

# Valentine Roses

*by Owlbait*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Chocolate Roses – save yourself a few Galleons this year and buy your sweetie only one gift, " Fred announced proudly as he unwrapped the long box and started putting stems into a vase on the shop counter.

Verity looked bemused. "Chocolate? Really? Can you eat them?"

"Well ..." started George.

"Sort of," inserted Fred.

"We haven't quite gotten that worked out yet."

"You see, they are real roses."

"We don't make them, we grow them..."

"In Mum's garden, back at the Burrow."

"She's finally gotten over us leaving school early ..."

"And she's willing to help us out with anything that isn't dangerous," finished Fred.

"They smell wonderful," Verity said, burying her nose deeply into one and giving a dreamy sigh.

"We hybridized the roses with Chocolate Milkweed," George explained.

"And some other things," Fred added airily.

"Give it a try," George told Verity.

"Are you sure? I thought you said they weren't ready to eat yet?"

"They won't hurt you," Fred told her earnestly.

"It's just ... well ... give it a try." George grinned.

"I suppose you wouldn't let me if they were really dangerous," Verity said thoughtfully. "They do smell soooo good."

Verity reached out and pulled a petal off one of the roses and nibbled carefully at the edge. Her eyes widened in pleasure and her face took on a dreamy look.

"This is wonderful! It's like rich chocolate, but so light and just a hint of rosewater."

Verity quickly took a second and a third petal. Fred and George watched her, smiling. They didn't stop her from finishing the entire flower.

"That was amazing!" Verity told them.

"Great for dieters – tastes just like candy, but it counts as a serving of veg," Fred told her proudly.

"So, why didn't you think they were ready to eat?" Verity asked the twins suspiciously. She held up her hands to look at them, then stared at her reflection in the glass shop case to look for any untoward changes.

"We haven't quite figured out how to get the chocolate flavor from the milkweed without..." George started to explain.

\*\*\*POOF\*\*\*

"Er, that happening" finished Fred.

Hovering above the puddle of fabric that was Verity's witch's robe was a large Monarch Butterfly, looking a bit odd in shades of chocolate brown.