

A Bet Gone Wrong

Part 1

Susan Bones gripped the wooden bleacher until her knuckles paled. Her hands trembled on every Hufflepuff pass, and the heart in her chest thumped in time to every swing of a Beater's bat. She could barely hear herself think with the crowd erupting, but she kept her eyes on the game. They were seventy points up, and all of them had been earned the honest way, even though Anthony Rickett, the mouthier of the two Hufflepuff Beaters, had spent the morning gloating to Susan about their "liquid luck advantage."

What Rickett had neglected to mention was that the very instant the three Hufflepuffs chugged down the Felix Felicis in the locker room, all three immediately started projectile vomiting it back up in great sparkling ropes. They were still throwing up as they stumbled out of the locker room. Susan and Hannah had stumbled in on the scene. So much for secret weapons. So much for Rickett's big talk. She already planned to give him a piece of her mind.

Now, Susan felt the consequence of her own stupidity bearing down on her. The real idiocy wasn't believing Rickett. It was the bet she'd made in the library last night as she'd leaned her elbows across the table, staring Harry Potter straight in the eye and telling him there was no way Hufflepuff would lose. He, of course, stated the opposite, and Susan smugly told him to put his money where his mouth was.

If Hufflepuff won, he owed her a hundred Galleons, clean and simple. Harry agreed, but he said if Gryffindor won, she had to spend the night with him. She knew exactly what he meant. It wasn't going to be a date, and it certainly wasn't going to be the two of them just hanging out as friends. No, it was a night meant for pure pleasure. He said it with a cocky little tilt to the corner of his mouth that made her squeeze her thighs together under the table. In her head, it was a good joke. There was no way she was going to lose. That moron Rickett had assured her that they had it in the bag.

And now the Quaffle was in Gryffindor's possession, and the Chasers were working together in a slingshot maneuver that made Susan's mouth go dry.

She'd bet him everything ... her dignity, her self-respect, and, of course, her body, and for what? 'A hundred freaking galleons, that's what,' she reminded herself. She was going on a dream vacation to Italy this summer, and she was in desperate need of spending money. There were so many high-end shops, and the purses and shoes had her name written all over them. However, if they lost, none of that would matter. What mattered was the way his gaze traveled over her body when they agreed on the bet. It was like he knew he had it in the bag, and he was just deciding where on her body he would like to start first.

"Susan!" Hannah Abbott's voice was urgent, and her fingers squeezed Susan's upper arm with the kind of force only best friends could get away with. "We're losing momentum. This is a

disaster.” Susan had obviously told her best friend about the bet. Hannah had thought it was brilliant. “Take him for all he’s worth,” she had exuberantly stated.

Hannah’s voice barely registered in her head. Susan’s eyes tracked the bright streak of red and gold as Potter shot toward the top of the pitch. He moved like a fish in water, like gravity didn’t apply to him, and even from the stands, she could see the casual confidence in the way he positioned himself. He was always a broomstick’s length ahead of their Seeker, and every twist and turn looked effortless, like he was born with a broom between his legs.

“It’s fine,” Susan said, though her throat barely let the words out. “They’ll choke. I have faith in our team,” she told Hannah, but her shaky voice betrayed her confidence.

Hannah stared at her like she’d grown a third head. “That’s what they said about Rickett, too. And he literally did choke. Did you see him puke? It was ...”

“Yeah, I saw,” Susan said, and clenched her jaw tightly. “I’m aware.”

The Gryffindor chasers swept the Quaffle through a tight formation, and in a matter of seconds, the score flashed 160-100. They were only sixty points ahead now.

Hannah groaned and clapped both hands to her face. All around Susan, her fellow Hufflepuffs watched the game with wide eyes, and most were nervously biting their lips or fingernails. A large gust of wind hit them, flapping the school banners hard enough to slap a few Hufflepuff first-years in the face. They whimpered, but nobody even noticed or cared.

Susan could hear Potter’s voice from last night as they left the library. “You know you want me to win. Don’t play innocent.” She’d laughed at him, tossed her hair, and called him a narcissist, but not once had she denied it.

Sure, she wanted to win, but it wouldn’t exactly be the worst thing in the world if she lost. Harry was handsome, and she’d thought about what it would be like to be with him on more than one occasion. She’d imagined how he would feel in her mouth, or the way her own breath would tremble when his hands found her skin. If she lost, she would definitely find out. She’d bet him a night, and she knew he would take full advantage of it.

