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What Pouty Boys Deserve

by [Bryonia Alba](#)

Summary

Ron's been pouting for three days following a Cannons match loss, and Hermione's had enough.

Notes

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Hermione stirred a second spoonful of brown sugar into her morning porridge, eyes narrowed in thought as she looked toward the bedroom she shared with Ron. He was in there now, still in bed. He hadn't left that bed ever since his beloved Chudley Cannons had lost the penultimate match to the Winbourne Wasps on the road to what could have been their first League Cup championship in over a century.

She understood team loyalty well enough, having cheered for Gryffindor for seven years at Hogwarts. She hadn't spent days in bed bemoaning fate when they lost, though. There were so many other things in life that were more important than Quidditch teams.

Not that Ron shared that particular view, especially when it came to the Cannons.

Mouth setting into a straight, determined line, Hermione pushed away from the breakfast table; chin firming as she marched toward the closed bedroom door. Really, enough was bloody well enough!

The door banged against the opposite wall as she flung it open and she swept into the shadowy room. The lump on the bed twitched at the noise, but there was no other response. Hermione breathed through her nose and wished she hadn't. She hadn't realised their bedroom smelled so stale until now. Crossing the room, she seized two handfuls of drapery and shoved them back, admitting bright sunshine into the room. Another few steps took her to the bed itself, where she yanked back the blankets covering the lump.

"Ron, it's been three days." Hermione didn't even try to conceal the sharpness in her voice. "It's time to get up."

"Go away." Ron held up a hand, shielding his eyes from the sunlight. "I'm in mourning."

"You might be, but I assure you the team has moved on," Hermione said crisply. "I highly doubt you'll find any of them still pouting in their beds three days after the match. Besides, there's always next year."

Propping himself on his elbows, Ron glared at her, looking wild and unkempt with three-day-old stubble shadowing his cheeks and chin and his ginger hair standing every which way. "You can't know that! That match was the closest the Cannons have come to a League Cup in over a century! It could be another century before they advance that far again. I could be dead by then!" Flopping back onto the mattress, Ron rolled onto his side, his back facing Hermione. "Go away; I'm in mourning," he repeated.

"Oh, honestly, Ron!" Hermione stood back, hands on her hips. "This has gone on quite long enough. Now get out of bed before I make you, and trust me, you won't like it!"

Ron harrumphed, his back still stubbornly facing Hermione.

"You are such a child, sometimes." She shook her head, pulling her wand from her pocket and giving it a wave. "Do you know what happens to pouty, petulant little boys?"

Ron yelled as he levitated off the mattress, swearing in a manner that would have got his mouth cleaned out with Mrs Skower's Industrial Strength Household Soap had his mother been around to hear. Hermione ignored him, waving her wand again and smiling grimly when his y-fronts slid down his legs to drop onto the bed, leaving him completely nude.

He really did look delicious when he was angry, especially with his hair tousled as it was and his eyes flashing, Hermione thought distantly. Sitting down at the edge of the bed, she smoothed her dressing gown over her knees, hiding a smile when Ron shouted a particularly colourful invective.

"You're only making it worse for yourself," she said sweetly, lifting her wand once more. Ron floated down, still yelling, until she had him settled face-down across her lap. Another spell ensured he wouldn't roll away or escape as she slowly ran her palm over the curve of one arse cheek.

"Hermione, I'm warning you..." Ron growled, but she overrode him.

"Do you know what happens to pouty, petulant little boys?" she asked again, her palm still caressing his freckled backside. "Especially whiny little boys who use such horrible language?"

Lifting her hand, she brought it down sharply. The room echoed with the loud smacking sound, and Ron howled, more from shocked surprise than actual pain.

"Hermione...ow!"

"They...get...spanked..." Hermione answered her own question, punctuating each word with

another crisp smack. "Just...like...the...naughty...boys...they...are."

She continued raining blows, spreading them evenly over both cheeks until they turned a brilliant shade of scarlet and her hand stung with each satisfying, resounding slap. She lectured Ron the entire time on how much he deserved this and that he'd had this coming after his first day of pouting over the Cannons loss.

