

# Do you beleive in magic? – harry potter fanfiction

[Literature](#), [British Literature](#)



## Do you believe in Magic? by Harry Potter - Stories

*“ This is outrageous! Outrageous I say! First we have to deal with post on Sundays, and now we have to leave the house on a freezing cold day to take the boys on a bloody train journey?! Are these freaks so ignorant that they are completely unaware of the fact that the golf is on the TV?! ”* grumbled Vernon Dursley as he trailed after hisfamilytowards King’s Cross Station.

Dudley kept up his brisk walking pace, not stopping while he looked over his shoulder at his father – he was determined to get his family out of the cold September rain and the biting chill that the wind carried as it blew through the car park. Regina stayed close by her husband’s side, wrapping her Burberry trench coat tighter around herself to stop more goose bumps from forming on her arms.

“ Considering that they don’t have TV’s, I’m guessing not Dad. And watch what you say, my sons are not ‘ freaks’ as you so affectionately stated” Dudley countered with a roll of his eyes as he lead his family through the doors of the Station.

Regina was confused when she saw Dudley smirk and she too looked over her shoulder and had to actually bite her bottom lip to suppress her smile. Petunia was glaring and tutting at her husbands behavior. Vernon, who was now well into his mid-sixties was standing in the doorway to the train station looking positively gob-smacked. His hair, which had once been thick and black, was now very thin due to the fact that he was going bald, as well as being a silvery shade of grey – as was his bristly moustache.

Much to Petunia's dismay, Vernon had not lost any weight whatsoever over the years – despite the amount of diets he went on and exercise equipment they had bought. In fact he had done the complete opposite and gained weight, making him even more obese than he had been 19 years ago. As a result, he was now blocking one of the main entrances into the station. Not that he took much notice of this mind you, he was too busy acting like a surprised fish – his beady little blue eyes protruding out of their sockets as he opened and closed his mouth continuously.

For the first time that day, Vernon had stopped his complaining – he was speechless. This shouldn't have surprised Dudley though; his father had been speechless for the past two weeks. Ever since the owls had arrived with corresponding letters informing Regina and Dudley that their twin boys, David and Richard would be attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

\*\*\* “ *And so to conclude my speech, I would just like to say...* ”

Dudley had to stifle as yawn as he listened to his pompous Father's incessant rambling.

He insisted upon doing this every single year – making a ‘ short speech ’ about his Grandchildren's many accomplishments. Short speech my arse’ Dudley mentally scoffed as he leaned back in his dining chair and put his arms behind his head. Vernon's speeches were always like War and Peace – he simply didn't shut up.

Dudley wouldn't have minded if his Father prattled on at him any other time, but this was a special day and judging from his families facial expressions they were as bored as Dudley was. Regina, always considerate and polite, was the only person at the long rectangular dining table giving Vernon her full attention. That is, she was the only person who was not practically falling asleep.

From the looks of it though she was not far off it. Her golden blonde hair shone in the sunlight that streamed through the conservatory roof and French windows. A soft breeze swirled through the leaves of the tall Oak trees and the Rose bushes that filled the garden. It drifted into the conservatory through the open double-doors and as the warm breeze caressed her face, it lulled her into a calm state and her eyes began to droop shut – meaning that Dudley no longer had the privilege of admiring her beautiful Emerald-green eyes.

“-So now I'd like you all to join me in a toast! To David and Richard, Happy Birthday boys! Vernon announced, startling Regina out of her comatose state and bringing Dudley back to the present. “ Five quid please” Dudley heard his son whisper to his brother on his right. He looked over just in time to see David's lips pucker and his eyebrows furrow together in a frown as he dug his hand into his pocket and handed a five-pound note over to his brother. Just another two minutes and Richard would have been the one paying him five pounds.

As David examined his new watch he nodded with an appreciate smile – this was quite impressive, Vernon’s speech had only gone on for about 28 minutes.

