

Stolen

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Petunia Dursley took little Harry in with joy, loving him even more than her own son. But the Fates, cruel as always, takes him away. AU

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Chapter 0 - Stolen

2

0 - Stolen

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It was with joy that Petunia Dursley took in one Harry James Potter into the Dursley household, even to the point of arguing heatedly with her husband. To her Harry wasn't an ordinary nephew; he was her only nephew, the only son of her beloved sister Lily. Every time his wide, innocent green eyes, Lily's eyes, stared up at her in wonder, she would be reminded of her dear younger sister, one she estranged herself with over a petty argument. Petunia blamed herself for her sister's death, if it was not for her, then Lily would not have stopped corresponding with her, she would not have crumbled. Petunia was determined to raise Harry as her own, he was her last link to her.

It was to make amends at first. Amends to her dead sister, but slowly, it changed. Petunia started to dearly love the little bundle of joy known as Harry. He was a quiet child, and well-behaved. It amazed Petunia that little Harry was such a sweet child, she had been expecting him to be like her little Dudders, loud and playful. But it was not so, Harry was still and quiet, unlike many young toddlers. He was simply perfect.

Petunia came to love and cuddle her nephew more and more as the days passed. More so, that she had started to neglect even her own child of the proper amount of attention. Vernon noticed the negligent attitude his wife was showing their own blood, and took it upon himself to set things right. It all started with small things, from feeding Harry less until it came to also drowning the child in the bathtub. Through all the attempts Vernon made towards Harry, Petunia firmly placed her foot down on the drowning incident. She would not take Vernon's petty attempts at discrediting Harry with such underhanded ways.

Vernon was furious with his wife that day. He roughly grabbed Harry out of her arms and dumped the child on the floor, dragging his wife away. The sounds of Vernon beating Petunia were loud and could be heard all throughout the house. Little Harry, unaware of the situation with his Aunt and Uncle, stumbled into the kitchen where Vernon was about to hit his wife once again.

It was faster than anyone could see. One moment Vernon was about to strike Petunia, the next the body of Harry stood protectively in front of his Aunt, taking the blow for her. Petunia screamed as her precious Harry was injured, lying in her arms. Vernon ignored the screams, and grabbed Harry away, pushing him off to the side where he hit his head soundly against a chair and slumped down, unconscious. Petunia watched in horror as a trickle of blood started to pool around Harry's head. She dove forward and held the fragile child in her arms, cooing and whispering comforting words to the unconscious body, while she herself trembled, the thoughts of losing another precious person to her too unbearable.

Vernon had stopped his beating as he saw the blood. Just like the coward he was, he ran, out the kitchen, out the house and into his car, leaving Petunia on the kitchen floor cradling little Harry. Dudley watched the whole ordeal from the doorframe of the kitchen door, for once he was silent.

Petunia, in her haste, did not notice her son at the doorway as she frantically rushed little Harry to the hospital to be treated immediately. He was hospitalized for a mere two weeks in a fragile state. She sat

beside his bed, day and night, praying for his safe recovery, but it was all for naught.

On the morning of March 18th, 1984, little Harry James Potter was no more. Death had swung its scythe upon the life of Harry, and he was taken away from Petunia. Stolen.