

He laughed, a quiet sound, one she always cherished for its rarity. “What would I do with flowers?” he retorted, bemused. He beckoned her closer, cupping her cheek, his bright eyes studying her keenly. “The necklace suits you as well as I thought it would,” he said, satisfaction purring in every word. “I wasn’t sure, but I hoped.”

Susan’s fingers came up to play with the pendant, the silver twisted artfully around the most incredible polished piece of amber, making it look like the stone had captured fire itself. “It’s beautiful.” She hadn’t anticipated a Valentine’s present. She hadn’t thought Theo was that kind of a guy. “I’ll wear it always.” The only boy to have gifted her jewellery before was Harry, with the earrings he gave her for Christmas back in fourth year.

“Good.” Theo’s lips curled in a contented smile. “My fire-hearted badger.”

She blushed, ducking her gaze, and a startled sound between a yelp and a laugh bubbled from her lip as Theo suddenly pulled her onto his lap. She squirmed — she always felt like she would crush him, like this. Theo was so fine-boned, like a china doll, though she knew better than to think there wasn’t muscle hidden in that whip-thin frame. But she was taller than most other girls, with wide hips and thick thighs and belly rolls that Sally-Anne Perks had been quietly mocking since third year. She tried to pull away, to lift some of her weight off him, but Theo’s hands were firm on her waist. He shifted, and she gasped, his hardness pressing against her inner thigh.

“How good are your privacy wards?” he asked, voice low and urgent, strained around the edges. One of his hands slid up her thigh, under her uniform skirt, and her breath caught in her throat.

“Pretty damn good,” she told him breathlessly. He laid back fully on their blanket, hips canting up against her, a tease of what was to come. Susan’s blood ran hot — while she knew they had wards up, knew that no one could see them, it still felt like they were out in the open there, where anyone could stumble upon them. “We’re supposed to be watching the sunset,” she scolded lightly as Theo’s thin fingers untucked her shirt, starting on the buttons.

“I’d much rather watch you ride me,” came his immediate retort. The hot twist of lust in her belly hit her hard, and she bent over, kissing him hard, trapping his hands between them as her breasts pressed to his chest.

“If my wards fail and we get detention, I am absolutely blaming you,” she warned him, reaching behind herself with one hand to unclasp her bra. Theo’s lips curled, that smug look she couldn’t wait to wipe off his face as it turned to unguarded passion.

“It’d be worth it,” he replied, not missing a beat. He bucked up into her again, like he was trying to get started before she could even get his trousers undone.

People always thought Hufflepuffs were the meek, innocent ones.

People always thought that Theo was the shy, quiet Slytherin, reserved and restrained and overshadowed by Draco Malfoy’s shining silver brilliance.