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From A Whisper To A Scream

by [snarkysweetness](#)

Summary

In a quest to expand their sexual horizons, Ron does his best to tempt Hermione into something new, but will she be the one who enjoys it more than he does?

“It’s beautiful out here, Ronald,” Hermione whispered, her fingers stroking the blades of a still damp rose. It was an ideal morning in Hyde Park, one of her favorite places to take a stroll. It was May, which meant sun and warm weather. She enjoyed London, but the winters were far too depressing for her liking. She preferred summer. It was bright, cheerful, and beautiful.

Normally it was a right pain in the arse to get Ron out like this, to just enjoy nature for no other reason than because she wanted to. He was an impatient person and spending ours just looking at nature was not his forte.

But today was different than the norm, because today they were avoiding other parts of London, parts with celebrations, toasts to Harry Potter, and reminisces about the war. Hermione Granger had lived enough war for two lifetimes and she absolutely no interest in spending any amount of time discussing that dark period of her life, especially not on her three-year anniversary with Ron. There would be no time spent in a pub consuming even more of her life on that war. All she wanted today was to be with Ron and to be moving on with her life, not backwards.

So they were spending the day walking through the park, where no surprise visitors would interrupt them and where they wouldn’t run into half-drunken Wizards rejoicing in Harry’s name.

Ron glanced over at her with a smile. True, he would much rather be home or doing something more adventurous, but the smile that she wore on her face made him wish that he took her out like this more often. A walk through the park was boring to him, but there was nothing more beautiful

than Hermione's smile and the one she wore now was his favorite. It was the one she got when she was truly enjoying herself, when she was enchanted. The fact that a rose could enchant her delighted him. The simplest things in life made her truly happy, which was why he loved her, why he put up with their fights, and why she was worth every single moment of their life together.

Well, that and the mind-boggling sex.

It was quite possibly the filthiest sex that any two people in the world who were actually in love could have. Ron had been surprised at first, to find out what an animal she could be. Sure, it took coaxing at times; work to get the beast to awaken, but that game was all worthwhile, because in the end, they both won.

Ron's favorite game was thinking of new ways to spicen up their sex life. Random and ridiculous scenarios and acts that he knew she would fight him on, sometimes for weeks, until he finally wore her down and they ended up having the time of their lives.

This week's game involved him trying to take her outside, somewhere in public. The idea of getting caught thrilled him, but the idea terrified Hermione. She was generally reserved with people, aside from the ones who knew her well enough, and she couldn't let down her guard to allow that one.

And by 'week', it was more like a month. Okay, two months. It had never taken Ron so long to get her to try something, but she was sticking firm on this one. She was not about to let anyone else but him see her in the throes or starkers for that matter. Hermione couldn't understand his desire to do such a thing, but Ron was determined.

It would be hot for the world to see how glorious she was mid-fuck, to see that primal look on her face, to hear the sweet noises that came out of her mouth, and sometimes, the filth. Ron wanted everyone to hear her call his name, over and over, as if she was paying tribute to him, her voice raw with the effort, so that no one would question that she belonged to him and him alone.

Like other parts of him, Ron's ego could never be stroked enough. The show itself would do wonders for his self-esteem. He always had to be the best and he knew when it came to fucking, no one could compare, and she would be his proof.

Ron moved behind her, standing just close enough so that she would feel his presence, but not close enough to touch her.

"So, when am I getting my anniversary present?"

Hermione looked up from smelling a rose, knocking into him as she did so. She gave him a dirty look, standing her ground. "Ronald, I gave you a new wand holster. Don't be an ungrateful brat."

He smiled. She was so...something. Snarky, maybe. Spitfire, definitely. "Yeah, but that's not a real present, Hermione." He added a small whine to the end, to get her going.

"Of course it is, Ronald! Every Auror needs one! And I had it handmade, just for you, and engraved, I put a lot of thought into that present." Her cheeks were red, she was angry.

He leaned down, so that his face was close to her. "I love it, but Hermione, I don't want a present that I need or that is thoughtful, I want something better. Something like this," he took one step closer to her, their bodies now flush against one another, his hand roamed down, over her bum before giving it a tight squeeze. "Remember this morning, when I went down on you and you came? That was a *real* present."

Hermione's cheeks flushed. "If that's your way of asking for a blowjob, you're not going to get

one by being a jackass about it.”

