

# Harry's Lost Love

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**More Chapters Coming Soon!!**

## Prologue:

It had been 11 years, but Harry still had a vivid memory of the day he was forced to leave his wife, Ginny. Harry had got news of another Horcrux and was determined to destroy it. He had to ask Ron and Hermione to join him. They were willing, but they had a two month old daughter. Ginny was willing to stay behind and look after her niece. Ginny had another reason to stay behind, which she did not share with Harry, because she did not want to distract Harry from his mission.

Harry, Ron and Hermione had been lured in by the death eaters as the news of the Horcrux was faulty. They fought bravely and got an opportunity to escape. They traveled for weeks and finally went to Hogwarts to take shelter.

Harry had not heard of Ginny since over a year and was very worried about her. He wrote to her several times but never got any reply. The three of them spent there time in Hogwarts as teachers. Hermione taught Potions, Ron took up Transfiguration and Harry taught the one subject he had been fond of and had taught it before in his Fifth year-Dark Arts Teacher. He still remembered his Ginny and missed her tremendously, but this had been eleven years back. Little did Harry know that at this very moment, a small girl of eleven with fiery red hair, brown eyes, which were under round framed spectacles, and knobby knees had been made the first contact from the wizarding world!!!!

Jane had to pinch herself hard to make sure that she had not been dreaming. There was a barn owl perched on her window sill. She let the owl in and detached a letter from its leg. The letter was addressed to her! "That's strange" she thought "no one ever writes to me." She had stayed in the orphanage since eleven years. She knew that her mother had died after giving her birth and her father was no where to be found at that time. Her mother did not have enough time to reveal his name. She hated her father if he was alive. The letter surprised her as nobody knew of her existence. She opened the letter apprehensively. At first she could neither make head nor tail of what she was reading. The letter said that she had been given a place at Hogwarts a School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and that she was a witch.

*Is this a joke someone is playing on me?* she thought. But the presence of the owl made the circumstances fishy. *An OWL at Day Time??*

She checked the envelope again. Out fell two more papers-one containing details about her Uniform and the other about her books. She needed to visit a place called Diagon Alley to get all her belongings. She bought everything and counted her days till September 1st when term would start.

She reached Kings Cross station at 10:30 a.m. and now had to find the strangest platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ , but it was nowhere in sight. She found a few people running casually towards the barrier dividing platform nine and ten, and then disappearing into thin air.

*This must be it*, she thought.

She took a deep breath and ran towards the barrier. She closed her eyes, waiting for the crash, but it did not happen. She found herself staring at the steamy Hogwarts Express! She found herself an empty compartment. She wondered who would want to be her friend.

Just then the door opened again and in came a first year student. She was a pretty girl with lots of freckles on her face and bushy brown hair. She sat down next to Jane and shook her hand.

"My name is Joel" said the girl. Soon Jane learnt that, like her, even Joel was an orphan.

Hundreds of miles away, little did Harry, Hermione, and Ron know that their children were aboard the Hogwarts Express!

The Hogwarts Express started moving. For the third time, the compartment door opened, and this time, it was a boy who was in his first year. He had a pointed face with sleek blonde hair. The two girls could tell that he was from an influential family. They felt inhibited, but the boy merely shrugged and shook their hands.

"I am Malfoy-Stan Malfoy". He sat down with a lot of courtesy and said further, "my father is the Minister for Magic, you know, I am Draco Malfoy's son."

# Chapter 1

The two girls had never heard of this name. Something about their faces gave them away.

"What you have never heard of my father?" asked Malfoy.

The two girls quickly explained their situation.

"Then it's alright otherwise everyone knows my father," said Malfoy.

The food trolley came. Stan had been ready for this. He knew the girls won't have enough money but did not care. He got up and bought a whole assortment of sweets and candies that Jane and Jo-el had never seen-Bertie Bott's every flavor beans, cauldron cakes, pumpkin pasties and Pumpkin juice!

"I just thought that if you are from the muggle world, then you may not have eaten these before. I just made sure you get to eat everything."

It was great to have Malfoy as a friend-at least Jane and Joel would be clued up.

"My father hated going by the Hogwarts Express. He did not have descent companions you see. I mean Uncle Crabbe and Uncle Goyle didn't, or so to speak, still don't have much brains. My father had gone to make friends with Harry Potter, but I think his approach wasn't right, because they ended up being enemies. Ever since Mr. Potter landed up in Gryffindor and father in Slytherin, their enmity never looked back!"

