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A New Kind of Frustration [fic + podfic]

by [pommedeplume](#)

Summary

(April 2001)

Ron Weasley's girlfriend, Hermione Granger, has something new in store for him. It's a special binding charm that prevent him from getting the release he strongly desires. But she's going to make him wait for that release, until after a visit with their friends Dean and Seamus.

Notes

Edit history:

Minor edits in November 2014 & April 2016.

More substantial edit October 8, 2017: Changed the scene at the Burrow to one involving Dean and Seamus instead. Otherwise edit #3 is your usual rephrasing and catching stray typos type edit.

Edited: November 2014 & April 2016

Podfic

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Podfic based on older version of fic. Will be updated in the future.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You want me to do *what*?" Ron asked in shock, mouth agape and genuinely wondering if he had misheard.

"It's only a suggestion, Ron. You don't have to do anything," Hermione responded calmly, even though she was smiling, bloody well knowing he had a hard time saying no.

"Penis binding. Those are the words you just used. You want to bind my penis?" Ron said, cringing from embarrassment.

"Muggles have these things called chastity belts. The ones for penises are designed to prevent the person from touching themselves," Hermione said, grinning almost wickedly.

"Couldn't you just tie me up if you wanted to do that?" Ron said.

He *was* curious if he was honest with himself but it was a bit of a thrill listening to Hermione explain it, as the growing stiffness in his trousers would attest to. Just knowing something turned Hermione on seemed enough to do it for him.

"A chastity belt allows your body far more movement than being tied up does and it limits how much I can touch you as well. It's meant to be *very* frustrating for the wearer," Hermione said.

Over the last couple of years Ron had learned the joy that could be obtained from sexual frustration very well. He had found that surrendering to Hermione sexually was very freeing.

"You really like this Muggle stuff don't you, Hermione? Are you sure the spell will work as well as the real thing?" Ron asked.

He never thought he'd hear himself asking if something Muggle was better than something Wizard, but somehow he just had.

"Normally, I might suggest doing things the Muggle way but this time I think a penis binding charm will serve us better. It's brilliant, you see! It doesn't prevent you from getting a full erection or ejaculating but it will prevent you from touching it with any... sexual intentions," Hermione said as her dark cheeks blushed.

She looked down at the table, an almost proud smile across her face.

"What about going to the loo?" Ron asked sceptically.

"Do you normally have sexual intentions when you do that?" Hermione asked, crinkling her nose and laughing.

"Well, no... but I do think about sex sometimes while I do it! You know... I'm a bloke! I can't help it! What if I'm having a pee and I start thinking about stuff?"

"You'll only get the shock if your mind considers what you're doing sexually appealing in some way," Hermione answered, shaking her head then adding, "And knock off those gender stereotypes, Ron, honestly."

"A shock! "You didn't say anything about a shock!" Ron said, suddenly panicked.

"Well, how else did you think it was going to prevent you from touching it? The idea is to stop you from wanking or getting any real satisfaction and believe me, you'll want to," Hermione said with a wink.

At that moment Ron would've described the look on Hermione's face as devilish. He could see how much this idea turned her on and that was in itself very arousing to him, as the hard urgency in his trousers would attest to.

He was imagining Hermione knocking dinner off the table, throwing him down on it and fucking him right then and there. Clearly, that wasn't about to happen, but he gently rubbed his shaft through his trousers while he imagined it.

"OK, I'm in," Ron said, almost surprising himself with how easily the words left his mouth.

"Really? That didn't take as much convincing as I thought," Hermione happily said.

"I trust you, Hermione and my cock seems to think it's a good idea, anyway," Ron glanced down at his groin, with a smile, hoping he wasn't secretly leading it to danger.

"Do you let it make all of your decisions?" Hermione asked with a smirk.

"All of them? No way. But for stuff like this,? Yeah. So when are we going to do this?" Ron said.

"I'd like to do it right now," Hermione responded flatly.

"N-Now? But we're going to visit Dean and Seamus later!" Ron said.

"I am aware of that. Now if you would stand up and pull your trousers down," she commanded.

Ron obeyed almost immediately, without even thinking. When things got sexy and Hermione told him to jump he was always ready.

"Good. Now pull off your pants and let's have a look that cock of yours," Hermione ordered.

Ron quickly found himself standing adjacent to the dining room table in nothing but his tee shirt with his prick mere centimeters from the pile of crepes on the table.