Usually they lasted over half an hour! Dudley smiled at boys antics and got out of his seat to give his boys a hug. “ Happy Birthday sons” he whispered into his boy’s messy hair as he wrapped his arms around both of their shoulders. “ I hope it’s been a wonderful day” he told them both. “ Well it’s not over yet! We still have presents! ” exclaimed Regina as she walked back into the conservatory, her arms struggling to hold the amount of presents they carried.

*“ Oh Mum, Dad, you really didn’t have to! ” cried Richard, his eyes widening at the amount of wrapped presents his mother laid on the table in front of him and his brother. Ye, you really shouldn’t have. Really. This is too mu-“ “ Rubbish, it’s a special day! It’s not every day your young men turn 11 now is it? ” Dudley told them whilst patting them both on the shoulder reassuringly, smiling with pride.*

He loved it when his boys got nervous about receiving presents and thanked God every day that they took after their mother, and were nothing like the spoiled, selfish, demanding, ungrateful child that he had been growing up. The boys exchanged a look, a smile tugging at the corner of their lips and shrugged. Well if you insist” they replied in unison and began tearing the wrapping paper and pretty red bows off of the boxes in front of them.

Of course, just because they were not as selfish as Dudley did not mean they didn't enjoy getting presents. They were just humble and genuinely appreciative about it all – reminding Dudley of someone he had not seen for a very long time...somebody he was only on Christmas card terms with... No, Dudley would not think about that right now, for fear that the guilt welling up inside of him would cause angry tears to spill down his cheeks.

He had to focus, he had to keep an eye open for the sign he had been waiting for since his boys were little – the sign that confirmed his suspicions. As if on cue, a loud hoot sounded off in the distance drawing everyone's attention to the open Conservatory doors. Regina could not quite understand why Petunia gasped and put a hand over her heart in surprise, or why Vernon began choking on his birthday cake and dropped his brandy glass, and she definitely didn't understand why her husbands face lit up and his lips curved into a huge smile as he ran to open the doors wider.

“ It can't be, it simply can't be! Vernon protested in between violent splutters and coughs, his round pig-like face turning every colour of the rainbow as he tried to clear his throat. Just as Dudley reached the doors to open them wider, two owls soared through them – landing gracefully on the dining table in front of Richard and David, an envelope with a strange emblem clasped in each of their beaks.

Dudley couldn't help but smile at the nostalgia of the moment – this was all so familiar. Contrary to what people may believe, Dudley was not surprised at all to have two owls delivering Hogwarts acceptance letters to his children.

In fact, he would have been surprised if it hadn't happened at all! Having grown up with a magical cousin, Dudley knew the signs to look for in children who were beginning to develop magical abilities. Dudley started to suspect something was going on when his boys turned four. He was watching them chase each other around the garden with sticks, pretending to be knights when David pushed his brother over.

After he stood back up, Richard proceeded to chase his twin around the garden with green and yellow sparks erupting from the end of his 'sword' as the anger coursing through the brains caused his magic to go slightly haywire.

The next incident occurred later that year on Christmas Eve. That was the year that Dudley's Aunt Marge insisted on spending Christmas with them. Unfortunately for the Dursleys, she was also most persistent that she brought her two dogs along: 'Ripper II' and 'Rex'.

Regina and her husband could not say they were upset when the two dogs mysteriously went missing on Christmas Eve and reappeared the next day – multicolored and acting as though they had been Confunded, if there was such a thing. Marge didn't stick around for very long after that. Regina was confused as to how it had happened, especially when her sons couldn't properly explain it.

But Dudley knew better, after all he'd experienced his fair share of unexplainable incidences due to his cousin growing up. Up until now, the years had been filled with incidences like that, giving Dudley more reasons

to believe that when the boys turned eleven they would be receiving some kind of acceptance to a school for magic, But now that it was actually happening, Dudley positively speechless.

“ Well what are you waiting for boys? Open them! ” Petunia prompted from the head of the table next to a dumbfounded Vernon. \*\*\* As Dudley remembered that day, he was still shocked at his Mother’s reaction to the letters.

It didn’t make sense that she would be so calm about this considering the way she treated Harry whilst he had been growing up. She had been unusually calm about the whole thing, even scolding Vernon for his childish rants about how ridiculous this whole situation was. Dudley was not the only one in the Dursley family who regretted the way they had treated Harry over 20 years ago. Petunia regretted it every second of the day.

