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### Summary

Hermione tests her Christmas gift on Ron.

### Notes

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“Thanks again for coming,” Ron said, walking Harry and Neville to the door. “We ought to get together like this again more often.”

“Absolutely,” Harry agreed with a nod. Beside him Neville murmured his own assent.

After one more round of hand-shaking and backslapping, Harry and Neville headed out into the snowy night. Ron watched from the door until he heard their cracks of Disapparition before closing the door against the gusts of cold, snow-laden air. Hermione would have a fit if he got the hardwood floor wet.

Hermione was still in the living room when he walked in, kneeling by the fireplace and prodding at the merrily burning logs, sending up showers of sparks that momentarily glowed as brightly as the multi-coloured fairy lights adorning the nearby Christmas tree.

“They’ve gone, then?” she asked, still poking at the logs and watching the sparks ascend.

Ron knelt beside her, one arm going around her waist. "All gone," he replied, leaning in to brush his lips against her cheek. She smelled pleasantly of wood-smoke from the fire and cinnamon from the mulled cider they had drunk earlier. "Happy Christmas Eve, Hermione."

"Happy Christmas Eve," she said, finally turning her attention from the fire. Her brown eyes shone with a mischievous glint. "Can we open a present now? You promised."

"So I did." Ron smiled when Hermione clapped her hands together in delight. Together they stood and crossed to the glittering tree and the small mound of presents beneath. Ron chose the largest package, shaking it experimentally against his ear, grinning unrepentantly at Hermione's reproving glare.

"Honestly, Ron," she said, selecting the smallest gift beneath the tree. Weighing it in her hand, she looked up and said, "Open yours first."

He did, tearing at the colourful paper and opening the box. Inside laid an official Chudley Cannons sweatshirt. Ron held it up with a grin. "I'll have to wear this at their next match."

"Assuming it fits," Hermione said practically, still weighing her own small gift in one hand.

"Well, go on, open it," Ron urged her.

"Is it jewellery?" Hermione asked, one eyebrow lifting in question when he blushed.

"Sort of."

"Sort of, but not really." Hermione picked at the Spellotape holding the gilt paper together, opening the small package slowly. Unlike Ron, she never tore the wrapping paper more than was absolutely necessary.

Once the package was open, she looked at the contents with a puzzled frown before looking up at an expectant Ron. "Are...are these...*nipple clamps*?"

"They vibrate," Ron answered, nodding, still blushing. "I thought they...I thought it might be... bloody hell, Hermione, do you like them or not?"

Hermione bounced the clamps in her palm, considering. "I don't know," she said slowly, before looking at Ron with smouldering eyes. "I suppose I'll have to...test them out, first. That was what you had in mind, wasn't it, Ron?"

"Well, um, er, yeah..." Ron leaned back slightly as Hermione crept towards him, the light in her eyes nearly feral. He had wanted to test them out, but from Hermione's expression, it looked as though he was about to become the test subject, rather than Hermione herself, as he'd originally planned.

The fingers of Hermione's hand brushed against Ron's shirt. "I had no idea you had such... proclivities," she said in his ear, slowly beginning to unbutton the Oxford he wore. "You surprise me sometimes, Ron. Just when I think..." she dipped her head, licking along his throat, "...that I know all there is to know about you..." she nipped at a cord in his neck, "...I learn something new."

"It's not what you think," Ron gasped as Hermione finished unbuttoning his shirt and pushed it from his shoulders, tangling his arms in the fabric when she leaned into him, bringing them both down to the floor, Ron on his back with Hermione hovering above him. She looked down at the broad expanse of bared chest and gave him a predatory smile. "I was thinking..."

“Second thoughts, Weasley?” Hermione laughed low in her throat. “I don’t think so.”

Ron closed his eyes, giving in to her lead, as he always did. Following, always following. He felt Hermione licking and kissing a slow, torturous path from throat to collarbone, from collarbone to chest, from chest to one nipple. He swallowed as she teased it into a hard, tight nub with her teeth before replacing teeth with her fingers, tweaking at it mercilessly until he moaned beneath her.

