

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley
Character:	Ron Weasley , Hermione Granger
Additional Tags:	mindless porn!!! , Orgasm Denial , BDSM
Stats:	Published: 2012-06-12 Words: 1616

it's just a game

by [phix27](#)

Summary

Ron loves it when Hermione takes control.

Notes

This is basically a PWP, written for my Linanon on tumblr. I don't often write porn, so uh... i hope it's not too bad? Note: bdsm and orgasm denial. Don't read if it makes you uncomfortable. There should be no trigger warnings though.

“Hm... well, this book here says to always treat subs like people.” Hermione gave a low chuckle, the type that always sent a shiver down Ron’s spine. It was just this side of evil, enough to make his cock leak a little bit more on the bedspread.

“Well, we both know that’s not true, don’t we?” she whispered close to his ear. His only response was a whimper he couldn’t keep in.

Hermione chuckled again, moving away from his head by the sound of it. He was spread face down on their bed, limbs tied to the posts. She’d used softer ropes than usual this time, but with his stretched appearance, they still dug into his skin in a delightful way. When she finally released him, there would be marks that he would savor at work tomorrow. But better to focus on the here and now.

Before she’d blindfolded him, Ron had gotten a glimpse of her outfit. A little black lacy number with black stilettos that made her legs impossibly long. The way she looked in it, it was a shame

he couldn't see it all the time. But she loved the blindfold, loved the element of surprise it gave their play.

"What should we do first?" she mused allowed, dragging a riding crop lightly down his leg. "Any preference?"

She hadn't given him permission to speak, so at this point she was just teasing him. He didn't say anything, knowing his input would just lead her to *not* do the very thing he wanted. God, but he loved that woman.

"None at all?" From the sound of it, she was pouting, full lower lip thrust forth in a way he could imagine perfectly. Then she'd shake her hair back and say- "Pity."

She continued to walk around the bed, admiring him from all angles. She was probably committing the sight of his unmarred body to memory, just so she could compare it to later. Ron shivered again. There was a part of him that wished she would get on with it, but the waiting was half the fun. Not knowing what she'd do or when she'd do it, but knowing he'd enjoy it no matter what.

"I have an idea Pet," she said, using the name they only used at times such as this.

With a whistle as it moved through the air, the crop landed sharply on his ass. Caught by surprise, he gave a yelp that caused her to laugh again. More blows rained down, differing in force and position so he never knew what the next one would be like. Ron moaned and squirmed as much as his bonds would allow, but he could never get far enough away from the crop. Not that he really wanted to.

When she was finally done, Hermione ran her hand over the raise lines on his arse. Her touch was soothing, much different from what had just transpired. He sighed into the bed, enjoying her cool hand against his heated skin.

"Done?" he asked, unthinking and a bit dazed.

His question got him a sharp slap across his sore arse, waking him up as he yelped. "I decide when we're done!" she ordered. "For that, you'll be punished."

A stab of fear went through him, but he hardly had time to draw in a sharp breath before the crop came down once more. On his balls.

The noise he made was half scream, half sob. Tears leaked out of his eyes, wetting the blindfold. The next blow rained, just slightly harder than the first. He sobbed once more. "Please Miss," he begged, not even ashamed. "Please, it hurts!"

She chuckled. "That's the point Pet." Still, after one more blow, she walked around to his head. "Good job Pet," she crooned, rubbing between his shoulder blades. "You did so well, taking your punishment like a good boy." She leaned down and licked one of the tears that had trickled out from under the blindfold. "You deserve a reward now, don't you?" She ran a hand through his hair, nails scratching his scalp lightly, causing a shiver to go down his spin.

A muttered enchantment and then the ropes were gone, leaving only a lingering burn. "Stretch," she ordered, and he did as she bade, rolling his shoulders and flexing his legs, pulling his knees up slightly. They cracked, having locked up while he was laying there. His arse burned as he flexed, but it wasn't unpleasant. "Turn over," she whispered, running a light hand over his back. Ron did, though the bedding hurt his sore ass. He should get used to it though; he'd be feeling it tomorrow at work too.

