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# Insatiable

by [Bryonia Alba](#)

## Summary

Hermione had seduction in mind, but when Ron finally gets home, who's the seducer, and who is the seduced?

## Notes

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Hermione had known Ron would be working late.

He had told her as much that morning over breakfast; and he had been an Auror long enough for her to get a feel for the usual protocols regarding the resolution of a case. He and his partner had finally captured Mulciber, a former Death Eater from Voldemort's Second War; and while Ron had been rightfully triumphant and proud at the accomplishment, Mulciber's capture also meant he would almost certainly spend a great deal of time getting debriefed, followed by completing a veritable sea of paperwork. Bureaucracy wasn't something embraced only by Muggles, Hermione thought wryly. Wizards were just as bad at wallowing in red tape.

Still, she had at least thought she would be able to stay awake until Ron came home from the office. He'd be in a mood to celebrate, and she wanted to celebrate with him, preferably in a manner ending in mutual pleasure for both of them. She'd even gone so far as to cook a proper dinner instead of ringing for takeaway and changed into a red satin negligee, the better to greet Ron once he arrived.

She'd ended up falling asleep on the sofa instead, waking only when Ron, trying and failing utterly at stealth, let himself into the house. He could sneak up behind Dark witches and wizards all the time at work, but he was rarely able to do the same with Hermione, which amused her greatly.

She wasn't amused now. Sitting up, she rubbed her face quickly with her hands, checking the clock before switching the full force of her glare toward Ron.

"Do you know what time it is?" she growled, standing from the sofa, hands moving to her hips. "I wanted to make tonight special, but it's late, and dinner's cold, and... and dammit, Ron, even my negligee's wrinkled!"

Ron opened his mouth to reply but shut it quickly, a speculative gleam entering his bright blue eyes. Without a word, he closed the door, took the necessary two steps forward, and hefted her over his shoulder. Ignoring Hermione's rather undignified squeal, he headed toward their bedroom.

"Ronald Weasley, put me down this instant!" Hermione sputtered, pounding ineffectually at his back with her fists.

Dumping Hermione onto the bed, Ron eyed her lasciviously, his gaze raking her from head to toe. "You look brilliant in that negligee, Hermione," he said, still admiring her. "Merlin, you're sexy. You wore it this evening just for me?" Ron's voice lowered, and Hermione blushed, attempting to smooth a wrinkle from the red satin with one hand. "Good thing we're both of the same mind, yeah?"

Leaning over Hermione, trapping her between his body and the mattress, Ron licked at her lips before drawing her into a searing, breath-stealing kiss.

"You know," he said thoughtfully, breaking the kiss after several long moments, the amount of time it took for Hermione to stop beating at his shoulders in favour of undulating against his hips instead, "I don't think I've seen this pretty piece of silk on you before until now. Is it new? Did you buy it just for me?"

"Yes," she replied, still breathless from the heat of Ron's kisses. "I'm guessing it meets with your approval?"

His hand slid to the hem of Hermione's red silk lingerie, pushing it over her legs and past her hips and abdomen, until it was bunched beneath her arms. Dipping his head, he lapped at her bared breasts.

"Oops, it looks very fetching; except I'm afraid I just wrinkled it even more than before I carried you in here." Ron tugged lightly at one of her nipples with his teeth, eliciting a soft moan of arousal. "But I'll make it up to you."

That simple action sent fire racing through Hermione. A small part of her thought she ought to feel annoyance at her negligee being called 'a pretty piece of silk', but it was increasingly difficult to focus while Ron sucked at one sensitised nipple, teasing at the other with his fingers.

She drove her hands into his short, coppery hair, clutching at his scalp. He sucked harder at her nipple in response, and Hermione shuddered in delight, nearly coming undone by touch alone.

Giving her nipple a final, teasing lick, Ron released it and backed away slightly, smiling when Hermione whimpered at the loss. "I'm not going anywhere," he assured her, pulling his shirt over his head.

Now it was Hermione's turn to admire, eyes moving over the muscles of his shoulders and arms, ringed with silvery scar tissue; the hard planes of Ron's chest with its tight wiry curls around his small, flat nipples; and the thin line of red hair trailing from his navel only to disappear beneath the waistband of his trousers.

