

Before Luna, Daphne never would have thought twice about thestrals — would have recoiled from the idea of them, the omens of death that they were thought to be.

She turned around in Luna's embrace, dipping to kiss her, the hot breath of the thestral foal still puffing against her shin.

She could maybe do Valentine's day, if it looked like this.

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It was awfully handy, being pseudo-brothers with one of the heirs of Hogwarts. And being good friends with the other three. Certainly, it made sneaking into the castle a whole lot easier when the wards welcomed him like he was still a student.

George popped his Dissillusioned head out from the statue of the one-eyed witch, checking the coast was clear before hauling himself out entirely.

It might have been easier with the Marauder's Map, but he was George Weasley — he could do this in his sleep.

Quiet as a mouse, he hurried to the main staircase, heading down, dodging the students in his way. He made it to the third floor, then turned towards what, once upon a time, was a room the headmaster had threatened pain of death upon entering.

Now it was just a room. A room with a few scorch marks on the walls and ceiling from various Weasley experiments over the years.

A room with a double bed, and the most gorgeous man in the world inside.

George dropped the charm concealing him as soon as the door was locked behind him, throwing himself into Blaise's embrace. "I've missed you," he declared, loving the feel of Blaise's strong arms wrapping around him.

"I missed you too, tesoro," Blaise chuckled, his deep voice doing *things* to George's insides.

Before he could throw his whole wooing plan out the window entirely and shove Blaise onto the bed to have his way with him, George put a little space between them, trying to catch his breath. From his pocket, he drew a bottle of red wine, watching Blaise's eyes light up. "Ooh, my favourite."

"Only the best for my Valentine," George insisted, winking roguishly. "Got you these, too." From the same pocket came a box, which Blaise opened to find a dozen large chocolate-covered strawberries.

"Mm, delicious," Blaise murmured, stealing another kiss. "You'll share them with me, won't you?"

George imagined watching those lips close around a plump, juicy berry, a whimper creeping from his throat. "If you're willing to share. They're yours, after all."