails piercing the black cotton fabric of Severus's robes. 'Rise and join your fellows.'

'Tonight, we will celebrate victory over the brat. Potter will either bow to me or he will die,' Voldemort hissed.

A raucous chant of "Potter must die!" rang throughout the shack.

'In due time, my followers. But first, there's a small matter to discuss. My esteemed Death Eaters, we have a traitor in our midst. Can anyone guess who it is?' The gigantic snake, which was draped across his shoulders like a travesty of a wrap, flicked its forked tongue out, tasting the scent of human flesh.

'Would anyone care to venture a guess?' he addressed the room full of cloaked, masked people. 'Lucius, my slippery friend, would you like to offer up a name?'

'I do not know of anyone who would dare defy you, my Lord.' He bowed.

'Do you think it wise to lie to me, Lucius?'

'I speak the truth.' Lucius fought the fear threatening to rise in his voice.

'Liar!' Voldemort spat. 'You have denied me many times just to save your own skin.'

'My Lord, your forgiveness I implore,' Lucius begged.

Voldemort pointed his finger at Lucius, beckoning him closer.

'You will be dealt with.' He whispered something unintelligible, extending his milk-white arm. Hand tilting and shaking with power, he flicked all of his fingers at Lucius, and a wave of energy blasted through the room. Lucius was thrown backward off his feet and into an already splintered table, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

'Whoever fails to answer a direct question will pay for their disobedience. Now, who among you is willing to betray a friend?'

Silence settled over the small, black-clad crowd, no one daring to answer. Voldemort was growing angrier, his eyes flashing an evil, blood-red.

'It seems all of you are rather tight-lipped. Maybe you are all guilty of betrayal?' he suggested. 'Severus, come to me!'

Severus did as the Dark Lord asked but kept his head lowered, avoiding his evil eyes. He breathed evenly, forcing his hammering heart to slow. If the snake-faced slime noticed his frantic heart rate, his time alive would be less and his death infinitely more painful.

Voldemort approached him and ran his finger slowly, lovingly down the side of his mask. 'My most loyal servant,' his voice caressed. 'You are so very much like a son to me; do you know I almost worship you?' he taunted.

'My Lord, you honour me with your presence and regard.' Severus begrudgingly leaned into Voldemort's touch, a seemingly contented sigh escaping his mouth.

'Traitor!' Bellatrix screamed. 'He's the traitor, my Lord! He does not deserve your favour!'

'Silence, wench!' Voldemort bellowed. 'It is my decision, and only my decision, on whom to bestow favour.'

'But, my Lord, he is not who you think he is!'

Voldemort stood silent, his hand still resting on Severus's shoulder.

Severus appeared calm as he felt the weight of Voldemort's mind in his, searching for something, anything with which to prove or deny Bella's accusation. He brought forth memories of the Carrows' torturous methods of teaching the students and how he had done nothing to stop them, feigning acceptance. He showed his belief of the Pureblood way of life and his approval of Voldemort winning the war, how he thought it would be a better place to live with one supreme ruler—all carefully crafted half-truths. He stifled a sigh of relief when he felt the Dark Lord withdraw from him.

'He's as peaceful and set in his values as any of my faithful Death Eaters should be, Bella.'

'I know what he's hiding from you, my Lord. He helped the Potter brat destroy a Horcrux of yours.'

'What proof have you, Bella? If you're playing me false, you will be put to death!' he threatened.

She hurried forward and bowed before him. 'See for yourself.' She tapped the side of her head with her right forefinger, offering him a look into her mind.

Voldemort placed his brittle, long-fingered hand in her jet-black hair, and his eyes glowed bright red for a moment before he spoke. 'That's what you saw, Bella? A Patronus in the forest.' He watched her nod her head in assent.

'Nagini, a snack, I think.' He stroked her scaly skin as she slid from his body and slithered toward Bellatrix on the ground before changing direction, heading for Severus.

'My Lord! What have I done?'

'To your knees, servant. You have betrayed me!' Voldemort spat. 'I trusted you, treated you as a son, and you turn your back on me for some Mudblood bitch who never loved you!'

Severus fell as he felt the weight of Nagini crush him like a tin can. With deadly accuracy, she lunged for his throat, ripping the pale, delicate skin, and spilling his blood on the dusty floor. He did not cry out, beg for his life, or even make a sound to acknowledge what his former master had done. He knew how Voldemort liked to hear his victims beg, how he liked to see the light disappear from their eyes as tears streaked through their blood. He would give Voldemort no pleasure in his death.

'What, you're not even going to deny your actions or beg for your life? How pathetic.' He kicked Severus in his side with his dragon skin, steel-toed boot. 'After all I've done for you, you're not even going to allow me the small favour of watching the light disappear from your eyes as you die. Open your damn eyes!'

Refusing, Severus lay still with his eyes resolutely shut. The metallic smell of his own blood, the searing pain in his neck, accompanied by the icy potion running through his veins, threatened to make him sick, but he forbore, trying to die with his dignity in tact.