After the way things had ended up between her and Lily, she knew that she should have known better than to treat Harry that way and was determined not to make the same mistakes with her Grandchildren. Vernon close your mouth please, you are not a codfish” she chastised whilst shaking her head as her husband continued to stand in the entrance, openly gaping at his son.

“ H-how can you be taking this so calmly?! Our Grandchildren are freaks Petunia! Fr-“ “ Now stop right there Vernon Dursley. For years I stood by and let you treat our nephew as though he were dirt beneath our feet. And even though I took part in it, it is probably one of my biggest regrets. You cannot



despise people for something that they have absolutely no control over. Now weare going to be supportive.

We are going to be happy and we are going to see our Grandchildren off! Got it? ” If Vernon was flabbergasted before, then he was downright astounded now. Never had he seen Petunia act like this towards anything even remotely related to ‘ magic’ – it was ridiculous to even think of the word. Magic didn’t exist! But as he took in his wife’s death glares and the way she was pointing her bony well-manicured finger at him, he dared not even to utter those words. “ Dad? ” Dudley’s attention was taken away from his Mother’s startling revelation as he felt a soft tugging on his jacket sleeve. What is it Ricky? ” he asked his son as he bent down in front of him.

His son’s blue eyes were sparkling with concern and his chubby cheeks were puffed out as he pouted. “ I think we’re lost” he admitted as he examined the little piece of paper in his hands. “ Well let’s see here-“ Dudley replied, taking the ticket from his son and examining it, “-It says Platform 9 ? ... Perhaps if we ask someone? ” he asked aloud to no one in particular.

“ I already did” came Dave’s voice from beside his mother. I just asked that conductor over there, he asked me ‘ if I was taking the piss’” he quoted with an edge of annoyance evident in his voice. Dudley loved that about his boys, rather than wait around for someone to do things for them, they just did it themselves! It made Dudley proud to know that his boys were nothing like he was at their age.

“ Language...” Regina cautioned her son as she ruffled his dark hair. He may be leaving home for the first time, but he was still her little boy. “ Sorry Mum” he mumbled in response. “ I’m just annoyed, why can’t anybody help us? ” he asked looking around the crowded platform.

He had one hand on his trolley which had all of his belongings – including his new snowy white owl, Archimedes, balanced precariously on top – and his other hand grasping his train ticket firmly to save it from blowing away in the cold gusts of wind. “ I can help” Petunia offered with a sigh. Dudley couldn’t help but blink at his mother, was this actually happening? “ I remember the gateway that my sister walked through every year, I can lead the way” she announced in response to her families questions looks. She walked away from her husband and began weaving her way through the bustling crowd.

Everyone stared after her before Dudley shrugged his shoulders and beckoned for his family to follow him. He didn’t know what to do, and his wife certainly didn’t – so what else were they supposed to do? They followed Petunia, taking care not to hit anybody with the twin’s overloaded trolleys as they navigated their way through the station. After a few minutes of walking and making sure Vernon hadn’t fainted from his wifes actions, they stopped at a red-brick wall that separated platform 9 and 10.

They each huddled around it, exchanging uncertain looks. What happened now? What now Gran? ” Dave asked excitedly, his eyes wide and fixed on the wall in front of him. This was about to be his first real experience with magic! “ I-I don’t know to be honest! I never went through the barrier...only my parents and L-“ she hadn’t said her sister’s name in years, and she

struggled to get the name past the emotional lump in her throat “-Lily did”. Dudley was both impressed and astonished.

His mother never spoke about his late aunt or uncle, or anything related to the world of magic that Petunia had intentionally blocked out for the most part of her life. Right then! Well that’s enough of that nonsense! Come along Petunia, we’re leavi-“ “ Big-D? Is that you?! ” came a rather familiar voice from behind them.

As Vernon turned around, his eyes widened to the size of cup saucers and popped out of his head. Walking towards them was another family. One lead by somebody that Vernon had purposefully hated ever since he could remember first laying eyes on him. A person who Vernon had neither seen nor spoke to for almost 20 years. Harry Potter. Of course this was not the same Harry Potter that Vernon remembered.

