

Hot, steamy fun is ahead so if you don't like it, maybe this isn't for you, lol

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter

"That test was too bloody hard! I swear Snape just wants all of us to rip off our bollocks," Ron explained.

Hermione frowned at his vulgarity. "Ronald, not only is that disgusting but it's completely unnecessary. The test wasn't that difficult."

Ron rolled his beautiful blue eyes. "Easy for you to say, bookworm. Not all of us spent the entire weekend studying our arse off."

"Oh, and I guess playing Quidditch and chess all weekend was so much better!" Hermione snapped as they walked down a corridor.

They continued to bicker all the way down the hall. It wasn't as if the scene was uncommon. Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley had been arguing with each other ever since they met and just because they were now a couple didn't mean that all the animosity went away. The only difference was that now after an argument, heavy apologies and wonderful make-up shags were involved.

"He really is a terrible prick," Ron said.

Hermione sighed. "Ronald, do you think you could go one day without swearing?"

He shrugged. "I'm sure I could, but why the bleeding fuck would I want to?"

"I don't know...to show that you have at least some level of decency, perhaps?" Hermione stopped walking and stood in front of an abandoned classroom.

"I like to bloody swear. It doesn't mean that I'm not decent," he said. "It's not a big shitting deal."

"For you it is," Hermione said. She shook her head and stared at the wooden door leading to the empty classroom.

Ron glared at her but she didn't feel too threatened. Yes, at seventeen he was both tall and firm, but the freckles that splashed across his pale face would forever give him an innocent look. However, the innocence was shattered whenever he opened his mouth. No matter what she tried, she simply couldn't get him to turn off the crudity. The only thing Ron probably loved more than swearing was shagging. A smile formed across her face as a brilliant idea came to mind.

"You honestly think that you can speak without swearing?" Hermione asked.

"Of course," Ron said.

"Prove it," she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

Ron gave her a curious look. "What'd you have in mind?"

"Well," Hermione began, "I want to see if you can really go without swearing because I don't think you can."

"Is this a bet, Ms. Granger?" he asked, getting closer to her.

She welcomed the clean yet boyish smell of his body. His presence alone was a godsend. "If I win, then you have to spend the weekend with me studying in the library."

Ron frowned and stuck out his tongue as if he had tasted something bitter. "And if I win?" he asked.

She tapped her chin. "If you win, then this weekend you can play all the games you want and I'll get on the broom with you."

Ron's eyes lit up. He had been trying to get her to go flying with him for years, but her fear and uncertainty would never allow it. He held out his hand. "Deal."

Hermione shook it. "Brilliant. Let's go." She opened the door to the room and walked in. Ron followed behind her with a look of confusion.

"What are we doing in here?" he asked as Hermione put a locking and silencing spell on the door.

"The bet, sweetheart," she said, taking him by the hand. She led him to the teacher's desk. "Sit."

Ron obeyed and hopped on. "Mione, what's going on in that head of yours?"

She stood innocently in front of him. "Well, starting now, no swearing." She got on her knees, and Ron's eyes immediately grew. She smiled sweetly and rubbed her hands up and down his legs. Ron breathed deeply.

"You can't be serious about this, Hermione," he whispered. Hermione felt her body heat up. Ron was so easily aroused and it always got to her. She rubbed higher and higher up his thighs until she got to his bulge. Already he was hard. Ron moaned and closed his eyes.

Hermione cupped him and squeezed. His breathing hitched as she gradually pulled down the zipper of his trousers. Ron opened his eyes and watched her. Such pleasure and enjoyment swam in the crystal blueness. Ron was so gorgeous. She took out his length and stroked him. Ron whimpered. "Oh shi--"

"What was that?" she swiftly asked. He opened his mouth but then closed it again. His cock was firm and big. It felt so warm in her hand. She stroked it again, and he gripped the table. She stroked him repeatedly, going slower each time. Liquid slicked the tip of his head and Ron's face went completely red.

"Oh, Hermione, just fuc-mucking take it," he pleaded.

Hermione giggled. "Sorry - I didn't catch that last word."

He narrowed his eyes and shook his head. "You're pure evil."

"A bet is a bet, Ronald. You can swear if you want to. It just means that I win," she casually stated.

"You'll never win," he breathed.

Hermione raised her eyebrows and licked the thick juice from his tip. Ron threw his head back and cried out. "You sure about that?" she asked.

Ron didn't look at her. He only nodded. Hermione huffed. She was actually a bit surprised. Any other time Ron would have been reduced to 'bloody fucking hell Hermione' and 'damn you Merlin shit' by now. However, there was still time to break him.

Hermione licked her lips before dragging her tongue up the length of him. She didn't stop until she reached his groin and several ginger hairs tickled her chin. "Oh, my, J-Jesus," Ron groaned. She stopped and he gave her a look. "Oi, Jesus isn't a swear. The Muggles would be delighted to tell you that."

She rolled her eyes at his cheek. "I guess that one doesn't count."

"You're darn right it doesn't count," Ron said, closing his eyes again.

Hermione sighed and licked all around his hardness. Ron breathing pace increased, and she felt his legs tremble. Even she couldn't take it anymore. Ron's arousal was making her very hot and wet and it didn't help that teasing him had never been one of her strong tactics. She'd never tell him but Ron always took command of her without even realizing it.