“Hold still,” she whispered. “I’m going to test this one first.”

He tried to remain still, truly he did; but as the metal prongs closed and tightened around the sensitive nubbin of flesh he shuddered, biting his lip to keep from crying out, his fingers curling against the floor until the initial pain ebbed into a deep, throbbing ache that radiated directly into his groin.

“Now the other one,” Hermione said, repeating the procedure. “Oh, those do look nice on you, Ron.”

Ron wasn’t so certain. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, listening when Harry had privately told him how much he had enjoyed it when Neville surprised him with their own set of vibrating clamps. Harry had enjoyed the change of pace, the novelty of letting Neville take charge.

Hermione obviously wasn’t Harry. Just as Ron apparently couldn’t be as occasionally assertive as Neville. She led the way, as she had always done for as long as they had known each other, for as long as he could remember.

He whimpered as Hermione unsheathed her wand, his breath catching in his throat when she raised her head. “What’s the charm, Ron? The package didn’t say.”

Licking his lips, Ron finally stammered, “*V-v-vibro.*”

Hermione spoke the single word, and Ron arched upward, scrabbling at the floor as the charm took effect and the throbbing in his pinched nipples seemed to magnify tenfold. The sensation rocketed through him, feeding his erection, which strained against his jeans with nearly painful intensity. He tried to reach for Hermione, but his arms were still imprisoned within his shirt.

He nearly sobbed when Hermione’s hand went to his jeans, deftly undoing the fly and lowering the zipper. “Lift up,” she said softly, and he could do nothing but obey as she tugged the denim down around his ankles. Her hand trailed up his legs, slowly, teasingly, until she reached the apex of his thighs and cupped his balls possessively.

“Mine,” she said, and even through the maelstrom of sensation coursing through him Ron could hear the satisfaction there.

“Yours,” he agreed as she bent her head and took him into her mouth, making him arch again into her.

It was incredible, absolutely incredible. The combination of the thrumming vibration in his chest and Hermione’s lips and tongue around his aching cock left him speechless. He could only toss his head, helpless to stop the cries she wrung from his throat. He couldn’t think, could only feel...

And then her mouth was gone, leaving him nearly maddened with need; but it was only so Hermione could straddle him, lowering herself onto him, taking him deep within her and sending even more shocks of pleasure through him. His hips thrust upward, but Hermione determinedly set the pace for their lovemaking, rocking slowly over him, clenching rhythmically around his length, milking his cock with carefully measured strokes as she raised and lowered herself above him, drawing him closer and closer to the edge. The closer he got, the faster she moved over him. Her

head was thrown back as she rode him, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, and he wasn't the only one moaning now.

She led him to the edge, and he followed. Always, he followed.

His nipples throbbed and burned, his cock throbbed and burned with the need for release, the feel of Hermione as she throbbed and burned around him, hot and wet and losing control as his balls tightened with nearly unbearable pressure.

Hermione leaned over, ripping the clamps free, clenching around his cock as she did; and Ron came, screaming her name as his hips jerked upwards uncontrollably, pleasure from his climax warring with the darker pleasure of the feel of blood flow returning to his nipples. He barely heard Hermione's breathier cries as her own release took hold of her.

Eventually, Hermione slumped against his chest, her fingers toying with one nipple, laughing softly when Ron hissed through his teeth. "A bit sensitive still?"

"Just a bit." He fell silent for a moment, waiting as their breathing slowed and evened out, enjoying the feel of Hermione's hair tickling his chest. "You know, I was planning on using those clamps on you."

"Why didn't you say so?" Hermione lifted her head.

"I tried to! I did. I was...distracted."

Hermione studied his face for a long moment, before rolling off of him so that she lay on her back. Finally, Ron sat up, removing his shirt in the process, leaving his arms free. He hesitated when Hermione took his hand and dropped the nipple clamps into his palm.

"Honestly, Ron," she said. "All you ever had to do was ask."

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