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Sweet Dreams, Ron

by [adog312](#)

Summary

Hermione ties Ron up and makes him suck her toes, it's awesome.

Notes

Requested by torigagged. I'm proud of this one, it's super hot. Sequel to "Good morning, Ron".

Ron walked into his and Hermione's bedroom, stripped down to his underwear (that was how he usually slept), and got in bed; it was past midnight. Hermione was already asleep. He couldn't help but notice her choice of footwear. She was wearing a pair of long, black stockings. They went up to a few inches below her pajamas. They looked comfortable. Ron wasn't sure whether or not Hermione knew, but he found that style of stockings really hot. Hermione was asleep, so even though he was really horny, he just closed his eyes and started trying to sleep.

"Locomotor mortis." Hermione whispered the spell, and Ron was surprised and caught off guard in several ways. He thought she was asleep, he thought her wand was on the bedside table, and it had been months since he actually heard Hermione say a spell (she was good enough at magic that she always did them silently). The more obvious reason for his surprise was that his legs immediately snapped together and froze. He could move everything from his waist up, but he was trying to make sense of what had just happened for a few seconds, long enough for Hermione to turn Ron over so his back was facing her, and to grab both his arms triumphantly, holding her

knee on his back so he couldn't move toward her, and pulling his arms as hard as she could without dislocating them so he couldn't move away from her. Ron felt the soft fabric of her stockings against his back, and her firm grip on his forearms. Ron had never realized how strong his girlfriend was until now.

"Bet you thought i was asleep," Hermione whispered seductively as Ron struggled pathetically. Ron couldn't turn his head enough to see her. She grabbed his arms tighter, and slowly pulled them higher up over his head, putting Ron in a lot of pain. He stopped struggling and held still so Hermione could do what she wanted to do with him. He looked down and noticed that the leg-locker curse didn't affect his junk.

Hermione held Ron's arms there for a few seconds even though he wasn't struggling, just to fully make him submit to her. He whimpered a little bit. Slowly, Hermione pulled Ron's arms back down to a less uncomfortable position, still holding them tightly. She slid her hands to Ron's wrists so she could move his arms more precisely. She still held her wand in one hand (behind Ron's hand so he couldn't try and grab it), and it dug into Ron's arm. Hermione moved Ron's right hand to his left elbow and vice versa, and his arms slid to be pinned against his back, held tightly with no room to struggle. She tapped them with her wand, and they were tightly bound. She let go of him, still keeping her stockinged knee on his back, and admired her handiwork. Ron couldn't move his arms or legs at all. Of course, she could have just used a full body bind curse, or any number of other things, but this was so much more fun. And fortunately for both of them, Hermione was just getting started.

She tapped his legs with her wand, and they were free. Ron was slightly disappointed, he had begun to like being in the leg locker curse. Hermione took Ron by surprise by pulling off his underwear immediately, exposing his erect penis. She grabbed the boxers and pulled them over Ron's head. Normally, they would have been easy to pull off, but seeing how thoroughly his hands were tied, the sweaty boxers might as well have been a part of him. She left him to try and avoid licking the spot that touched his dick all day while she went to work on his legs.

Ron hadn't moved his legs from the position they were magically locked in, meaning they were straight. Hermione turned Ron onto his back (he had been held on his side by her knee, which she now removed), and sat up a little bit, resting her elbow on Ron's stomach and putting a lot of her weight on it. It kept him pinned down, but he probably wouldn't have been able to move anyway, what with his arms being held under him. She grabbed his left knee and pulled it as brutally as she had pulled his arms. Ron moaned in pain, and Hermione responded by pulling harder and at a more uncomfortable angle. Hermione could hear Ron using all his strength not to cry out with pain, so she decided that he had gotten the message.

She grabbed his left ankle and pulled it in towards his crotch until the lower part of his leg was up against his thigh. Ron let out a loud whimper. Hermione thought for a moment. She tapped Ron's stomach with her wand and he was frozen. Where the leg locker curse had repositioned his legs, this one left him in the exact same position, with his leg still pulled out and folded together.

She got up and walked over to the laundry hamper in the corner that Ron had dumped his clothes into right before he got into bed. Ron's senses still worked fine, and he was tortured by how sexy she looked while walking. Hermione carefully selected a black sock that she had worn a few days ago. It was thick, fuzzy, and long. Hermione walked back over to the bed, held Ron's folded leg, and freed him from the freezing curse. He immediately let out another moan, and without hesitation, Hermione crawled onto Ron, stuck her hand under the waistband of the underwear that was still over Ron's head, and stuffed the sock into Ron's mouth. It dried up his saliva and triggered his gag reflex, which did nothing because Hermione was forcefully covering his mouth and holding the sock in. She tapped Ron's face with her wand, and several pieces of duct tape appeared over his mouth, destroying his chances of getting the sock out. She playfully flicked his ear as she moved back down to his legs.

She finally tapped Ron's folded leg with her wand, shooting out some thick ropes that tied it in a few different places. She did the same thing with the other leg, taking her time folding it, then tying it. Ron's legs were pulled apart, giving easy, comfortable access to his crotch. Ron desperately hoped that Hermione was finally going to let him cum, and he tried to pull his legs

apart even more to make it as easy as possible for her.