Sometime after the fourth or fifth blow, she noticed that Ron had begun rubbing against her, slowly at first, then with more urgency. By the seventh or eighth blow, she could no longer deny the growing hardness against her thigh. Somewhere between the fifteenth or twentieth blow, Ron's cries of 'Ow, ow, ow' had faded into low, desperate moans as he squirmed on her lap.

Her own breathing quickened, both from exertion and growing arousal as Ron's cock rubbed against her dressing gown, dampening it with his pre-come. Giving him a final smack, she ran her hand over his heated, reddened skin, feeling him quiver beneath the gentle touch.

"Have you learned your lesson?" Hermione asked, still stroking and smoothing the multiple handprints on his arse. "Or do I need to continue until it sinks into that stubborn thick skull?"

"No...more...pouting," Ron panted. "Promise."

"Good boy."

Taking her wand in hand again, Hermione flipped Ron back onto the bed. He whimpered as his abused backside came into contact with the cool cotton sheets, but didn't move. His face was as red as his arse, blue eyes wide as Hermione stood over him and slipped the dressing gown from her shoulders. It was followed in short order by the peach-coloured lace camisole and knickers she wore beneath.

Ron made a small noise deep in his throat when she straddled him, pressing him more deeply into the mattress. "Hermione..."

"You won't behave so atrociously again, will you?" she purred, looking down at his flushed face, rocking above his engorged cock so that it just brushed the damp curls of her mons. "There are so many other, better things you could be doing instead of pouting over the results of one Quidditch match. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I definitely agree," Ron breathed fervently, and Hermione sank down onto him, sheathing him inside her, clenching around his length and watching his eyelids flutter. She forced herself to stillness, pulsating around his cock until he flexed beneath her, drawing a gasp from her throat. "I've learned my lesson."

Ron flexed again, and Hermione shuddered. His hands slid along the curve of her belly before cupping her breasts, rubbing his palms over her nipples, making her stretch cat-like over him, her cunt contracting around his length. Hermione raised herself above him until he was barely inside before slamming back down, again and again, setting a pounding rhythm. Her head fell back, hair teasing his thighs, feeling him roll her nipples between his fingers before one hand dropped to work its way between them.

"Yesss..." Hermione hissed, grinding her hips against his as his fingers found her centre and began stroking. "Oh yes, Ron...like that...just like that..." Hermione came apart moments later, shuddering with release, barely aware when Ron's hands dropped to her hips. Hermione bit down on her lip as he began thrusting upward, his hands tightening their grip as she drove down with each thrust. His blue eyes stared up at her, incandescent with lust, and when she clenched around him he groaned.

"Hermione...close..."

"Then come for me," she whispered, her own voice breathless, her body still singing from her last orgasm. His fingers dug into Hermione's hips, shifting as he thrust more deeply into her, his movements becoming haphazard and erratic until he stiffened and surged upward, his eyes falling shut as he came hard, spilling deep inside her. She tightened around him as he spasmed, eliciting a long low gasp while Hermione squeezed every drop she could from him.

Lifting herself from him, she curled up against his side, smiling up at him when he shifted gingerly and raised himself up on one elbow, the fingers of his other hand tracing the curve of her cheek. "I'm beginning to wonder," he said.

"Wonder about what?" Hermione asked, her hand stroking his flank before reaching around to cup one arse cheek. It was still warm to the touch, and Ron made a face.

"There's a part of me that thinks I should make you this angry more often," Ron answered, "but did you have to spank me so hard? I was beginning to wonder just how red you wanted me to become!"

"Of course I did." Hermione pushed him onto his back again, making a sympathetic noise when he flinched. "You deserved every smack for being such a prat and sore loser. Now, are you going to get out of bed and have a shower and a shave, or do I have to resort to desperate measures? Breakfast's already gone cold."

"Shower," Ron responded instantly, rolling out of bed. He looked at her over his shoulder, his expression hopeful. "Come with me? Maybe make the soreness go away? I'll even reheat breakfast if you like. I'll even cook another." He ran one hand over his arse, wincing.

Hermione sat up and stretched, smiling widely. "How can I resist? Besides," she added, climbing out of bed and padding toward the loo, "since you've offered to cook, I have no choice but to reward your generosity. Race you!"

She beat Ron to the shower, but only just.

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