Jane and Joel looked lost.

"Oh of course you wouldn't know what Slytherin and Gryffindor are, right?"

They nodded blankly. Soon they learnt that these were Hogwarts Houses and there were two such others.

"I bet I'll be in hufflepuff. I don't know a thing!" Exclaimed Joel.

"No, it doesn't go that way. You are not in a house for what you know, but because of what quality you possess. I might be in Slytherin-it's the worst house so to speak because they are never friendly. I don't know why it goes from family to family. I don't want to be in Slytherin just because my father is a pure blood!"

"If you go into Slytherin and we go into different houses, will you stop being our friend?" enquired Joel.

"Don't be silly. A stupid thing like a house can't come in between our friendship. I wish we are in the same house, then we could spend more time together."

The Hogwarts Express stopped and Stan Malfoy, Jane Potter and Joel Weasley stepped out to be welcomed!

## Chapter 2

As the first years started filing out, an enormous huge man with unkept graying hair and a very shaggy gray beard said, "Firs' years this way."

The first years had to go to the castle by boats. Stan Jane and Joel shared a boat. They got their first glimpse of Hogwarts- perched on the mountains with its many turrets touching the night sky.

"That's beautiful," said Joel.

Soon they reached the foot of the castle and filed in. They were instructed to wait. A wizard in black gowns marched up who had a sallow face and shoulder length greasy hair.

"Welcome. This will be your home for the coming year, so you must behave yourselves. You will soon be sorted into your houses and that will be your identity. You must follow rules and any rule breaking results in loss of house points. Follow me."

The vast oak doors opened and the first years walked up. They stopped in front of a stool with a battered hat on it. The Sorting Hat burst into a school song like every year and fell silent. Slowly!

As the names were called, the respective student marched up to get sorted. When Malfoy's name was called he walked up nervously. The Sorting hat took long to decide for him but shouted out loud- GRYFFINDOR!!! He could not believe his ears, but marched up to the Gryffindor table feeling happy. Soon Jane was sorted into Gryffindor too. Joel was the last one to get sorted but she too became a Gryffindor. Three staff chairs along with the chair for the Head lay vacant, but the Feast started. When everyone had stuffed themselves the prefects were ordered to lead the way to their respective Common Rooms. As Jane turned away to leave Harry Ron and Hermione entered followed by Professor McGonagall.

"Oh no, we missed the Sorting and the Feast!" complained Hermione.

But Ron wasn't worried about the Sorting.

"I am really hungry. Couldn't the Headmistress wait till the end of the Feast." said Ron.

"Honestly Ron, when will you ever learn? All you care about is food."

"Gee Hermione, don't I have to do justice to the house elves or has your fervor for spew died out??"

"For the millionth time Ron it's-"

But Harry had had enough. "We know its S.P.E.W., Hermione. Now can you two please shut up?"

(Hermione had brought the S.P.E.W club to life and was now it's head) Just as Harry took his seat, Jane's fiery red hair disappeared behind the doors. She was lead up by a tall slightly plump boy.

"My name is Alan Longbottom. I am this years Prefect and this way is the way up to our common room." They reached the portrait with the Fat Lady. "Password?" "Its flicky-wick."

The portrait swung open to reveal a hole. The first years went in to look at their common rooms. Soon after being directioned as to where the dormitories were, Jane and Joel bid Malfoy good night and went to sleep.

## Chapter 3

Jane got up early next morning eager to start term. She and Joel took no time to get dressed and went down to eat breakfast. They were soon accompanied by Stan. This time, even Harry Ron and Hermione were at the staff table. Hermione and Ron were bickering away as usual.

Harry was so used to this by now that he did not mind it now. He was nonchalantly looking at the new first years when something caught his eye.

*It can't be*, he thought.

But just when he was pondering how a girl could possess the same red hair as his beloved Ginny, the girl looked up. Harry's spoon fell. He was looking at an eleven year old Ginny, but only with spectacles like his.

*My daughter*, he thought.

He nudged Hermione. At first she did not pay attention, but when Harry nudged her harder she looked up and followed his gaze. She did not see a girl with fiery red Hair, but a girl with bushy brown hair like her and freckles like Ron.

