

while for him to stop flinching whenever Ginny touched it, and even longer for him to be comfortable shirtless in front of her.

Even now, after they'd been naked in front of each other more times than she could count — after Ginny had given him a part of her that no one else would ever have — she still wasn't sure he believed her when she said he was handsome, gorgeous, sexy, any of the words he'd never use for himself.

But he was starting to. And him not even thinking twice before baring that swell of stomach in such an innocent gesture made her think that he was finally starting to be comfortable in himself.

"You're staring at me again."

She blinked, cheeks going red as she met Neville's amused gaze. He was done with his plants now it seemed, sat on the wooden edge of the raised bed and spelling his hands clean.

"Sorry," she said, tucking her hair behind her ear.

He smiled. "It's okay. I don't mind." His face flushed a little, and not from the heat. "It's not the kind of staring that makes me worried we'll get in trouble with Sprout."

A laugh burst from Ginny's mouth. "It could be," she drawled salaciously, giving him an obvious once-over. He just rolled his eyes, and started packing away his gardening tools.

"Not in here," he scolded. "I'm not having you get me kicked out of the greenhouses right as I've just got my laceflowers finally blooming."

"Which one's that again?" Ginny asked, peering at the bed full of all of Neville's Herbology projects.

"The one with all the little purple buds. Which you should *know*, because they're definitely on the OWL curriculum," he teased, hoisting himself to his feet, offering her a hand up. Ginny just grinned.

"Well I've now got ages before my exams, so you'll just have to remind me in a couple of months time," she teased, brushing a smudge of dirt off his face. His jaw was getting stubbly again, which meant he'd probably shave that evening, which was a damned shame. Neville thought his scruff was still too patchy, but Ginny thought it looked extremely sexy.

"I will," he promised. "I'll help you study as much as you need. Probably won't be much help with subjects that aren't Herbology, mind, but I'm sure the others will chip in."

"I'll pester Harry about it." Then Ginny paused, frowning. "Or— maybe not him. He might be a bit busy. Killing a Dark Lord is probably more important than my OWL results."

"Only a little bit," Neville agreed. "When he's done with all that war nonsense, though, I'm sure he'll help."

*All that war nonsense.* Merlin, she loved this boy.