

I couldn't stand the idea of Ron not getting his revenge any longer and I know you lot couldn't either! Here ya go loves! It's the sequel to "Wanna Bet?" As always, IF YOU DON'T LIKE SMUTTY FUN, LEAVE!

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She had to know what she was doing. No one could possibly look so bloody naughty and yet so bloody sweet at the same bloody time on accident.

It was Friday night. As agreed, Ron was in the library studying with Hermione. He had lost her bet. It was fucking unfair in his opinion. He was surely going to win. He was within a minute of cumming and then the cheeky witch had to pull out her wild card.

"What you did wasn't fair, Hermione," Ron mumbled.

Hermione tore her eyes away from her Charms book and sighed. "Ron, you have to get over it. I won. You lost. We're here. Now get to work or this won't even count."

Ron pouted and she gazed at him in a curious way. He knew that his pouting drove her mental. "But this is so fucking boring. It doesn't matter how much I study. I can't remember useless facts."

Hermione gaped at him. She quickly turned around and searched the room as if the oldest charms master himself was present. "Ronald Bilius Weasley, I hardly call learning spells useless. You're a wizard for Heaven's sake."

Ron tried his best not to chuckle. Hermione was always so polite, and she always kept herself together. Yes, she got mad. He bloody knew that all too well, but she never really...lost control. He stared at her and smiled. His perfect girlfriend was always so perfect. Hermione Granger was the prime example of class and proper etiquette. However, that wasn't the case when they got serious. Whenever Ron shagged her or gave her body any sort of attention, Hermione was an entirely different person. He knew that she was weak when it came to pleasure, and all he had to do was touch her or give her a tender kiss to get her going. Her face would turn red, her words would slur, and her body would become sweaty and steamy. The wheels in his brain began to turn. Maybe there was a way out of this.

Hermione frowned. "What is it? What are you thinking about?"

Ron moved closer to her. He breathed in her delicate scent of flowers. She was so bloody amazing. "I think I'm ready to take you up on my bet," he whispered.

She shook her head. "No - no, no way. A deal is a deal, Ron. You lost and you have to pay up. We're still going flying tom--"

Ron put a finger to her lush lips to stop her talking. "Love, just hear me out, yeah?" He looked into her large brown eyes, and they were so beautiful. She licked her lips slowly and Ron had to use all his

willpower not to shiver as her tongue grazed his finger. He quickly pulled it away.

"Fine," she breathed.

Ron nodded and ran a hand through his hair. "Alright, double or nothing. The winner gets tomorrow to do his or her bidding to the loser, like we said before, but the winner gets to decide the entire plan for next weekend."

Hermione's eyes grew. "What? You mean for the whole weekend?" Ron nodded and grinned. She pressed her lips together and stared at the table in deep concentration. Ron hoped that he wasn't drooling. Once again, there was no bloody way she was doing it on accident.

"What do you say, Ms. Granger?" Ron asked.

She looked up at him and smiled. "What exactly is the bet?"

He sat back in his chair and put his hands behind his head. "You always say that you can keep yourself together no matter what. So I'd like to test that. I bet that I can make all that talk bloody rubbish."

Hermione rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Sweetheart, why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?" he asked.

"Setting yourself up for failure," she casually said. "You know that I have self-control. I don't feel the need to be rude almost every second of the day like you."

"Oi, I'm not fucking rude and I do have some damn self-control!" Ron shot. Hermione put a hand to her mouth and giggled. "What's so funny?" Ron asked as he felt his anger melt away. Hermione's laughter was the most fantastic sound in the world, and it always made his heart feel lighter knowing that he made her smile.

"Nothing," she promptly said. "So...all I have to do is...be me and I win the bet?"

"Yes, that's all you have to do," he said.

Hermione grinned beautifully and held out her hand. "Well, this is going to be the easiest win yet. You're on, Ron."

Ron shook her hand. "Sorted. Let's begin." Hermione closed her book and began to get up but Ron touched her arm. "No, love, sit back down."

"I thought you were taking me up on the bet?" Hermione said with a frown.

"I am. Sit down," he commanded. Hermione bit her lip and obeyed. She sat back down in her seat.

He looked around the library. They were sitting at their usual table in the back near Filch's cleaning closet. It was late so most 'normal' teen witches and wizards were playing games in their Common Room, eating in the Great Hall, or even shagging in various places, but not Ron and Hermione. Of course, he had to date and be madly in love with the only person who preferred to study and learn on the weekend. The very idea made him want to roll his eyes but he couldn't be more thankful for it tonight.

He moved his chair as close to hers as possible. "It starts right now. From here on out, keep that self-control you say that you have."