After a while, Voldemort grew restless and left with his followers in tow. Harry Potter and his friends had since come and gone, leaving him alone in the moonlit, rickety shack with only the shouting and screaming voices outside. After what felt like days, it grew eerily quiet, and the thrumming in his veins slowed and warmed.

Eyes still firmly shut, he heard someone, who was sniffing, shuffle into the too warm room.

'Please, please, Merlin, let him be alive,' the weary, ragged voice of a young girl whispered.

He felt the warmth radiate off of her as she knelt at his side. He felt her soft, comforting touch on his chest as her tears fell into the still-bleeding, open wound on his neck. She removed his silver demi-mask and wiped the wetness from his closed eyes. She then felt for a pulse on the other side of his neck. Although it was very weak, one was present.

She heaved a sigh of relief. 'Ye Gods, there is a heaven. I don't know how you did it, but you survived.' And that was the last thing he heard as he passed out into the land of the unknown.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 3

Albus Severus Potter goes back in time to save two lives and ultimately bring them together.

'*Crucio!*'

Severus crumpled to his knees as brilliant points of vibrant yellow and green light exploded behind his eyes. Painful tremors wracked his fragile body before the curse ended. Darkness was closing in, and the only light was from Voldemort's long, thin wand, which appeared to be made of bleached-white bone.

Voldemort pointed his wand at Severus's masked face. 'You. Must. Suffer.*Crucio!*'

Screaming, Severus writhed upon the frozen ground, shards of jagged rock stabbing into his back, adding to the blistering fire in his nerves. 'E... En...' he moaned.

'Enough?' Voldemort laughed maniacally. 'Never! *Sectumsempra!*' He aimed the curse at Severus's scarred, bare chest, ripping along it as though it were ancient papyrus. 'How does it feel to have the curse you invented used on you? Hurts, doesn't it? Rather like... betrayal,' he added, seeming amused, a dark smirk curling his upper lip.

'I'd do it again, you evil bastard!' Severus rasped, his voice growing more ragged with each breath.

'Now, is that any way to talk to a father figure, Severus?' he hissed. 'Too bad I'll not allow you to live to learn the lesson!'

'No!' Severus gasped, fighting to staunch the blood flowing from his wounded chest with his hands.

'You will fail every time you attempt to defeat me, Severus. I am immortal, and you, regrettably, are not,' he said, his tone snide. *Avada...*'

As the darkness closed in on him, he felt a feathery-light weight touch his hand and a bubble of warmth envelop his body, comforting him, easing him downwards.

Severus's eyelids flicked several times before finally opening to take in his surroundings. The hospital room was empty except for him and one other: a young, dark-haired

man with bluish-purple shadows under his eyes, who occupied a pea-green-coloured chair.

Soft voices sounded in the distance, and dim light from the overcast sky filtered in from a nearby pale-blue-curtained window, illuminating the stark white walls and making the metal tray at his bedside glint. A deep-blue, peeling-at-the-edges plastic bowl filled with tan-coloured liquid sat near a pitcher of water, and he looked longingly at the pitcher before once more resting his gaze upon the hunched over form of the boy.

'I knew you'd survive, Professor,' Albus Severus announced when he saw Severus look across the room at him.

Severus lifted his weak, shaking hand to his throat and felt a large patch of gauze covering the wound. He then opened his mouth and tried to speak, but only a soft 'oomph' escaped.

'Don't try to speak just yet. Nagini's venom affected your vocal cords, so the healers have devised a potion that will ensure your voice will be in working order soon.' Albus Severus approached the bed and sat down on its edge. 'I know you must be wondering why I'm here.'

Severus nodded in assent. *If he knew I'd survive, why did he come? Perhaps he wasn't so sure of his potion after all. I knew he...*

'Have a little faith in my abilities, Professor.' Albus Severus glared at him. 'I wouldn't be a very good researcher if I hadn't checked up on you. Besides, what's an hour in the grand scheme of things? It's wise to make sure I'd not have to use an alternate plan to save you.'

Indeed, Severus thought.

'The letter I gave you... I want you to read it when you're stronger. My presence, among other things, will make sense once you do.' He paused. 'Potter and McGonagall have a copy as well. They'll use it along with other evidence in their testimonies to free you.'

Severus rolled his eyes and huffed. *You're deluding yourself, boy, if you think either of them are going to help me... even after the memories I gave.*

'Trust me, Professor. They'll do right by you.'

Severus clasped the boy's shoulder and looked at him for a moment, uncertainty in his eyes. The young man smiled and gave a reassuring nod, disappearing without saying a word.

He has an unfortunate habit of disappearing when I can't ask questions. It's either a talent for evasion or he has excellent timing.

The Forest of Dean, he thought, looking at the glittering icicles dangling...a few precariously so as the wind picked up...from the barren branches. I hope she's still here and that she is alone. If she's not, that could complicate things quite a bit.

The sun hung low in the grey, overcast sky. Pure white snow crunched under his hiking boots as he made his way deeper into the heavily wooded area. The happy chirp of birds could be heard, as well as an unidentifiable rumble in the distance. He spared a glance at his compass and then to his watch. He was headed in the right direction as far as he could tell, and he was making good time, as it was still daylight.