"Harry, this can't this can't be true."

Harry was lost for words. "Hermione... that's my daughter."

"Harry, how can she be your daughter? She has hair like me and freckles like Ron."

At first, Harry did not understand what Hermione was going on about. He soon found the girl she was referring too and knew she was right. Their children at Hogwarts!!!! Even Ron realized that Harry and Hermione were discussing something important because Hermione had stopped arguing. He looked up and tried to spot the noble cause that had shut Hermione up. Instead, he saw a boy with sleek hair and gray eyes.

"Hey look, Malfoy's son. But what is he doing in Gryffindor???"

Hermione rolled up her eyes skywards and said reproachfully, "All you see is Malfoy's son? I mean can't you see our daughter?"

Ron gaped at her and tried to spot the girl. When he finally did, he was beside himself with joy.

"Listen Harry, we can't go telling them they are our children," said Ron. (For Harry had just got up.)

"Hermione.... my daughter-"

But Hermione broke in, "Even my daughter is there, but we don't know anything about their past. We need to first find out what they think of us."

Harry knew she was right, but the urge to go and hug her was overwhelming.

"So what have you planned?" asked Harry.

"We could have study-related counseling with the first years and can indirectly ask what we want to know. And remember please do not use your surnames with them or they'll know."

Soon notices were put up in the common rooms-

*All first years need to meet*

*Pr. Harry Pr. Hermione and Pr. Ronald*

*For a counseling session. Your room and timings are given below*

Malfoy and Jane had the same timing.

As Ron was busy with another student, Hermione called for Malfoy and Harry called his own daughter.

"So what picture of Hogwarts have you formed till now?" Harry asked her sweetly.

"Oh well the castle is excellent, Professor, only, I keep getting lost."

Harry grinned, remembering his first day at Hogwarts.

"It's quite normal. I am sure you'll get to know the castle well in a month's time. So, what do you expect from the teachers?"

Jane quite liked this Professor in comparison to the one she had just suffered.

"Well I have only had the Dark Arts Class with Professor Snape and he seems to be really strict and short tempered. So I expect the teachers to be a bit more sweet-" She broke off looking mortified. "Oh, I am sorry, Professor. I shouldn't have said that. Now Professor Snape will kill me."

Harry grinned even wider and making a mental note of it, he said, "No he won't. I won't tell him. At least you were honest about it. So you think the teachers should only be sweet?"

"Oh I mean they should not only be sweet but, should be able to keep control also- a good mixture of sweetness and strictness."

Harry made another mental note.

"Are both your parents wizards?" asked Harry, as he could only think of this question to approach the topic of Ginny.

"I don't know, Professor. I was brought up in the orphanage. I was very surprised to see my letter."

Harry was lost for words.

"What do you mean you were brought up in the orphanage?"

"My mother died shortly after giving me birth, and I don't know who my father is."

Harry sensed the same fiery nature as Ginny had possessed. He was numb with shock. He could not believe his ears. He said that she could go, although Hermione left Malfoy after five minutes. Harry hardly paid attention as to what he was asking the other students who turned up.

The last person to come was Joel, and Ron called her looking eager. Harry noticed Hermione give him a sharp look and knew she was warning him to watch his tongue. Ron looked pleased about something.

When Joel left, Harry and Hermione were joined by Ron and they went to eat lunch.

"What were you so happy about, Ron?" asked Harry.

"Harry, she is exactly like me-she likes to eat, she likes to sleep-"

But Hermione broke in. "Didn't you ask her anything related to studies, Ron?"

"Sure I did, but couldn't have bored her could I? How is Malfoy's son like? Equally pompous?"

"Yes he was slightly proud about being the Minister's son," said Hermione with a lot of stress on the word, "but he is of a better temperament. Of course, no wonder he turned up in Gryffindor. How is Ginny doing Harry?"

Harry had been waiting for this but did not want to share this news with them.

"She's doing fine."

Something did not convince Hermione but she kept shut.

"Let's eat. The lunch break is nearly over. Ron you better gobble up your food. You have Charms with the first years."

"I know Hermione- I've been waiting for it since the morning. Finally, my daughter will know what her dada really is." "You are not supposed to be partial, Ron!"

"I know. Can't a person even joke in this place?"

But something about his face convinced Hermione he was not joking!!