A shriek went up from the Gryffindor side. Susan’s eyes snapped to the flicker of gold flying precariously in front of Harry, desperately trying to get away. He flattened his body and dropped into a steep dive, and Susan felt her lungs seize up as she watched him cut through the air. Two Hufflepuffs tried to intercept, but they were hopelessly outmaneuvered. Harry effortlessly spiraled around their clumsy attempts. The rest of the match might as well have disappeared. There was only Harry, his outstretched arm, and the way his fingers closed around the Snitch like it was inevitable.

The whistle sounded, and the crowd exploded. The Gryffindor side erupted, and some ran onto the field, but Susan stayed frozen, her hands clamped so hard to the railing that she thought the

bones might crack through her skin. Hannah was saying something to her, but she didn't even hear it. The words that might have been sympathy or playful mockery, but it didn't matter.

Potter had already won, and now he turned his broom in a slow, showy circle. He let his eyes pass over the screaming Gryffindors, the booing Hufflepuffs, and then, as bold as you please, directly onto Susan. He smirked and gave her the smallest, most self-assured nod. It was infuriating. She wanted to punch him right in the mouth, but she knew that wouldn't do any good.

The next few minutes passed in a blur. The stands emptied, and Susan found herself drifting through the dispersing crowd with Hannah glued to her side, chattering ceaselessly about Rickett's post-game hospital trip, the unfairness of it all, and how even when Hufflepuff cheated, they couldn't get it right. She didn't respond to any of it, though. She was too busy thinking about what she'd say when she ran into Harry. He'd said nothing about when or where he expected to collect his winnings, but that ambiguity was part of the torture.

"He'll want to gloat, you know," said Hannah, as they crossed the lawn toward the castle. "You should get out in front of it. Show him it doesn't bother you."

"It doesn't," Susan lied. "I don't care."

"You're a terrible liar."

"Am not."

They were on the steps to the Entrance Hall when she saw him again, and this time he wasn't flying above the pitch. He was leaning against the wall with one foot up, talking to Ron Weasley and that insufferable Granger girl. Potter had shed his robes and was now just in a tight white undershirt and Quidditch trousers, both clinging to him in ways that made Susan's mouth go dry. His hair had always been unruly, but it was even messier after the match. He looked exactly like the kind of boy who knew how to make a girl say yes to things she'd regret. She was a prime example of that.

He noticed her at once. 'Of course he did,' Susan thought with a silent huff. He excused himself from his friends with a lazy, confident grace that made Susan's heart thump loudly in her chest. He came down the steps and stopped right in front of her, close enough that she could smell the sweat on his skin.

"I guess I won, huh?" he said, grinning wolfishly. "You remember the terms?"

Hannah's jaw dropped, but Susan's own mouth moved faster than her brain. "I suppose congratulations are in order," she said, folding her arms over her chest. "You played well."

He leaned in, his lips nearly brushing her ear. "I always play for keeps."

"You're insufferable," Susan whispered back, but her cheeks went hot, and she knew he saw it.

Hannah made a noise like a dying owl and nudged Susan so hard she almost toppled. "I'm going to leave you two to ... whatever this is. See you at dinner," she called back, already scurrying away.

Harry watched her go, then fixed his gaze on Susan's face. He took his time looking her over. His eyes lingered on the delicate arch of her cheekbones and the way her full, pink lips pressed together in a stubborn little line. They then drifted lower to the slope of her graceful neck and the beginning of her cleavage, visible where her scarf dipped. She watched him look, and she hated how much she wanted to feel those hands on her body.

"Are you going to try and negotiate?" he asked. "Or are you a girl of your word?"

Susan's laugh came out thin and sharp. "I don't welch. What did you have in mind? Are you going to parade me through the Great Hall like a trophy?"

He chuckled, and his eyes twinkled. "I prefer to keep my affairs private. There's a room I use in an unused section of the fifth floor. When you come up the stairs, take a right down the main corridor. Take the last left before you reach the end. The room is at the very end of that side corridor. It's right next to the painting of the old lady being attacked by Cornish Pixies. Don't be late."