Hermione got up from the table and walked over to him. He felt strong anticipation at the thought of her touching his cock but instead found himself disappointed when she instead pulled out her wand and pointed it at the head with a curious look on her face.

Ron felt oddly self conscious with Hermione's wand next to his cock. Even as long and thick as it was, Hermione's ten inch vine and dragon heartstring wand was a little longer.

As many time as Hermione had told him that she didn't care about the size of his willy Ron had never been able to fully shake the idea that it did. Surely, some part of Hermione was impressed with it. He had talked to other blokes who swore up and down than they'd shagged girls who'd

been all over their huge knobs. Of course, Ron had seen some of them in the showers back at school and he didn't think any of them measured up to his cock. Even Harry had been rendered speechless the first time he saw it, after a shower after a Quidditch match in sixth year.

"It's too hard," she said, feeling this wasn't a complaint he ever expected to hear.

"Too *hard*?" Ron said, baffled.

"Yes. It needs to be mostly flaccid if I'm going to perform the charm before we go to the Burrow. You didn't think I was going to leave you pitching a bloody tent while we sit and talk to family, did you?" Hermione laughed.

"Well what am I supposed to do, Hermione? Shout at it to get smaller?" Ron said, looking down at his cock with exasperation.

"Of course not. Don't be ridiculous, Ron," Hermione said.

"Should I go and have a wank?" Ron asked.

Hermione gave Ron's prick a look of consideration then shook her head and said, "No, I don't want you coming yet. Just sit down and finish dinner and try not to think about sex for a while, if you would."

Ron started to pull his trousers and pants back up but Hermione said, "No. Leave them down," then winked at him with a smile.

"Blimey, Hermione, you're going to ruddy well kill me," Ron said as he sat down and began stuff himself with crepes.

Ten minutes later and they were both done with their meal. Hermione had successfully distracted Ron from thinking about his cock by talking about boring Muggle stuff she had been reading about.

"OK, let's try again," Hermione said and Ron stood up, his cock more or less completely soft now.

"You do remember our safe word right?" Hermione asked.

"Leviosa," Ron replied.

"Good. If at any time you want this to end say the word and I'll undo the charm immediately."

Ron nodded in agreement.

Hermione pulled out her wand again and moved the tip close to his cock and with a confident tone said the charm and a small burst of white spread out of the tip of her wand and illuminated his penis then disappeared.

Ron felt a tightening around it, particularly around the base. It felt a little uncomfortable but not painful. He quickly began to become aroused but the more aroused he got the greater the discomfort grew. Without thinking he reached down to touch it and then felt a shock course through his hand.

"Ow! I forgot about that," Ron said with embarrassment.

Hermione laughed, covering her mouth with a hand.

"Can't say I didn't warn you. Please do try to keep it in mind though," Hermione said.

"Why does it feel so *tight*?" Ron asked, grimacing.

"It will let you get a little erect so it doesn't restrict blood flow too much and it's tight around the base so you can't finish... out of turn," Hermione answered with a small smirk.

Hermione smiled down at his flaccid cock and said, "Perhaps, if you're well behaved I'll loosen it enough to let you get hard when we get back."

Listening to Hermione talk about all this just made him want to touch his prick even more. He was really wishing he'd had a chance for a good wank earlier that day.

Hermione looked back up at Ron then said, "Let's get ready to go to now. Dean and Seamus are expecting us."

Within a couple of hours they had both showered and dressed and swiftly apparated to Dean and Seamus's doorstep. The two men had moved in together right after finishing school. Part of Ron had wished he and Harry could've got a flat together. Just a couple of best mates living it up.

Dean and Seamus both greeted them at the door almost like a couple, Ron thought. That was odd. Maybe they had just been spending a bit too much time together. Surely, he and Harry never would've acted like that.

Dean and Seamus liked their fire whiskey and were happy to share it. Ron would've loved to have gotten pissed but he and Hermione had strict rules about drinking and sex so he only had a few drinks, enough to get him a little buzzed but not proper drunk.

"How's Ginny?" Dean asked as Seamus came over and did a peculiar thing, sitting in his lap.

Hermione stared as Ron took far too long to stammer, "Good. Good!"

The sandy haired boy, leaned back against the tall, dark boy and Ron was certain friends didn't usually do that.

"That's good," Dean said.

"Did you hear Lavender and Parvati are getting married this summer?" Seamus asked.

"That's great," Hermione said.

"Wait. *What*?" Ron shouted.

"He said Lavender and Parvati are getting married this summer," Dean said and Ron saw that Seamus had laced his fingers with Dean's.