Before she could even respond, he put his hand on her bare knee. Hermione jumped a little and put her hand on his. "Ron, what are you doing?" she whispered.

Ron shrugged and rubbed her knee. He felt goose bumps on her legs. "I'm starting the bet."

She shook her head. "You can't do this."

"Why? Is this too much for you?" he asked.

Hermione opened her mouth but closed it. A glare painted across her face. He knew that she wouldn't back out. "No, this is perfectly fine." She picked up a book and continued to read.

Ron rolled his eyes. Hermione was so bloody proud. He repeatedly traced his fingers over her knee and kept his eyes on her. She flipped through the pages of her book and kept her face stoic. He reached higher up her leg and under her skirt. He softly rubbed her inner thighs.

Hermione gave the tiniest of a moan but covered it up with a turn of a page. Ron noticed the tips of her ears turn red. Yes, he was getting somewhere. He ran his nails up and down her thigh. He felt the heat of her cover his hand. He felt somewhat hot himself. She so easily turned him on, but he tried his best not to show it. Ron reached higher up her leg until he felt the band of her knickers. Hermione instinctively crossed her legs and crushed his hand.

"Oh, no, no, no, that's cheating and I could have sworn cheating was beneath you," Ron whispered as he wedged her legs apart.

Hermione looked at him. Her brown eyes were a bit hazy. "You're right. It is." Her voice was faint and shaky, and it was incredibly sexy. She turned back to her book and gripped it tightly. Ron smirked and continued. He touched her damp knickers; it made him snort. Hermione's face immediately went pink, and she glowered at her book as if it had something insulting written on its page.

He quickly reached beneath the material and bit his lip. Hermione's pussy was so warm and creamed. He rubbed his fingers against her and she whimpered lightly. She opened her legs and licked her lips. Ron rubbed his fingers everywhere. It felt so good, and he was so hard. He was

thankful that they were sitting at a table. He would hate for Hermione to know what she was doing to him. He loved her more than life, but he had to appear like he was his own man and not her love slave like he really was. He was bloody proud of it though. He had no problem falling to her will whenever she wanted him to, but Ron at least wanted to seem like a bloke of his own command.

He put her clit between two fingers and rubbed it. Hermione moaned quietly. She rocked her hips and opened her mouth. It wasn't enough for Ron. He rubbed her harder. He pressed against her nub over and over in a circle. Hermione shut her eyes and pressed her lips together tightly. This was a lot harder than he thought. Hermione was perfect at everything and rarely lost in anything.

Ron shifted his hand and moved his fingers lower to her opening. He swiftly slipped in a finger and then another. Hermione dropped her book and opened her eyes. She stared at him. She had an expression of almost disbelief. Ron raised an eyebrow and pushed his fingers in her hot, smooth insides. Hermione's entire face and neck flushed with color. He pumped slowly and deeply and watched her shake. Her legs were sweaty and he could even see sweat drip down the side of her face. He wanted to lick it away. Hermione was the sexiest person in the world, and she didn't have to try.

There was something about her self-confidence and the way she presented herself that drove him mad, and he loved that he was the only person who could tear her wall down. No matter how difficult she made the task, he always found a way to her most vulnerable parts. He pumped faster and inserted another finger. Hermione gave a choked cry. It was a bit loud, so he peered around. No one was watching them.

"You like that?" Ron asked. Hermione didn't answer. He arched his wrist and went harder. He used his thumb to rub her nerve as he pumped. "Hermione, answer me."

She slowly turned to him. Her pupils were gigantic and her mouth was wet. She was stunning. She was his stunning love. "Yes, Ron, I like it," she whimpered.

Ron almost lost it. He knew that she was doing it on purpose again. She had to have been. He wouldn't let her win. This was his bet. He smiled and swallowed hard. "Good. I'm glad you are. Do you want to know why?"

"No," Hermione moaned as he went as fast as he could. Her entire body was trembling. His hand was covered in her juice and her natural smell was right under his nose.

He moved his mouth to her ear and kissed it lightly. "Well, I want to tell you anyway. I'm glad you like it because...I want to pull my hand away and put my cock inside you instead. I want to be inside you, Mione." Hermione scraped her nails on the desk. Yes, it was finally working. Ron continued his hand as he licked her ear. She trembled. "I want to make love to you, baby. I want to be so far inside you that you'll forget your name."

"F-fuck, Ron, I want that to," Hermione sobbed. She rocked her hips.

Ron's drop dropped. He had made her swear. He wondered what else he could do. "I'm glad you do. I want to make love to you so badly, but I want more. You're so wet, and I want to taste you with my mouth. I want you dripping from my chin and tongue."