She should have said no. She should have told him to stuff his broomstick up his ass and go find some desperate Gryffindor who would lap up the attention. But instead, Susan nodded, and the heat in her stomach traveled all the way to her toes. He left her there, standing in the mid-morning sun.

She spent the rest of the day trying not to think about what he'd do with her, and failed at every turn. When Hannah reminded her that Harry would be seeing her naked that night, Susan panicked. She immediately went into the bathroom and used a copious amount of hair removal paste. She spent several hours making sure her body looked as good as possible. If she was going to let Harry have his way with her, then she wasn't about to embarrass herself.

The halls were mostly empty as Susan followed Harry's directions. She went up the stairs and got off on the fifth-floor landing. She took a right all the way down and hung the last left. She followed the corridor until she found the odd painting Harry had described. There was an old oak door right next to it. Susan's heart was thundering, and she took a second to breathe in and out slowly. Finally, she gathered her courage and knocked.

Harry answered the door with an easy sort of calm, as though he'd done this a hundred times before. His presence in the narrow doorway filled the space, and there was something almost sexy in the way he looked at her, like he was already picturing her undressed and splayed

across the bed. Susan's breathing was embarrassingly shallow, and her cheeks felt very hot. She'd expected to feel a bit like a lamb meeting a wolf, but nothing had prepared her for the actual heat that radiated off his skin, or the way his eyes seemed to memorize every curve of her body.

He stepped aside and welcomed her in with a confidence that stoked the fire in her stomach. Susan forced herself to appear indifferent, even as she slipped past him and caught a whiff of his expensive cologne.

The room was low-lit and surprisingly warm, with a fire burning in a small fireplace. A heavy four-poster bed, much too ornate for a room like this, dominated the far side, and Susan wondered how in the hell he had gotten it into this old classroom. Where he had gotten it from was an even better question. The covers were already turned down in a blatant invitation. There were two chairs and a table set with a few books and a chipped teapot, but Susan's eyes refused to linger on anything other than Harry. She heard the door shut gently behind her, and the click of the lock made her heart skip a beat.

"Nice place," she said, trying for bravado but failing to keep her voice from wavering. "Is this where you charm all your conquests, Potter?"

He grinned like an idiot and took her robe off her shoulders before she could so much as protest. "Only the ones who are worth the effort," he said, hanging the garment on a hook near the door.

Susan was instantly aware of her body, the way her white blouse clung to her, and how the tailored gray skirt hugged her hips. Her knees felt wobbly inside her black knee-high socks, and she wondered if Harry was going to make her squirm or just cut to the chase. She had no idea what the etiquette was for surrendering to someone you'd just tried to scam.

She hovered at the edge of the rug, taking in the room's details and pretending to be fascinated by a book on his desk. Harry walked around her in a circle, not bothering to hide the way he checked her out. When he finally stopped in front of her, his eyes had settled on her chest. That sent a shiver down her spine and made her nipples harden almost painfully beneath the thin fabric.

"I suppose you want to gloat before we get on with it," Susan said, her hands twisting together in front of her. "I'm happy to let you have your moment."

Harry didn't even dignify the jab with a comeback. He just stepped in and kissed her with a fiery passion. His lips were softer than she'd expected, but there was nothing gentle in the way he pried her mouth open and ran his tongue along the inside of her lower lip. Susan went rigid for a split second, then let herself melt into him, feeling the way his arms encircled her back and locked her in place.

She made a muffled sound in her throat. It was something between a gasp and a whimper, and she lightly moaned when his hand slid up along her ribs and cupped her breast. The fabric of her blouse was thin, and her bra was even thinner, so the sensation of his fingers kneading her flesh was unbearably naughty. She pulled away for air, panting, and saw the lustful look in his eyes.

"Impatient, aren't you?" she said through her heavy breathing.

He smirked and ran a finger down her cleavage, stopping at the first button of her blouse. "I told you before. I always play for keeps."

He undid the buttons slowly, one by one, taking his time with each. She could feel the brush of his knuckles against her breasts, and her stomach twisted violently as the insides of her shirt fell open. By the time he finished, her blouse was hanging loose, exposing her white, lacy bra. It was her best one, the one she saved for special occasions.

Harry eased the blouse off her arms and tossed it onto the desk, then stood back for a moment and tilted his head, as if appraising her form. Susan's belly fluttered under his scrutiny, and she suddenly felt both exposed and sexy, a contradiction that made her knees tremble harder.