"But... why? They're friends!" Ron said with a shock.

"Yeah. D'you have a problem with that?" Seamus asked, looking serious.

"No. I... I just didn't know that... friends did those sort of things," Ron said.

"What about you and Hermione? You lot were best mates just like me and Dean. How's that any different?" Seamus asked.

Ron turned to Hermione and smiled. He supposed Seamus was right. Hermione had been his and Harry's best friend long before she had been his girlfriend. Hermione smiled back at him and he

chuckled.

"I see what you mean. My apologies, mate," Ron said, turning back to face them.

"No worries, mate," Seamus said then leaned up and gave Dean a kiss, Ron letting out a small gasp.

"Merlin," Ron muttered as Hermione leaned around and kissed him, quickly drawing his attention away.

Her thigh pressed against his and he suddenly realised how close she had been sitting to him. He felt his cock try to stiffen as Hermione placed a hand on his thigh. He had already forgot their little game. Their lips parted but when he looked over Dean and Seamus were still snogging.

Ron yawned, pretending to be tired as he felt his bollocks start to ache.

"Tired," Ron pretended to complain.

Hermione turned to look at Ron and said, "Feeling tired? I'm not feeling that tired. Surely, you won't feel too frustrated if we have to stay a little longer?"

Ron couldn't believe Hermione was doing this to him. She didn't drop so much as a hint of her mischievous intentions on her face but Ron knew her well enough to know better.

Hermione proceeded to make Ron sit there in frustration while the four of them got into an intense conversation about the current Quidditch season. At least Hermione had the decency to remove her hand though the effect still lingered.

Ron couldn't stop thinking about his prick and the various ways he wanted to seek relief. He tried desperately to put it out of his mind but that only made him think about it more.

Finally, at midnight Hermione suggested they leave and Ron was certain that he had never been so happy. They said their goodbyes and apparated back to their flat.

Once inside Hermione kept her hold on Ron's hand and led swiftly him to their bedroom. Crookshanks made a sound of disappointment as they ignored his curious mews, shutting the door in his fluffy, orange face. Ron started to remove his clothes but Hermione gently put a hand on him and said, "Don't," and he stopped.

Hermione smiled at him admiringly then leaned up to kiss him. Warmth filled Ron's body at the feeling of his girlfriend's soft, full lips on his and desire overcame him and his cock felt tight in his trousers. Hermione's mouth pressed hard against Ron's and he became aware of a growing wet patch in his pants. He longed for so much more.

"Hermione," Ron said, pulling away from her as he gasped for air. "Are we going to remove the charm now?"

"Hmm... pull it out," Hermione said.

Ron undid his trousers then frowned.

"I can't touch it. I'll get it a shock. I can't stop thinking about... things," Ron admitted.

Hermione reached down and pulled Ron's pants down, letting his heavy, thick, flaccid organ flop out, but being careful not to touch it. She pulled out her wand and pointed at it, saying the charm. Ron felt the tightness ease up, like pressure was being released.

"There. I'm going to let you get hard. But you still can't come or touch it," Hermione said, proudly.

Hermione then leaned up and slowly kissed Ron again. Ron felt himself rapidly getting hard, his prick wedged between them. Ron had a thought that he might come all over Hermione's blouse, but realised the charm would never allow that.

Hermione pulled away then reached down and pulled his pants back up over his cock, then pulled his trousers back up too. Ron finished zipping and buttoning them himself.

"All right. You're going to have to earn your pleasure, Ron. Go stand in front of the bed," Hermione requested with a gesture behind her, towards the bed and Ron obeyed.

Ron sat on the edge of the bed, fully clothed as Hermione slowly removed her clothes. She wasn't doing anything dramatic or deliberately suggestive while she did so. She still took her time when pulling her skirt down, slowly revealing her knickers. It was very effective in adding to Ron's frustration.

He wanted Hermione to tackle him and ride him. He wanted her to dig her fingernails into his flesh as she rode him until he was raw. He wanted her to bite his neck. He wanted it to hurt a little when when he came inside her and he wanted his bollocks to ache for hours afterwards. He wanted to go to bed and wake the next morning feeling like he'd been fucked the night before.

Ron felt privately embarrassed with himself. He wasn't used to feeling this way. He felt in awe of Hermione's sexual power over him and he knew that she had him completely.

Across the room Hermione's knickers fell to the floor. Ron's eyes watched Hermione's round arse with lust as she then went over to the closet and pulled out a box where she kept sex related items. She had an affinity for buying things from Muggle sex shops.

