

# His Animagus

*by Nom de Plume*

Albus discovers his Animagus form.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Albus discovers his Animagus form.

He heard him.

How could he not hear him? The incessant banging on the door was enough to nearly shatter all concentration for any lesser boy. But he would persevere.

*'Go away, Elphias!'* his inner voice hissed.

He was so close now.

Taking a breath, he re-focused his attention back to the task at hand.

"What are you doing in there, Albus? We're going to be late for dinner!" said the muffled voice on the other side of the thick, wooden door.

There. A tingle.

Encouraged, Albus bit his lip and squeezed his bright blue eyes closed tighter, as if this simple act would increase the power behind the magic. Never underestimate the small things was his motto.

Another tingle.

The powder blue robes he wore fluttered briefly around his feet.

"Come on," he grit between clenched jaws, tightly balled fists shaking with effort.

A bead of sweat trickled down his brow.

There, deep inside, he could feel it!

His skin prickled, his face felt taught. It was happening. Finally! His Animagus would at last manifest!

All year he had been trying to perform this spell in secret. *'Think of the things one could accomplish in Animagus form!'* he'd told himself.

And if he succeeded, he would be the youngest wizard ever to achieve a full Animagus, he was sure.

This thought bolstered his resolve, and he nearly cried out from the strain of willing his magic to succeed, the spell to fully weave itself into his being.

Once more the robes began to flutter, and Albus felt his entire body warming, buzzing, and prickling.

He widened his stance for balance; feeling so light headed that he could faint. But he forced himself to hold on; the transformation was finally working. Just a bit more...

His scalp tingled as he felt his hair growing longer. The buttons on his shirt suddenly popped open. His chest tightened — it was happening so fast. He dared not open his eyes for fear he lose his concentration and get stuck mid-transformation, as he'd read happened to some.

And then, nearly as quickly as it began, it was over. The dizziness passed. His body slowly calmed. His heart rate evened out.

The balled-up fists of his hands loosened their grip, and he tentatively cracked open an eye. He'd half expected himself to be on the floor by now. Perhaps on all fours? He grinned saucily at the idea.

His tongued darted out to lick his dry lips in anticipation, and he slowly opened both eyes. The mirror was behind him.

He spun around.

Wait.

He spun around?

On his feet?

On two *human* feet?

He glanced down at his body in total confusion.

And blinked.

He checked the mirror.

And blinked again.

His raised his hands and slowly ran them up his sides, pausing at his chest.

Where his once firm, if less than overly impressive, pectoral muscles were — there, breasts. Ample, round, magnificent breasts.

The svelte vixen before him in the mirror's smooth surface grinned madly back at his reflection.

His Animagus... was a woman?

Outside in the hallway, Elphias Doge, who had been listening with his ear pressed to the solid oak, started in surprise at the sudden howls of laughter and shouts of glee from inside the room.

He sighed and shook his head and trudged off to dinner alone, once more, wondering what Albus Dumbledore had possibly done this time.

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**A/N:** Prompt from Pyjama Pants: "Albus Dumbledore discovers his Animagus is a woman."

I loved this prompt! This is my first contribution to the TPP Saturday Night Drabbles. I hope you enjoyed it. :)