

# That Damn Book

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Harry finds out that someone's written a book about him. Who could it be?

## One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money.

*Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for giving this a once over!*

debjunk requested a prompt a couple of weeks back in the Saturday Night Potter Place Drabble Chat. I've just come across it and decided to use it. Details after the story!

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Harry frowned as he flipped through the pages of the small book. Who would have written such a thing? He was quite certain that it had to be someone who knew him quite well—that was the only explanation for the intimate details of his life, and he was sure the moniker was fake.

Jemehan Rain Renogger.

Who?

What kind of name was Jemehan anyway? If he could guess the nationality, he might be able to narrow down suspects. The first person who'd come to mind when Ginny had angrily tossed the book in his lap had been Rita Skeeter. But somehow, he instinctively knew that this was not her style. Not as well written as it was. Besides, Skeeter would want to lay claim to such a book, wouldn't she?

Say, hadn't someone just mentioned the name Jemma? And that it meant 'a dove'? Who had that been? Not that they were very similar, but still, that might be a clue.

His thoughts strayed to Ginny and how angrily she'd reacted upon seeing the book. She'd wanted to leave him, and she'd done so. But now that someone had written a book about him and his... sensuality, she had the gall to be jealous or angry? Both, actually.

*"Who've you been fucking? I've not been gone for two weeks, and I see that someone sure as hell knows quite a lot about you! Have you been seeing someone else?"* Ginny demanded.

*"What are you talking about?"* he asked, honestly perplexed.

*"This!"* she yelled, tossing a book into his lap, its corner thudding against his sac. *"That damn book!"*

*"Ahh,"* he moaned, doubling over in pain.

*"Serves you right! I hope it causes the slag grief if you can't use it tonight!"*

*With that, she stormed out, leaving a confused and hurt Harry behind.*

He could sure use Hermione's help right about now, but that was impossible, as she was away on holiday with her two kids. She'd use some logic and narrow things down.

Hell, he should have accepted her offer to join them. He would have at least been spared Ginny's tirade, though she might have sent a Howler. He shook his head as he thought of Ron and his new wife. That had been the beginning of the end for him and Ginny and had caused so many problems in their relationship. He'd been angry at Ron for cheating on Hermione and then treating her like garbage, seemingly unconcerned for what he'd been putting his family through. Ginny, of course, had been staunchly supportive of her brother, believing the lies he'd been spouting about Hermione.

"Think like Hermione," he muttered. "Hmmm."

Who'd been talking about Jemma? Why would they put an English word in there with those other names. Rain. Was there some significance with that?

How he loved the rain sometimes.

Shaking his head, he continued to wonder about the author. Hopefully, it was a female, as he wasn't much for trying out the other side of the pitch. Any thoughts on that had gone out the window as Draco Malfoy had married Astoria Greengrass. He'd been the only male to ever provoke any kind of frustration, and he wasn't quite certain that it had been even remotely sexual.

"Okay, then. Another approach..." How many letters were in the name? Maybe the person had pulled a Voldemort and rearranged the letters to spell out something else.

"Nineteen in all."

He made a mental tally of his closest friends' names. Would the person have included his or her middle name if he or she had done this? It was likely, considering the penname had one.

Suddenly, the letters seemed to jump out at Harry, he remembered who'd been speaking of Jemma, having named her new snowy white kitten that, and things became quite clear. How had he not seen it before? He rose quickly, knowing where he needed to go and to whom he needed to speak.

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debjunk's prompt: Harry finds out that someone has written a book about him. Will he find out who the author is?

SW's AN: And do you know who wrote the book?