Hermione bent over, giving him a glorious view of her arse, and pulled out a toy that was obviously intended for insertion given its resemblance to a penis. It was even flesh coloured and in fact Ron noticed that it was about the same size as his own cock, perhaps a little smaller. It was nearly a duplicate aside from the obvious absence of any foreskin on the toy. He realised its similarity probably wasn't a coincidence.

She also pulled out some lubricating potion which was definitely not from a Muggle shop but something Hermione brewed herself. She then put some of the lube on the toy and on her fingers as well.

Hermione set the box on the floor and got on the bed. She then rested her upper back against the headboard and pulled her legs up a little and spread them apart.

"I'm going to fuck myself with this toy and I want you to stand there and watch me while I do it," Hermione said with her best tone of forcefulness and suddenly Ron realized why Hermione had chosen a toy that so closely resembled his own prick.

He watched as she used two well-lubricated fingers to spread her flesh apart to massage her clit, stroking it slowly in light circular motions.

Ron's prick felt desperately hard and uncomfortable in his trousers. His bollocks ached. Watching Hermione pleasure herself made Ron want to run up and push her hand out the way and bury his face down there. Hermione obviously had no intention of allowing that. He could tell by the way she flicked her eyes to him here and there while her fingers worked away.

After a few tantalising moments she then grabbed the toy and lowered the head of it to her hole and slowly pushed it inside with one hand while her other hand continued to gently stroke her clit.

As she slowly pushed it in and out Ron couldn't help but picture himself inside of her and how great that would feel right now. He wanted to feel her tight, wet, warm and wrapped around his thick prick. Hermione would've had chided him for his crudeness but right now he didn't care.

More than anything right now, Ron wanted to touch his cock. He felt like he was stuck on the verge of climax but the pressure of the charm binding I wouldn't allow it. The only thing he would get by touching it was a shock.

Ron watched, breathless, as Hermione worked the toy harder. He never minded watching Hermione pleasure herself but seeing her do it with an object that looked so much like his own anatomy was nearly more than he could handle.

"Oh, Ron. It feels so good. I'm so wet right now," Hermione said, moaning as she worked the toy in and out of herself.

Ron watched, transfixed, as Hermione's body tensed up, her mouth opening wide as a loud moan escaped from her lips and her legs clenched as she climaxed. It was then that Ron realized he had been biting his lip this whole time, probably as a way to deal with the frustration. It wasn't enough to draw blood but it was a bit sore for a minute.

"Take your clothes off now," Hermione urged.

Ron wasted no time removing his clothes the way Hermione had earlier. He practically tore them off, fumbling all throughout the process. Finally, Ron was completely naked, his large, hard cock standing straight and red from the binding charm.

Hermione, in the meantime, hopped off the bed and went back over to her box of toys. She reached into it and pulled out the rope they had recently started using for their experimentation with sexual bondage. It had loops at the end that wrapped around Ron's wrists and held him into place comfortably... but not too comfortably.

Hermione also pulled out something that looked like a harness along with a few phallic looking toys of various colors to go along. Ron knew they had talked about going a bit farther than her just sticking a finger in his arse but he had no idea she wanted to try it tonight. He suddenly felt nervous and excited.

"Get on the bed and on your knees," Hermione commanded.

Ron obeyed, climbing onto the bed on all fours. Hermione got on the bed and tied the ropes to the bed then put them around Ron's wrists, automatically tightening and holding him in place with only slight discomfort.

"I want to fuck your arse," Hermione said, her hand smooshing the side of her natural, bushy brown hair, no doubt trying to seem casual.

"All right," Ron said, surprising himself yet again.

The truth was he really liked it when Hermione fingered her arse. She was so good at finding that spot that felt so good and helped him to come so hard it made his eyes roll back in his head.

"But first, I'm going to give you a nice spanking. I think you deserve it. You've been... naughty," Hermione said then burst into a giggle before regaining her composure.

Hermione had only spanked Ron a few times before. It was yet another thing he was shocked to find out he enjoyed. He closed his eyes in anticipation of the sting and the pleasurable warmth that followed it.

For a moment nothing happened and he wondered if maybe she had changed her mind or got herself distracted. But then he suddenly felt her hand lightly pop him. It wasn't very hard but it felt nice and his tightly bound cock twitched.

