

We could bear witness to the rise and the fall

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We could bear witness to the rise and the fall

by [Flowergirl2205](#)

Summary

“Why did you want to talk to me?”

“Aren't I allowed to talk to my older brother?”

“You lost that right long ago.” Sirius said in an angry tone. He didn't bother to hide it, what he said was true. Regulus had lost that right, he shouldn't have to sugar coat it just because he was his brother.

“Ah, well, I think that I have information that could help you in your fight against the Dark Lord.”

Or

Regulus goes to Sirius to tell him about the hourcrux's that Voldemort made. This leads to the two brothers trying to destroy him, all while confronting the trauma that living with their family gave them. And inadvertently giving their generation a happy ending.

Notes

"Me? posting another Black Brothers bonding fic?"

It's more likely than you think.

I'm autistic so Reggie has a lot of my symptoms.

Trigger Warnings: Child abuse emotional and physical, panic attack/meltdowns, and parent child s*xual abuse.

Anyway I hope you like this story.

What's your purpose? Why were you put on Earth?

Sirius picked at his side salad with his fork. He was definitely hungry but he couldn't really bring himself to eat anything. His stomach felt way too bad for him too. He didn't feel sick, he was just nervous. But he still didn't feel like eating. But he needed this lunch to go well.

His seventeen year old brother, Regulus, was sitting across from him.

One hour ago Regulus had shown up at the door to his apartment. He had not said what was going on and why he was here, hell he still hadn't said why he had shown up, all he had said was that he needed to talk to Sirius.

Now he had been a bit wary about talking to his brother. He didn't really trust Regulus. They hadn't had a full conversation since his sixth year, Regulus's third, and there had been rumors that Regulus had gotten the Dark Mark.

Sirius knew that he was on the Death Eaters hit list. He was a member of the Order, plus he was a runaway member of the Black family. He definitely had a target on his back.

It would be just like Voldemort to make someone kill their siblings to prove their loyalty to him and the Death Eaters.

He didn't really feel like Regulus had it in him to kill him. But he didn't really know him very well not anymore.

They had been close when they were younger. He had been very protective of his younger brother, they had done almost everything together. But as the years went on they had grown apart. Sirius could not really pinpoint a time that had made them stop being close; it had been more of a gradual thing. Sirius running away had been the final blow though.

Regulus had said that they could talk at a local muggle caffie. This had made him trust his younger brother a bit more. He knew that Regulus was not going to kill him in a room full of people. That would be a very stupid thing to do, Regulus was a lot of things but he wasn't stupid.

So Sirius had agreed to talk to his younger brother.

They had been together in an awkward silence from that time to now. And he was getting tired of it, he wanted to know what Regulus had to say, dam'nt. But he also felt that his brother should be the one to talk first. He was the whole reason that this was happening after all. He should be the one to say the first word.

This battle went on in his mind as he continued to eat his salad. Eventually the bored and curious side won and he asked Regulus-

"Why did you want to talk to me?"

“Aren't I allowed to talk to my older brother?”

“You lost that right long ago.” Sirius said in an angry tone. He didn’t bother to hide it, what he said was true. Regulus had lost that right, he shouldn’t have to sugar coat it just because he was his brother.

“Ah, well, I think that I have information that could help you in your fight against the Dark Lord.”

“What? Are you joking!?” he said in shock.

“No. Why would I joke about that?” Regulus asked, confused.

“*No, Regulus, I wasn’t seriously asking, I was just surprised.*”

“Oh, ok.”

Sirius could sense that they were getting off topic. He wondered if Regulus was purposely steering the conversation away from the bomb that he had dropped to torture him. But Sirius also remembered that his younger brother had always had a problem with sarcasm and some figures of speech.

“What kind of information do you have?”

“I don’t know if I can tell you here.”

“Why not? You agreed to come here.”

“Yes I did. But you wouldn’t have agreed to talk to me if I hadn’t.”

“*Because your a fucking death eater!*”

“I need to give you this information Sirius.”

“Then give it to me!”

“I can’t give it to you here.”

“Why not?!”

“Because we're in public, at a muggle cafe no less. Someone could overhear.”