He leaned in again, kissed the side of her neck, and reached around her back with one hand. Susan trembled hard as he deftly unclipped her bra, letting the straps go slack on her shoulders. He slid the straps down slowly, his fingers leaving goosebumps in their wake, and then he peeled the cups away from her chest.

Her breasts spilled out in every direction. They were perky, round, and obscenely large. They had always been the feature she was most self-conscious of. They were too big, too jiggy, and too easy for guys to ogle, but Harry didn't ogle. He just stared with reverence, and his hands hovered as though afraid to disturb something sacred. Her nipples were already rock-hard and bright pink, the tips crinkled and standing at attention under his lustful gaze.

"Bloody hell," Harry breathed, his voice low and reverent. "They're perfect."

Susan's face flushed scarlet. She wanted to fold her arms and hide, but he was upon her before she could even think. He lifted her breasts in his palms, bouncing them up and down as he weighed them, and his thumbs drew slow circles around the areolas. The sensation was so intense that Susan nearly yelped, but she bit her lower lip instead, refusing to give him the satisfaction of knowing how good it felt.

He rolled her nipples between his fingers, tugging gently, and the ache traveled straight to her pussy. Susan's legs nearly gave out, and she leaned into his hands and let her head fall back, biting back a moan. He bent down and captured a nipple in his mouth, sucking lightly, and she lost her composure completely.

"You're not so cocky now, are you?" he teased, breaking away for an instant before latching onto her other breast.

Susan's embarrassment was drowned out by the heat of his tongue and the pleasure it brought. Her knees felt weak, and she clung to Harry's shoulders as though letting go would send her straight to the floor. His hands worked expertly, squeezing and lifting, and every time he brushed the tip of his tongue over her nipple, she made a helpless, strangled sound.

He kissed her again, deeper and hungrier, and with one hand, he hooked his fingers into the waistband of her skirt. The other hand never left her breast, kneading it with an almost possessive intensity. Susan realized she was already grinding her hips against his thigh, desperate for friction but too proud to say it out loud.

Harry's mouth slid down her neck, pausing to nibble on her throat, and she could feel his hot breath on her skin. He whispered something dirty in her ear about wanting to taste every inch of her, and Susan shivered so hard her teeth nearly chattered.

"You're shaking," Harry observed, and she couldn't tell if he was teasing or genuinely concerned.

"Are you complaining?" she shot back, but her voice came out as a breathless squeak.

He chuckled and kissed her harder, and his hands slipped around to unfasten her skirt. The zipper caught for a moment, and Susan giggled nervously, but Harry made quick work of it. He let the skirt drop to her ankles, leaving Susan standing in only her socks, shoes, and a pair of powder-blue panties that barely covered her.

Harry's eyes were impossibly green and alight with mischief, and they took in every inch of her. He sat her gently on the edge of the bed and sank to his knees in front of her, looking up at her with a wicked smile.

He reached up and cupped her breasts again, the fullness of them filling his palms, and he squeezed them together, watching the way they rose and fell with each of Susan's ragged breaths. He pressed his face between them, kissing, licking, and nuzzling them. Harry then took one nipple in his mouth and sucked greedily.

Susan made a noise that was somewhere between a squeal and a moan. Her nipples throbbed, and she felt like she was on the verge of cumming. She wanted to tell him to stop for a second and let her catch her breath, but the words tangled in her throat and never made it out.

Harry's hands moved lower, caressing the curves of her waist and hips, but he never stopped sucking on her nipples. He would switch between kneading, pinching, and licking, and each change sent another jolt of pleasure through her body. Susan's mind went empty, and she

almost forgot the reason she was here in the first place. She only remembered when Harry broke away, sat back on his heels, and looked at her panties with a smirk.

Breathlessly, Susan looked down. Somewhere along the way, she had spread her legs, and the crotch of her light blue panties was on full display. They were completely soaked through, and the thin, wet material clung to her puffy lips like a second skin. Susan could see her swollen clit pressing hard against the damp material. Susan squeaked in embarrassment and snapped her legs shut. Harry chuckled with amusement and looked her in the eyes. "We're going to have a lot of fun tonight," he promised her. Susan gulped loudly. She believed him.