Again a moment passed in which there was nothing then suddenly a smack, this one hard enough to make a nice sound. Ron let out a groan and Hermione smacked his other cheek just as hard. Again and again she smacked him, hard but never hard enough to truly hurt him. Although, Ron admitted to himself he wasn't exactly sure what too hard was, only that this felt great.

"Good. A nice rosy hue before I fuck you," Hermione said, clearly done with Ron's spanking, then got off the bed.

Ron opened his eyes and looked over at Hermione who he saw was slicking up her fingers with more lubricating potion and he tensed up in excitement at the thought of Hermione's fingers going in his arse and finding that pleasurable spot that felt *so* good.

Soon Hermione was back on the bed. Ron closed his eyes once again and felt as Hermione gently massaged the rim of his hole with a wet fingertip. It was very sensitive and Hermione knew just how to touch it. Ron moaned softly.

Hermione pushed a single finger slowly inside of him and Ron moaned a little louder as he felt his hole being stretched open, gently. Hermione moved the finger deep inside of him until she found what she said Muggle's called the prostate. The sensation was fantastic.

After a minute, Hermione added a second finger which Ron really enjoyed. As she pushed her fingers in and out of his arse Ron again wanted to grab his cock and stroke it to go along with her motion but with the ropes holding him in place and the spell shocking him if he tried there was simply no way. There was no getting off until Hermione allowed it.

At last Hermione pulled her fingers out of him and hopped off the bed and Ron looked over and saw her attach the harness to herself. To Ron's surprise Hermione pulled out her wand and touched the harness near the crotch and said a charm that made something inside the harness start buzzing which made Hermione smile.

Ron had assumed the harness was Muggle made but supposed he was wrong. Hermione considered the toys that were clearly meant to be attached to the harness for a moment before finally picking one that was a great deal smaller than his penis. When they had discussed this before Ron had expressed concern to her about not wanting something too large going inside of him at first. He was pleased she had remembered.

Hermione attached the toy to the harness with a simple twist then put lubricating potion on it. She looked over at Ron, smiling gleefully as got on the bed.

Putting her hands on his hips, Ron felt the head of the toy resting against his hole. With both of his hands he clutched the rope that kept him in place, anticipating the new feeling he was about to experience. He couldn't help but imagining Dean and Seamus, though he felt embarrassed and never would admit it.

As Hermione pushed it inside of him he was surprised at how tight of a fit it was. But it felt good. *Really* good, actually, especially when she hit that spot. Slowly, she began to thrust in and out of him and as he groaned in pleasure. Hermione was also softly moaning and grunting, and Ron

realized the vibrating of the harness must feel *very* nice for her.

Hermione fucked Ron's arse hard and he realized how badly his bollocks were aching feeling heavy. He was dying for release.

"Do you like this, Ron? Do you like it when I fuck your arse?" Hermione asked, through deep breaths.

"Yes! Please fuck me harder," Ron said, feeling embarrassed as the words left his mouth.

In truth as much as he really wanted to come he also really enjoyed feeling her slamming inside of him. It felt so bloody good and he felt sexy in a way he didn't realise was possible.

Quickly, Hermione obliged him and began to not only thrust hard into him but grabbed his body to push him back into her. Ron decided to help her out and started to push himself back as best he could.

"Oh Merlin, Hermione! It feels so good!" Ron called out and out of nowhere Hermione smacked his arse.

"Don't forget you are being punished," she said and smacked him again, harder.

"Of course. How could I forget, what with my bollocks hurting so fucking much right now?" Ron said then laughed despite himself.

Hermione gripped Ron hard as she pounded the toy into his arse and then without any warning she froze and cried out in pleasure, pushing herself into him hard as she came for the second time making Ron deeply envious. He began to worry that his cock might actually explode if he tried to come now. Hermione pulled out of Ron and he opened his eyes and watched her remove the harness. She then came over to the bed and removed the ropes from his arms with great speed.

"Get on your back," Hermione commanded and Ron dutifully obeyed.

Hermione got back on the bed and examined Ron's prick and his bollocks. She softly stroked his swollen cock then gently cupped his bollocks, holding them in her hand.

"They really are swollen. They feel so heavy," she said. "I bet you'd *love* to come."

"Yes," Ron said, his voice quavering.

This must be it, Ron thought. Relief at last!

"Not yet," she said and Ron gasped.

"I don't feel like I've gotten everything I want. I really want to fuck your mouth."

Hermione then moved up his body and found his mouth which she leaned in to kiss but as he pushed his face to hers she pulled away.

