

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley
Character:	Hermione Granger , Ron Weasley
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit Language , Dom/sub , Erotica , Heterosexual Sex , The Quidditch Pitch: Erotic Couplings , Light Bondage , Dirty Talk , Sexual Roleplay
Collections:	The Quidditch Pitch
Stats:	Published: 2005-10-22 Words: 3023

Giving Up Control

by [Hildigunnur](#)

Summary

Hermione's fantasy about being controlled, is fulfilled by someone she never thought would do

Notes

This story was originally archived at [The Quidditch Pitch](#), which went offline in 2015.

Written for mermaidqueen, who requested: *Ron and Hermione reminisce about Hogwarts, post-war. Hermione admits she had a fantasy for (whatever professor). Ron gets jealous, and feels the need to compete with her fantasies. RP teacher/student sex soon follows, Upskirt!Hermione and Dom!Ron.* First posted to the erotic_elves community on LJ

Thanks to soupytwist and alili for the beta. Any remaining errors are all mine.

Throwing out old and useless things was an activity Ron and Hermione generally shied from, mostly because throwing out things made them fight almost more than anything else. Last time they had gone through Ron's wardrobe, Hermione had ended up pointing her wand at Ron's throat, swearing that if he wouldn't throw out those washed-out track-suit bottoms, she would hex him into next week.

After literally years of ignoring the several boxes of old school things stashed in the attic, Hermione realised that unless they went through the boxes, they'd either have to move or buy extra storage space. Ron was somewhat reluctant but when she threatened to throw out all his old Quidditch gear, his sentimentality kicked in and he agreed to help.

With their wands safely tucked away, they started shifting through the boxes. It was amazing how much they had accumulated during their years at Hogwarts. There was a whole box full of very odd things and it wasn't until she examined something that appeared to be a very furry snuffbox that she realised that these were Ron's blotched attempts at Transfiguration. Ron, on the other hand, had found a box containing folders upon folders of her old notes. He shifted through them, commenting mostly on her overachieving nature; when he found three folders full of notes for fifth year History of Magic, he asked if she honestly didn't know a better way to kill herself than bore herself to death. She merely tutted in response, intent on keeping going through the many boxes left unexamined.

Her plan was unfortunately thwarted when Ron managed to unearth her notes from second year Defence against the Dark Arts. She knew that if he was allowed to look through them, there would be such endless teasing that she would end up hexing him for real. Really, it was for his own good that he didn't see the notes.

"Oh, Ron. Just throw those away. You don't have look through them."

"I don't? What, are there love letters to Lockhart in them or what?"

Hermione walked over to him, put out her hand and said:

"Just give them to me."

Apparently Ron took this as a confession that the folder was full of love letters and instead of handing it to Hermione, he began to open it. Losing her patience, she grabbed her wand and Summoned the folder.

Ron look affronted, not saying anything.

"Ron, what did you think was there? Surely you aren't jealous over this. It was in our second year, I was thirteen. Honestly." Hermione had thrown the folder aside and stood in front of Ron with her hands on her hips. Ron looked up at her and she could see something burning in his eyes. Clearly he wasn't going to let it go.

"I think it would have made more sense if you'd had a crush on any other professor, even the female ones."

Smirking, Hermione felt something mischievous bubble inside. If he wasn't letting go, then she was going to push him further, for it might result in interesting things.

"How do you know I didn't have a crush on some other professor? I might just have been more discreet about it."

He looked up at her and it was obvious that he was mentally going through all the professors he knew she had had.

"I'll give you a couple of hints. It's a man and both of us attended his lessons."

Clearly Ron knew her well enough to know that she wouldn't torture him like this if her object of affection had been Lupin, who was probably the one professor they'd had Ron could stomach for her to fantasize about. With utter repulsion in his face, he looked up and said:

"Just tell me so I can go and scrub my brain out as soon as possible. Or have you Oblivate me."

"But what if I told you that I still fantasize about him?"

A tell-tale redness appeared on Ron's ears and cheeks. It was becoming difficult for Hermione to keep a straight face.

"Come off it, Ron. I know you fantasize about Fleur and whatever witch spreading herself in this month's Playwizard."

Like a coil, he jumped to his feet with his eyes aflame. She had hit the right button.

"Tell me who it is," he almost hissed while grabbing her wrist.

Looking up at him, she pursed her lips and said in a low voice.

"OK. You wanted to know. I'm talking about Snape."

It took a bit of effort for her to hide her glee when she saw that she had just confirmed Ron's fears.

He let go of her, his eyes round with horror.

"You can't possibly be attracted to him."

"Oh, honestly. Looks aren't all. It's how he used to treat me. I think you can figure it out." She tried to sound as annoyed as possible but she was starting to be a bit embarrassed. Now was not the time to lose her nerve.

His eyes were boring into her, making her desperately wish that she knew what he was thinking.