Ron almost laughed. She was trying to fight the fact that she wanted him by trying to pick a fight and by cursing. It was delicious to hear curses come out of that mouth. It was very rarely filled with filth, unless it was his cock, and it turned him on to hear her talk like that.

“I wasn’t asking for a blowjob, but if you’re going to offer, I won’t say ‘no’.” He leaned down in an attempt to kiss her, but she cut him off with a sigh, pulling away from him. She walked off the trail and into the trees. Ron followed.

“There are children in this park, I won’t have them listening to your filth, Ronald.”

Was she trying to seduce him now? Leading him away from the crowds would only make him more persistent in this game; it gave her less reasons to refuse. “Well, here,” he took her hand and led her further away from the trails and into the trees, until they could no longer hear children playing or dogs barking.

Pressing her back against a tree, he kissed her, and smirked when he didn’t feel any resistance on her end. “Now we’re alone.”

“I know what you’re trying to do and the answer is still ‘no’.” She crossed her arms, as if they somehow put up a wall between them.

Ron wasn’t going to give up this time. Today was the day he crossed this act off of his list. “But no one will catch us out here. It’s like we’re at home, but more exciting.”

“I don’t give a flying fuck; I’m not having sex in the middle of a public park. It’s disgusting and degrading and should be reserved for dogs and whores.” There was a sharp edge to her voice that almost made Ron groan. Hearing Hermione say ‘fuck’ was bad enough, but did she have to use the Professor punishing a student voice?

He wondered if he could get her to play that game again soon, but only for a moment, he had a more pressing task at hand.

“Why, are you afraid you’ll be too loud?” He gave her a smirk; Hermione was always loud, it was her thing. Silencing charms couldn’t keep their neighbors from hearing her at times. She was like a banshee, but sexy.

She flushed, embarrassed. Even when she tried to be quiet, it never worked. She was screamer in arguments and in the bedroom. It was in her nature. “No. But I’m not...” Ron almost saw a flicker of something, but it went away. “No,” she told him, her voice not as firm and confident as before. Perhaps if he tried some more ‘coaxing’.

He pressed into her some more, making sure that his now noticeable bulge pressed against her sex. It didn’t take much to arouse Ron; just picturing Hermione naked usually did the trick. And all it took to get Hermione was the feel of his long, thick, hard cock against her.

They were extremely easy sexual beings. It would be sad if it didn’t feel so damn good.

“Are you sure?” He ran a hand through her hair, tamed today, his lower body pressing even harder against her. His finger found its way to her side, right against her breasts, but not quite. “We could do it right here, against this tree, and no one will ever know. It’ll be our little secret.” His voice was husky. He wanted her, badly, and if she said ‘no’ he would cry. Literally cry. Blue balls were not pleasant.

Hermione bit her lip, thinking. “Ron, I don’t-oh.”

She arched her body against his as his lips found her earlobe. He ground against her once, eliciting a small moan from her lips. One hand slid under her shirt, caressing the skin of her back.

“Come on Hermione, I’ll be quick,” he pleaded. He didn’t like to beg and if he got his way, he’d have her begging him to fuck her against this tree before he was done. Hermione dominated every other aspect of their life, the least he could get was her submitting to him ‘in the bedroom’, so to speak.

He raised her arms above her head, kissing her neck now. He could feel her shivering below him. How they’d gone from talking to this he couldn’t remember but he liked it.

What were they-oh yes, the game.

Ron cleared his head, remembering control and bit down, sucking. He was going to leave a few marks on her, branding her as his.

“What if someone-“

“They won’t.”

“But-oh-but they could. Ron!” While she’d been distracted with speaking, Ron had conjured up two ropes; one to bind her wrists and another to keep them in place, tied to the tree, so his hands could be free to roam, beginning with her breasts.

Hermione took a long moment, biting her lip. Ron knew she could still refuse, so he brought his mouth down, biting her nipple over her shirt, his breath and saliva leaving the area wet and warm. Her knee jerked for a moment and he knew that he had her.

“Fine, I guess we could...”

Ron pulled away with a smirk, his mouth finding her jaw.

“I don’t know Hermione, perhaps you’re right. We could get caught.”

She groaned. “Ron, don’t start with your bullshite right now.”

