

Okay, if you haven't read "Wanna Bet?" and "King Me" you really should. It will help make this story mean more, lol. Of course, IF YOU DON'T LIKE SMUTTY HOTNESS, LEAVE!

Disclaimer: No Potter owning

It was Sunday night, and Hermione was in her bed reading. She flipped a page in her book with one hand and ran her fingers through silky locks with the other. "Hmm, do that again," someone breathed.

Hermione smiled and ran her fingers through the strands again. "How was that?"

"Perfect," the voice whispered. She put down her book on the side table and peered at the figure below her. Ron Weasley's head was in her lap and his long, strong body was sprawled out on her big bed. He flipped through his Quidditch magazine and she studied how amazing her hand looked in between strands of lush, flaming ginger hair.

As peaceful as the situation was, it was also rather curious. She had lost his bet so she should've been licking chocolate sauce from his toes or something; instead all Ron had asked was that they stay in her room for most of the day and lounge about. The task was simple enough. She was Head Girl and could get away with having a boy in her private quarters.

"Ron, I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but is this all?" she asked after a while. "I must say that this is the easiest punishment you've ever given me."

Ron sat up, and his hair fell into his dazzling crystal blue eyes. He licked his full red lips and smirked. "What - is this not enough for you?"

"It just seems a bit amateur and...sweet for you." Hermione noticed him glare and it made her want to smile. She just loved setting him off and he deserved it. He had almost gotten her banned from the library, and she planned to get him back one way or another.

"Well, Hermione, I can give you more if this isn't enough," Ron said, getting on his knees.

Hermione swallowed hard. There was a playful gleam in his eyes and his body was practically in a wild-lion position. "You've got more, Mr. Weasley?" She had to stand her ground and appear uninterested. Ron was a tease, but she had seductions of her own.

Ron raised an eyebrow. "Always the tone of surprise, Mione. When will you learn? Weasleys always have more." He crawled over to her and straddled her legs. He was heavy and the pressure against her felt good.

Hermione had to bite back a moan. "Y-yes well...that's what Harry tells me about Ginny anyway."

Ron gawked at her. "You are so going to pay for that one," he whispered.

"How's that?" Hermione asked. She put her hands on Ron's thighs and rubbed all over. Even through his jeans she could feel the muscle.

Ron leaned forward and kissed her lips lightly. "You'll see," he breathed against her mouth. He got off of the bed and unzipped his jeans. He took them off, and Hermione marveled at how lanky, but fit his legs were. He took off his t-shirt next, and her mouth watered. Ron was a portrait of perfection. His body was extremely pale - almost porcelain - and tiny freckles sprinkled everywhere like sugary seasoning.

Ron blushed a little. Only his black Chudley Canons boxer shorts covered him now. He really needed a new pair. His bulge no longer fit discreetly in the space provided. Her boyfriend had a large, thick cock, and it practically ripped from the cotton material. "Mmm, there's my cup cake," Hermione teased with her hands outstretched.

Ron chuckled and slowly walked to the foot of the bed. He climbed up and pulled the blankets off her legs. All she had on was one of Ron's large t-shirts and her knickers. Ron ran his strong and gentle hands up her thighs, and goose bumps instantly pricked on her skin. Hermione moaned and he bit his lip. His hands went all the way up to the seam of the shirt.

"I love this shirt, but it has to go," he ordered. She raised her arms and he pulled off the old piece of material.

"And there are my cup cakes," he said as he dragged his tongue across her collarbone. She moaned again and placed her arms on his shoulders. Ron was so close to her, and she could smell the fruity scent of his hair and the clean smell of his skin. "Lay back," he said as he sucked on her throat.

Hermione instantly lay back against the bed, and Ron continued to straddle her. He leaned down and with his teeth pulled down her bra straps. It was highly sexual and erotic.

"Ron," Hermione whimpered. He was the sexiest person in the world and could make any action dripping in heat. Everything about him was blazing and exotic.

He sat back up. "I thought of a good punishment while I was biting on your bra."

"Is that so?" she asked with a laugh. He could not only make any gesture erotic, but he could also make any statement humorous.

"Yeah," he said with pride. "Here's your punishment: I'm going to do everything I promised to you in the library, and you better cum...every time. You'll cum as many times as I want you to and if you don't-"

"What do you plan to do to me?" Hermione asked in a shaky voice as Ron began to lightly brush his fingertips across her nipples.

He pinched them roughly, and Hermione hissed at the pain. "Don't interrupt me," he said.

Hermione pushed into him. She was so turned on and hot. No matter how aggressive he tried to be, Ron was always soft at the end of the day. He was caring and she loved how tender he could be toward her. However, at the moment, he was fierce and severe. Ron was staring at her in a way she had never seen before. His blue eyes were a little dark and his pale skin was flushed. Ron was just as fiery as his hair was and she loved it. She simply loved Ron and she worshiped him.

