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a hard day's night

by [thunderylee](#)

Summary

Ron learns that the only way Hermione can truly be happy is if she has total control.

Notes

reposted from agck. written for the rwhgfqf 2005: 31. Post-Hogwarts: Hermione is really stressed about her work and Ron knows just the thing to make her relax.

“Cockgobblers!”

Ron looked up from his menu as an irate Hermione plopped down into the chair opposite him. Her hair was frizzier than normal and there were dark circles forming under her eyes.

“Bad day at work?” Ron asked carefully, shielding himself with the menu in case Hermione decided to attack him with her silverware.

“You could say that,” she replied, sighing and opening her own menu with such force that Ron thought it would tear in two. “Where’s Harry?”

“Held up at work,” said Ron. “They’ve got him training in double shifts since the attacks on Hogsmeade.”

Hermione nodded thoughtfully as she examined her menu.

“You’d think that people who have spent their entire lives believing in magic, ghosts, and the like would have no problem accepting something as cut-and-dried as simple Muggle technology.”

Ron took a sip of water and listened intently, knowing that if he said a word her anger would focus on him.

“But *no*.” Hermione slammed her menu down on the table with a defiant ‘*bang*’. “All morning I’ve had those memos flying up my nose, asking me how to do this, why this won’t work, and how my entire network isn’t helping the Ministry at all.”

In all honesty, Ron didn’t understand a word of her rant, but he knew better than to argue with her. She had been hired at the Ministry a few months ago to incorporate an ekletic system – or whatever she had called it – in order to centralize all of the information and make it easier to access and transfer something that looked like ‘flies’ on her drafter report.

“I spent *six hours* training the entire building on how to use the system, but apparently my lectures and color-coded diagrams went in one ear and out the other.”

“Are you ready to order?”

Ron looked up at the waiter gratefully, although he sensed that the other man would have rather taken any of the other tables in the busy restaurant instead of this one.

“Yes,” said Hermione briskly. “I’ll have the lunch special with a side salad, *no* dressing, and a water with lemon.”

“Of course,” said the waiter, hurriedly scribbling down the order. “And for you, sir?”

The last thing Ron wanted was for Hermione to lay into him about his diet, so he ordered the same and received a sympathetic look from the waiter as he scooped up their menus and rushed away from the table.

“Bless their hearts,” Hermione continued more calmly, “the Muggleborns have been trying to help me out, but to no avail. Most of the higher-ups are stuffy old Wizards who are set in their ways, and that includes the Minister himself.”

Ron hid a smile at the thought of Rufus Scrimgeour trying to learn anything new, let alone from someone less than half his age.

The waiter arrived with their drinks and salads, quickly hurrying away once again after Hermione informed him pointedly that they did not need anything else.

She stabbed her fork into her salad and pointed a piece of lettuce at Ron as she went on.

“Would you believe that wench at the reception desk actually asked me if I was having a ‘case of the Mondays’? I almost hexed her on principle.”

Ron almost laughed out loud, stifling it into a cough at the last minute. Unfortunately, it backfired, and Hermione’s attention was now on him.

“Are you coming down with something? You should really go to the mediwizard. I *cannot* afford to get sick and miss any work. Merlin knows that place would fall apart without me.”

“I’m not sick, Hermione,” he assured her. “I just choked on my water. I’m fine, really.”

She eyed him suspiciously, but went right back to ranting as though she hadn’t been interrupted.

Even as the food was brought to the table, Ron was forced to hear about wizards and witches he didn't even know and how incompetent they were. The world would be a much better place, according to Hermione, if *she* were the one in charge.

"Yes, definitely," Ron agreed in what he hoped was an enthusiastic tone, momentarily disregarding the thought of some Muggle event he vaguely remembered learning about that sounded like the 'Holy-Crossed'.

"I wish you wouldn't talk with your mouth full."

Ron swallowed his bite and muttered an apology.

Hermione sighed and finally fell silent as she ate her lunch. Ron wondered why she continued working if she hated her job, but he knew better than to ask. Hermione wasn't happy unless she was making a difference in everyone's lives, and underneath all of the complaining he knew she was proud of her accomplishments, even if nobody else understood them.

After a few more bites, Hermione pulled a few pounds from her wallet and tossed them on the table.

"This should cover my part," she said, sounding rushed. "I should get back before my office is scattered with flying memos asking me if I got the memo."

Ron pushed her money back towards her and smiled.

"I've got this. And if you're not busy later, maybe you could come over. We could have dinner or something."

Hermione raised her eyebrows, but accepted the invitation.

"How's seven?" she asked. "I doubt I'll get out of the office before then."

"Seven is fine," he said. His eyes remained focused on her as she made her way out of the crowded restaurant. "Seven is perfect."

~*~*~*~

Ron looked over his creation with a satisfied smile. The dining room table was loaded with all of Hermione's favorite foods, minus the sinful chocolate dessert still cooling in the fridge. If anything would make her forget about work and focus on *him* (in a good way) this would be it.

