

girlfriend. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Ginny,” he said, already feeling his cheeks go red. Ginny dropped her bag in shock, brown eyes wide.

“Oh, Neville, they’re stunning! I— when did you order that in?”

“I, uh, made it myself. Professor Sprout lets me grow what I want in the back corner of greenhouse four. So I thought... well. Yeah,” he finished awkwardly.

“You grew all these, just for me? But that must have taken weeks!” Ginny’s classmates were all staring now, and Neville tried not to squirm.

“I started planning early,” he said with a shrug. “I— you deserve pretty things on Valentine’s Day.” He hadn’t wanted to just buy her something — Ginny was amazing, and there was nothing in the world that would show her how much she meant to him more than plants. He hoped she knew that. He suspected she did, by the light in her eyes.

Next thing he knew, her hands were on his shoulders as she leaned up for a passionate kiss, right there in the hallway. “I love you,” she murmured, face almost as red as her hair as she too realised how much of a scene they were making. “Why don’t we, ah, go somewhere private, and you can tell me what all these flowers mean, yeah? I know they all mean something.”

The blood rushed to Neville’s face — they did all have meanings, of course they did. Red chrysanthemums, edelweiss, hibiscus, red salvia, violets. His heart laid bare in a single bouquet.

All the things he wanted to tell Ginny, but always found his tongue tripping over the words.

But blood rushed to other parts of him, too, at the idea of being alone together. At the spark in those gorgeous brown eyes.

“Yeah,” he croaked, Ginny’s small hand taking his slightly sweaty one, the bouquet still tucked in the crook of his arm.

“Ginny!” Colin called. “You forgot your bag!”

But Ginny’s stride didn’t falter as she half-dragged her boyfriend down the corridor. “Don’t care!” she yelled over her shoulder in response, face alight with joy. Neville’s heart thudded hard in his chest.

He’d never get over the feeling of utter bliss that hit him when he made Ginny smile like that. He wanted to see that smile for the rest of his life.

.-..

Several floors below them, behind a painting of a bowl of fruit, a cluster of house elves tried not to laugh as two teenagers stood amongst them, absolutely covered in flour.

“Oops,” Hannah said meekly, looking at the huge bag of flour that was now mostly empty. “I — sorry.”