The man walking towards them was much happier than he had been in his youth – as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. His dark hair was combed to the side, although a few messy strands fell into his Emerald-green eyes. He had also filled out over the years, sporting a pair of strong arms and a little bit of stubble on his well-defined jaw.

He wore a simple pair of jeans, a dark collared shirt and a black leather jacket over the top to protect him from the cold. Although he was dressed casually and his hair was blowing around in the blustery wind, Vernon had never seen his nephew look happier – or better for that matter.

Petunia couldn't believe her eyes, not just when it came to Harry but the stunning red-head by his side or the children trailing after them. As Petunia surveyed the lady who was scrutinizing Petunia in return, she couldn't help but find this somewhat ironic. Here was Harry, a grown man, practically a clone of his Father (except the eyes, he had Lily's eyes) with a beautiful fiery red-head at his side. ' Must be a thing with Potter men' Petunia reasoned as she saw Harry step closer to Dudley. " You are Dudley Dursley aren't you? " Harry asked curiously.

He and the rest of the Potters had been approaching the barrier to Platform 9 ? when he heard Vernon's irreplaceable grumbling voice, and he figured that the man standing between him and his aunt must have been Dudley. Unlike his father, Dudley had lost weight over the years. He was still a good head taller than Harry was, but he was in shape! No trace of the chubby whale-like boy that Harry remembered from his childhood remained in the man standing before him. His features were also a lot kinder, much to Harry's surprise. ' Are those...wrinkles around his eyes? From smiling? From laughing?!

Surely not, not on Dudley Dursley' Harry rationalized in his head. " It's me Harry" Dudley responded in a dazed sort of voice as he stared open-mouthed at his cousin. Dudley had absolutely no idea what to do when you met someone you hadn't seen in what felt like a lifetime. So he did the first thing that came to mind – he extended his right hand in a handshake gesture. Harry's eyes moved between Dudley's face and his hand. His face, his hand. His face, his hand, and over and over again. He had no idea what to do either in a situation like this, but he knew that a handshake wasn't the right thing.

So he did the first thing that came to mind – he extended his arms and wrapped them around Dudley’s shoulder and pulled him into a manly embrace, patting him on the back as he did so. To say Dudley was taken aback was putting it mildly. The two men hadn’t even breathed a word to each other in years and yet they were acting like they were family! ‘ What are you thinking you numpty, ofcourse you’re family! He’s your cousin for God’s sake! ’ the voice inside his head reprimanded him. ‘ My cousin...’ Dudley thought to himself, and then the walls in Dudley’s mind came down and thememoriescame flooding back to him.

All of the times he had bullied Harry. All of the times he had pushed him around. All of the lost opportunities he had to tell him that he actually didn’t hate him, that he was grateful to him for saving his life all of those years ago. An emotional boulder began to form in his throat and he had to blink to hold back the guilty tears. He regained movement of his arms and embraced his cousin back, trying to communicate without words how sorry he was. How much of a Prat he felt. Neither of them knew how long they had stood their like that, but Harry immediately felt better when he pulled away from his cousin and smiled up at him.

Ye, Dudley had been a Prat when they had been growing up together. But judging from how he had just responded to Harry’s hug, he felt pretty bad about it. Dudley’s eyes began to well up with tears that he dare not let fall, he was ashamed to admit that this was the first time he had ever shown public affection for his cousin. Somebody cleared their throat to Dudley’s left and he turned to see Regina standing there with a shy, awkward smile on

her face. Regina didn't need to be told who this person was that had just hugged her husband – she could tell from the way that he and his parents were acting that this was Harry Potter.

Also, she remembered Dudley mentioning once how much little David resembled his estranged cousin and now that she saw him – she realized it was true. She stepped forward and like her husband had done only minutes before, extended her small, pale hand to greet him in a handshake. “ I'm Regina Dursley, I can't tell you how very happy I am to finally be meeting you Harry” she said with as much sincerity as she could muster in this emotional moment.

