

Gone

by simplydreamin

A brief glimpse between two worlds. Sirius is tortured during his first moments beyond the veil while Harry and Remus feel the pain in the land of the living.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A brief glimpse between two worlds. Sirius is tortured during his first moments beyond the veil while Harry and Remus feel the pain in the land of the living.

Disclaimer: The characters are not mine, they are property of JKR. I am making no money from my twisted encounters with them.

A/N: No spoilers from HBP. But, if you've not read OotP, then you may not want to venture any further. :) Thank you to my lovely, patient, kind, bothered beta, Southern_Witch_69. You have my heart, darling.

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Sirius landed with such force that the wind was temporarily drained from his lungs. He heard her scream. The madwoman sounded almost happy. He struggled to his feet and lunged forward, wand at the ready... wand at the... Where was his wand? He stopped for a moment, and then frantically ran his hands over his cloak.

"My wand... you bitch!" he yelled as he stormed toward the veil. His feet turned to lead as he heard his godson's screams.

"SIRIUS! SIRIUS!"

"Harry?" Sirius forced his feet forward, but his movements were oddly sluggish. He seemed to be struggling against an unseen force. The curtain fluttered just inches from his fingers, yet it remained just out of his reach. Then, more voices.

"There's nothing you can do, Harry."

"Moony? Moony! I'm here. I can't seem to move!" Sirius struggled again, willing his outstretched arms to reach just a little further.

"Get him, save him, he's only just gone through!" Harry's voice was strong, defiant.

"Harry! Harry, I'm here! I'm trying... It's the spell; she's done something... my wand. Moony, toss me my wand!" Sirius shouted. His voice was oddly muffled, and there was no response from the other side of the curtain. "Remus, my wand!"

"It's too late, Harry..." Remus' voice was softer now, almost a whisper.

"We can still reach him..." Harry sounded desperate, his voice cracking.

"There's nothing you can do, Harry... nothing. He's gone."

"NO! Remus, I'm right here!" Sirius struggled with all his might, but his body would not budge. He was suspended in time, inches from the veil, inches from Remus, and inches from Harry.

"He hasn't gone!" yelled Harry. "SIRIUS!"

"Harry!" Sirius panicked. If only he could reach just a bit...

"HE – IS – NOT – DEAD!" Harry's voice thundered, "SIRIUS!"

Sirius heard muffled movements, then silence.

"No... HARRY! REMUS!" he shouted. Yet he knew his pleadings fell on dead ears.

He fell back against the hard stone floor. Head in hands, he began to replay the last few moments in his mind. He had been fighting Bellatrix... dueling with her. He had jumped up on the dais and ducked to avoid his cousin's onslaught of spells. Then, a flash of red light...

"NO! GODS, NO!" Sirius jumped back to his feet and lunged forward, only to be thrown back to his place on the floor.

"No, no, no," Sirius got to his feet, a deep ache rising in his chest, and slowly approached the curtained wall. He stopped, his face inches from the tattered fabric. His thoughts became clear as the realization hit him. Bellatrix... the dais... a red light... falling back... the veil.

"Harry." It was only a whisper now, no more yelling, no more pleading, "Harry, I'm sorry."

Sirius sunk to his knees, a great sob escaping his cramped chest. His tears formed a puddle upon the stone floor.

"Harry... I'm so sorry."

A/N: This is begging to be continued. I have a lot of ideas floating around. Thanks for reading.

Southern's Notes: I normally don't get into Sirius tales, but I feel so sorry for him here. I wouldn't mind seeing if he can at least be happy where he is.