“No Death Eater is going to be at a muggle restaurant.” Sirius said getting pissed at his younger brother. Why couldn’t Regulus just tell him what he knew? Was this a trap? Or was Regulus just fucking with him?

“They could be though. Or someone that is under the imperius curse. This information can’t get out.” Regulus said calmly, but with an air of seriousness.

Sirius rolled his eyes. But he realized that he probably wasn’t going to win this battle. Both he and Regulus could be very stubborn, but he at least knew when to pick his battles. At least

he did now, kind of. Plus if Regulus was telling the truth this could be very important to the Order and the war effort.

“Ok, well how do you plan to give me this information if you can’t tell me here? Because I won’t go anywhere with you if I’m not a hundred percent sure you’re telling the truth. And right now, I’m not.”

“I don’t know. How can I make you trust me?” Regulus asked.

“Go back in time six years.”

“I can’t do that Sirius. That’s illegal.”

“I was being sarcastic.”

“Oh. Well that doesn’t answer my question.”

“Because I don’t know what you could do to make me trust you, Regulus. Short of telling me what information you have and then giving me proof that the information is legitimate.”

“I can’t do that though.”

Sirius sighed. They were going back to this argument, or maybe they never actually left it. He really wanted to trust Regulus, but he couldn’t because he had chosen their family over him. He had become a death eater. Or at least he had allegedly become a death eater, if he was proven to be one he would be in Azkaban right now. Not talking to Sirius.

“Fine, I will talk to you somewhere else. But you have to let me bring someone.”

“Who do you want to bring?”

“I don’t know yet. But that’s the only way that I will agree to this. If not you’re half to tell me here, and if you don’t do that I will tell the ministry that you admitted to being a death eater.”

“But I didn’t admit to being a death eater.”

“You said that you had information on Voldemort. That’s all the evidence the Ministry needs these days.”

Sirius really didn’t want to turn his baby brother in, but if he had to he would. It would mean one less death eater on the street. It would most likely lead to other death eaters being caught. And Regulus would probably strike a deal and give up information in exchange for a lighter sentence. Regulus had chosen his side and made his bed, he should have to lie in it.

“Fine, you can bring someone. Where do you want to meet?”

“I don’t know.”

“You’re asking me to meet you somewhere, but you don’t know where.”

“My thought process hadn’t gotten that far!.” Sirius said, his voice getting higher-

“Where do you want to meet?”

Regulus thought for a few seconds and said

“My bedroom.”

“Your bedroom? Are you fucking insane Regulus? If we are likely to be overheard here we are guaranteed to be heard at that house!”

“We are not going to be overheard there. It is only me and Kreacher at the house. Mother and Father are currently on vacation, they are not going to be home for two more months.”

“How long have they been on vacation?”

“One month.”

“They missed your Hogwarts graduation?” Sirius said, surprised. His parents had not been at his graduation but that had made sense. He had been disowned at that point so he hadn’t expected them to show up. But Regulus was their golden boy, he thought that they would have wanted to see their heir graduate Hogwarts.

“Yes. It’s an important vacation.”

“What are they doing?”

“They’re in France meeting with our relatives.”

“Ah, going to find you a bride, Reggie.”

“No, they are just visiting them.”

Sirius rolled his eyes.

“When do you want to meet up?”

“Tomorrow, we need to talk soon.”

“Alright.”

Sirius got up and said

“You’ll get the bill right.”

“Sure. I just have one question.”

“What?”

Regulus looked down at the jeans that he was wearing and said

“How do you wear these every day? They make me feel like there is electricity going down my legs.”

Sirius shook his head and said

“It doesn’t feel like that for me Reggie.”

“Oh, so it’s one of those things.”

“Yep, I guess.”

Regulus had always had a problem with certain clothing items. Their parents had thought that he was making it up, but Sirius knew better. Regulus really felt that way, they just didn’t know why. He knew that his brother wasn’t allergic to the fabric, like Sirius originally thought he was but he didn’t know why Regulus felt that way. Sirius shook his head to get him out of his thoughts.

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow Reggie.”