Harry took in the woman by Dudley's side. ‘ Bloody hell, I guess she is the cause of his happiness...who'd have thought Dudley would settle down with someone who was genuinely nice?! Harry thought to himself. As Harry grasped her hand in his own, he realized that this woman might have just been Dudley's saving grace. Truthfully she was very beautiful, on the inside as well as the out. Her blonde hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders, framing her heart-shaped face and stunning green eyes.

Her lips were a soft shade of pink to compliment the baby-pink scarf she had wrapped around her neck to stop her rosy cheeks from flushing anymore with the chilly air. As dazzling as she was, she was also incredibly natural looking, especially her warm and friendly smile. It's a pleasure to meet you too. I'm Harry, Harry Potter. And this is my wife-“ he motioned for the pretty red head to step forward and she did so happily, taking Regina's hand in her own and shaking enthusiastically.

“-And his better half” she teased her husband with a coy smile and turned her head back to Regina. “ I’m Ginny, it’s nice to finally meet the lovely lady who’s been sending us Christmas cards all these years” she remarked playfully. “ Actually, it was Dudley who sent you the cards every year Ginny – I just took them to the post-office” Regina replied with a smile as she looked up at her husband.

She said it as a joke, but there was no denying the truth that filled her words. Dudley looked down at his feet and shuffled from side to side awkwardly. ‘ Trust the wives to bring up the Christmas cards and make things awkward’ he mentally mumbled to himself. “ Really Dudley? You were the one th-“ “ Dad who’s that? ” Harry was interrupted by a curious voice and he looked around to find it’s source. He couldn’t contain his startled gasp when he saw a small boy peaking his head around his Mothers body to get a look at Harry.

The boy looked exactly like Dudley when he had been young: chubby cheeks, blue eyes and a head of short, blonde wavy hair. Sweetheart it’s not polite to interrupt” Regina lectured in a motherly voice, running her fingers through her son’s hair while she said it. Harry could tell that Regina was strict, but very gentle and incredibly caring. He had to admit he liked that about her. ““Dad’ eh? ” Harry remarked as he smirked at his cousin. “ It’s alright Regina, really –“ Harry insisted as he knelt down so that he was at eye-level with the boy. “ Hello, I’m your Uncle Harry – what’s your name? ” he asked with a smile.

He couldn’t believe that he was actually meeting his nephew – could he call him that? I’m Richard Dursley” the little boy proudly announced and smiled

up at his Dad. “ Well it’s very nice to meet you Richard, this is your Auntie Ginny” Harry introduced his wife who was also smiling down at the little boy. “ Guys! Come on over, don’t be shy! ” Harry called over his shoulder to his own children who were huddled around the trolleys a few feet away.

A tall boy with a self-assured smirk and mischievous sparkling eyes was the first to step forward. His shaggy brown hair swayed in the breeze and he flicked it out of his eyes – not dissimilar as to how girls in shampoo commercials do – and stood inbetween his Mum and Dad. Brilliant – I could use a new cousin to torture, the other ones were getting boring” James said before his mother swatted him over the head. “ Ouch, I’m just joking! Nice to meet you mate, I’m James” he said with a chuckle as he took in his little cousins shy face.

James smirked when he held out his hand for the little guy to shake, but he looked hesitant to do so. “ Come on, I don’t bite” he joked and smiled when Richard reached out his hand slowly and took James’s hand in his. “ See? That wasn’t so hard now was it? ” he asked in a light-hearted voice. Richard shook his head, smiling too.

He had always wanted a big cousin. “ You should write a book James, ‘ How to Freak People Out in Ten Syllables or Less’” somebody scoffed from behind James who was pushed out of the way as a miniature version of Harry smirked at his older brother. “ Ignore this numpty, I always do. I’m Albus, Albus Severus Potter” the boy introduced himself.



James couldn't help but roll his eyes – why did his brother always have to say his entire name when ever he met someone? “ I'm Ricky” Richard replied, excited to be meeting someone who looked the same age as him. “ And this little rascal is L- Harry where's Lily? Ginny asked, sounding worried as her eyes darted around the platform looking for her daughter. “ I don't know love, where did you last see her? ” Harry responded, copying his wife and looking around frantically for his little Princess.