“Why not? A moment ago you were against this; do you want me that badly?”

She refused to answer him, so he grabbed her by the back of the head, twisting a large chunk of her hair in his hands. Pulling hard so that she was forced to look up at him, he brought his face close to hers.

“Say that you want me.”

Hermione glared at him. “No.”

He pulled her hair again and she fought back a moan. Despite her demeanor, Hermione liked things rough and kinky and Ron could pull her hair all day, she had enough of it, after all.

“Why not? You sure don’t mind telling me when you’re cunt’s wet and dripping, maybe that’s the problem, you’re just not ready for me.”

He slid his hand between their bodies, quickly unbuttoning her jeans, wishing that she’d worn a skirt. Pushing them as far down as he could with one hand, he heard her hiss as the air hit her skin. He wasted no time in grabbing her, smirking as he felt that she was indeed damp, but not wet enough for his liking. He’d have to change that and tease her all at the same time.

She would beg, whether she liked it or not.

Ron slipped his finger between her fold, gathering as much of her juices onto his finger as he could before bringing it up to his mouth. He inhaled with a small sigh. "I wonder if it tastes as delicious as it smells." Instead of tasting it for himself, Ron brought his finger to her mouth. When she refused to lick, Ron simply spread her juices over her lips before leaning down and capturing them with his mouth.

His tongue slid inside her mouth, exploring, her tongue returning his caresses, their mouths mixing her sweet taste so that they were both experiencing it. His hand moved down and cupped her once more, his thumb stroking her small patch of nerves while his cock grew harder and more uncomfortable.

With his free hand, Ron lifted Hermione's shirt, exposing her lacy black bra. Pushing down just one cup, freeing her tit, his fingers twisted her nipple. Hermione's body jerked and his hand began kneading her, making sure that every inch got attention.

Pressing his thumb down on her clit, he stroked her opening with his forefinger causing her body to shiver.

Breaking their kiss, Ron looked down at her, her eyelids half closed, and her lips bruised.

"What do you want, Hermione?"

"Kiss me again and more of that."

"This?" Ron pressed down on her clit, his finger still teasing at her opening.

She nodded.

"Is that all you want?"

She shook her head.

"What else do you want me to do to you Hermione?"

Hermione shook her head again, she didn't want to beg. Too bad for her he had yet to reveal his secret weapon.

Hand leaving her cunt and a small whine escaping her lips, Ron freed himself from the confines of his blue jeans. He nearly sighed in relief. It was hard being well...hard, sometimes. Okay, all of the time. He was a Weasley, after all.

Pressing himself against her thigh, he gave her nipple another pinch. "So, you're saying that you don't want this?"

"No."

"So you do want it?"

"Maybe." His voice was barely above a whisper.

He grabbed her waist and pulled her closer, his cock pressing against her sopping wet cunt, lengthwise. He wanted her to feel as much of his hardness as she could, knowing it wouldn't be entering her unless she asked.

“Come on Ron, just do it already. Enough with the games.” She almost sounded pleading, but *almost* wasn’t enough.

He pushed up against her, whispering an incantation to tighten her bindings.

“Tell me how much you want my thick cock to fuck that tight, wet pussy of yours, Hermione.”

“Ron, I don’t-fuck.”

His mouth was on her nipple now, his teeth grazing her skin as his tongue swirled in circles.

He rubbed his cock against her, building up friction. “You’re halfway there,” he whispered. “Just say it and it could be inside of you.” He bit down on her nipple, hard enough that there would be a welt in the morning.

“Oh God, Ron! Please! I need you.”

Still not enough.

“Tell me what you need, Hermione.”

He positioned himself at her entrance, the tip poking and teasing, his thumb re-finding her clit.

Hermione’s eyes shut, her teeth digging into her lower lip, before she let them go in defeat. “Please use your long, hard cock to fuck my tight, wet pussy until I come.” Her voice was flat, but the need was there, and she’d even added a few extra things.

Ron could make her beg more, but he really wanted to fuck her, so he’d save being an asshole for another day.

Taking hold of her waist with both hands, Ron pushed her up against the tree and entered her with more force than was necessary.

“Ron, finally, fuck you feel so good. I’ve missed you.” The relief showed in her voice, almost like she’d die without his cock. The beast may not have shown its face, but it was in there and it was hungry for him.

