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His Whore

by [scarletladyy](#)

Summary

Ron plays the part of the jealous husband incredibly well.

"Stop it, Ron, you're being ridiculous," Hermione shouted.

"Oh, am I? Am I really?" Ron's face was bright red, his cheeks were puffing out, and his ears were turning as red as his hair. "Do you realise how many nights out you've been on with him this *month*, Hermione?" She shook her head, she didn't know and she honestly didn't care - Seamus was just a friend and nothing more. "Seventeen. Yes, I'm counting."

Hermione shrugged. "So?"

"So? You don't think I should be worried about the good looking Irish charmer who fancies my wife?"

"Do you trust me, Ron?" Hermione was sick and tired of this argument.

"Yes," he sighed. "But I don't trust him. And it's not right for you to be away from your family so much."

"Look," Hermione almost screamed; she hated it when he brought that up. "He's just a friend, okay?"

Ron rolled his eyes. "No, Hermione, it's not okay."

"Excuse me?" Hermione wasn't used to this side of Ron. "I'll go out with who I damn well please, thank you."

"Oh no," Ron's lips forced into a tight smile, "no, you won't. I forbid it."

"You *forbid* it?" She was absolutely gobsmacked that Ron felt the need to act like this.

Ron nodded.

"I think not. I'm seeing him again tonight, we're going to see that new -"

Shaking his head, Ron let out a little laugh. "Didn't you hear me, *whore*? I said it's forbidden."

Gasping, Hermione clutched her hand to her mouth. "Whore?" she said quietly.

"Yes. My wife, the once great Hermione Granger, wants to be a whore for Seamus fucking Finnigan."

"How *dare* you!" she screamed, her face taking it's turn to become crimson and puff out. "How fucking dare you! That's it, I'm out of here."

"Oh no you're not," Ron said firmly, grabbing her by the arm and shoving her into the living room. "If you're going to be somebody's whore, you're going to be *my* whore." He forced her down onto the sofa. "Understand?"

Looking into his eyes, Hermione saw nothing but anger and cruelty; boy did he play his part well. Last week they'd played out Ron's professor/student fantasy, so this week Hermione had gotten him to play the jealous husband. Part of the reason she loved having sex with him so much was that he was fantastic when it came to role-playing. It was so well done that sometimes she got far too lost in the moment, forgetting who and what she really was. She didn't smile on the outside, she was good at keeping in character when it came to role-playing too, but inside she was beaming. It had taken her a long while to convince Ron to play this part, he was too worried about hurting her, but she knew she needed it. She knew she needed to be roughed around and treated like the whore she'd always dreamed of playing. It was years before she'd finally admitted that this was her ultimate fantasy, and even longer before she felt brave enough to actually go through with it.

"I said, do you understand, *whore*?" Ron said, shoving her backwards.

Hermione wasn't about to give it to him so easily, though. He'd have to work to break her into this role. "Fuck you." She started to get up, but a rough hand grabbed her shoulder and toppled her back over.

"That's how you want to play, is it?" Ron yanked her ponytail from the back of her head, dragging her upstairs by it. It hurt tremendously, but the pain excited her and she could feel the heat between her legs. She'd be terribly embarrassed if anyone but her husband knew about this, but she trusted him. "Get the fuck in there," he said nastily, shoving her into the bedroom with such force she collapsed on the floor. "You belong on your fucking knees. But I have other plans for you. Get up, wench."

Hermione stood up, fierce and determined to fight him. After all, he'd made her work incredibly hard to get him as a professor to fuck her. "You're a coward. A cowardly bastard."

"Great insult, *Granger*."

"Ha!" She let out a fake laugh. "Granger is it now? Fair enough, *Weasley*."

Ron smacked her across the face. "You will address me as Sir and nothing less. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you." Ron smiled as he thought he'd won already. "But I'm not going to obey you." It faded fast.

He sighed. "Why do you always make things so hard, you little bitch?"

Hermione felt the force of his strength as he slammed her against the wall, pulling her robes from her body without much fight from her. She'd tried, but she was nothing compared to his strength. Now she was standing in her underwear - her very unflattering underwear.

