

Fortune's Fool

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He had heard the Prophecy when he was still just in short pants, and even in his tender childhood, Draco had snorted at such absurdity. Of course it was nonsense; prophecies were wooly at best, and Divination was the bread and butter of idiots and paupers. Wizards who could not do, taught, and those who could not teach, taught Divination. It was the study of fools and hucksters.

The only people who looked to the celestial bodies for answers were the desperate, and Malfoys were never desperate. Still, his mother had frowned when the old Knockturn Alley crone jabbed a bony finger into his shoulder and uttered recycled tripe.

Draco was already familiar with the Prophecy; then again, most were. His Classical Studies tutor had ensured he was familiar with Sophocles, so he had rolled his eyes at the crone when she repeated the Oedipus Prophecy. And honestly, couldn't the hag do any better?

His hands spread wide before him covered in the ruby stain of his father's blood, Draco recalled in mute horror the tired old Prophecy of his childhood. His father's body lay at his feet, the fireplace poker that had bashed in his skull cast carelessly aside. Lucius' life blood was staining the carpet, making Draco's feet sink into the sludge. He'd done it.

Dear Gods, he'd swung hard and true in a fit of irascible rage, over what? Draco's mind lurched and stalled. That didn't matter now. The water grey eyes of his father stared empty at him, and Draco sicked all over himself.

Slugging back a fortifying measure of Firewhiskey, blind panic began to set in. Even if he could face his mother after what he'd done, Azkaban would be his fate. He'd never survive it. Draco had few options. Leaving the country was entirely possible, but the Aurors would always be after him. He'd always have a life on the run. Another three fingers of Firewhiskey and Draco was struck dumbly by a bolt of inspiration.

His father's Time-Turner. He used it fairly regularly to game Muggle stock markets and check up on investments. It was unregistered, and as far as Draco knew, the only one of its kind in existence. Possibly... if he escaped into the ether of time he could undo this damage. Maybe he couldn't out-run the Prophecy, but perhaps he could outdistance it.

Shaky, scrambling hands rummaged his father's imposing desk and quickly located the leather case he was searching for, in the process, leaving ugly red smears all over his father's paperwork. Gold. He'd need Galleons. Wherever he was going, Draco knew if he did it right, he wouldn't have resources outside of what he brought with him.

Draco grabbed the bronze Degas dancer his mother loved and reduced her. She was stuffed with Galleons, as was the safe in the dining room. The whole house was loaded with valuables. It was a holdover from those dark days when fleeing in the night was a distinctly real possibility. Draco loaded his robes so heavily that the charms to keep his pocket light were flagging.

Drawing a deep breath born out of exhaustion, and not calming in any way, Draco eyed the Time-Turner dial and gave it a mighty spin. He didn't give a damn where he landed as long as he was far away from the present and the body on the floor.

Drake tilted his head towards the bartender Tom and silently asked for another hit of Old Ogden's before allowing his eyes to rove discretely by watching the mirror behind the bar. The Friday night crowd was always the same. They were loud and minded their own business, excellent qualities in a bar for a man who wanted to get lost.

A small crowd of young giggling witches entered, and Drake rolled his eyes. They'd probably order something stupid and fruity, and if the witches had any sense at all they'd watch their drinks for slipped-in poisons.

Drake had to take a serious piss, and the horde of lush nubile witches were stationed right outside the Wizard's Room. He rolled his eyes and staggered past.

On his way out the light tinkling laughter of one unaccountably beautiful witch caught his attention. Merciful Merlin, she was stunning, and Drake had a mad desire to acquaint himself with her perfect tits. Chatting up bar slags was not something Drake made a habit of doing, but the girls were obviously out of their element.

"Witches," Draco smoothly purred. "Another round of drinks?" A quickly flicked Galleon to a passing service-elf paid for their drinks before any of them could protest. Then again, as Drake narrowed his eyes, he noticed most of the witches favored Slytherin green. Given half the chance, they'd drink him dry all night.

As the night progressed, Drake felt mighty proud. Crissy not only responded to his subtle flirtation, but her hand had worked itself into his trousers and she assured him in hushed tones she would Apparate him to her house as soon as they could bow out.

Fucking Crissy was as phenomenal as he thought it would be, and in the early hours of morning, he tumbled off the blond witch into sweat-soaked sheets. He fumbled with his clothing, making poor excuses for not staying while the witch lightly snored.

He tried to be quiet while tromping down her staircase, holding his shoes in one hand. It wouldn't do to wake up the whole household, and Drake had nearly made it out of the front door silently when he stubbed his foot on the ugliest umbrella stand he'd ever seen. It was made from a Troll's foot.

Drake screamed silently.

Weeks later the Daily Prophet not only announced the hasty union of Narcissa Black and Lucius Malfoy, but happily reported that the fertile couple was expecting their first child.

A/N:

Drabble prompt: Draco finds out he is his own father. Time-Turners can be dangerous things.

Crissy not Cissy - because no witch gives out their real name in a bar.

Thanks to Christev20 for beta'ing this fic short notice.