"I'm sorry," Hermione choked out.

Ron nodded and continued to rub her nipples. He played with them until they were light brown peaks. He then bent down and licked the tips. He flicked his tongue over her flesh repeatedly as if they were lollipops. Hermione gasped and placed her hands on Ron's shoulder blades. She could feel his muscle flex and it added to her heat. He had grown into such a fit and firm bloke. Yes, he was still lanky and lean but he was pure muscle with a few soft, cuddly spots that she adored.

Ron flicked her nipples a few more times and then sucked them hard and slowly. He moaned and looked up at her almost as if he was begging for milk from her. She couldn't comprehend what was happening. He was king. He was perfection. He was hers. She wanted to say something but all she got out were gasps. She dug her nails into his skin and hoped that it conveyed all that she felt.

Ron finally pulled away and sat up again. "Take it off," he ordered. She wasted no time snapping her bra off and throwing it to the floor. She felt a blush of her own. Ron was eyeing her like a starving man. He licked his perfect lips and massaged her breasts.

Hermione pushed up again and gazed at his milky chest. It was so picturesque, but it was also a tease. Ron's dozens of freckles made his torso look like a delicious dessert. She wanted to taste and nibble on every single speck of freckle. "You...are...so...beautiful, Ron. You're so...incredibly perfect," she sobbed.

She didn't know why she was getting overly emotional. She had seen his body many times, but for some reason she was really thinking about how it made her feel and what it meant to her. However, it wasn't just his looks. Ron was amazing in every way. He was kind, brave, smart, fierce, funny, feisty, and the cheekiest person she had ever met. She was so deeply in love with him and she always would be. Ron was her world. Ron was her man.

Ron blushed and stopped touching her breasts. He rubbed his neck. "Hermione, it's really hard to be the seducer when you say stuff like that and when you have that look in your eyes."

Hermione quickly wiped her tears away. "I'm sorry it's just...I love you. I love you more than anything, and I'm so happy that I'm with you. I'm so lucky."

Ron gave her a very tender smile, and he caressed her cheek. "Mione, I love you too. You're my life and the reason why I'm here. You say that you're lucky? Love, you have no idea what you do to me. You're the best person I know, and you're everything a person needs to be. I can't begin to tell you how special you are and how lucky I feel knowing that you love me. Bloody fuck, Hermione. I want you. I want you always."

Hermione couldn't hold it in anymore. She let her tears fall. "You can have me always, Ron," she sobbed. "I'm yours. I'm yours forever."

Ron exhaled deeply and leaned down again. He kissed her and she wrapped her arms around his neck and deepened the kiss. His taste was wonderful, and she sucked on his tongue and moaned. Ron pushed against her; she could feel his hardness. Ron broke away and kissed her forehead. He smiled beautifully. "I want to make love to you." Hermione felt her body gradually melting. Ron's voice was deep and calm. She removed her hands and swiftly pulled down her knickers. She added it to the pile of clothes.

"Please, Ron - like you promise," she said.

Ron moaned and pulled off his boxers. She noticed that his hands were shaking and it comforted her. He affected her so greatly; it was good to know she had a similar effect on him. He placed his mouth over hers and slowly entered her body. They both moaned longingly. He pushed all the way inside her, and she gave a choked cry. "Bloody Merlin, Hermione," Ron panted. He stopped so they could both catch their breaths before he started pumping slowly and deeply.

Hermione gripped his arms and gently cried out. Ron's muscle felt so incredible inside of her. Granted, he was the only sexual partner she had ever had, but she knew that no one could compare to him. No one ever compared to Ron in anything. She didn't care who was better in school, dueling, or Quidditch. Ron was king, and she hated that he couldn't see how special he was. She had adored him since they were eleven, and her admiration had only grown over the years. Now, she was sure that he was the best man in the world and the only person for her. He was her shining knight.

"Oh, Ron, I love you. I need you," she breathed. Her entire body was electrified, and she felt all her senses heighten. Ron was like a drug and with every push he gave her energy.

He gazed at her. His mouth was open and he was breathing heavily. His eyes were also a little wet. He seemed to be crying with her. "I need you too, Hermione. I need you...more than food." He pushed harder.

Hermione's grip on his arms tightened. They had never made love so passionately before. "More than water," she whispered.

Ron gave another powerful push. "M-more than air."

Hermione cried out. She saw a blinding light, and she could barely form words. She couldn't even quite remember what they were talking about. "M-more t-than the w-world."

Ron groaned and gave another push. He bit on his lip and shut his eyes for a moment. "M-more than me. I f-fucking need you more than I need myself, Hermione."