"Nice granny pants." Before Hermione knew what he was doing, Ron had pulled them down, pushing away her legs so she stood out of them. He spun her around, pressing her face against the smooth white walls of their bedroom and undid her bra with a click of his finger; he'd always been good at that.

Feeling embarrassed at her sudden nakedness, she covered her breasts and vagina with her hands. His laugh was cold.

"You need teaching a lesson, girl." Hermione let out a yelp as he grabbed her by the waist, pulled her backward until he was sitting on the bed, and placed her over his lap. Without her wand, she was powerless to fight against him. She made a futile effort at kicking her legs and twisting her hands, but he just restrained them under his own legs. "A good ol' spanking will set you right."

"And you would know *how*?" Hermione screamed in pain as Ron brought down his hand sharply onto her bottom, turning it a pale shade of pink. Hermione felt his hand lift away from her bottom and breathed a sigh of relief, only to feel his hands forced between her legs.

"My, my, you little slut." Ron smirked and wiped his wet hand across Hermione's bottom. "You really are a whore." He didn't give Hermione long to prepare for the next smack as he brought his hand down again. And again. And again. He spared no mercy as she thrashed around as much as she could, yelling and screaming like there was no tomorrow. When he was finally done, Hermione's arse was a lovely colour of red, matching her tear stained face.

"What do you have to say for yourself?"

"You...haven't...broken...me...yet," Hermione sobbed.

"I guess I'll just carry on having my fun then," he said lightly, not showing a care in the world at how stubborn she was being. "And Granger..." she looked up at him from her position still on his lap, "I love the yet in that sentence."

Hermione let her head droop and sighed for being so stupid, she didn't want him to think he could actually break her! Of course, they both knew she'd break eventually, but they both loved exploring the journey.

"Up." Ron commanded, and she obeyed simply to get out of his open hands. It was far too easy for him to give her a spank like that, and she didn't want to keep herself open. She watched him walk over and pick up a brown package in the corner, which she'd only just noticed. A small smile crossed her lips as she watched him hold it out towards her.

"Is it for me?"

"Of course, love," he smiled, but there wasn't something dark about it that Hermione missed. "Turn around, would you?"

Hermione did as he said, hoping it was a necklace or something, unless the bag was magically smaller than the object.

"I'm just going to secure you, love, is that okay?"

Hermione wasn't listening, too busy thinking about what it could possibly be. She'd always loved surprises, far too much than the ordinary person and as she felt chains being wrapped around her arms and legs, she realised she should have been paying attention. "What's going on?"

"I told you," he said sharply, knowing she hadn't been paying attention. "I'm securing you."

"With chains?"

Ron nodded. "I can't have you freaking out at my little present now, can I?"

"Well," she gulped, not being able to see what was going on scared her, "what is it?"

Ron walked around in front of her and unwrapped the present; she was right - it was magically smaller. "It's a whip, darling. That spanking was just a warm up."

Hermione rattled in her chains, panic rising up inside her. She'd told him how much she loved the idea of a whip, but she wasn't sure she'd be able to handle it. As worried as she was, though, she was excited too, but apprehensive.

"Don't worry," he reassured her, as though he knew what she was thinking, "I'll go easy."

As Ron walked around the back of her, Hermione started to tremble and remember what she had read and seen about whips before. The markings they left could be beautiful, but the pain people had gone through to get there was something else. When the whip was brought down on her back, she jumped as far as she possible and screamed as much as she could, even though it was gentle and barely hurt her. The anticipation was worse than the pain, and for now, she was fine with that.

"I told you I was going easy." Ron said harshly.

"Sorry," she muttered.

"Sorry what?"

"Weasley?" Hermione knew exactly what he wanted her to say, but she still wasn't broken yet and she was taking advantage of that fact. The whip was brought down a lot harder on her this time now, and this time her body jumped for her, instead of her mind. She knew this was going to be a very long ride.

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"Do you like your new outfit, slut?"

Hermione nodded meekly, still shaking slightly from her recent whipping. "Yes, Sir." He had finally broken her; she knew the whip would do it. Secretly she loved the whip. She knew Ron had gone gentle on her because she was knew to it, but it still brought juices between her legs, causing them to run down her thighs. She nearly died of humiliation afterwards when Ron cleaned them up, laughing at her.

"Good girl," he stroked her hair, "Hermione."