"That's really not where I want your mouth. You should know better," she said and then winked.

Hermione picked up his hand and said, "Here. I want you to feel how wet I am."

She moved his hand between her legs, letting his long fingers slide around her slit. She wasn't exaggerating. She was soaked and it only made him want to come that much more. He lifted his fingers to mouth and slowly sucked his juices off, keeping his eyes focused on hers as she watched with pleasure on her face.

Hermione licked her lips and her body up, positioning her pelvis above his face. Ron could feel her heat as he inhaled her sexual musk that made him want to taste her so bad. She then pushed her warm and wet flesh onto his mouth and began to rock back and forth as Ron instinctively began to lick at her clit. Hermione put her hands on the headboard and arched her back as she rode Ron's face.

"Mmmm! Ron, you've gotten so good at this. I'm really proud of you," Hermione said, her voice becoming high and strained.

Ron licked at her with a ferocity that he hoped showed her how badly he was ready to come. Surely, if he made her come hard enough she would give him the release he so desperately desired. Fortunately, it didn't take long for Hermione to come again, her legs reflexively closing and for a moment she pressed down on him so hard he couldn't breathe.

Hermione removed herself from his face then crouched back down and kissed him hard before finally getting off the bed and grabbing her wand. Ron held his breath in anticipation and was almost shocked when Hermione recited the charm without hesitation. She then put her mouth right on the wide, swollen head of his prick, wrapping her lips around the ridge and slowly sucked. Ron gasped and he felt like he was going to immediately come in her mouth.

Hermione then slowly licked up his shaft then wrapped her lips around it and pushed down before pulling up again, keeping a hand stroking the base and making sure her lips rolled across the ridge of his head every time. She occasionally stopped sucking to flick her tongue against the tip to lap up any come.

Hermione then kissed the head of his cock then moved up his body and positioned her dripping, wet entrance over his prick and slid him gently inside of her. Ron couldn't believe how slick she felt and didn't understand how he was finding the strength not to come. He wasn't ready to come. He wanted to enjoy this. He wanted so fucking bad to be inside of her.

Hermione wasted no time slamming up and down on his cock while she put her hands on his chest and dug her fingers in hard. She had never rode his cock this hard before and had an intensity in her eyes he had rarely seen before. She was serious.

Ron put his hands on Hermione's hips and began to thrust into her nearly as hard as she was slamming him into her. Then suddenly without even thinking he rolled her over and put her underneath him, never pulling his cock out of her.

Hermione then wrapped her legs around his back and pulled him into her and Ron laid on top of her began pounding his prick into her hard. Hermione clawed down his back as he fucked her with desperation, his aching bollocks urging him to come as they slapped against her arse.

"Fuck! That feels so good, Ron," Hermione called out in ecstasy.

Ron realized he had never fucked her this hard before but he had never felt like this before. It wasn't enough to just get off. He wanted them both to remember this night. He wanted their bodies to ache in remembrance for days to come.

Ron looked intently at Hermione's face and saw that her eyes were closed and her mouth was open as she was let out repeated gasps and moans that only made him want to fuck her harder.

Hermione then opened her eyes and slid a hand between them so she could finger her clit, apparently still not fully satisfied. Ron watched in awe as Hermione's fingers deftly glided over her clit.

Ron was thrusting as fast as he could when unexpectedly Hermione bit down on his shoulder as she shuddered in orgasm again, whimpering and calling out, "Ron!"

This was far more than Ron could handle and he yelled as he came, the spurts of his come feeling good and painful at the same time, leaving his bollocks aching much harder than he expected.

"Ughhh. Fuckkk," Ron groaned as his cock spasmed hard and pleasure overwhelmed him, feeling tears coming from his eyes from the sheer ecstasy and emotion of the moment.

Ron was frozen as his cock continued to spasm again and again, emptying everything he had into her. As arousal slipped away he collapsed onto Hermione. He now fully felt the effects their sex had caused. Hermione had scratched him a lot more than he had noticed initially and his cock felt chaffed. He bet she was feeling pretty raw down there too. But he was happy and satisfied and her smiles and soft kisses showed that she was too.

Ron had never felt so sexually fulfilled before. And as he looked at Hermione he remembered how much he loved her and he kissed her sweetly.

"I love you, Hermione."

"I love you too, Ron."

Ron then got off of her and laid next to her, his hands stroking her hair.

"We should... do this more often," Ron said.

"Hmm... I think I agree," she said, and laid her head on his freckled chest.

End Notes

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