Licking her lips, Hermione met Ron's eyes and murmured, "Take off your trousers, too."

"Tsk, tsk, Hermione." Ron tossed his shirt across the room. "How many times have you told me patience is a virtue?"

"One you ordinarily don't possess," Hermione muttered, shifting on the mattress until she leant against the headboard. "Does this mean I get a show instead? You've never done a strip-tease for me."

Pulling out his wand, Ron gave it a wave, and Hermione's breath caught as silken ribbons unfurled from the headboard, wrapping around her wrists and securing her to the bed. She gave her wrists a tug, but her bonds held. She could only watch as Ron unfastened his trousers without removing them and crawled up the length of the bed toward her. She doubted the tiny scrap of matching red satin the negligee's manufacturer called knickers did anything at all to conceal her arousal. Ron proved her correct moments later, inhaling deeply before blowing warm breath against the damp fabric. Hermione jerked at the sensation, the headboard rattling as she tugged once again at her bound wrists.

"Oh my," Hermione said. Ron peered up at her and smiled, running his fingers up her thighs to cup her through the damp satin of her barely-there knickers. Seeing she was more than all right, Ron bent his head and pressed a kiss to her inner thigh before hooking his fingers through her knickers, pulling them down and away, baring her completely to his admiring gaze. Nipping at the smooth skin of her thigh, he slid his fingers through her folds.

"I told you I'd make it up to you," he said softly.

He slipped a finger into Hermione before she could reply, thrusting in and out until she twisted helplessly beneath the sensual attack, tugging against the ribbons around her wrists and moaning.

"Ron..."

He laughed, the sound dark and seductive, sliding his finger from her and tracing Hermione's wetness over her thighs. Hermione whimpered, wanting him to resume. He pulled her legs wider apart, yet did nothing more than dip his finger again into her wetness, painting more patterns over her thighs.

"Ron," she beseeched.

"Yes?"

"Please!"

He leant back, releasing Hermione's legs, settling onto his knees instead. "Not yet. You did ask me to take off my trousers earlier, didn't you? With a bit of a striptease?"

Hermione watched as Ron slid his hand down his chest and abdomen, tweaking his nipples and circling his navel along the way before lightly grazing the erection tenting his trousers, biting his lip with a stifled moan. He finally pushed his trousers down past his hips, just low enough to expose his cock. Hermione whistled approvingly, earning her a playful smile from Ron. He stroked his length several times, thumb sliding over the tip before levering over Hermione once more.

She moaned as his cock slid over her wetness, rubbing through her folds. Rolling his hips, Ron claimed her lips, capturing Hermione's moan into his mouth as she shuddered in pleasure beneath him.

"You're so wet, Hermione. You want my cock inside you," Ron murmured, trailing kisses from her mouth to her neck, sucking at the pulse point in her throat. "Was this what you planned tonight, wearing that negligee for me? Me buried deep inside you, fucking you hard and fast, driving into you until you can't remember your name?"

Hermione arched into Ron's touch, his words leaving her trembling with need.

"Oooh...yessss..." she managed around moans, biting her lip against a whimper when Ron rubbed the head of his cock over her clit, sending a further jolt of sensation through her. "Please, Ron, want to get...get..."

"Get...get off?" he asked. Hermione nodded frantically, and he grinned. "Why, Hermione, you naughty minx." He shifted his hand on her arse, long fingers teasing her folds while stroking her clit. "You don't just want to be fucked, you *need* it. You need me fucking you, don't you?"

"Yesssss," she hissed, desperate to have him inside her and not caring how wanton she might sound. Meeting his gaze, she growled, "Fuck me, Ron. *Now*."

Ron tsked at Hermione's demand, drawing back and away, just enough for Hermione to cry out softly against the loss of friction. "Lick me clean first," he ordered.

He straddled Hermione's chest before she could reply, balls brushing against her hardened nipples, and rubbed his cock over the seam of her lips. Hermione's tongue darted out, lapping kittenishly at the tip until Ron pushed inside her mouth with a muffled groan. Hermione's mouth tightened around him, tongue swirling around his length, sucking him clean before fluting along the underside vein. Ron's eyelids fluttered as she sucked, gasping his pleasure before reaching back behind him, fingers moving back into Hermione's wetness.