Sirius knocked on the door to the Potter’s house. He had decided to ask Remus, but he wasn't there when Sirius had gotten to his apartment. So he operated to the James and Lily’s house.

Lily and James had gotten married last year. It was such a beautiful wedding, Sirius had been James’s best man and Remus and Peter had been the other groomsmen. Alice and Mary had been Lily’s bridesmaid and Marleen was her bridesmaid. It had been a small wedding, with only the Order and Lily and James’s parents invited. But that had honestly made it better.

Shortly after they had gotten married they had bought a house and moved out of their apartment. It was a very nice house, perfect for starting a family which he knew that they were trying to do.

Thankfully James opened the door. Sirius loved Lily like a sister, but she wouldn’t really understand the Regulus situation. He wasn’t even sure if she knew he had a younger brother. Regulus wasn’t really popular or well known at Hogwarts, he really blended into the background. And Sirius had stopped talking to Regulus long before she had started hanging out with the marauders.

“Hey Pads, what do you want mate?”

“Can we talk inside?”

“Yeah, of course, is everything ok?” James asked worriedly.

“Everything is fine. I just really need to ask you something. Inside.”

“Alright, well come on in.”

They both walked into the house and made their way to the living room. They both sat down on the couch.

“What do you need to ask me?”

“I need you to meet Regulus with me. He said that he has information that could help us take Voldemort down.”

“And you believe him?”

“No, but I know that if it is a trap and he is lying we can take him down. We have beat Voldemort before, we can defeat my baby brother.”

James had a conflicted look on his face and Sirius understood why. He had barely interacted with Regulus, but he had heard Sirius rant about him a hundred times.

“Alright. But I’m taking my wand with me.”

“Never said that you couldn’t.” he said smirking.

Regulus sat down on his bed waiting for his brother and whatever person he decided to bring with him. He assumed that it would be James Potter, they were always joined at the hip. He and his brother had never talked about a time to meet, which he supposed in hindsight was an oversight.

He had gotten out all of his notes about horcruxes and what he knew. There were five notebooks on his bed, all of them complete.

He unpinned the newspaper clippings that were over his bed. They were all about the dark lord, he had underlined parts that gave evidence to his theory. None of it was damning on his own, but put together he thought it was pretty convincing.

He hoped that Siri would too.

At first Regulus had planned to do this all alone, and still planned on going to the cave alone, but he realized that someone else needed to know about this. When he was dead no one would know about the horcruxes. And what if he had made more, then it wouldn’t matter if Kreacher destroyed this one. There would still be more to get rid of.

More to destroy.

So he decided to talk to Siri. He hadn’t been entirely sure that his older brother would even want to talk to him. If he turned him away he had planned on asking Kreacher to tell him everything about the horcrux and the possibility that Voldemort had more than one.

But thankfully Siri had been willing to talk to him so he didn’t have to ask Kreacher to do that.

He waited on his bed for what felt like hours, but he didn't dare leave his bedroom because he was scared that if he did Siri would think that this was a trap and he would never give him a chance again.

Regulus had changed the wards that surrounded the house to let Sirius in. It's not like their parents would notice, at least he hoped they wouldn't notice. He hated disappointing them and he knew that if they found out that he had let Siri back in the house they would be very disappointed in him. But he also knew that this was important.

What the dark lord was doing was wrong and he had to be stopped. And he had information that would stop him.

He heard the floor outside of his bedroom door creak.

"Sirius is that you?"

His brother opened the door to revile him and James Potter.

"Yep."

"Tell us what you know Regulus." James said.

"I think that the Dark Lord has been making hourcruxs."

"What's a hourcrux?" Sirius and James said in unison.

"It's when you preform a dark ritual we're you split your soul into different parts."

"Well how does that affect us?"

"It means that he can't be killed. Not until you destroy the hourcruxs."

Sirius and James have each other horrified looks.

"And you think he's made these." Sirius asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

So Regulus explained that Kreacher had been offered to the Dark Lord. And he told them everything that he said when he returned.

"How do you know that the elf isn't lying?" James Potter said.

Regulus opened his mouth to defend Kreacher but to his surprise Sirius talked first

"Kreacher won't lie to Regulus. I hate the damn thing but he loves Regulus more then some members of our family."