When he finally spoke, his voice was thick.

"You want to be degraded?"

Biting her lip, she nodded. Feeling unsure, she could see why he was surprised since he usually treated her like the queen of the universe when they made love.

All of a sudden he closed the space between them and pushed her chin up. There was something assertive in his manner, something she had never witnessed in him before.

"You don't think I can fulfil you like ... him?"

For a moment, she debated with herself if she should tell the truth about their sex-life being very satisfying or if she should succumb to the fantasy.

"You can try."

Pulling out one of the cardboard boxes, he rummaged in it and took something out of it, handing it to her. There was a strange, almost feral look on his face.

"Put on your old school uniform."

He almost threw the box at her and then disappeared down the attic stairs.

She stood there with the box in her arms, realising something that shocked her. This was already making her aroused.

Rummaging in the box, she found every piece of her school uniform intact and neatly folded. She didn't bother with the jumpers and the robes, leaving them in the box but folded out one of her blouses, a skirt, a pair of knee socks and a tie. As an almost whole decade has passed since she'd last worn those clothes, it was a bit of strain to button her blouse and she had to suck in her stomach as the waistband on her skirt was a bit tight.

As she was pulling up her knee socks and contemplating whether she should forgo her knickers, Ron called out for her.

"Miss Granger, your presence is required down here in the study." His voice sounded calm and even, very unlike him.

Almost timidly she made her way down the stair. She had expected Ron to wait for her at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for a glimpse under her skirt but he wasn't there. So he's really in the study, she thought and a little shiver ran down her spine.

"Taking our time, are we, Miss Granger?"

Hearing him before seeing him, she started biting her lips as if she was nervous. If the truth was to be told, as much as she liked the idea of being dominated, it also scared her greatly.

He was waiting for her in the study; the desk had been cleared as the stack of papers in one of the corners was a witness to. Standing unusually straight, he was clad in robes of charcoal grey which she had never seen before and were probably a part of one of his ceremonial Auror outfits. Nothing of that really mattered as the robes were serving one purpose and serving it pretty well. They underlined the vibes of authority she felt radiating off Ron, something she wasn't used to.

"Finally, Miss Granger. You appear to think that special rules apply to you. Think again, Miss."

Standing still, she almost started panicking. It hadn't occurred to her that he was going to take it to this level. Her hesitation didn't knock him out of his stride though.

"I also see, Miss Granger, that you don't feel that you need to adhere to the dress code. No robes, no jumper. It's surprising that you remembered the rest of your uniform. Maybe this is yet another trick of yours to get noticed. I'm actually mildly puzzled why you just didn't do away with your blouse. It's straining over your chest as it is."

He stepped closer to her, holding his hands behind his back in a very un-Ron-ish manner.

"Perhaps you should remove the offending article."

Feeling her knees growing weaker and weaker as he seemed to know precisely how to play out the fantasy, she tried her uttermost to compose herself enough to button down her blouse without her hands shaking too much.

She had forgone her bra and there was a certain glitter in his eyes as he realised this.

"Nothing underneath, Miss Granger?" Raising an eyebrow he chuckled and then walked behind her. Feeling his breath on her neck, she willed herself to stand still but her efforts came to nothing when he brought his hands up to her breasts and twisted her nipples hard, making her nerve endings sing with a mix of pain and pleasure. Leaning back on him, she stopped just short of grounding into him.

"Well, well, Miss Granger. Is there something you want? My mouth on your tits?"

She moaned and let him turn her around, push her back until the back of her thighs hit the desk.

With a forceful grip, he lifted her onto the desk and his mouth latched almost immediately on her, his teeth grazing her nipples, the areolas and the soft, pale flesh of her breasts. There would be marks but it didn't matter to her. What mattered was his possessive mouth and the sensations it awoke in her.

"You are enjoying this, aren't you?"

He straightened up in front of her and she whimpered as he moved his hands down to the inside of her thighs, his nails scrapping the sensitive skin. His fingers quickly found their way under the elastic band of her knickers. As he pulled them back, the elastic band snapped back hard.

"This wet already, Miss Granger? You are quite the little slut, aren't you?"

Not giving her time to retort, he pulled her down from the desk, making her land on her knees in front of him.

"I bet that an overachieving little slut like you can suck cock."

With one hand he opened his robes just so that he could slip his cock out. To her surprise, it was only half-hard. Normally she only had to look at him in a certain way for him to get a raging erection. Holding herself steady against his hips, she took him in her mouth, slowly sliding him in, teasing the foreskin with her tongue.

"I don't think you'll be needing to use your hands." He pulled out his wand and she felt how her hands were pushed off his hips and behind her back where a cord bound them together. She almost toppled backwards but he grabbed a handful of her hair, keeping her mouth still on his cock. Relaxing her throat, she swallowed him down, she felt how he was becoming fully erect. As he pushed her head forwards, she fought her gag reflex and tears started to stream down her face.