Hermione moaned around his cock, meeting Ron's eyes again as he slowly withdrew from her mouth. She rolled her hips against his hand, and her patience was finally rewarded when he released one of her wrists from the headboard long enough to turn her over onto her knees. Lifting her back and onto his lap, Ron shoved her knickers further down her legs past her knees and drove inside her.

She cried out in ecstatic bliss as Ron entered her from behind, pushing her shoulders forward and rising onto his knees. He pulled out slowly, slowly, until just the head remained, and pushed back inside, the pace slow, deliberate. Hermione gripped the headboard, clenching tightly around his length, mewling in pleasure as Ron slid one hand over her stomach to her breasts, rolling a nipple between his fingers.

Hermione licked her lips, the taste of Ron there making her moan again, on top of the sensations his deep, slow thrusts sent through her. She wanted more, wanted harder. She wanted to be *taken*. Clenching around his cock, Hermione pushed back against him in a silent demand, receiving an extra pinch of her nipple in response. The added stimulation sent a jolt rippling through her, making her tighten even further around his length.

"Ron, please," she begged. "Please!"

"Please, what?" he asked, his thrusts slowing to a maddening, almost lazy pace. Hermione nearly screamed in frustration.

“Harder, Ron! Fuck me *harder!*”

“Since you asked so nicely...”

Still twisting at one of her nipples, Ron pulled almost completely out of her. Hermione whimpered until his hips snapped forward, slamming back into her. Leaning across her back, he reached around to tap lightly at her clit with his fingers. The headboard rattled with each thrust as Ron pounded her, hard and fast as she had wished, Hermione chanting his name with each sobbing breath, shivering with each forceful thrust into her. It was brilliant, absolutely brilliant.

The smell of sex filled Hermione’s senses, the sound of Ron’s body slapping against hers with each thrust spurring both of them onward. Hermione clung to the headboard, tightening and loosening rhythmically around his cock, milking it while he thrust harder and faster, their gasps and cries filling the room.

Ron’s hand left her clit. Hermione looked at him over her shoulder just in time to see him lift his hand to his lips, sucking her juices off his fingers.

“You taste brilliant,” he panted. “I bet you’d like my mouth there when you wake tomorrow morning, wouldn’t you? My tongue licking you, making you wet? You’d love it.”

Hermione whimpered at the mental image. “Oh Merlin, yesss...”

“Hermione for breakfast,” Ron grunted, sliding his finger back to her clit and rubbing. “My favourite. Better than ham and eggs.”

“Only you would compare sex to food, Ron,” Hermione panted, pushing back to meet his thrusts. “Ham and eggs, Ron? Really?”

Ron laughed, a deep rumble in his chest. The combination of cock, fingers, and low vibration sent Hermione over the edge, shuddering and rippling around his length, riding the shockwaves of pleasure for dear life. Ron shifted his hands, gripping her hips tightly, nipping the back of Hermione’s neck, and she came again with a strangled shriek.

He groaned and quickened his pace even more, pounding into Hermione at a brutal pace until his breathing hitched and he spilled deep inside her with a hoarse shout, hips jerking.

Ron leaned over, pressing his forehead against Hermione’s shoulder, peppering the skin with tiny butterfly kisses before slowly pulling free of her body. Unbinding her wrists from the headboard, he collapsed onto his side, tugging her with him.

“That,” Hermione murmured, “was worth you coming home late and letting dinner get cold. I may even forgive you for wrinkling the negligee.”

“Come with me into the shower, and maybe I can make up for that particular sin as well,” Ron replied, wagging his eyebrows, and Hermione giggled, wrapping her arms around him.

“You’re a randy one tonight, aren’t you?” she asked, kissing the tip of Ron’s freckled nose. “We still haven’t caught our breaths from this last round, and you’re already talking about the next one?”

“Are you going to refuse?” Ron drew back, pouting, and Hermione laughed.

“Depends on whether or not you’re up to the task.” Hermione slipped out of bed, padding toward the loo. “I’m sure something can be arranged.”

Grinning, Ron jumped out of bed and followed.

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