“ She was over by the tro- Lily Luna Potter! What have I told you about petting animals that don'tbelong to you? ” Ginny demanded as she cocked an eyebrow at her daughter and crossed her arms. “ But Mummy isn't he lovely? ” Lily chirped back at her mother as she reached up on tiptoe to put her fingers through the bars of the Snowy owl's cage. Yes darling he is, but he's not yours – wait, who's is he? ” Ginny asked looking to Regina and Dudley for an explanation.

Harry followed his wife's line of vision and his breath caught in his throat when he saw the owl. It reminded him so much of Hedwig! “ He's mines. His name is Archimedes. I'm David” a timid voice registered in Harry's ears and his jaw practically hit off of the floor as another boy stepped around his Father and stood infront of Harry. Harry couldn't believe it – he simply couldn't. Where the other boy looked like a smaller version of Dudley, this one looked so much like Harry had done when he was young.

Dark brown hair, with even darker shades spread throughout his messy hair which fell into his eyes – much the same as James's did. Oh Merlin, those eyes! They were Harry's eyes! Lily's eyes! Petunia's sisters eyes! As odd as

this was, Harry couldn't help but find it sweet at the same time. Dudley's boys were loving, caring, kind miniature versions of themselves when they had been this age. Albus couldn't quite believe it either. Besides his Father, he had never met anyone else with his Grandma Lily's eyes before. "Wow, we're identical!" the two boys said in unison as they looked at each other for the first time.

Ginny couldn't suppress her watery smile as she was reminded of a young version of Fred and George, and Dudley and Harry exchanged knowing smiles as they watched their sons interact with each other - their conversation growing more animated as Ricky joined their conversation too. It was as if the Universe was giving Dudley and Harry a second chance through their sons.

That's when something else clicked in Harry's brain and his head snapped around to take in the sight of the trolleys, loaded with two trunks with the Hogwarts symbol on them. Could it be? "Are y- are you two- what I mean to ask is, are you two w-w-wi-" "Yes" Dudley answered for him. He could just imagine how big a shock this must be to Harry.

Just the thought alone of two wizards being spawned by the son of Vernon Dursley was enough to make you want to faint and then burst out laughing. "Well I'll be..." Harry replied in a far away voice. He certainly didn't see this one coming. "It's been a while Harry" Petunia acknowledged from her spot over by the barrier. Harry didn't quite know how to react. He'd just met his two nephews, reunited with his cousin, met his cousin's wife and now he was running into Petunia too?

His head just might explode. “ It has Aunt Petunia, you’re looking well though” he replied somewhat reserved. He was wary around Petunia given the way she had always felt about magic. “ Thankyou dear, you are too” she knew it wasn’t much, but hopefully she was on the right track to some sort of reconciliation with her nephew. ‘ She’s calling me ‘ dear’? Blimey, someone must have spiked her morning tea with happy juice. Hmmm maybe she has changed’ Harry thought to himself as the corners of his mouth turned up into a small smile.

Petunia smiled back and was about to keep up the conversation, when she was rudely cut off. “ Well where is this flipping train then? I want to see it! I thought the boys were supposed to be getting on it!? ” Vernon exclaimed in a rather huffy voice as he stamped his foot on the ground and crossed his arms like a moody child. “ Hello to you too Uncle Vernon. And well that depends, you can come onto Platform 9 ? if you want to. But do you believe in magic? ” Harry asked, knowing fine well what the answer would be, but it couldn’t hurt to try could it? “ There’s no such thing as magic boy! Vernon retorted, his face turning purple with frustration.

“ I’ll take that as a no then. Ginny? Would you mind escorting the kids through the barrier with Regina and my aunt please? I’ll take Dudley through” “ Come on then Ricky! I can’t wait to tell you all about Quidditch! ” James called to his little cousin who’s face was the very definition of confusion as he closed his eyes and followed James through the barrier between Platforms 9 and 10. “ What’s Quidditch? ” was the last thing Dudley heard his son ask before he disappeared infront of his very eyes.

