

# Prodigal Son

*by Doomspark*

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Unashamedly AU.

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The motorcycle and its rather oversized rider swooped at a breakneck pace across the English countryside, heading with almost reckless determination towards its goal: a very particular house in Godric's Hollow. The motorcycle landed in the street in front of the house with a bit of a thud, provoking a loud "Oof!" from the rider. This was followed immediately by a guilty glancing around to make sure no one had seen or heard.

With a grunt of relief, Hagrid thumbed off the engine and dismounted. One big hand came up and knuckled fiercely at the tears welling in the corners of his eyes as he plodded over to the front door that hung askew from one hinge. "Can't be too long. They might come back," he mumbled to himself as he attempted to step over a shattered vase and dodge an overturned table. He made his way through what had been a tastefully furnished room, and bit his lip hard at the sight of the dark-haired form that sprawled on the floor near the foot of the stairs.

There was no blood. The Killing Curse never left a mark behind, except for the terrible emptiness in the eyes. He wanted to do something, anything, to show respect for the dead. But Dumbledore's orders had been specific, as was the need for haste. Hagrid blew his nose hard, and resolved to come back later, to try to make things right. He clomped up the stairs, and halted at the sight of the red-haired witch lying on the floor. "Lily..." She'd always enjoyed his cauldron cakes. Again, he felt the need to do something.

He picked her up as gently as he could and carried her into the small nursery at the end of the hall. The only other occupant of the room was the baby in the crib. "I'll set yeh here, Lily," he said, suiting actions to words as he propped her up against the wall. "I'm sorry I can't do better. But I'll take care of Harry for yeh. Trust me."

He turned his attention to the crib. The baby was stirring as if he was beginning to wake. "Can't hold him meself an' drive Sirius' motorcycle at the same time," he muttered, looking around the room. "Crib's too big." He picked up a plastic laundry hamper. "Too flimsy. Ahh!" His fingers closed on the handle of a large, solidly-made wicker basket. "Just the ticket!" With all the care he could manage, he transferred the baby into the basket. "That'll do." He picked up the basket and retraced his steps, clumping down the stairs, through the house, and back outside where the motorcycle waited like a patient horse.

He swung his leg over the bike and settled the basket between his arms. With his elbows pulled in just slightly, his bulk kept the basket securely braced. Satisfied, he thumbed the engine switch and gunned the motor into life. A moment later, he was airborne, on his way to Surrey to meet Albus Dumbledore. In two minutes, Godric Hollow was out of sight.

From around the corner of the house, a stocky young man watched him leave. "Goodbye, Hagrid," he said softly. "I wonder what Dumbledore will say when his vaunted Potter-spawn shows no signs of magic." As soon he could no longer see the motorcycle, he reached down and picked up a basket that lay at his feet. "All right, Harry Potter," he said to the baby, "I'm your new daddy. And from now on, your name is Robert. Robert Pettigrew."