Ron thrust in and out of her with no set rhythm. His hand found her breast again and his mouth attacked her neck. Between the way he was abusing her with the tree and his mouth, she’d be covered in bruises, her thighs too, with the way he was pounding away at her.

But this was how she liked it. Hermione enjoyed all kinds of sex, but the kind that kept her horny even days afterward was the kind that left her covered in proof of their acts.

Hermione’s lips sought his out and he kissed her, growling when she bit down on his tongue and then his lips. Even whilst kissing, her moans were audible. As much as Ron wanted to get caught, some self preserving part of him made a note to keep his mouth over hers to keep the noise level as low as possible, but Hermione made that difficult when she broke their kiss and threw her head back, calling out his name so loudly Ron was sure that his mother was somehow hearing this all the way at The Burrow.

“Hermione, maybe you should-“

“Shut up and fuck me harder Ron, I want to feel every inch of you.” She clenched around him, her hips thrusting as best as they could, her arms pulling on her restraints, using the force to steady her body even more. She was going to give herself marks at the rate she was going, but Ron only

cared about giving her what she wanted and if she wanted every part of him, he'd do his best to give it to her.

Pulling one of her legs over his shoulder, Ron pounded into her with more force, having more room to do so.

Hermione had once complained that no matter how many times, how long, or how hard they fucked, she never felt close enough to him. Ron didn't think they would ever feel close enough, but he kept trying to fill that void.

Nature failed for making it impossible for a love as deep as theirs to be fully expressed physically. It would take some heavy magic to make that possible.

"Oh Ron, I'm, I'm going to—" But she didn't get to finish because she came, screaming his name from the top of her lungs.

Ron kept going, not yet there. He sped up, the sound of his skin hitting hers echoing from the surrounding trees. Hermione came again, louder this time, and Ron sped up again, almost losing his footing from the force of it. He was close and determined to make sure Hermione came with him.

Three orgasms was nowhere near his record, but it was enough.

"Yes Ron, right there." Her voice was at a shriek and Ron couldn't hold back anymore. His body gave a violent shudder and spilled into her, hoping that she'd taken her potion this morning. He wasn't sure he wanted this to be how they conceived their first child. Ron was a horny bugger, but even he had romantic ideals.

Coming to a stop, Ron took a few short breaths before wrapping both of her legs around his waist comfortably. Leaning in to kiss her, Ron's body relaxed and he released her hands.

Hermione ran her fingers through his hair and down his back, smiling.

Ron kissed her again, holding in a close embrace. "Good Lord, woman, I love you. And to think you were so insistent on not doing this."

Hermione smiled and shrugged. "Well, clearly I was wrong."

Hermione didn't often admit to being wrong, but when she did it was both cute and endearing. Ron gave Hermione a lazy grin, kissing her lips, nose, and then forehead. Now all he wanted was to take her home, bathe with her, and then make love to her in the proper way. Ron's stamina knew no bounds.

But his plans could have to be put on hold, behind him, a few leaves crinkled. The two froze, Ron still hard and inside of her, her tit hanging out, and his arse out for the world to see.

An old man stepped out of the bushes, a grin on his face. "I suggest using a silencing charm if you don't want the entire city to know what you're up to. Lovely shoes, by the way." He tipped his hat in their direction and walked away, a goat trailing behind him.

Hermione's cheeks flushed; the look on her face a mortified one. The sex beast was gone, replaced by the guarded Hermione. "Ron, was that...I...I could have sworn that was Professor Dumbledore." She looked sick, but Ron was anything but.

Ron bit his lip, a chuckle threatening to escape. "I believe that was his brother...I really hope he wasn't watching the *whole* time."

Hermione's face fell and she buried her face in his chest. "We are *NEVER* doing this again."

"Uh huh..." Ron wasn't buying it though, in fact, he had a few ideas for places he'd like to start trying for tomorrow. Their relationship had no risk of becoming boring at the rate his mind was moving. And Hermione would forget about this the moment he was ins-well, the moment he fucked her again, seeing as he was still technically inside of her.

Pulling out of her, he set her on the ground and used his wand to clean himself and her up, along with fixing their clothing. He wondered what her screams would sound like paired with the acoustics of an outdoor theatre. "Hey Hermione, ever been to the Globe Theatre?"

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