

Nineteen Years after Ron Died

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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When Ginny saw Ron push Fred out of the way of the falling wall and get crushed, she just knew her whole life was ruined.

Nineteen Years Later

Hermione and Harry met up at the Hogwarts Express forty-five minutes before the train was scheduled to leave. Harry's wife Luna was busy telling their daughter Amaranth to be careful of the Nargles. Amaranth looked at her mother out of her big green eyes and nodded solemnly. She turned to her father and Aunt Hermione, hugged them both, then grabbed Nikolai by the hand and started to drag him to the train. Viktor smiled.

"I am very glad that Nikolai and Amaranth are in the same year. I would be worried about sending him to Hogwarts otherwise."

"Headmaster Snape doesn't allow the same sort of things that Dumbledore did. There won't be any trolls, basilisks, escapees from Azkaban, tournaments, toad-women, Slugworths or pureblood propaganda. Don't worry!" Luna's litany made quite a few people in earshot smile.

"Daddy, I don't know anyone!" A very small voice was heard. This made Amaranth stop short. Nikolai bumped into her because he was still trying to read *Hogwarts: A History* while he was walking.

"Don't worry, I only know Nikolai. My name is Amaranth Potter. This is my best friend, Nikolai Krum. Who are you?"

After looking at his father, who nodded to him, the boy answered, "I am Scorpius, Scorpius Malfoy."

"All right. Now you know us. So, let's go find a compartment before all the best ones are taken!"

Scorpius hugged his father quickly and followed the blonde, green-eyed girl and her companion.

"I, well, thank you for not warning your children against mine," Draco said quietly.

"We wouldn't do that to an innocent child!" Hermione replied, indignant at the thought.

"Yeah, we aren't Weasleys." Hermione whacked Harry on the back of the head for that comment.

"May I ask..."

"After Ron died, Hermione and I were spending a lot of time together. She's like my sister, and always had been. One day, in front of everyone in Diagon Alley, Ginny

accused Hermione of sleeping with me because she was using me as a replacement for Ron. She also said that after everything her family had been through, she DESERVED to be my wife and to enjoy the fame that would come with it. She said that Dumbledore had promised that they would benefit from supporting me. She didn't realize I was there. I got so angry I declared that I would never, ever marry someone that grasping and greedy or have anything to do with a family that would basically only treat me well thinking they would get something out of it, which ended up due to accidental magic or something, a magical vow. It was why WWW had to close; the magic made anything to do with me fail for the Weasleys, and I had given them their start up money—well, I won't bore you, but I am sure there will be many snide remarks."

"Maybe not, Harry. Victoire was very nice when she saw us in Diagon Alley."

"We can only hope." Harry turned to Malfoy, "What are you doing after this? We were going to head out to lunch at our favorite curry restaurant. You are welcome to join us." Luna, Hermione and Viktor all nodded.

"All right, it sounds good. I haven't been to many places like that, well, ever. Astoria certainly wouldn't have approved."

Harry smiled. He was getting a chance to start over with Malfoy, he had managed to get away from the grasping Ginny Weasley, he enjoyed traveling the world with the love of his life, his best friend was still the closest thing he had to a sibling, her husband was a good friend, and he hadn't felt any pain in his scar in nineteen years. Life was good.

I used one of kyriaofdelphi's prompts: 2.) What if Ron died instead of Fred?

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