He stopped for a moment, watching his breath form smoky circles in the wintry air. *The tent will be invisible, and I won't be able to hear her either. I will have to wait for her to appear...she'll have to emerge at some point.* He leaned against a tree and closed his eyes, but as soon as they drooped shut, he heard a tree branch snap and feet stomping in the snow.

'Why, why must he be such a pain in the arse? Doesn't he know that going off alone is dangerous?' she screamed, her voice shrieking through the trees, awakening sleeping animals.

Albus Severus approached her. 'Au...Hermione?'

Hermione turned around, her foot catching on a branch, causing her to fall onto her arse. 'A hand up, perhaps?' she asked, dusting the snowflakes from her black pea coat.

He extended his hand, and she took it, rising. 'Who are you and how do you know my name?'

'How I know your name is not important. I'm here for a particular purpose, and that's all you need to know.'

She withdrew her wand and pointed it at his face. 'You'll tell me who you are and what you want from me, or I'll...'

'You're just as feisty as I thought you'd be.' He chuckled. 'I assure you, I intend no harm.'

Lowering her wand, she noted his pink cheeks, bright-blue eyes, and messy, black hair. 'Wait, do I know you?'

'No, but I know you.'

'Then how do you know me?'

'It's a long, complicated story.'

'Then uncomplicate it and give me the short version,' she retorted.

'You make it sound so simple...'

'Because it is, or rather, it could be.'

'Hermione, stop. You're distracting me. I have something to tell you, and I need you to listen.' He took off his cloak and laid it on an icy log, then gestured for her sit.

She lowered herself gingerly, her bum still aching from the fall. 'All right, then. Go ahead.'

'I'll need you to try to trust me. Will you do that for me?'

His arms were uncrossed and hanging loosely at his sides, his stance was comfortable, and he was looking into her eyes...not over her head or elsewhere. He had a friendly, welcoming smile as well.

'I'll listen to you, but I won't promise to trust you.'

'That's all I need.' He breathed to steady himself. 'I'm unsure of how to tell you this.'

'Look, why don't you sit down,' she patted the covered, hollow log, 'and start from the beginning.'

'You... like Ron Weasley, yeah? As in more than a friend?'

Hermione's cheeks reddened and she looked away. 'What does that have to do with anything?'

'Ah, so you do.' He smiled knowingly. 'Perhaps you might want to reconsider him, Hermione. He's not the one meant for you.'

'How do you know this exactly? What makes you so sure he's not?' She raised her eyebrow at him.

'He's just not. In the future, you and he are unhappy together. You waste away as if you have lost all of your reasons to live, to love. Of course, there're no physical scars of your relationship...it's emotional. The things you were never allowed to do because you were catering to him and his desires, leaving yourself and your dreams in the dust. It's the look in your eyes when you see old friends. There's no spark, no real desire for life.'

Looking crestfallen, Hermione reiterated, 'How do you know?'

'Because... I've lived it with you. I've seen the disappointment nearly every day of my young life.'

'It can't be. He and I have our problems now, but surely that will change over time.'

Albus Severus sniffled. 'You'd think so, but time does not always change everything. If you don't believe me, Hermione, I have proof...something you can see and judge for yourself.' He withdrew a miniature package from his trouser pocket and brought it to full size.

'You brought a Pensieve?'

'Yes. Like I said: proof.' He pointed his mahogany wand to his temple, drawing a thick, silvery-white strand of memory from his mind. He then added it to the stone bowl and directed her to view the contents.

Immediately, she was drawn inside the memory of a small, black-haired boy. A woman with a worry-lined, frowning face placed a silver tea service on a claw-foot table. Her feet dragged as she greeted her redheaded husband. He dispassionately kissed her lips and walked away. Another memory: she was crying as he...Ron...raged at her. From the look on her older face, Hermione could tell that argument had been one of many. She walked through more unhappy memories, watching opportunities pass by in a flash. Perhaps this boy at her side was correct. If these memories were any indication, it would be best she not change the friendship with Ron.

She came out of the memories breathing heavy. 'This is me, isn't it? The life I'm doomed to live if Ron and I...'

'Yes, I'm afraid so. This is why it's best if you Ron just stay friends and not pursue anything further.' He stood, stretching his long legs from their cramped position on the log.

'May I ask you something?' she asked, touching his freezing cheek.

'Anything, Hermione.'

'Who are you really? That little boy in the memories looks like a younger version of you. And you resemble my best friend, Harry. Your eyes are the only thing unlike his.'

'I was that little boy, Hermione, and Harry and Ginny are my parents. If you marry Ron, you will be my aunt.'

Her mouth opened, but before she could speak, he hushed her. 'I know you have questions, but I can't answer any of them. What I have done already changes events.'

'I understand.'

'Will you do something for me?'

'Certainly. What do you need?' she replied.

'At the end of the Final Battle, check the Shrieking Shack a second time.' He tugged at the golden chain around his neck and started to turn it between his fingers. 'Oh, and one more thing: in the months ahead, please keep an open mind and remember that not all things are as they seem.' With a final turn, he disappeared from sight.