"Damnit, Ron! Stop it!" Hermione breathed. She gripped his knee.

He suppressed a moan. "I won't stop, Hermione, and I won't stop there. After I taste you...I'll fuck you. I will fuck you as slowly or as fast as you want me to. Do you want it soft...or hard? Tell me what you want."

Hermione was losing it. She moaned repeatedly. He felt her nails dig into his trousers. "Hard and fast. Fuck me hard and fast, Ron," she cried.

Ron slowly licked her ear again. He took her hand and placed it on his crotch. "This will take you. I'll fuck you with this, and I'm make you cum. I'll make you cum screaming my name with this. Is that what you want? Do you want me to make you cum screaming my name?" He tried to make his voice as seductive and deep as possible. His body was covered in sweat, and he was scorching. He didn't know how much longer he could take it.

Hermione groaned and gave his cock a squeeze. Ron whimpered against her ear. "Mmm, Mione, yes. I'll scream your name too if you want. Do you want me to? Do you prefer me to choke out Hermione or Mione, love?"

"Oh, Ron! Oh shit, shit shit, fuck, shit, Rrrrron!" Hermione screamed. She moaned loudly and jerked. She closed her legs around his hand and cried out as noisily as she could. She jolted and shook severely. Hermione doubled over and laid her head on the table. She rocked her hips and breathed his name as she came.

Ron gazed at her in astonishment. Not only was he harder and hornier than all bloody hell, but also he had successfully made Hermione swear, yell, and cum in the school library. She was flushed and striking and her body was practically smoking with heat. Her insides closed around his hand, and he let it crush him before pulling away. He flexed his fingers and licked her juices away. Hermione stared at him and licked her lips over and over again and she was even more flushed. He smiled and she smiled back. He was so in love with her. He felt like the luckiest person alive.

"You're too much," she whispered in a shaky voice.

Before he could respond, Madame Pince came running over. "Ms. Granger! What is the meaning of all this yelling?"

Hermione shot up. She brushed her bushy brown hair out of her face and wiped her sweaty forehead. She opened and closed her mouth several times. Ron was sure that if she turned any redder she would bleed from her face. "Nightmare. She fell asleep and had a nightmare," Ron suddenly said.

Madam Pince frowned at him. "Nightmare?"

Hermione nodded hastily. "Yes. I must have fallen asleep and had a terrible dream. I'm so sorry Madame Pince. I'm sorry for the yelling...and the swearing." Ron closed his eyes for a moment and let the bliss engulf him. Never did he think he would ever hear those words come out of her mouth.

Madame Pince put her hands on her hips. "Well, maybe you should return to your room and get some rest, Ms. Granger." She gave them both a look and walked off. Hermione sighed and got up. She adjusted her knickers and the two of them at once left the library.

"I reckon this means that I won the bet," Ron said as they walked down the corridor.

"I guess it does," she said dully. "What do you have in mind?"

Ron stopped her. "Well, next weekend we can study."

"Ron, we don't have to," she said, taking his hand. "I know it's not your favorite thing."

He shrugged. "It doesn't matter. We really didn't study today like we agreed. Plus, I feel bad for almost getting you in trouble. We should study. It's fair." Hermione beamed at him and he felt his heart lift. He didn't give a bloody fuck if they watched Snape bathe all weekend. He wanted Hermione to be happy and as long as he was with her, then it didn't matter what they did.

"That's kind of you, Ron," she said.

He let go of her hand. "Don't think I'm kind just yet. I still get to have my way with you on Sunday and tomorrow we're flying."

Hermione shivered in what had to be anxiety. "Right...I almost forgot."

He held her close and kissed her forehead. "Then it's a good thing I didn't. You don't have to worry. I'll take care of you and keep you safe."

"I know you will," she said. "I love you so much, Ron."

Ron lifted her chin so their eyes met. He gazed into her large chocolate eyes and knew that he wanted Hermione forever. "I love you." He kissed her deeply and gave her all the good feeling that he could.

She pulled away and giggled against his lips. "I still can't believe that happened. I just...lost control."

"Welcome to my world. That's how I always feel," Ron said as they began to walk the halls again.

She took his hand into hers once more. "Ron...do you think as part of my punishment...you can do...what you said you'd do to me when we were in the library?"

"You don't have to ask me that, Hermione," he said, blushing. "You know I'll give it you to. I promise."

Hermione bit her lip and rubbed her cheek. "You're too much, Ron."

Ron shrugged. "Hey, they don't call me king for nothing."

Hermione rolled her eyes and they continued to walk down the hall and to the Common Room.

***Yes! Ron is King isn't he? Thanks for reading. Review! Don't forget to read and review the final installment of the Bet series titled "Truce"