"Oh my, appears that the little slut isn't handling the cock sucking." He laughed derisively but instead of pulling out of her mouth, he grabbed her head with both hands and forced himself further down her throat, making her gag. Pulling back, he hardly allowed her a moment to breathe before he had rammed himself back into her mouth. Rubbing her thighs together, she could hardly believe that she was getting more aroused by him fucking her mouth. This feeling of being used as a mere hole for him to shove his prick in was incredibly forbidden and exciting to her. She felt how she was getting wetter and wetter by the second, how her inner thighs were now moist.

Fervently wishing that her hands were free so she could touch herself, she tried to shift her thighs to create some kind of friction but it was impossible. He sensed what she was trying to do and let go off her head.

"Is my little whore getting impatient? Does she want to get off?"

She bit back a sob, yet he took no notice and yanked her up by her hair, looking at her with triumph and suddenly she realised that he could and even would leave her unsatisfied.

"Please, I want to come, sir." Her voice was shaky with lust and anxiety.

"Oh, the little whore begs so prettily."

With the back of his left hand, he stroked her cheek as if she was a kitten, then spun her around and pushed her stomach down on the desk. Flipping her skirt up without hesitation, she felt his rough hands kneading her arse.

"Your knickers are sopping wet, did you know that? I think they need to be removed." And with a strong pull, he ripped the knickers of her. She knew it would leave some bruising but she really didn't care.

His fingers trailed the wetness on her thighs, smearing it over her buttocks. Trying her best to conceal her impatience, she spread her legs in hope he would do something to relieve that gnawing ache and need to be filled she felt.

As if he had read her mind, he leaned over her and whispered:

"Is your cunt feeling empty? Want something to fill it? A hard cock?"

As a moan escaped her lips, he pushed two fingers into her and she rocked back to feel them deeper. Roughly he drove them in again and again but it was far from being enough for her. She attempted to beg him again, feeling that she was going insane from not being able to climax.

Meanwhile he kept whispering obscenities into her ear, calling her names he had never called her before. His weight was pressing her down, making her feel trapped. Trapped with desire.

How could he stand it? She knew how hard he was, she had tasted the pre-come and knew how impatient he usually was. Being this much in control apparently agreed with him.

Suddenly he straightened up and his fingers left her. Feeling very empty, she mewled and arched her back to entice him to fill her again with his finger. Yet that wasn't what he had in mind. She was caught unawares when her hands came free. Attempting to turn around to see what he was up to, she felt his hands on her hips, holding them tight.

"You better brace yourself, my dear. I'm going to fuck you."

His matter-of-factly tone was almost her undoing. Pressing her palms, she felt him position himself and then with a strong thrust, he'd buried himself inside of her. Holding one hand in the groove where her stomach met the mound of Venus and his other hand on his hip, he started moving in slow and shallow movements. To her, it was obvious that he had to be teasing her, carefully holding her off the edge while still driving her towards it. Not being able to control her release was virtually alien to her.

"You want me to touch you, you want me fuck you so hard that you'll see stars, don't you?"

It took all her willpower not to scream at him, begging him to give it to her hard right now. The sweet agony of having him inside her, gently rocking against her, was winding her tighter and tighter. Clawing at the surface of the desk, she arched slightly, trying to entice him to move faster.

He seemed to enjoy too much having her teetering on the edge, to speed up. She was starting to sweat with the sheer exertion of being denied her release. Again she marvelled how he could still hold his act up. Where did that self-control come from?

By allowing herself to drift in thoughts, listening to every particle in her body humming with her need, she allowed him to catch her unawares. Again. His hand was now sliding between her folds, his hips were slamming against her and her ears were filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin, his determined panting and her own growling moans.

Few strokes with the rough pad of his middle finger against her clit, few stabbing thrusts where his cock hit the right spot inside her and she was coming. The blood was pounding against her ear drums so loudly as if she were witnessing giant waves crashing against the shore. Her hands, which she had been intently staring at, vanished in a red haze. There was a scream, coming from her without doubt, which didn't seem to die out – it echoed in his scream as he joined her.

After what felt like eternity, Hermione became conscious of her surroundings. She became aware that she was no longer bent over the desk but lying on the floor, enveloped in a pair of strong arms, cradling her against the chest of the owner of those arms.

"Hi there."

Ron was smiling at her, his usual boy-ish glint had returned to his eyes. Actually he even appeared to be quite pleased with himself. She supposed he had every right to be. Never in her life had she come like that.

"Hey, you." Kissing him softly on the lips, she started contemplating how she should repay him.

"So, when are you going to dress up as the strict headmistress and punish me, the naughty schoolboy?"

Hermione reckoned she had her answer right there.

-fin

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!