"Don't call him an it."

“Well what are we going to do?”

“You two can take my notes to the Order. I’ll go to the Island with Kreacher and he can bring back the locket for you to destroy.”

“Is he also going to bring you back?” Sirius asked him.

“No.”

“Well then how are you going to get back?” Sirius asked confused.

“I probably won’t get back.”

“What do you mean you won’t get back?!” He asked confused.

“I will most likely not get back.”

“So you’re going to die?”

“Probably.”

“Why are you not making a bigger deal about this, your going on a suicide mission.”

“Why do you care so much Sirius?”

“Why do I care? Why do I care! You're going to get yourself killed Regulus, why wouldn't I care?”

“It’s the only way.”

“You could have Kreacher bring you back as well.”

“The Dark Lord will be suspicious of our family.”

“I don't see how you dying will solve that problem.”

James waved his hands in an attempt to get the two brothers to stop arguing.

“Guys, guys, stop fighting! Regulus, if you die it will make everything so much harder for us.”

“That’s what my notes are for.”

“Regulus, no one can read your handwriting but you.” Sirius said.

It did not make any sense to Regulus. In every version of his plan he would always end up dead, and he definitely hadn’t expected Sirius to fight him on it. But James and his brother were right, he was the only one who really understood his notes. And it would be easier to explain it to them face to face.

“Ok, fine. I’ll let Kreacher bring me back.”

The cave was musty. Regulus could feel the saltwater in the air and he could hear the water crashing against the walls and dripping from the ceiling. When he looked over the edge of the tiny boat that he and Kreacher shared he saw his reflection in the dark murky water. It wasn't a perfect reflection though, it twisted his features into something odd and strange. It was something that you would see in a muggle fun house.

When he looked closer at the water, past his reflection, he saw the bodies that filled up the cavern of the lake. There were thousands of them, although Regulus could only see around ten. They were all in various stages of decomposition, the oldest one had barely any skins that were on its bones. He knew that it wouldn't decompose any more though, that was part of the curse of infer.

Regulus forced himself to look away from the bodies that littered the lake. It wouldn't do him any good to stare at them, he needed to think about the mission. Not focus on everything that could go wrong.

Before he had left for the cave, he had gone over everything with Kreacher again. He didn't want to make the elf relive his torture but he needed to know everything that could happen.

The cave was also dark. Regulus had never liked the dark, he had tried to get rid of this fear by sitting in a dark room for hours but nothing worked. As he felt his skin seize up and his stomach started to get that sinking feeling he heard his mother's voice in his head say "Blacks don't get scared." he drew a deep breath and tried to focus on anything other than his fears.

Eventually they got to the island in the middle of the lake, he and Kreacher both got out of the boat. Regulus felt like his legs were shaking but he knew that they weren't.

He slowly walked over to the basin.

Regulus got down on his knees and prepared to drink it. As his lips touched the top of he stopped.

"Kreacher, you need to promise that whatever I say you won't stop me from finishing the potion alright."

The house elf nodded and Regulus turned back around, took a deep breath, and took a sip of the potion.

Regulus was eight years old and Sirius was leaving for Hogwarts. He was standing on the platform and he couldn't focus on anything but all of the noises. Everyone was talking, their voices mixed together into a horrible combination of conversations. The train bell was ringing and it felt like it was drilling into his skull. Children were running around playing with their friends screaming in excitement. All of these sounds forced their way into Regulus's and he felt like his head was going to explode. He put his hands over his ears, digging the ends of them into his ears trying to keep them close, it hurt but he didn't care. He needed to stop hearing the noise.

He moved down to his knees and rocked back and forth trying desperately to calm himself down. They needed to stop talking. Why wouldn't they stop talking?

"Stop talking. Please be quiet!" he cried, but no one listened to him.

He felt tears run down his face. He felt ashamed and embarrassed he could hear his Mothers voice tell him that "Blacks don't cry." But he couldn't stop. They could stop though, why couldn't they just be quiet?

Regulus was nine years old and Sirius hadn't written to him at all this year. He missed his brother.