She placed Ron in her mouth. He was large and scorching. He gave a choked cry and placed a hand on her shoulder that he gripped. "Oh, flaking Merlin, Hermione, that's so good," he panted. Hermione watched him as she pumped him in and out of her mouth. His mouth was wide open, and he licked his lips over and over. Watching his stunning body react to her touches made her release a moan of her own. Luckily, Ron didn't notice. She'd never be able to live it down if he knew that she got off just by watching him.

She bobbed faster and tightly wrapped her lips around his cock. Ron rocked his hips and placed his other hand in her hair. His fingers tangled and pulled. "Hermione, shi...show me the way!" Ron moaned.

Hermione snorted and Ron pulled on her hair harder. "You bloo-blowing try to stay blee-bleeping calm when the most amazing witch in history is sucking your coc-cup cake."

Hermione pulled away from his mouth so she could laugh. "Where do you get all these words from?" She pumped him in and out of her hand while her other hand found his balls. She softly cupped the sac and massaged them. Ron whimpered and pushed against her hands. "You want to tell me where, sweetheart?"

Ron had daggers in his eyes. She knew that he was dying to say 'up your arse' or 'down your fucking wind pipe', but to her disbelief he merely grinned and said, "I don't know, love. You're the genius here."

It was Hermione's turn to glare. No way would she let Ron win. She loved him more than anything but she couldn't lose her own bet to him. They were always playfully challenging each other, and this was no different. She and Ron were both extremely proud, and neither wanted to play bitch and give in.

"You're so kind. Let me reward you for it." Hermione pumped Ron even faster in her hand. She waited until his eyes were settled on her before she removed the hand that was massaging his bollocks and hurriedly placed it below her knickers. She teased and played with herself while staring unabashed at Ron.

"Oh, Ron, why do you always do this to me?" Hermione moaned in a high-pitched voice. Ron's jaw dropped, and she knew she had him. No matter what, he couldn't keep his mouth shut now. She rubbed her clit hard while she moved her hand up and down Ron. "Ronald, you're so good," she whimpered.

"No," he whispered. "You're not being fair." He yanked on her hair and pushed himself into her mouth. Hermione sucked him off while fingering herself. It took a lot out of her but it would be worth it. Ron continued to rock his hips and moan. "Freaking hell, Hermione, yes, harder, darn it - do it faster!" he cried.

Hermione obliged. She could feel Ron's entire body shake. He was close but she felt on the edge as well. Ron's grip on her shoulder tightened. "Hermione, Hermione, Hermione!" he moaned.

Hermione couldn't take it. Hearing Ron moan her name so lustfully was music to her ears. It was the best song she could ever listen to. She rubbed around herself and whimpered against his cock. It only drew him further over to edge. "Oooooohhhh fuuucking helllll!" Ron screamed as cum finally filled her mouth. Hermione felt herself lose it as his taste consumed her.

She pulled away from Ron's body and tried her best to drink him down while her own orgasm took over. "Oh, oh, Ron," she choked as she felt massive stickiness on her hand. She slowed her fingers to a stop and whimpered. She looked to Ron.

He was breathing heavily with a smile on his scarlet face. "Shit! Hermione, why do you always sodding have to be so bloody good at everything fucking thing?"

Hermione smirked and wobbled to her feet. She put her fingers to Ron's mouth and he slowly sucked her juices off her skin. She watched him as his tongue dragged across her fingers and his eyes stared seductively at her. Already he was testing her. "You lost the bet," she said.

Ron shrugged. "Bollocks that. It was worth it."

Hermione sighed and shook her head. She knew that once the weekend hit he would forget he had ever said that. "Why don't we compromise?"

"Compromise? You never do that," Ron said, pulling her close.

"You probably don't want to kiss me right now," she said.

"Like I give a shit. You'll taste like me and I'm incredible," he cheeked. His lips met hers and their tongues dueled for dominance. Ron held her around the waist and Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck. She loved him so much. She never wanted another man touching her. Only Ron was allowed to make her give in.

She pulled away first. "Well, you did a good job up until the very end. How about we study Friday and then Saturday we can go for a ride? How is that?"

"You'll bloody take a ride for sure," he said, smacking her arse lightly.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Ronald, when will you act your age?"

Ron gave his famous lopsided grin and moved off the table. "When you stop loving me because I don't act it."

She rubbed his cheek and smiled. "I guess you'll be a moody teenager forever then."

Ron glared at her. "I'm not moody!" She chuckled and his frown disappeared. "Damn, Hermione, I love it when you laugh. Shit, I love you so much."

"I love you, too. You and your filthy mouth," Hermione said.

"Oh, you'll love it even more later on tonight," Ron said, pulling her to the door.

"Sorry?" she asked.

"You don't actually think that I'm going to let you get away with something like this, do you?" he asked. "You beat me, Hermione. There are consequences."

"What are the terms?" she asked.

He rubbed his neck. "Winner gets Sunday to do his or her bidding to the loser." Hermione sucked on her bottom lip, still tasting Ron. She was already up one. Another bet wouldn't hurt.

"You're on, Mr. Weasley," she said as they walked hand and hand down the corridor.

****LOL, good, naughty, fun! thanks for reading! REVIEW! If you love this read the next two installments to the Bet series..."King Me" and "Truce"