“Good boy,” she whispered, before pinching his left nipple hard, pulling it away from his body. He whimpered but let her do what she wanted. He always let her do what she wanted.

Her hand wandered down his chest, and though he still couldn’t see her, he knew what would happen next. Hermione’s heavy breathing caused him to suck in a breath, and then she impaled herself on him.

Ron shouted, and his back arched off the bed. “Don’t you dare thrust!” she yelled, pulling his nipple to the point where more tears leaked out. She leaned forward, whispering through what sounded like clenched teeth. “*I am in charge here. I decide how fast we go, and if you even get to come at all. Do you understand?*”

“Yes, Miss, yes!” he sobbed, bringing his back down to the bed once more.

Her hold on his nipple lessened as she started rocking back and forth. “Good,” she breathed, sounding a bit overwhelmed herself, truth be told.

Slowly she raised herself, until just the tip of his cock was inside her. She was almost dripping, she was so wet. But then, she always got so excited by their play. Sometimes she could come just from caning him, which always gave him a sense of accomplishment. Obviously he wasn’t unaffected by their games either.

“Mmm,” she murmured, moving down his length with slow circles of her hips. “Someone enjoyed themselves.”

He could hear the smile in her voice. He desperately wanted to grab her hips, to thrust her down on him if he couldn’t thrust himself. But that wouldn’t be well received at all.

“Didn’t you, Pet?” she asked, sinking down the last inch before drawing up once more.

“Yes Miss,” he choked out, hands clenching in the bed spread.

“Do you want to see me?” she asked, picking up the pace now. She was so wet, so hot, he ground his teeth together to keep from doing something he’d be punished for later.

“If it pleases you,” he ground out through clenched teeth.

“Hmm,” she thought, stilling for so long he thought he’d lose his mind. “Yes, I think it does. You can remove your blindfold.”

Ron unclenched his hands from the bed spread, shoving the piece of cloth up to his forehead. He groaned as he caught the first glimpse of his wife. “Shit Hermione,” he said, breaking character as he threw his head back.

She smiled, bottom lip caught between her teeth as she palmed her breasts. She was still wearing that lacy number, and it brushed his stomach as she moved in a way that should have tickled but just aroused him further. Her hair fell in waves over her shoulders, a few sticking to her forehead with sweat. She couldn’t have looked more perfect if she tried.

“*Don’t come,*” she ordered, one hand leaving her breast to grip his cock at the base, denying him an orgasm that was rapidly approaching. “You can’t come until I do,” she said, smirking as she rose slowly.

He gave a tortured moan, throwing an arm over his eyes. The sight of her just made it harder to obey her commands. Shit, unless she came soon, he was going to disobey her command, with or without her help.

“Look at me,” she whispered, and with another moan he complied. He was helpless to deny her anything in this moment. Hell, in any moment.

From the look in her eyes, she was close. Good, then this wouldn’t be a long, slow ride in the park any longer. She started to move faster, until she was rocking back and forth, moving as fast as she could. She was close to breaking apart, he could see it and hear it. Her breathing was labored, and she let out a slow moan every once and a while.

Deciding to help her along, he moved to thumb her clit. She let out a tortured groan, rocking back and forth on his thumb. “Please,” she whimpered, and that’s how he knew she was close.

“Come for me baby,” he murmured, thumb circling her and then pressing down.

With a few more thrusts, his wife came undone. Hermione came with a groan, clenching around him in a tight, wet heat that he could barely resist. When she finished, he rolled them over, taking control in these final moments.

“Come on Pet,” she whispered in his ear, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Come on, get your reward.”

The headboard banged against the wall once, twice, three times as he thrust into her, groaning and stilling over her as he was finally allowed to come. His arms shook as he hovered for a moment, enjoying the wetness, the tightness of her before rolling to the side and pulling her to him.

“Okay?” she asked, thumbing his nipple much more gently than earlier.

Ron chuckled and kissed her forehead. She always asked that after a session. “Always.”

“Love you Pet.”

“Love you too Miss.”

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