Regulus Black is twelve years old, almost thirteen, and his older brother runs away from their home. He knew that this was a long time coming, but it still hurt him deeply. He knew that Sirius and their parents did not get along, but his brother had to know that they were just doing what's best for them. If they messed up and embarrassed the family they deserved whatever punishment they got. Whenever Regulus had one of his crying fits at parties and places like that, he deserved to be punished.

He didn't know why he acted like that though. Regulus always tried to calm down when he started to feel overwhelmed, but nothing worked.

Regulus supposed it made sense that Sirius would run away to the Potters though. Siri always chose James over him.

Regulus is seventeen and his father dies. His mother covers it up, she tells everyone that they are both in France but this is a lie. His father is dead and his mother is in France with her relatives trying to find a cover story.

Regulus Black is seventeen and his father just died in front of him. He is the man of the house now, his Mother tells him as her arms snake around his chest he knows what she is going to do and he feels like he wants to join his father.

His throat is burning and he needs water.

That is all he knows.

He needs water.

"Master Regulus, Master Regulus, we have the locket we can leave."

“Water, I need water.”

“You can get water at the blood traitors house.”

Kreacher grabs him and they leave the cave. But Regulus doesn't really notice, all he can think about is the burning in his throat.

Sirius flips through his younger brother's notes. He and James are sitting in the Potter's kitchen pouring over the many notes that Regulus has made about horcruxes.

“Jesus christ, mate, your brother is insanely thorough when it comes to notes.”

“Yeah, if Regulus is one thing it definitely isn't lackluster.”

“When is Lily coming home?”

“Around 6:30.”

“Does she know about Regulus, we won't be done by then.”

“Yeah, I told her. I only gave her a brief rundown though, you and Regulus will have to give her a more in depth explanation.”

“I don't understand it any more than you do, I don't see how I can explain it any better.”

“Fine, Regulus can explain it then. I just thought that she would trust you more than your brother.”

Sirius nodded and the two friends went back to looking at the notes.

He shivered and pulled his jacket harder around his arms, waist and chest.

The Potter's kitchen was small, but it looked a lot larger than it actually was. The walls were painted a mustard yellow color. The floor was in pale tiles, they had wood cabinets and a refrigerator. They didn't have a dishwasher, but they didn't need one, they had magic after all. There was a medium sized photo that sat at the edge of the room near the phone that hung on the wall.

You could see the living room from the kitchen, it was small but nice looking. It had a red carpet instead of wood on the floor, the walls were the same color as the kitchen. There was a huge stone fireplace in the center of the room and right across from that was a big red couch which matched the two chairs that sat in front of the window.

Sirius rubbed his thumb against the edges of the notebook.

Regulus always had messy handwriting. It was one of the few things that his Mother praised him above Regulus for. The only times that anyone else could read what his younger brother

wrote was after Regulus deeply concentrated on what he was writing, and it took him around three times longer than it normally would. At least that was what it had been like when they were younger and they both had tutoring. Sirius assumed that his brother had improved, but apparently not.

As the minutes ticked on Sirius and James tried their very best to discern what Regulus had written in his many notebooks.

Then they heard a loud crack coming from the living room.

James and Sirius both grabbed their wands from where they sat on the table.

“Regulus?” Sirius called out hesitantly.

“Master Regulus needs help!” Kreacher screamed.

Sirius and James ran towards the living room. When they got there they saw him lying down on the carpet. He appeared to be passed out but Sirius couldn’t be sure. Kreacher was standing over him with a worried look on his wrinkled face.

“What happened to him, is he ok?”

“Young master needs water.” Kreacher said urgently.

Sirius ran back to the kitchen and threw open the cabinet doors. He grabbed the glass that was the closest to the front of it, he hurried to the sink and turned it on. He filled it up to the point that it overflowed. He quickly shut it off and he ran back to the living room.

He got down on his knees and moved over his younger brother. He tried to shake Regulus awake but all his brother did was grumble, he was saying something but Sirius could not understand what he was saying.

“Regulus, Regulus, you need to open your mouth.”

“No, no. Please stop.”

“Regulus, Kreacher says you need to drink water.”

“NO,NO! Please stop touching me!”

