

# Guess Who, Valentine!

by Southern\_Witch\_69

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** Not my characters! No money either. Damn.

Can you guess who sent the Valentines to them?

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Harry opened the small, plain, white envelope that Hedwig had brought to him and wondered why the sender had even bothered to send it. Looking at his beautiful owl, Harry said, "I expect you went there and pecked on the window until she sent something to me, eh?" He reached out to run his fingers over her feathers. "Thanks."

Today was a sad day for him, having had a row with his lover, and he didn't expect to receive much of anything from anyone, especially ~~not~~ter. Preparing himself, he opened the envelope and peeked inside. There was a rumpled card within that had the first "to" name scratched out with his name hastily scrawled on top of it, and there was an unwrapped—and probably licked on—lolly inside.

Smirking and shaking his head, Harry tossed the lot into the dustbin. That was one gift he certainly could have done without. "Nice try, Hedwig," he said, giving her an owl treat. "I expect I'll cheer up sooner or later."

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Lockhart opened one of the small cards that was sent to him and flashed a toothy grin at the Healer who was visiting the wing. "See this, do you?" He shook the card at her. "One of my adoring fans sent this. I expect she's hoping I'll send her an autographed photo."

He cleared his throat and read the words on the card out loud.

*"Dear Gilderoy,*

*How are ye boy?*

*Feeling great*

*on this date?*

*Please enjoy the toy!"*

"Oh, a limerick. How very nice," the Healer said absently while checking on the man across from Lockhart's bed. There was suddenly a loud buzzing noise coming from

behind her. She turned around and arched her eyebrows in surprise. "What's that you've got there?"

"A gift from an affectionate fan! Hmmm. Not sure I know any 'Miss Redhead' though, but she seems to know me. Says she's paying me back for a past adventure of mine," he said, clearly puzzled for an instant before shrugging and playing with his new prezzie. "I believe it's a massager."

Healer Goodsnatch took the card from him and snickered as she read the note to herself.

*Lockhart's a git!*

*Nothing but a twit!*

*He doesn't know*

*how the words go*

*He hasn't any wit!*

It was obvious that someone had charmed the card to read something different to others while Lockhart was oblivious to it all. She looked over at him and laughed loudly. He was holding a large, purple vibrator against his cheek and smiling madly, eyes closed, as he did so.

The note was indeed signed by a Miss Redhead. However, there was something in parentheses beneath the signature, and it wasn't what her patient thought it said.

*That'll teach him to try to hex my family! I've always wished he would bugger off. Now he can!*

Smirking, she magically glued the card to the wall behind the pompous pest's bed for all to see. "Have fun with that, dear," she said in a falsely sweet voice.

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Minerva tossed last year's Valentine card into the fire without reading it. She thought she'd tossed out everything that had reminded her of *him*, not wanting to feel the loss again. It was easier to try to forget than to deal with the pain. She didn't have to read the card to know what it said though. She'd memorized it after he'd given it to her. It was the first thing he'd ever written to her in all their years of closeness—and after their one shared night of lovemaking.

Sighing, she walked over to the window and gazed out into the night sky, looking at the twinkling stars and smiling sadly. "I wish things would have been different," she said as she gazed, enjoying the light breeze blowing in.

Later, when she was lying on her bed, she thought about the card, remembering his spiky scrawl and honest words, whispering them softly to her darkened room.

*"Minerva, I've been thinking of you all day and wondering if I should send this card to you or not. There are so many things happening in my life at this point, but I want you to know that what happened between us after Slughorn's party has never been far from my mind. Perhaps one day you can truly be mine. I hope you know that I am not as indifferent as I appear."*

She couldn't bring herself to say his name aloud. Instead, she closed her eyes and drew up the memory of his face and the surprised expression he'd given her when she'd kissed him for the first time on *that* night. It hadn't been planned; no, it had just happened, as did the rest of their brief intimacy. They both needed someone terribly, and the other happened to be there. She wasn't one to behave so inappropriately, but something seemed to tell her that if she didn't take the chance that night, she'd never have it again.

And she was glad that she'd allowed herself that one night of passion.

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**SW's notes:** Heehee! I'm goofy, huh? I felt the need to write something different. I'm certain you can guess who sent the Valentine cards to them, but it was fun trying to give clues without saying the person's name.