He was using her name again, and she couldn't help but smile at the tenderness of which he used it. Ron had dressed her in a bright red croset and matching knickers, with black heels and bright red lipstick. It was an outfit she hated, feeling far too exposed and vulnerable, but she did it for him...and to avoid more whipping. As much as she loved it, she didn't think she could take

anymore at the moment.

"Now, pull those knickers down. Remember how I taught you?"

Hermione nodded; he'd shown her how to sway her hips sexily as she did so, turning him on even more. As she did so, she felt the wetness between her legs again. How she loved to be treated like a whore.

"Bend over the dressing table." He indicated to the one with the mirror in the corner of the room, to which she obliged. She knew why he'd done it; he wanted her to see herself as she was being fucked. She heard Ron come up behind her, undoing his trousers and dropping them to the floor. Within seconds she felt his cock at her entrance; it was rock hard. He didn't have much difficulty as he pushed forwards and into her - she was more than ready enough to lubricate the two of them.

"My, my, whore. You are so deliciously wet."

Hermione saw herself blush in the mirror and quickly turned away.

"Look at yourself," Ron commanded, smirking at her. When she didn't obey, he wrapped his fingers in her hair and forced her gaze to turn toward the mirror. Watching her whole body move forward as he fucked her humiliated her beyond belief, though the waves of pleasure running over her were amazing. "Whose whore are you?"

"Yours," Hermione said quietly.

"That's right slut. You're *my* whore." All of a sudden she was being pulled away from the mirror and pushed onto the ground. "Knees, slut. Mouth open."

Hermione did as she was told; the whip was still in plain sight on the floor right behind him. No sooner had she opened her mouth had he stuck his cock in it, not waiting for her to respond, simply fucking her face. In and out he went, with Hermione trying her best to lick his shaft and his sensitive head. She didn't think she was helping much, but she must've been doing something right as he was moaning loudly.

"God, Hermione," he whispered, grabbing her head and shoving it into his crotch area, forcing her to take all of him. Just as she was about to gag Hermione felt him explode, shot after shot of semen hitting the back of her throat and sliding down. She swallowed it, and then hungrily licked his penis clean. "Good girl," Ron complimented her, smiling with a mixture of pleasure and satisfaction.

Now that Ron had had his fun, Hermione was worried he'd forgotten about her. She was still desperately dripping from the pain and humiliation, and reduced herself to begging for an orgasm. "Please, Sir, please may I come?" she stared wide-eyes up at him, a small white drop of his pleasure sliding down her chin.

Hermione watched as Ron eyed her carefully, mulling it over. She was breathing rapidly, waiting on the answer she hoped for.

"Clean your mess first and then I suppose so," he said finally. Hermione's tongue darted out to lick it up and then her hand flew down to her clit. "Wait!" he demanded. "Up on the bed, lie down, spread your legs. I want you to put on a show for me."

Needing to come badly, Hermione leapt up and did as he said. She'd always hated masturbating for him, refusing to do it after the first time. Now, though, she just didn't care. She needed it; he really had turned her into his little whore. The index finger of her left hand was rubbing her clit

ferociously and forgetting Ron was there, she stuck a finger inside herself. Never before had she done that, she'd never even thought of it, but she was on the brink of an orgasm of a lifetime, and would do anything to make it happen.

"Good," Ron cooed, making her remember he was watching her every move. She stopped for a moment, but she needed release badly and continued, finding his eyes fixated on her bringing her even more pleasure than before. "Come for me, darling. Come for me," he said firmly, just as Hermione touched her button one last time and screamed in pleasure. She rode out her orgasm, her finger still fucking her cunt, but her clit far too sensitive to touch. With her left hand she caressed her breasts as she slowly came down from her high. "Good girl. Was that fun?"

Hermione nodded, far too exhausted to say anything. As the reality of what she'd just done hit her, she covered up her body; not believing that she'd just fucked herself to orgasm right in front of his very eyes. It had felt fantastic, though, and Ron had played the part of the jealous husband brilliantly. It was certainly one fantasy they'd have to be repeating soon.

Ron came forward, sat next to her on the bed and kissed her cheek. "If you're going to be anyone's whore, Hermione, you're going to be *my* whore, always."

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