

Petunia Dursley and the Botched Prophecy

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Petunia Dursley wiped her hands on her apron and frowned as she heard a loud crack outside. Really, those teenage hooligans from the next street should be reported to the police. Making such a noise at this hour of the night. It was ten-thirty in the evening, for goodness sake. Her Dudley would never be roaming around at that hour. His fear of the dark certainly helped, but Petunia was not about to admit that, even inside her head.

Peeking around the lace curtain on the front door, she could not see any sign of the juvenile delinquents. Sighing, she gathered up her husband and son's supper dishes and set them in the kitchen sink. Pity the brat was away at his fancy school; he could have washed up while she relaxed.

At that moment, a loud knock on the door startled her.

"Petunia! Someone is at the door!" called Vernon from the couch.

"Yes, dear," she replied with an eye roll as she opened the door to find... nothing.

Suddenly, she gasped as a cold, slightly scaly hand gripped her around the throat.

"Ssssay nothing, or you will die," her assailant hissed theatrically.

"I beg your pardon? Unhand me immediately!" The thug was *manhandling* her. The impertinence!

"Ssssssssilenssse!" He spat out the excess saliva.

Petunia gathered her indignation and rounded on the spluttering creature. "How dare you speak to me like that, young man? And has your mother never sent you to speech therapy for that dreadful lisp?"

He released her and stumbled back, shaking. "Ssssorry. I wasss an orphan. I never knew my mother..." He sobbed brokenly.

"Oh, do stop blubbering. Now, what is this all about? Do I need to get Vernon out here to sort you out? I have complained to your parents, you know. Next time, it will be the police!" She punctuated each sentence with a prod to the pale, bare chest before her. "And get some clothes on. It's no wonder you are having problems breathing properly, running around outside half-dressed at this time of night."

The young man in the weird outfit shook his head and pulled himself together. No-one had *ever* spoken to him this way. They were supposed to be deathly afraid of him, but

this... fishwife!

"You will regret speaking to Lord Voldemort in this fashion. On your knees and grovel, filthy Muggle!" He withdrew his wand.

"Oh, please. Voldemort? Is that the name of the latest heavy metal band? Have you been taking those funny pills? And stop waving that bloody stick; what do you think you are, one of those freaks?"

"I *am* Lord Voldemort. The most powerful wizard alive... Well, except for bloody Dumbledore, and a wizard or two in America, and maybe that Potter brat if he lives long enough, and..."

"Another FREAK!" Petunia screeched.

Voldemort covered his ears and grimaced. Maybe he should have sent one of his minions, after all. It had seemed such a simple task, and he hadn't wanted to give them the glory – bloody sycophantic, arse-licking fools. But here he was, and he had to deal with it. Life as an evil megalomaniac really wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Getting rid of the woman before him should have been easy, one more nail in Harry Potter's coffin, but first she had yelled at him and made him cry, then she didn't believe him, and then she called him a *freak*. What was her problem? Couldn't she just cower in fear and grovel at his feet like everyone else did? He lifted a hand briefly – she was still ranting.

"... and furthermore, I will have no more of your kind running around this neighbourhood, frightening my poor Dudders and making us look bad. We have a reputation to—" Her diatribe ground to a sudden halt as a wand was poked into her chest. "You... you...What... w-what do you want? Don't hurt me, p-p-please. Leave my darling baby alone! Take my bloody husband if you like, the lazy, ill-mannered oaf—"

He stepped back several paces for the full 'lights and all' effect. "*Avada Kedavra!*"

The jet of green light shot towards Petunia Dursley, nee Evans, and as it rebounded a resigned voice was heard to utter, "Oh, fuck. Not again!"

At that moment, somewhere in the heart of Scotland, a dark-haired youth fingered the fading scar on his forehead and muttered, "Hey! That was *my* bloody job!"

A/N: Horcruxes don't exist for the purposes of this bit of nonsense. Written for ApollinaV's Saturday Night Drabble prompt: An encounter between Tom Riddle/Lord Voldemort and Petunia Dursley. Thanks to rdholmantx for the beta.