

Change of Heart

by karelia

Abraxas Malfoy has a final talk with his son.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine.

"Come here, son."

The old man looked more fragile than he'd ever seen him. *Damn. He better not die on me. Not now, with him occupying my home. Can't he wait till this war is over?*

"Yes, Father." He moved closer and sat down next to the bed.

"Gellert was once a beautiful man, son. A different beauty to yours, but nevertheless, he was beautiful. Everyone admired him, for he had the air of a true leader." He stopped and took a few shaky breaths.

Please don't die on me, Father. Hope, though, was leaving him at a steady pace.

"He fooled everyone, at least at first, until that unfortunate accident with the Dumbledore girl. As it always happens—and make no mistake! It does; the truth always prevails—once someone exposed him as a mere power-hungry wizard who would stop at nothing for more power, others followed." His eyes sought his son's and rested there in silence.

Why is he telling me that? It's not as if it's a secret. Every child knows about Grindelwald! the younger thought, hiding his irritation in respect for the dying man, for he had no doubt his father was drawing his last breaths.

"Grindelwald was bad news, son, but—" his voice deteriorated, and Lucius had to bend down to hear "—your Dark Lord is far, far worse."

Lucius suppressed the urge to object and instead waited silently for the next words.

"Put your family first, not *him*. Hasn't he made you suffer enough yet? Put your family first." Abraxas closed his eyes, as if in defeat. "The war is about to end. Don't let evil win." His eyes sought out his son's again. "Promise me!"

"I promise, Father," Lucius said, nodding.

"Good." Abraxas nodded imperceptibly. "And so I find my peace."

A/N: Janus's prompt: Abraxas remembers Grindelwald.

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