Promptly at seven, the doorbell rang and Ron fidgeted with his robes one final time before answering. One glance at Hermione was enough to make his heart ache; she looked like she was ready to cry.

Wordlessly, she walked past him and stopped short at the sight of the feast laid out on Ron's table.

"Oh, Ron," she said under her breath. "You shouldn't have. It all looks so delicious."

Ron carefully closed the door and crept up behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders and massaging them gently.

"You deserve it, Hermione," he said in what he hoped was a strong, masculine voice. "You work so hard all day long, it's time somebody did something nice for *you*."

"Oh, Ron," she said again, turning around to face him. "Thank you so much. I had the worst day

ever. This is just what I need.”

She leant up to kiss his cheek, but Ron turned his head at the last second and their lips brushed together instead. He immediately jumped back, apologetic guilt spreading across his face. His mind raced for a suitable explanation when Hermione surprised him by saying the words he never thought he’d hear again.

“No, Ron. *This* is what I need.”

She kissed him again, more forcefully this time. Ron wrapped his arms around her as she pressed her body against his, sliding her arms up around his neck and pulling him closer. He was surprised yet a second time when she deepened the kiss, which he reciprocated happily.

Memories of their previous encounter began filling his head, and Ron couldn’t help but wonder if this was going to be a repeat performance. During their last year of Hogwarts, when the Wizarding World was being turned upside down by Voldemort and his Death Eaters, everyone was living like there was no tomorrow. In other words, they were shagging like bunnies. Ron and Hermione had been the only two virgins in the entire school, so after careful consideration and practical preparation, they had given themselves to each other in a stuffy closet off of the Transfiguration corridor. It wasn’t romantic in any way, but somehow it had helped them to deal with everything that was happening.

Afterwards, Hermione had said she just wanted to be friends.

Friends certainly did not kiss each other the way she was kissing him now. Her tongue was fully in his mouth, thick and hot and swirling around his lightly but with intent, and her hands were grasping his neck and shoulders in a way that told him she’d rather be latching onto a different part of his anatomy.

Ron decided not to fight it, which was a good thing, because he didn’t think Hermione would have let him even if he tried. She abruptly broke away to plant very unchaste kisses on his neck, and Ron took the opportunity to speak.

“Er, Hermione? What about dinner?”

In response, Hermione withdrew her wand and blindly cast a heating charm on the dishes.

“Forget the food. You offered me ‘dinner or something’. I want ‘something’.”

Before he could even process the information in his head, Hermione had dragged him by the robes into his bedroom, where she pushed him down on his bed with such force that he bounced slightly on the mattress. Instantly, she crawled on top of him and fused her mouth to his once again.

Her small hands quickly opened his robes and fumbled with the buttons on his shirt, pushing both garments up his arms and pooling them above his head. He tried to bring his arms back down to embrace her, but his wrists were met with restriction.

Harshly breaking the kiss, he gasped, “Hermione, what -”

“You trust me, don’t you?”

His eyes widened at the tone of her voice. Low and husky, he had *never* heard her speak like this before. There was a glazed-over look in her eyes that he didn’t recognize, and if it were possible to radiate pure sexual energy from a look alone, she was doing it.

“Yes, of course I trust you,” Ron replied honestly. “But how are you -”

“Sometimes, when I want ‘*something*’ badly enough, wandless magic just happens.” She shrugged and leaned in to speak directly into his ear. “I want you tied up and succumbing to my every wish and command. Can you do that for me, Ron?”

Ron nodded numbly, still in disbelief at what was happening.

“Good.”

She kissed her way down his neck to his bare chest, where she dragged her nails up and down his sides while nibbling rather sharply on his collarbone. Dipping her head lower, she captured a nipple in her mouth and flicked her tongue quickly before biting down *hard*.

“Oh, my...” Ron trailed off as he tossed his head back and struggled with his binds. He wanted to caress her back, cup her arse, just *touch* her any way he could. But he couldn’t, because she wanted him restrained. He was about to find out why.

He watched in awe as she moved further down his stomach, leaving a trail of wet kisses along his waistline, driving him mad with *want*. Slowly, she unfastened his trousers and hooked her fingers under the waistband, tugging them carefully over his bulging erection and down his legs. Scooting towards the edge of the bed, she untied his shoes and pulled off his socks, letting the clothing pile to the floor, instantly forgotten as she crawled wantonly back between his legs.

He thought – *hoped* was more like it – that she was going to pay some attention to his aching cock, but she stopped short of his groin and sank her teeth into his inner thigh. He couldn’t help but let out a yelp, and he would have jumped clear up in the air had it not been for additional restraints that had suddenly appeared around his ankles.

Served him right for having a four-posted bed as an adult, he thought incredulously as he glanced over Hermione’s bushy hair towards the end of the bed. Bright red silk scarves were holding both of his ankles in place, tied in a perfect knot with the ends rippling over the edge of the bed and out of sight.

