

Back

by astopperindeath

Sirius is sent back to England from beyond the Veil, twelve years later. What he sees upon arrival makes him consider falling back through the Veil. AU after HBP.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own anything HP-related. I'm also not making any money.

Sirius stands in Grimmauld Square, not sure how he arrived there. He remembers his dear cousin's demented face as she cast a jet of red light at him. He remembers laughing his ass off and taunting her for her lack of aim. And, he remembers being thoroughly surprised when she actually hit him. But beyond that, he remembers very little. All he really recalls from behind the Veil is an interminable grayness, which could have lasted five days or five millennia.

Still unsure of *when* it is, he draws his wand in caution. Remembering his address, he is happy when his home actually appears between numbers eleven and thirteen. Climbing the stairs, he enters the house, hoping *someone* he knows will be there. He finds a copy of the *Daily Prophet* on a table in the entryway, dated November 25th, 2008.

Twelve years. Holy shit, I've been gone twelve years. Questions begin flying through his brain. *Is the war over? Did we win? Is Harry alive? Who lives here now?*

Even more cautious than before—being stuck behind the Veil for twelve years *had* taught him a thing or two about being careful—he slowly creeps through the house, looking for any clues for who may live there.

A thump on the second floor sets him on high alert. Knowing his senses are heightened in dog form, he transforms and begins sniffing the air.

MOONY! He barks with glee and jumps around on the furniture.

Transforming back and rushing to the stairwell, he pauses long enough to flip his astonished mother the two-fingered salute before bounding up the stairs two at a time.

Heading to Remus' typical room, he throws open the door, ready to yell out his best friend's name.

He doesn't get past the "M."

Remus is tied to the bed, face down and limbs spread-eagled. Draped over his body, hands grasping his hips and cock thrusting wildly into him is none other than Severus Snape.

Sirius is flabbergasted. He's repulsed and disgusted, and he just can't look away. It's like watching a train wreck. Resisting the urge to scream like a ten-year-old girl, Sirius blinks repeatedly, hoping his eyes are somehow playing tricks on him.

The noises emanating from the bed ground him in the reality of the situation. His worst enemy is definitely bugging his best friend.

Remus moans as Snape captures his earlobe between his teeth. Wrapping his lips around the lobe, Snape sucks hard, eliciting a short scream from Remus.

Sirius nearly throws up.

It is clear from Sirius' vantage point that Snape is nearing completion. Snape throws his head back and, with a few, hard thrusts, slams into Remus one last time.

Two voices scream out the name "Remus": one in ecstasy, the other in horror.

Remus only hears Severus. His eyes squeeze shut as he chants Severus' name.

Severus collapses over his lover, whispering a spell that vanishes the binds on Remus' hands and feet. Cradling Remus' body to his, he closes his eyes and sighs. He rolls them to their sides and spoons Remus from behind.

Sirius cannot believe what he has just seen. He also can't believe that Remus is so far gone that he didn't even sense his presence. He attempts to sneak out of the room, hoping there's no one in the bathroom. He definitely needs a moment to himself, and it's very possible he might be sick in the next ten minutes. He pulls the door shut and very nearly makes his escape.

"I was wondering when you'd show up, Black," Severus murmurs, opening his eyes.

Fuck...

Remus is confused. "What are you talking about?"

Initiating eye contact with Sirius, Severus leans up and whispers in Remus' ear, "Open your eyes, love."

Remus blinks sleepily and opens his eyes. As his eyes focus, he sees his rumpled, slightly green-faced childhood friend. The look of shock on Remus' face mirrors Sirius'. Remus sniffs the air to confirm that his friend is no mere apparition. Verifying that it's Sirius, he tries to speak.

"What the... how... I can explain... What the *fuck* is going on?"

Sirius has no words. He turns and bolts down the hallway.

As Sirius stumbles away, Severus chuckles darkly.

"Welcome back, you damned mongrel!"

AN: Thank you very much to my lovely beta, janus. And thanks to ladyinthecloak for all her hard work on Saturday nights. This story was inspired by a prompt by ApollinaV: "Sirius didn't die. The curtained portal propelled him forward in time. He reappears at a very inopportune moment of your choice. Bonus points for extra awkwardness." Also, this is my first attempt at slash.