

Choosing A Different Path

by ancientgirl

Lucius makes a life changing decision. One-shot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a little one-shot I came up with this afternoon as I decided to take a rest from my current WIP. I was listening to Peter Gabriel's Games Without Frontiers and Red Rain and Lucius started coming to my mind. This isn't a song fic, but the songs did give me a bit of inspiration.

I hope you enjoy this.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

Thanks to June for getting this to me so quickly.

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Two more streets and I'll be there.

It seemed I'd walked miles to reach freedom, and now it was just within my reach. I broke away finally, after so many years fearing the fate that awaited me. Tonight, I finally broke free.

I could see the lights from the distance. I wasn't supposed to know where the house was, but I did. I saw its location in my friend's mind before I Apparated him to the gates of Hogwarts a few days ago, and I recognized it as the house of my wife's aunt and uncle.

That night, they did not see me as I carried him to the gates and gently placed his broken body against the cold metal. Before I left he opened his eyes weakly. I knelt down and took his face in my hands.

"Lucius," he whispered.

"Help me, my friend," I begged him. "Help me escape as you have escaped."

I then tripped the Hogwarts alarm and the wards howled their warning. I quickly Apparated, not taking my eyes off of Severus.

When I returned to the fortress of the Dark Lord several days later, I knew he would be angry. I'd not returned immediately as he'd instructed, but I had to stay away. In the days I was gone, I made sure my son would be safe and well provided for in case my life was taken because of my lack of concern for following instructions.

I was tortured for my disregard of his rules. As my bloodied body was dropped from the shackles that had kept me hanging from the ceiling, I knew this would be my only opportunity. My own wife and her sister dragged me to a small room. There I was treated to more torture. Freezing water was thrown over me as they scrubbed the scabbed skin off. After that, they applied a small bit of lotion, then dressed me. As they left the room, Narcissa took one last look at me. As her sister walked ahead of her,

my wife motioned slightly towards the narrow offset board on the floor next to my foot.

As the door closed I bent down and removed the board, only to find my cane. I pulled out the wand portion of it and smiled. She'd been lost to me long ago, having offered herself to the Dark Lord as a consort, but the little bit of loyalty she held towards me saved my life. Her last look at me told me she knew she would be killed for helping me escape, but that she did it for our son.

Knowing that the fortress wards had not been changed, I immediately set forth to free myself of my prison. I'd lost favor with the Dark Lord by not killing Severus, and would have had to start from the beginning to work my way up his ranks. But I've grown tired of this world of lies and pain. I could not bear this for a moment longer, and I would not remain in his ranks.

I ran, and did not look back. I took with me all of the secrets of the fortress the Dark Lord is now ensconced in. I took his plans and his weaknesses. I will help bring him down.

Finally I reached my destination. I fell upon the house's steps, not having the energy to walk up. I could not have Apparated, as I could not take the chance of leaving any magical trace or spells behind. After what seemed like an eternity I heard voices. Severus screamed at them to help me inside. In the melee of voices I heard both women and young men surrounding me, as well as my own son, whom I'd not known would be at the house.

I felt two men taking hold of me and placing me on a couch. Struggling to open my eyes, I saw that I was now in the position Severus had been in several days prior.

"You are safe here, Lucius," said Severus.

Behind him stood Albus Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling like the stars, and next to him a young woman with her hand on Severus' shoulder – a young woman I recognized as Hermione Granger. As I scanned the room I noticed Harry Potter and the youngest son of Arthur Weasley, Ronald, standing next to my own son. My wife's niece Nymphadora, with whom I hadn't spoken in many, many long years, was smiling as a man with light brown hair held her next to him.

I struggled to sit up but was held down by a soft hand.

"Lay back, Mr. Malfoy, you need to rest," said the soft heavenly voice.

I looked up and I felt the tears forming in my eyes. Her beauty took my breath away. Her red hair like flames around her angelic face. I knew at that moment, everything would be all right. I had made the right decision. I would help my new friends fight and bring down the Dark Lord.

My son would live, my friends would live. Life would begin anew for me and I would find love again.