Sirius lowered his voice and removed his hands from his brother's shoulders and arms.

“Reggie, you need to drink this water, please.”

Regulus finally opened his mouth and Sirius poured the water down his brother's throat.

Sirius picked Regulus and put him on the couch. He was surprised at how light his brother was. He thought back and realized how Regulus had only been wearing baggy clothes after they started talking to each other again.

“What do we do now?” James asked Sirius.

“I don’t know, wait for him to wake up.”

“Ok.”

Sirius turned to look at James and asked him-

“Do you think he will be ok?”

“I don’t know Sirius. I’m not a healer.”

Sirius turned around to look at the clock.

“It’s almost time for Lily to be home. Isn’t she good at healing potions?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you think she will help?”

“Probably.”

I am the observer, I'm a witness of life...

Chapter Notes

I hope that you like this chapter.

Trigger Warnings: Child abuse emotional and physical, and parent child s*xual abuse.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Regulus Black hadn't been seen in days. Or at least Severus had not seen him in several days, and he knew that he was one of the few people that the younger Black sibling spent time with. He had asked Narcissa if he had seen her cousin but she had told him that she hadn't. He figured that he could always ask the Crouch kid that always seemed to be around him, but he never really talked to him in school, them being in different houses and different years. Severus also did not know how to get in contact with him because they almost never spoke with each other, and he could not just show up at his house, his father was one of the main people putting Death Eaters in Azkaban.

He had tried to send letters to the younger boy, but he never responded to them.

So, despite the fact that he would never admit to it, he was growing worried about him. There was a war going on after all, what if Regulus was dead? Severus would rather die than tell Regulus this, but he was one of his few friends. And he would honestly be very upset if he turned up dead.

So, despite the fact that he would never admit to it, he was growing worried about him. There was a war going on after all, what if Regulus was dead? Severus rather died than tell Regulus this, but he was one of his few friends. And he would honestly be very upset if he turned up dead.

Narcissa had suggested that maybe Regulus went with his parents to France but Severus knew that wasn't true. For one thing he had attended his graduation where Regulus very much was, and he had seen him a few times after that and not once had he mentioned going to France.

In fact he had been acting fairly odd when he had last seen his younger friend. He had been more jumpy and on edge then he normally was.

“Are you sure that you know how to destroy this?” Sirius Black asked his younger brother.

“Yes, this is how all of the texts say to kill the soul in a horcrux.” he replied not looking at his sibling.

Instead Regulus Black was looking at the silver locket in his hand. He wasn’t sure how, or if it was just his imagination, but he swore that he could feel a heartbeat pulsating out of the locket.

“Ok, well do you want to do the honours or should I?”

“I can’t. I’m still underage.”

“Right, well I guess I will do it.”

Regulus put the locket on the ground and walked away to hide behind a few trees.

“What are you doing Reggie?”

“I don’t want to get burned.”

Sirius’s arm was shaking, although he hoped to god that his younger brother couldn’t see it.

As he raised his arm and he was a second away from casting the spell, he heard the locket whispering to him-

“ Sirius,

Sirius”

It was his Mothers voice.

“You're a disgrace to this family!

Why can't you be more like your younger brother?

You will never find someone to truly love you.

They will never trust you.

You will never outrun your last name.”

“Enough!” Sirius screamed. As he casted the spell and destroyed the locket.

Then he fainted.

Barty hadn’t seen Regulus in seven and a half days. Over a week, and he didn’t know what to do. He wasn’t responding to any of his letters and no one he talked to had seen him either.

He was getting worried.

But he didn't really know what to do. Barty couldn't talk to his Father about it because he would either dismiss his fears or tell him to stop hanging out with Regulus. And he couldn't talk with any of Regulus's family, they are almost all either Death Eaters or death eater sympathizers, his Father would be incredibly mad at him if he was seen talking with dark wizards. It could ruin his career and he really didn't want to do that to his Father.

Barty was almost certain that Regulus was dead. He had even been religiously checking the muggle newspaper to see if there had been any unidentified male bodies found.

There hadn't been.

He just needed to know if Regulus was alive.

That was all he needed to know.