He gave such a powerful push that Hermione dug into his skin and broke the top layer. Red marks bruised his tender white flesh, but it was beautiful. "Oh, Ron, I n-need you more than anything. I love you more than anyone. I...I...oh...I'm cumming. Ron...I'm cumming!"

She closed her eyes and threw her head back. Ron kept pushing inside her body, and she kept moaning and sobbing with pleasure. Ron groaned and cried out; he went a bit faster. Hermione didn't know how much longer she could hold on. She was so close, and a building pressure hit her middle. "Ron, please," Hermione moaned.

"Yes Hermione, cum, now," Ron demanded. He gave another powerful push and jerked. The moment she felt his cock explode inside her was the moment she lost it. Hermione came hard. She screamed his name and shook. The feeling was fantastic. Her orgasm was so strong and went from her fingertips to her toes. Ron fell against her. His body was steaming and covered in sweat. Hermione ran a hand through his now soaked copper locks. He raised his head.

"Again," he breathed.

Hermione would have chuckled but she was far too drained. "You're funny, Ron."

Ron shook his head and sat up on her legs again. "No - I told you. This is your punishment. I want you to cum again...and you will."

Hermione gaped at him, and she brushed hair out of her face as if the motion would bring him to his senses. "Ron...you must be joking. I just came."

He shrugged. "So? You're a girl. Just cum again." She opened her mouth to protest but he put a finger to her lips. "Do you really want to test me?"

She gazed at him. Just forty seconds ago he was soft and loving but now he was fierce and demanding. Ron was a marvel, and she could already feel herself getting turned on again. "Okay," she whispered.

Ron smirked and licked his lips. He kissed her gently before leaving a trail of hot saliva down her chest and stomach. He got to her navel and he probed it with his tongue. Hermione bit her lip and chuckled. It tickled. "Have I told you how much I love your laugh?" Ron asked while lightly kissing her stomach.

"Have I told you how much I love your tongue?" she panted as he went lower. She looked down at Ron, and he raised an eyebrow. The fire in his

eyes was back, and there was a mischievous expression on his perfectly freckled face. No matter what those freckles made him mischievous.

"Just you wait, Ms. Granger," he whispered as he spread her legs apart. Hermione's body shook as she felt his warm breath against her. She placed a hand on his head and lightly gripped the damp, soft, fiery locks.

Ron dragged his tongue up her folds in one slow movement. Hermione cried out at the sensation. Her body was already tender and his tongue only made her melt into a deeper puddle of pleasure. He sucked and kissed on her everywhere and she arched her back. His lips were so full and juicy and they knew exactly how to work her. "Blimey Mione, you're so bloody wet," he whispered before kissing her folds again.

"Oh! W-what do you expect...you just made love to me...and...you're...you," she explained as best she could. Ron snickered and placed his hands on her legs. He wiggled his tongue against her and touched her nerve. Hermione arched her back once more, and her grip in his hair tightened. Ron used a finger to spread her open and licked her over and over against like an ice cream cone. He moaned and clutched her leg.

Hermione was so aroused and goose bumps pricked all over her body. She tugged on his hair. Ron's mouth was so talented; in fact every body part Ron owned was like a well-oiled machine. He knew just what to do and how to do it.

"Ron, your mouth feels so good," Hermione whimpered.

Ron continued to lick and suck. "Hmm, and you taste so good. You're so bloody sweet. I reckon you taste even better here." Before Hermione could ask where, she felt Ron's tongue enter her body. It was so thick and soft and it expertly squirmed about.

She gave a choked cry and clamped her legs around his head. She dug her nails into her scalp and gasped. "Oh, oh, oh, Ron! Like that, please, yes!" Ron darted his tongue in and out of her while he used a finger to tease her. It was a perfect rhythm and it wasn't long before her skin started to sting. She started to ache and the pressure began to build. It only took a few more darts of his tongue and buffs of his finger before she lost it again.

"Oh my...Ron...I'm...I'm cumming!" she cried. She couldn't take it. She moaned and rocked her hips. She came once again with a powerful jerk. The light was back in front of her eyes, and her legs shook violently as she pulled roughly on his hair. Ron hissed. "Oh, oh, Ron!" she breathed. She stopped jerking and let go of him after she felt able to move. She dropped her legs.

Ron sat up and licked his chin. "Hermione, I love it when you moan my name."

"Like...promised...right?" she said breathlessly. She was so worn-out and her middle felt almost unattached.

"That's right...like promised," he said slowly, tilting his head to the side. "I got one more."

Her eyes almost popped out her head. "What? Ron...no...I can't take it anymore."

He chuckled. "Sure you can. You're mine, and this is your punishment. You asked for it so I'm giving it to you. What - do you not want me?" He touched his now stiff cock and pumped it in his hand. Hermione watched in awe. His muscle was pale and freckly, like the rest of his body, and a small bush of copper hair surrounded the base. She thought that he was a work of art. He was a big, thick, erect, juicing, work of art. Her mouth watered and she knew that she had to do it once more. She wanted - she needed it.

