

“They’re gorgeous,” he complimented. “I love them, thank you.”

The uncertainty vanished, and Draco took Harry’s hand in his, kissing the back of it. “I did warn you you were in for a lifetime of grand romantic gestures,” he said lightly. “I am a Black at heart, after all.”

Harry pulled him down for a kiss, then reached for the bouquet and pulled out a single red rose — one charm had the stem cut off, and another had it affixed to Draco’s robe, directly over his heart.

Others might have thought it was cliché, or overdoing it, or showing off — such a huge assortment of roses at this time of year had to cost a pretty penny, after all. And a year or two ago, such things might have embarrassed Harry, making a big deal out of him in public, putting him in the spotlight. But it wasn’t about that — it was Draco showing his love in the best way he knew how, putting his heart out there for the whole school to see.

There was always one person who got embarrassed in the Great Hall on Valentine’s Day with an over-the-top display, and Harry was quite happy for it to be him this year.

“You are worth far more than roses, darling,” Draco murmured, a whisper of a kiss brushing his lips. “But they make a fine start.”

Harry blushed, keeping still as Draco’s deft fingers reached for a gold rose from the bouquet, clipping and pinning it to Harry’s chest to match. Faintly, Harry thought he heard several people sigh dreamily.

“Need I remind you all,” McGonagall’s exasperated voice cut in, “that it is, in fact, still a school day. Class starts in five minutes.”

That broke the spell, everyone scrambling to hurry out of the hall. Harry rose to his feet, looking wistfully at his flowers. There was no way he could carry those around all day.

“I’ll take them up to Gryffindor for you, Harry,” Neville assured. “Get them situated. You two go to Runes.”

If there was anyone he could trust to take good care of his roses, it was Neville, and Harry beamed at the blond. “Thanks, Nev.” He turned to Draco, twining their fingers together. “Shall we?”

They left the hall, hand in hand, uncaring of the stares that followed them.

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Draco Malfoy did not have the monopoly on gifting flowers on Valentine’s Day. After classes ended, Neville hurried to the greenhouses where his own bouquet was waiting for him under stasis charms, Professor Sprout giving him a cheeky wink as he eased it out of its hiding place. He kept it Dissillusioned on the way up to the castle — still quietly amazed he was actually able to pull off such a spell — and caught Ginny just coming out of the Charms corridor. With a flourish, he dropped the spell, holding the vibrant bouquet out to his