Seeing how desperate Ron was, Hermione grinned and moved her hand over to his cock. She stuck out her finger and waved it less than a centimeter over the tip. She ran her hands up and down right next to his cock. She thought she could feel hairs. She kept teasing him mercilessly, moving all over his cock in ways she was sure would feel great, but not touching it at all. After a few minutes of this torture, she stopped. Ron thought about his situation. He was fully tied up, she had teased the shit out of him, she must be about to finally fuck him. But he was wrong. Hermione grabbed him around the waist with both arms and picked him up. She rolled out of bed, holding a helpless Ron, and sat him down on the cold wooden floor, at the foot of the bed.

She used her wand to conjure a long piece of rope. This was new, she usually just tied him up with magic. She grabbed the end of the rope and threaded it behind Ron's knee. She brought the end around, pulled it tight, and tied it, forming a strong knot. Apparently she didn't need her wand to tie Ron up. She grabbed the other end of the rope and pulled it, lifting Ron's leg. Ron realized what was going on too late to prepare, as she tied the end she was holding around one of the bed's legs. She repeated this on the other side, pulling everything painfully tight. When she was done, Ron was being stretched out between the two bedposts, his nose two inches from the foot of the bed. His hands were still tied behind his back, his legs were still folded together, his crotch was exposed and accessible. Hermione got back onto the bed and took the underwear off of Ron's head, letting him take everything in. She left him gagged. She casually laid down on the bed, her head on the warm pillows and her feet near Ron's face.

"You know, i am pretty tired. Maybe i'll just go to sleep, hmm?" Hermione teased Ron some more. She loved the look of anguish on his face, seeing him try to beg without being able to talk or move.

"Oh? What's that? You'll have to speak up~" A sadistic smile decorated her face. She turned around on the bed so her face was right across from her defenseless boyfriend's. She reached out and ripped the duct tape off, and Ron spit out the black sock immediately.

"FUCK ME, FUCK ME, I'M SO HORNY, PLEASE, I'LL DO ANYTHING, PLEASE JUST FUCK ME-" Ron's desperate begging was cut short by a vicious punch to the mouth from Hermione. She looked slightly amused.

"Since when does it matter what you want? I'm taking my time and having fun, and i enjoy your pain. I'll fuck you if i feel like it. Or maybe i just shouldn't let you cum at all... I could just leave you there. I could just go to sleep right now, and maybe untie you in the morning."

Ron looked horrified. He shook his head and looked like he was ashamed of himself. He kept his head low.

Satisfied, Hermione repositioned herself again so she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her crotch a few inches from Ron's face. She carelessly dangled her stockinged legs over the edge of the bed, on either side of Ron. Ron looked up, and liked how she towered above him. Suddenly, she pulled her legs up and shoved one foot into Ron's face. Her knee was raised high, and she could push down easily. It was comfortable for her, and she knew that she could make it extremely painful for Ron.

Hermione moved her foot all over Ron's face for a few seconds, then positioned it so her toes were covering Ron's closed mouth. She bent her toes a little bit and used them to force his mouth open. She forced her big toe and the two next to it into his mouth.

The soft fabric had a lot of texture to it, and it was clear to Ron what was expected. He started sucking on the toes as hard as he could, touching every part of them with his tongue. He found the nails, the spaces in between the toes. He wanted to taste it all. The flavor was very strong, and if he didn't love it it would have made him gag. But he didn't gag, he sucked harder. He wanted it to never leave his tongue, he wanted it to infect every thing he ate for the rest of his life. Hermione shoved her foot deeper inside Ron's mouth, feeling the top of it with the tip of her toenail, rubbing the bottoms of her toes on the back of Ron's tongue. She stuck her other toes in as well, giving her more freedom to push the foot in farther. As she pushed on the back of his throat, she made him gag, and he leaned his head back a little bit. But shrinking away from her wasn't going to help. Her thigh was just a few inches from his face, and she effortlessly pushed down harder. Ron kept

shrinking away until his head was horizontal. Now Hermione had all the power, and Ron couldn't shrink away any more. She kept pushing down, slowly straightening her leg. Ron's thighs were twisted, his back was bent. Hermione didn't slow down. They both knew that she could tear his ACL and probably break bones. All she had to do was straighten out her leg. Ron didn't stop sucking passionately, if anything, this made it more intense. Hermione stopped pushing down, but held Ron firmly where he was. She was satisfied, and decided to finally reward Ron. She brought her other foot down to Ron's impossibly erect penis and he came instantly due to a mixture of tension, teasing, buildup, and Hermione's prowess at giving footjobs. The fabric of the stocking probably didn't hurt either. Ron didn't stop sucking, he obediently kept going until Hermione lifted her foot.

Hermione rested her feet on Ron's thighs, Ron didn't object. She thought for a few seconds, then lifted one leg and removed her stocking. Ron was still breathing heavily, recovering, and Hermione surprised him by shoving the entire stocking into his mouth and using magic to duct tape it securely. As an afterthought, she tied a rope around his head a few times, just to make sure he couldn't get the gag out and wake her up.

"Can you breathe? Nod or shake." Ron nodded enthusiastically. Hermione gave another one of her sadistic smiles that Ron loved so much as she got comfy in bed and pulled the covers over herself. She took pillows from Ron's side of the bed and made a big show of making herself extremely warm and comfortable. Her boyfriend was still tied up, and he could not make a sound or move a muscle until Hermione decided that he was allowed to.

"Sweet dreams, Ron."

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