

Purely Accidental

by luvsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A sudden change of yellow to a red light. Screeching tires. A blaring horn. He slammed on the brakes and closed his eyes, bracing for impact. Images of the past flashed before him: at the zoo with his best friend and cousin; dropping Harry off at King's Cross while his father ranted about going and learning magic tricks and Harry being a freak of nature; the stress of school, of living up to expectations; the rift that still remained between him and his parents over his decision not to disown his cousin; his last words to Harry being: 'You're all right, you know.' He didn't want to leave it like that.

'Dudley! Dudley, what the bloody hell happened?' Vernon yelled, his face turning an ugly shade of puce. 'Weren't you paying attention to the road, boy? You could have got us killed!'

Dudley opened his eyes and saw the shiny, black Aston Martin that had been headed right for him and his father was half on the pavement, half on the road in the other lane... not tragically twisted and ablaze.

'How did that happen? The car was right in front of us!' Petunia cried.

'I'm not sure. It could have swerved, yeah?' Dudley muttered. A strange thought crossed his mind as he looked at the confused driver of the Aston, who had opened his door and was scratching his head. The narrow escape could only be explained by magic.

It could have been... No! Don't think it! Could I have sent the car careening away from us without damage? No, it just can't be. Magic does not appear in adults! But wait, could I have been meant for Hogwarts, too? Is that why I was never allowed mail before my twelfth birthday?

A/N: A special thanks to kittylefish, whose beta skills are fantastic. This drabble was written in response to dominiondreams' prompt on HPCon_Envy: Dudley Dursley; accidental magic usually doesn't manifest in an adult.