

Chapter 97

Chapter Notes

To make up for last Friday's cliffhanger, this week you can have a nice cute interlude of all our faves celebrating Valentine's Day. You're welcome ;)

This year, Valentine's Day fell on a Monday. That was generally regarded as a terrible thing by most of the occupants of Hogwarts — at least, the ones who cared about such things.

It was so terrible because the way the term scheduling worked out always had the February Hogsmeade weekend landing *after* Valentine's; which meant this year, couples would have to wait almost an entire week after the day itself if they wanted to go on a date in the village.

The younger years, still dazzled by the newness of being allowed to visit the village, happily delayed their plans until the weekend. But the older students just got a little more... creative.

Harry wasn't exactly sure how he was going to beat last year's Valentine's date — he didn't have anything as impressive as the Chamber of Secrets to show Draco this time around. And every time he mentioned the day, Draco just smirked at him and changed the subject, so he assumed the blond had something up his sleeve.

Needless to say, Harry was not expecting the truly enormous bouquet of roses to arrive with the morning post, carried by two owls who expertly deposited the arrangement in front of him. The roses were a mix of deep velvety crimson and bright shining gold, bound securely with green paper and a silver ribbon. A small red card was tucked into the ribbon, and Harry plucked it out, opening it. *This year it's my turn*, was all it said, and Harry laughed.

"Bloody hell, Harry," Ginny exclaimed, having to stand up to see him over the huge display of flowers. "He's not subtle, is he?"

"Not when he's being possessive, no," Harry replied with a chuckle, stroking careful fingers over the smooth rose petals. The handful of cards that had been delivered for him from other admirers went entirely ignored — exactly as Draco intended, no doubt.

"That's so romantic," Lavender sighed, further down the table. "They're so pretty!"

Looking up, Harry could see several envious glances being sent his way — and quite a few annoyed looks sent at partners.

"You like them, then?" Harry now knew why Draco had gone to sit at the Slytherin table that morning — the blond approached, as calm and confident as always, though Harry could see the uncertainty in his eyes. Harry beamed up at him.