“Merlin, Hermione,” he gasped. “Where did you learn how to do all of this?”

She raised her head, smiling deviously. “I’ve dreamed of this for years, Ron. Since the first time, I’ve thought of having you like this, *taking* you, making you mine. You know how I like to have control. I don’t get it at work, but I can certainly have it with you.”

Before he could respond, she ripped the clip out of her hair and tore off her own robe to reveal nothing underneath but a pair of platform-heeled pumps. Red, of course. She shook her hair, letting it fall in curly tendrils over her shoulders, brushing the tips of her breasts. Licking her lips, she flicked her tongue and immediately lowered her head, taking his entire length into her mouth.

Ron bucked his hips up in response, pressing himself even deeper down her throat. Hermione paid no mind as she bobbed up and down, licking the underside of his cock with every stroke. He was very close; had he had control of his hands right then, they would have definitely been gripping the sheets.

In one swift motion, Hermione pulled away and grabbed for her wand.

“*Phallus Orbis.*”

The most interesting sensation overcame Ron, and he looked down to see a tight red ring around the base of his cock.

“Mione, what the -”

“I’m not ready for you to come yet,” she said briskly. “I’ve been waiting a long time for this. You can wait a few more minutes.”

Gaping at her, he could do nothing but watch as she went back to work, lapping the precome from the head and pressing her tongue into the slit.

“*Fuck*, Hermione,” he hissed through his teeth.

She grinned around his cock and lifted up her wand. On the tip was a small rubber cap with many tiny snake-like ridges all over it, moving freely every which way. As Hermione licked her way down his cock and around his balls, Ron had a fairly good idea what this new object was for.

He yelped again when he felt a warm wetness swirling around his entrance, and he didn’t know whether he was excited about what was happening or surprised that it was *Hermione* doing it. Sure enough, he found himself groaning as she slipped her tongue through the tight ring of muscle and began thrusting it in and out.

When she was satisfied that she had enough lubrication, she straightened herself up and looked Ron dead in the eyes.

“Don’t look at me like that, Ronald Weasley. You think I didn’t know what went on in the boys’ dormitories? Even if Harry hadn’t told me, I could see it in your eyes when the three of us were together. I know you like it, so shut up and enjoy it.”

Ron had no inclination to speak, at least not anything coherent, as she shoved her wand into his arse and instantly he felt as though there were a thousand fingers inside him, massaging every part at once. Now, more than ever, he wanted to come, but he knew better than to ask. He would come when she said he could, and quite honestly, he didn’t mind one bit.

Without another word on the matter, Hermione resumed her previous task of driving Ron to within an inch of his sanity. With one hand on her wand and the other digging into his hip so hard he knew he would have bruises, she took him in her mouth again and sucked eagerly. The double stimulation was enough to make him want to rip through his binds, tear off the cock ring, and fuck her blind.

Just when he thought he couldn’t take anymore, she suddenly leaned back and whispered, in that low, husky voice, “Come.”

The ring disappeared and Ron’s entire body spasmed as he had the most intense orgasm of his life. When he could focus again, he saw strands of pearly white decorating Hermione’s face, and he gasped at her boldness.

She quickly withdrew her wand, the appendage having vanished, and cast a cleaning spell on them both.

“My turn.”

Before he knew it, she had crawled up his body and planted herself firmly on his face, the soft hair tickling his nose. He looked up at her for a few seconds, so beautiful, before darting his tongue out to comply with her obvious demand.

The sight of Hermione – innocent, somewhat prudish Hermione – riding his face, her breasts bouncing up and down, tossing her head back and wailing like a banshee as he licked and pressed his tongue firmly into her moist folds was enough to make his cock rise to attention once again.

Shifting his position as much as he could with the restraints, he lowered his face to slip his tongue in and out of her core, much to her delight. Her wails turned to sporadic curses, which were so *un-Hermione-like* that he felt like the best lover in the world for being able to make her do that.

Moving back to his prior position, he rapidly flicked his tongue where he knew she wanted it the most, and within seconds she was screaming his name as he brought her to her peak.

He thought she was going to roll off of him and collapse on the bed, but instead she simply slid down his body, grinding her wetness against his cock, continuing to tease him as she captured his mouth in yet another breathless kiss.

He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight, and it belatedly occurred to him that she had somehow undone his binds. Without any further thought, he flipped her onto her back and shoved himself into her, grunting into her mouth as she made little mewling noises in the back of her throat.

He remained kissing her the entire time, even when they shifted positions so he could lift her legs over his shoulders. They didn't break apart until they came, together, moaning each other's names in a beautiful harmony of orgasmic bliss and emotional resolution.

When he tried to pull away, she grabbed him by the neck and hugged him as tight as she could. "Not yet," she said between gasps for breath.

"Hermione," he said seriously, leaning up on his arms to look into her eyes. "I don't think we're 'just friends' anymore."

Smiling that devilish smirk that Ron could definitely get used to, she whispered her reply.

"We never were 'just friends'."

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