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Playtime

by [norskheks](#)

Summary

Ron and Hermione act out one of their favourite fantasies. PWP

"Ronald Weasley," Hermione said sternly, holding out her open palm as she stood just inside the doorway of their bedroom, "you know the rules."

Ron blushed a bright pink. Hermione smirked, pleased with herself. Ron pulled his wand out of his robes and placed it reverently in Hermione's palm.

"You must always submit your wand to me in this room, mustn't you?" she said.

"Yes," he said feebly, still blushing.

"Yes *ma'am*," she corrected.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated, his robes slowly tenting at his midsection.

Hermione pulled her wand out and replaced it with Ron's in her robes.

"Good boy," she cooed, and she unabashedly reached out her hand to grab Ron's erection and stroke it lightly through his robes. "Very good boy."

Ron let out a shudder of pleasure at her touch, just as she removed her hand from his robes.

"Now," she instructed, "remove your robes at once."

"Yes, ma'am." He obeyed as quickly as he could without using magic. He stood up straight as Hermione inspected him slow, her eyes trailing over every inch of his naked body, her fingers

lazily stroking his bright orange pubic hair.

"Oh my," she said, feigning shock as his cock twitched near her hand. "You've been a naughty boy, haven't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said dutifully, "I've been very naughty, ma'am."

"I think some punishment is in order, don't you?"

Ron groaned with lust. "Yes, ma'am. Please, ma'am."

"Please *what?*"

He gulped, nervous about being too forward when she was in charge. "Please . . . s-spank me, ma'am."

Hermione grinned. "I've trained you so well, haven't I? Yes, I suppose a spanking is in order." She sat down on a corner of the bed. "On my lap, now."

Ron laid his torso over Hermione's knees, so that he was kneeling on the floor and resting his head and arms on the bed, his bare arse just under Hermione's right hand.

Hermione Summoned her hairbrush from the nightstand, and Transfigured it into an elegant wooden paddle. She showed it to Ron. "Isn't it lovely?" she asked, not waiting for an answer. "This is what I'll be spanking you with today."

Ron whimpered in a mix of fear and eagerness.

Hermione stroked his arse cheeks as she softly gave him instructions. "Your punishment will be twenty blows. You must count off each one. If you miscount, we start all over at one again. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, wiggling a bit and feeling his erection touch Hermione's leg.

"Keep still now," she instructed, her voice still soft and gentle despite her imminent actions.

She hit Ron's cheeks with the paddle, hard enough to make a loud *smack!* sound and leave a red mark.

Ron groaned in pain and pleasure as he counted, "One!"

Hermione continued, as did Ron, moaning and panting more intensely with every blow, but always remembering to count correctly. Hermione kept her body calm despite the effect Ron's wavering voice was having on her. Hearing evidence not only of his complete submission to her, but also his arousal at doing so, was making her thoroughly soak the red satin panties she was wearing under her robes.

"Fif—" Ron gasped—"Fifteen! *Oh!*" he moaned. The middle of his arse where Hermione was aiming the paddle was a deep red.

Though with every strike Hermione's vulva was aching for attention, she persevered patiently as she finished Ron's punishment.

"Twenty!" he finally cried at an unusually high pitch, arching his back.

Hermione set the brush down and gently stroked Ron's back and sore arse. "Good boy," she cooed as she pet him. "Very good boy, you counted so well. Now... on the bed with you, Mr

Weasley."

"Yes, ma'am," he murmured between pants. He laid on back on the bed as Hermione took off her robes.

"Arms up," she ordered gently, and he did as told. "*Incarcerous holosericus*," she muttered, and silk ribbons sprouted from her wand and tied Ron's wrists to the bedposts. She did the same thing to his ankles.

"Now," she said, straddling his torso in nothing but her panties, showing him the large wet patch on them, "see how wet you've got me? We're going to have to do something about that, aren't we?"

Ron licked his lips. "Yes, ma'am!" he said eagerly.

Hermione grinned. "You know what I want, don't you?"

Ron nodded wordlessly, smiling, and his cock hard as ever, as he watched her slip her panties off and mount him again, inching nearer and nearer his face until he could taste her and feel her.

His tongue stroked her clit firmly but gently as soon as she settled on his face. She moaned with pleasure and put her hands in his hair as she started riding him. She could hear him slurping her juices, and his tongue went inside her. She moaned louder and rode harder, letting go of his head and desperately rubbing her clit against the tip of his nose until she felt his teeth graze her and realized she was inhibiting his breathing.

"Sorry!" she said, briefly sitting on the bed as she let him catch his breath. But once he did, she didn't go back to his face. Instead, she played with his balls gently in her hands. She leaned over to lick them, and Ron groaned loudly as he tried not to thrust in her face too hard. She grinned again, and kissed the tip of his cock, tasting the precum dripping out of it. She looked up to see him looking down at her, and she grinned.

"You want to fuck me?" she asked, softly as ever.

Ron moaned and bit his lip. "Yes. Yes, ma'am."

"You want to be my naughty little sex toy?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Oh, Merlin, yes," he moaned. "Please, use me, ma'am."

"Is that what you want?" she asked slowly as she sat on his cock without taking him in, rubbing her clit against its head.

"Yes," he panted. "I want to watch you come on my cock. Please, ma'am."

"You want me to use you like the dirty bitch you are?" She continued pleasuring herself on his cock without taking him in.

He groaned. "Oh yes, please, ma'am. I'm your dirty bitch, ma'am."

Content, Hermione grinned and said, "That's right," just before she adjusted and impaled herself on his cock.

She leaned over, thrusting hard and fast, biting his chest and his shoulders as she felt the pleasure build, felt him push deep inside her as she pressed her clit against his torso, pleasure radiating from her whole pelvis.

She moaned as she got closer and closer to orgasm, but she knew she would need a greater push. She sat up straight, letting Ron watch her breasts bounce as she took him in as hard and deep as she could, over and over, while her right hand erratically and rapidly pressed against her clit.

"Oh! Ron!" she shouted as she felt her orgasm approach.

He knew she was close. "Come for me, ma'am," he whispered, and with loud shrieks of pleasure, she did, continuing to rub her body against his until the breath was drained out of her. She collapsed on him, panting as she regained her breath and her energy.

Ron grinned, and so did she before she kissed his neck. "You're not done yet," she told him.

"Oh?" She took him inside her again and thrust rapidly. She bent over at his favourite angle, and she even grabbed his arse, still sore from the paddling, to bury him in deep.

Ron's eyes seemed to move towards the back of his head as he, still tied to the bedposts and at her every whim, received what felt like all of her best moves at once. He grunted, and Hermione knew he was trying to hang on, to not let go, but she kept up her pace.

"Hermione! I'm going to . . . I'm gonna come. . . ."

"Yes," she purred, "good boy, come for your mistress like the good little bitch you are."

He grunted loudly as he seized up over and over again, and Hermione slowed down little by little until they were both still and out of breath.

Hermione reached for her wand and released Ron from his bondage. "Good boy," she whispered as she lifted herself off of him and laid her head gently on his chest.

"Hermione, that was . . . so . . . hot." She grinned with pride in a job well done. She muttered a noise of agreement before closing her eyes and succumbing to sleep. Ron put his arms around her and soon followed suit. They lay in bed for several hours, blissfully recovering from their orgasms.

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