He just needed to figure out how to do that.

Regulus ran over to his brother.

"Sirius, Siri, are you okay?"

He said as he was shaking his brother, trying to wake him up. Regulus put his hand on his brother's chest to check his heartbeat.

He sighed when he realized that his brother was alive.

Sirius blinked and slowly opened his eyes.

"Regulus?" he said as he sat up off the ground.

Regulus gave his older brother the biggest and brightest smile that Sirius had ever seen on his younger brother's face.

Then he gave Sirius a sudden hug that he had not been expecting from Regulus, his little brother never really liked hugs.

"I thought I lost you Siri." Regulus said, trying to hold back his tears.

Sirius wrapped his arms around his younger brother and said

"It's ok Reggie, I'm alive, I'm alive."

"Dad, Mom, I'm going out." Barty called out as he stood by the front door of his family's home. He stood there for a minute waiting for one of his parents' replies. He was not allowed

to go out without telling one of them.

“Ok, honey, have fun.” his Mom called back out to him.

“I will.” he said as he walked out of the door.

Barty put his hands in his pants pockets as he walked to the bus stop. Normally he would apparate places, as he recently came of age, but he wasn't really sure if it would be safe to apparate there. So he decided to take the muggle bus.

He had decided to go to the Black family home to see if Regulus was there. If he was there he would yell at him for ignoring him and then hug him for being alive. And if he wasn't there he would have to check the Black family tree. Regulus had told him about it, the Black family tree had a record of every single member of the Black family. It had their date of birth and their date of death.

He hoped that Regulus was still alive, he really hoped.

When his stop came he got off the bus with three other people. He didn't recognize two of them, but one of them did seem vaguely familiar but he couldn't place where he knew him from.

He was fairly average looking. He was tall, had shoulder length greasy black hair and was wearing a faded t-shirt and jeans with holes in them. Barty was sitting behind the man so he didn't really get a good look at his face.

He and the man started walking in the same direction and as he walked behind him he realized that the person was probably only a few years older than him. Barty figured that they would go their separate ways eventually but that did not happen.

They both stopped at Regulus's house and when they got there they both stared at each other. Then Barty realized where he knew the guy from

“Snape?”

Sirius sat in the driver's seat that he had rented from a muggle dealership. Lily and Remus had convinced him to get his muggle drivers license when he was in his seventh year. He was glad they did.

He had suggested that he and Regulus could ride his motorcycle but his younger brother had given him a hard no. Sirius had been at a loss as to what to do, but then Lily had suggested that he could rent a car. So that is what they had decided to do.

“Did you know that the hourcruxes would talk to you?” Sirius asked his brother.

Regulus turned to him with a confused look in his hazel eyes and asked

“What are you talking about?”

“The locket, it talked to me before I destroyed it. Didn’t you hear it?”

“No.”

“Hmm, well it definitely talked to me.”

“That’s odd. What did it say?” Regulus asked.

“Just stuff.”

“It just said random words, that doesn’t make any sense Siri.”

“Are you sure that you didn’t hear anything?”

“I may have heard some faint whispers. But I was standing a good couple feet away.”

“Ok, well the next time we get a hourcruux we need to remember this.”

“I guess.”

They were both quiet as they continued to drive down the road. Around thirty minutes after they had last talked Regulus stopped looking out the window, turned to Sirius and asked

“Why won’t you tell me what it told you?”

“Because it doesn’t matter, Reggie.”

“If it doesn’t matter you could tell me what it said to you.”

“It does matter.”

“Is it about me?” Regulus asked in a quiet voice.

“No, Reggie it wasn’t about you. I heard things that our Mother yelled at me.”

“Oh.” his brother said. “Well you know that she does care about us, right. She just doesn’t know how to show it.”

Sirius gripped the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles turned white at his younger brother's words.

“She doesn’t care about me. Maybe she cares about you, but she certainly doesn’t care about me. She has made that clear multiple times.”

“She cares about both of us, Siri.”

“Don’t give me that “Siri” bullshit. We both know that she only cares about you.” Sirius yelled, he didn’t notice how his brother flinched at his tone of voice.

“She does care about both of us.” Regulus whispered.

