

It was just Neville, she reminded herself. Even as he led her around a house that was bigger and grander than anything she'd seen before in her life.

Just Neville — her shy, sweet, slightly clumsy but utterly endearing boyfriend. So what if his family was rich as hell? She was best friends with Harry Potter, she should be used to it by now.

"I thought Susan and her aunt were staying here, too?" she asked curiously as Neville showed her down a corridor that was nothing but guest bedrooms. They hadn't seen a single soul yet.

"Oh, they are. Amelia's at work, and Susan is... around, somewhere." Neville's face turned mischievous. "Theo's visiting today."

Ginny smirked. "*Ohh*." They probably wouldn't see either of them until dinner, then.

They went up one more flight of stairs to see a beautifully decorating drawing room, and then Neville shrugged. "Honestly, that's about everything interesting inside. Would you, uh— do you want to see the gardens? I can show you my greenhouses?"

His face lit up so earnestly, Ginny swallowed the crack she'd been about to make about showing her his bedroom. "I'd love to."

They went outside, and finally Ginny's nerves began to fade — *this* was the Neville she knew, the boy she had fallen for. Chatting a mile a minute about plants, delight in his eyes as he showed her into one of the greenhouses; which was clearly under some hefty expansion charms, because it stretched on seemingly forever. "I've got some cobra lilies growing over there," he told her, gesturing broadly. "And the other week I managed to find some wild deadnettle seeds, but I've never worked with any of those before — they're really rare — so I'm not completely sure if they'll thrive in this section, but the books said they like drier climates, so if it doesn't work out I'll move them further along, and—"

Ginny kissed him, cutting him off mid-sentence, and after a startled moment he kissed back, his hand coming up to cup her cheek. Warmth flooded Ginny's body, and it finally began to sink in — she was staying at her boyfriend's house for a whole week.

She got Neville to herself — mostly — for seven full days.

When they broke the kiss, her arms were around his neck, and his hazel eyes were bright, his cheeks a little flushed. "What was that for?" he asked, smiling. Ginny grinned back.

"Just happy to see you, is all."

His smile grew wider, and he tucked a lock of bright red hair behind her ear. "I'm happy to see you, too." He kissed her again, more chastely. "I'm really glad your parents agreed to let you come stay."

"I'm pretty sure Mum was worried I might murder Ron and Hermione if I didn't get a break," Ginny joked, making Neville snicker. Hermione had only been at the Burrow for about a week, but already the pair were doing Ginny's head in; between their awkward not-flirting,