

He saw Ernie and Hannah head into Madam Puddifoot's, which was exactly the explosion of red and pink that Harry anticipated. Neither of them looked particularly impressed by the decoration, and as Harry walked by them he caught Hannah's eye, and she mimed gagging. He laughed, absolutely no help whatsoever; it wasn't his fault the students were limited to either Puddifoot's or the Three Broomsticks.

Honeydukes was absolutely heaving with students, all trying to buy sweets for their sweethearts. So Harry steered clear of it, deciding to head towards Zonko's instead. There, he saw his second unexpected couple of the day.

He didn't realise they were there together at first. The two boys were stood close, but just talking. Then George stepped forward, pressing a bold kiss to his companion's cheek and gesturing dramatically at the entrance to the shop. Blaise Zabini chuckled, but obligingly walked through, and as he passed George's hand slid down to the small of his back. The pair disappeared inside the shop, and Harry was left gaping at them.

When had *that* happened? And why had no one told him! The pair clearly weren't keeping it a secret.

He would have to have a *long* conversation with George Weasley, tomorrow.

He chuckled to himself; that couple would certainly upset the Harry Potter Dating Pool.

After a brief detour to Scrivenshaft's for some more parchment, Harry began to get peckish, and decided to brave the Three Broomsticks for lunch. He walked past a group of girls, who burst into giggles at the sight of him. His jaw clenched.

Maybe after that he'd go back to the castle. Hogsmeade on Valentine's Day was not the place for a single person, especially when that person was Harry Potter.

Luckily it seemed like the main lunch rush hadn't properly begun yet, people still out making the most of their dates — or feeling too awkward to come inside and sit opposite one another for an entire meal.

That didn't mean there weren't plenty of people inside — almost all the tables had been rearranged into little two-seater sections — but it was quiet enough that Harry could actually see all the way from the door to the back wall. His gaze travelled over the couples sat down, wondering if he might see any more unusual pairings.

At the back of the room, sat alone in a booth, was Neville.

Harry frowned, winding his way through the tables to sit down opposite his friend. Neville looked up, forcing a smile. "Oh. Hi, Harry. Didn't know you were around."

"Yeah, thought I'd have a wander. Are you alright?" He paused, wondering if his next question would be well-received. "I, uh — I thought you'd be with Ginny, to be honest." The pair had been growing ever closer since Christmas, and Harry had been almost certain this weekend would make them official.