Sirius pretends that he didn’t hear him.

“You never told me how well you know Regulus.” Lily asked her husband as she set the table.

“Because I don’t know him well.” James said.

“But you and Sirius are such good friends, I assumed that you would know him well.”

James shook his head-

“No, they were never really close.”

“Well Sirius certainly seems to trust him.”

“I don’t know if Sirius actually trusts him, or if he just wants to trust him.”

Lily looked at James with a worried look on her face

“Well I hope that he is right in trusting him, because we can’t handle one more blow in this war.”

Regulus lay down in his bed. He was trying his best to go to sleep but he couldn’t. He had always had trouble going to sleep, but it had been getting so much worse recently. Regulus wasn’t really sure why though.

Sirius had left recently. He wasn’t sure where he left too, but he figured that his older brother went to the Potter’s house. Siri had always cared about James more than his brother cared about him.

He glanced through the darkness at his fingers. He couldn’t see anything besides what was right in front of him.

He was not sure if he was happy about that or not.

Regulus stilled when he heard the floorboards creak behind the door to his bedroom. He heard the door creek open and he heard the footsteps grow closer to his bed.

He felt his Mother lay down in his bed beside him and he felt her hands on his pants and he felt his pants move down and he felt like he wanted to die.

Then suddenly he could see something else in front of him. Regulus knew that this wasn’t right, there was nothing in front of him when this happened to him. But there was one now.

Right now there was the body of his dead Father right in front of him.

Regulus opened his mouth and he screamed.

Sirius shot up in bed when he heard his younger brothers scream.

“Are you okay?!” Sirius asked Regulus.

“Yeah, yeah, I think so. I just had a bad dream.”

“All right.” he said as he turned around and lay back down in the bed.

They had just gotten another one of the horcruxes. It was a ring. They had decided to go to sleep before they destroyed that they were in clear minded before they did it.

“Snape?” the Crouch boy asked him.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m looking for Regulus. What are you doing here?”

“I’m also looking for Black.”

They stood there awkwardly for a few more seconds before the Crouch child said

“Why don’t we look together.”

“Fine.”

They opened the door to the house, Severus was silently praying that they would be able to get in. He didn’t know what the ward situation was around here.

Thankfully nothing went off when they entered the house.

The two young men walked silently through the abandoned house to the stairway. Severus turned to Crouch and asked him

“Do you know where his bedroom is?”

“Kind off, I’ve never been here before. But Regulus has mentioned some stuff about the layout in his letters.”

“Alright, then you go up first.”

They both walked up the large staircase and then headed to the bedrooms. They passed what must have been Black's bedroom and made their way to Regulus's.

Barty knocked on his boyfriend's door and called out

"Regulus, are you in there?"

When no one answered after a few seconds, he opened the door. Both he and Severus looked around the room-

"Well he is obviously not here." Snape said.

"Yeah, I can see that."

"We should check in the family tree room."

"Why would he be in there?"

"He wouldn't be. It has a record of every Black that has ever been born, that way we can see if he is alive."

Snape turned to him with an unreadable look on his face and said

"Alright, let's look there."

Regulus walked with Siri as they entered the dark forest. They both figured that it would be safest to destroy the horcrux. That way people would be less likely to get hurt. He glanced at the ring that his brother held loosely in his hand.

"You may want to hold that tighter, we can't lose it."

"I'm not going to drop it, Reggie."

"I just want us to be careful."

"Alright." Sirius said as he gripped the ring tighter in his hand.

Regulus smiled at his older brother.

So I just want to say that I'm not a Snape stan. I don't like his character as an adult and think that any of the bullying he did was justifiable at all. That being said, in this story he's going to be nicer than in canon because I need Reggie to have a few friends and Snape fits with what I'm trying to do with this story.

It may take longer for the next chapter to come out, it's going to be really long.

End Notes

I hope that you liked this chapter.

Also I will be changing some things from canon, or at least the things that we know about their era. I just wanted to give you a heads up that some details are going to be changed, despite not being affected by Reggie survival. I wont tell you what these things are now though, you'll just have to wait and find out.

Please tell me your thoughts in the comments. :)

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