Prisoner's Funeral

by Moreteadk

Voldemort is dead. There is punishment for the Death Eaters for not protecting their
master.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Voldemort is dead. There is punishment for the Death Eaters for not protecting their master.

The Dark Lord was dead.

Lucius knew this without a doubt the second it happened, that there would be no coming back from it this time. He knew it from the mind-numbing pain that had erupted in the Dark Mark on his arm and had engulfed his entire body in flaming agony, as if his very skin was on fire.

All he could see was a blinding whiteness.

All he could hear was the ringing in his ears and the sound of his own screams.

All he could feel was fiery pain burning through him like a hundred Crucios and made him slam his fists and head against the walls of his cell.

He didn't notice that he broke his hand against the wall or the blood trickling from his nose and his ears.

He didn't notice that he soiled himself when he fell to the floor.

His every muscle convulsed with cramps.

The only conscious thought in his mind before he passed out was when would it stop?

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When Lucius woke up, he didn't know where he was. He knew he wasn't in his prison cell. The cell was drafty and cold, and this place in which he was lying was hot and had little air.

He was lying on his back on something hard and flat. He was naked from top to toe, and splinters were digging into his skin. His muscles were sore, and his right hand was throbbing with pain.

It was completely dark around him. So dark that he wasn't even certain if his eyes were opened or closed. He tried to lift a hand to his face, but it bumped against something hard and wooden above him. Terror gripped his heart as he felt around him as best he could only to discover that he was boxed in.

It was quite hot inside the box, and beads of sweat trickled down his forehead. His hand was pounding with pain from the broken bones in it, but he didn't pay any attention to it as he scratched and punched at the sides and lid of the coffin. Lucius wasn't even aware that he had been screaming until he had to stop and gasp for breath.

His lungs were burning from lack of oxygen. Nobody reacted to his screams, and he could hear no sounds from outside the wooden coffin. It was as if he could feel the weight of the dirt above him pressing down on his chest, crushing him, as he realised with dread what must have happened.

He was beginning to feel woozy. If there hadn't been such a total and absolute darkness around him, he would have seen black spots dancing in front of his eyes.

Lucius surmised that he must have passed out during the effects of the Dark Lord's death, and not surprisingly the punishment bestowed on the Death Eaters for failing to protect their Lord had caused him to be unconscious for several days. The wardens of Azkaban weren't picked for the job because of their caring ways, and they weren't expected to keep an eye on the well-being of the inmates. Most likely they had just left him where he was until they were certain he was dead and had buried him in this crude coffin outside the walls of Azkaban like so many other prisoners who had died in their cells before him.

For a very brief moment, Lucius comforted himself with the thought that Draco would sue the Ministry to bankruptcy for this, but it lasted only until he remembered that neither Draco nor anyone else in the world would ever know the truth about his death.

His final thought before he finally ran out of air and slippped into the unconsciousness of death was an oddly calm wondering about how many of his fellow Death Eaters and friends had been buried alive beside him.

Fin.