She moaned unexpectedly and sat up. She crawled over to him and licked his head. Pre cum slicked her tongue, and Ron sighed quietly and watched her. She licked his cock from the base to the tip and looked up at him. Ron's blue eyes appeared lighter than before and his face wasn't as fierce. He looked younger - more innocent - and she loved it. She could get into Ron's mind just as he could get into hers. She sucked him slowly, keeping her gaze on him. She tried to make her eyes as big and puppy-dog like as possible. She moaned and wiggled her bum from side to side.

Ron whimpered and chewed on his lip. "Fuck...Mione...this isn't fair," he whined.

She pulled away and gave him a stroke. Ron was so...Ron. She adored the confident man that he was, but she had fallen in love with the moody and sometimes stubborn boy that he would always be. His duality was what made him unique and perfect. "What's wrong love? Can you not even command your own bet?"

Ron glared at her, and he lightly pushed her back on the bed. "You're in trouble now, Hermione."

She smiled but felt a chill run down her spine. "Ron, you don't scare me."

He pouted, looking a bit hurt. He grabbed her legs and placed them against his chest. "Good, then this won't startle you." He pushed himself so deep inside her that she felt him touch her heart.

"Oh, Ron!" Hermione screamed, as he pumped inside her roughly. She put her hands on his chest and clawed at his skin. Ron thrust hard and fast inside her. His hands pushed against the mattress and he used all the strength in his arms and legs to push.

"How's this, baby? Did you want it like this?" Ron panted. She didn't know if her brain was still working well enough to speak. She peered at him and found herself falling deeper in love with him. He was God to her. His muscles flexed and sweat sparkled his skin; all she could do was nod.

"No - no, don't give me that. You answer me. Is this what you wanted?" Ron commanded. He pumped even faster and even harder.

Hermione cried out. Ron was being blissfully forceful. "Y-ezzz Ron. I...w-wanted this," she stammered.

Ron thrust as quickly and as deeply as he could, and it made Hermione's bed shake and collide with the wall. Everything was perfect. The sex was so rough. Her entire body was on fire, and her pussy was so wet and raw. Ron fucked her harder than he ever had before. Hermione couldn't speak. She didn't know words. She wasn't even sure what her name was. All she knew was the man on top of her - the man inside of her - was her life support. Ron. Was. Life.

"Hmm...love, I-I'm close. I-I'm cumming," Ron choked.

Hermione opened her eyes. He was staring at her intently, and a bit of drool was under his bottom lip. Her nails were pressed into his skin, and her knuckles were ghost white. She could see the torn flesh where her nails dug into his arms. It was incredibly sexy.

"S-say Hermione. I w-want you to...s-say Hermione," she stuttered.

Ron nodded and leaned down. "Okay," he whispered. He kissed her lips slowly. It was surreal. Ron was pumping into her body so roughly, but his kisses were soft and slow. Ron was such a wonder.

"Hermione," he whispered against her mouth. "Hermione," he wheezed again. He pushed and breathed her name over and over again.

Hermione couldn't take it. More than him fucking her, Ron moaning her names so intensely and lovingly was heaven. She always wanted him to say her name in such a way. She knew he loved her more than anything, and she loved that he showed it.

"R-Ron," Hermione choked. For the third time she arched her back and came. Her body tensed around him.

Ron bit on her lip. "Hermione, Hermione, Hermione, Hermione," he moaned. He jerked and came hard inside her. He whimpered and jerked. He bit her lip so hard she could taste a bit of her own blood. He collapsed on her again.

They didn't speak. They didn't move. Ron's body was heavy and boiling against hers. She could feel his heartbeat against her chest. It felt beautiful. They were beautiful. They were one person. They were one soul, one spirit, sharing two bodies.

"I...love...you," Ron breathed. He looked up at her. He was so flushed and flawless. Hermione smiled weakly. Ron was everything. Ron was her everything. There was no better person, no greater hero, than Ronald Bilius Weasley, and she got to have him. She would have him forever.



"I love you, too. I love you more than I could ever tell you Ron." She kissed his sweaty forehead. He lay back down against her chest. They were so exhausted, so hot, so sweaty, and so madly in love.

"Um, truce?" Ron asked.

Hermione chuckled. She never gave up. She never gave in. She hardly ever let her guard down. She was a woman of her word and of her principal. She was...none of that when it came to Ron.

Ron was different.

Ron was special.

He was the only person who made her...softer.

"Truce," she said.

It wasn't too long after that before they were both fast asleep.

\*\*\*\*Totally ACE! Thanks for reading lot! Review!