Come on Dave, I'll take you through" Albus offered as he and Dave lined their trollies up alongside eachother and raced to get through the barrier before the other one could. Ginny, Regina and Petunia smiled at the boys antics and Ginny offered her arm to Regina. " Shall we then? " she asked kindly, motioning towards the brick wall. Regina was a little nervous but excited at the same time. This was her first proper experience with magic. " We shall" she replied playfully.

Before the women were at the wall, Ginny turned back around to face Petunia. " Aren't you coming Mrs. Dursley? Ginny inquired. She no longer felt the same hostility she had before to the woman, she seemed ready to make amends after all these years. " I think I am. You know, I always wanted to walk through this barrier.

For some reason, it feels like it's the right thing to do" Petunia stated with a smile and followed her daughter-in-law and her nephews wife, giving Harry one last smile before disappearing through the veil of magic. " Ready Dudley? " Harry asked, excitement coursing through his veins. " H-Harry, I don't know how" Dudley admitted, sounding a bit dejected and scared.

What if the barrier didn't let him through? Harry gave his cousin's shoulders a reassuring squeeze and smiled up at him. " Don't worry Dudley, we'll do it together" Harry assured him. Dudley wiped away a sentimental tear that spilled over his bottom eyelid and down his cheek – this is what he had been wanting for him and his cousin for almost 20 years. He nodded and that was all the encouragement Harry needed to lead Dudley through the barrier. He

kept his eyes closed the whole time, but when he heard a whole new set of noises and felt the steam in the air, Dudley opened his eyes.

He honestly couldn't believe it. Families were huddled around the platform in groups, saying their last goodbyes. Owls soared through the air and through the open windows of the train to meet their owners. The train, how could Dudley not ogle at the train?! It was huge, shiny and incredible to look at. It's red glossy paint sparkled in the light of the old-fashioned oil lanterns that lined the walls of the platform and it appeared to radiate a sense of warmth, of welcoming. Dudley couldn't believe that he was finally here – in Harry's world. A world that was far better than he ever could have imagined.

Dudley's marveling of the world around him was interrupted by a grunting sound and a loud thud behind him, and he and Harry turned around – unable to contain their laughter. Vernon had apparently felt left out, standing out on the Muggle platform by himself and had felt the need to run through the barrier with his eyes closed – meaning he tripped over his own feet and face planted the ground on the other side of the barrier.

Witches and Wizards looked with concern at the odd man, who lifted his head and took in his surroundings – his eyes boggling and his mouth hanging open. L-looks like Da-dad believes in m-magic after all! " Dudley managed to say inbetween outbursts of hysteric laughter. " What? Oh no, that was just something I made up. The barrier will let anyone through that has a right to – he's a grandparent of two students, so it let him through no problem.

I just wanted to get the satisfaction of hearing Vernon Dursley admit that magic was real, althought I'm pretty sure that man will go to his grave swearing it's not - even after this! " Harry confessed and wiped away the tears on his cheeks from laughing so much. That day, Harry and Dudley reunited and waved goodbye to their children.

Dudley was thankful that Albus was starting school that year too, at least Ricky and David would have someone they knew in their year. That was also the day that Harry and Dudley realized something. Standing with their families, on the platform of the Wizarding world, together after all of these years as family should be - both men had never been happier. If two people could come together after almost 20 years and put aside their differences like this, then it definately proved something - something that Vernon would still refuse to admit. Magic definitely did exist.

More Harry Potter Fanfiction Ideas:

- Harry and aunt Petunia fanfiction
- Harry Potter - Son of magic fanfiction
- Lily and James meet Harry
- The Dursleys love Harry fanfiction
- Harry Potter old magic fanfiction
- Harry Potter blocked magical abilities fanfiction
- Harry Potter in Slytherin
- Good or Redeemed Bellatrix Lestrange
- The Draco Trilogy
- Harry Potter: Creature Harem fanfiction

- Harry Potter martial arts master fanfiction
- Harry Potter forgotten by parents fanfiction