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Hermione Granger and her Magic Wanda

by [celie33](#)

Summary

Hermione is under a lot of stress because of a special assignment for the ministry. As a result, some of the spark has gone out of her relationship with Ron. He tries to give her some space, and she decides that she's got to make a special effort to get things back on track. So, of course she takes a class - a burlesque class.

No witch before, and likely no witch after, would ever be more suited to this task than Hermione Granger. Even before the events that lead to the ultimate defeat of Lord Voldemort, she had been on the Ministry's radar. She was, after all, the brightest witch of her generation, proof that it didn't matter who one's parents were. She had returned to Hogwarts the next year, to pick up where she left off with her studies. She earned top grades on all of her N.E.W.T.S., and took a position at the ministry, as had been expected.

She progressed quickly through the ranks, and others relied heavily on her. She was rational, quick-thinking, and exceedingly thorough in everything that she did. And because she was muggle-born, she was often consulted on matters that concerned wizard-muggle relations. Kingsley Shackleford saw just how valuable an asset Miss Grainger could be. He approached her with an unique opportunity, one that could one day lead to Hermione's sitting behind the very desk he now called his own.

What the ministry needed was someone to be as well-versed in muggle culture, history, and law as they were in that of the wizarding world. Hermione fit the bill in the first two areas, and she had a good understanding of law from her own independent studies. The ministry asked her to go a step further. They sent her to law school at Oxford. Hermione, in addition to be deeply honored to have so much trust placed in her, was excited by the challenge.

There was a downfall, however. Her studies kept her away from her family and friends more than she would like. Especially Ron. They kept in close contact, using both magic and muggle means, and he came to visit her at least once a week. It wasn't the same, though, as seeing each other nearly every day. Even when she'd gone back to Hogwarts, they'd managed almost daily visits, thanks to some special privileges she was granted as one of the heroes of the battle of Hogwarts.

Hermione had always been a hard worker, and Ron knew how seriously she took her work from years of watching her bent over stacks of books in the library. They knew each other as well as two people could know each other. They were no strangers to wild groping in the stacks of the restricted section during one of Ron's evening visits to Hogwarts or taking advantage of large family gatherings at the Burrow to sneak off for some serious snogging in the garden shed, surrounded by Arthur Weasley's plug collection. But there had been little of that since she'd started law school.

These days, when Ron made his weekly visit, Hermione was too stressed out and tired to do much more than cuddle on the couch. More often than not, she'd greet him with a kiss, curl up in his arms on the sofa in her flat, and fall asleep as they chatted about their week. He always let her sleep, eventually moving her into her room and into bed with the help of his wand and the spell that had been the source of their very first fight - wingardium leviosa. He, ever the gentleman, would sleep on the sofa. He was not one to take advantage of a situation. He was Molly Weasley's son, after all.

The situation was proving to be more than a bit frustrating on both ends. Hermione was tired of being distracted - not by Ron, but from him. Of course, when she mumbles something along the lines of "I'm tired of all the distractions..." before falling asleep on Ron's chest, he thinks the opposite. He gets it wrong. He doesn't say anything about it. He does feel guilty, though. So, when it comes times for his weekly visit, he puts it off, saying that Bill and Fleur asked him to babysit, last minute, very desperate situation. He comes by the next week, but he knows she has a huge exam coming up, so the next weekend finds him and Harry being called upon to help Hagrid find what it is that is killing the unicorns in the forest at Hogwarts.

Hermione can't help but wonder if she's gotten her priorities all wrong and, as a result, is pushing Ron away. She decides that she needs to take a break and do something completely out of the ordinary. When she sees the flyer advertising the burlesque for beginners class, she's intrigued. It is definitely something completely out of the ordinary, not her normal type of activity at all, but the stress and the frustration quickly overcome her hesitation.

Wednesday evening finds her in a dance studio with a handful of other women. They were all different ages and sizes, and they all looked both excited and nervous about the possibility of taking their clothes off for an audience. There are lots of nervous giggles, but when the music starts and their teacher walks in, announcing that they're going to start with a demonstration of a classic burlesque number.

She walks to the front of the room, wearing silk stockings held up with garters, a short ruffled skirt, a corset, long satin gloves, and a feathered headdress. She is curvy, she is confident, and she is incredibly sexy. As she dances, she gives them a history of burlesque and how it differs from contemporary exotic dancing. When she starts removing her clothes, she explains the importance of technique.

Hermione and the other students sit there, transfixed, and watch as she removes the ruffled skirt, showing off a nicely rounded rear end, with a taught satin string running between her buttocks and joined with a sequined string that rode over hips. As the teacher turns around, they can see the sequined front of her g-string. She slowly peels off her gloves, and when they hit the floor, she reaches behind her back to loosen the strings on her corset. She spreads her legs, leans forward, breathing deeply, her breasts heaving in time to the music.

She works the buttons on the front of the corset loose, then straightens back up. She turns around, legs crossed, and removes the corset, letting it fall to the ground. She completes the turn, revealing perfectly round breasts with tassels. What comes next is a series of shimmies and shakes that keep those tassels moving. She falls to her knees, allowing her students to get a closer look as she moves. She moves into a split, arms held in the air, just as the music comes to an end.

As the students applaud, Hermione showing a level of enthusiasm that she usually reserved for watching the boys on the quidditch pitch, their instructor puts her robe on and takes a seat on the edge of the stage.

“Now, who wants to give that a try?”

Everyone’s hand shoots up. Soon, they are all on their feet.

“First things first. Take off your tops.”

Hermione unzips her jacket, and starts to remove her her shirt, a smile playing on her lips as she thinks about the look on Ron’s face if he were there to see her.

During the last weeks of the term, Ron finds more and more reasons to give Hermione her space. He doesn’t stop visiting her entirely, and they still talk every day, but it is getting harder to ignore the fact that something changed between them. He does notice, however, that her hello kisses are a bit more enthusiastic, and she does sound a bit more cheerful than she had during their conversations.

Hermione has noticed that Ron has pulled back a bit, but she is confident that it’s just temporary. Soon the term will be over, and she’ll be able to surprise with what she’s been studying on the side. Every week for the last month, she has attended at least the one class with Lady Leonora. The last two weeks, she’s also gone to the weekend class, and next weekend, after her final exam, she has made arrangements for some private lessons so that she can polish the routine she has been working on.

After that first lesson, Lady Leonora had said that her burlesque troupe would be holding a fundraiser for a local library. To open the show, each member of the troupe would invite the best, brightest, and most enthusiastic of their students to do their own short number. Hermione had grown accustomed to being the best and brightest, so she threw herself into her lessons, letting go of all her inhibitions. Soon, she was the star of the class. Two weeks in, she was invited to be part of the show.

She explained to Lady Leonora early on that she was hoping to use her new-found skills to jump-start her relationship. Hermione would pass the time on the bus or while she waited for food to finish in the microwave (when living among muggles, she must act as a muggle, after all) imagining Ron’s reaction. She didn’t have a lot of first-hand experience to draw from, but she was having a wonderful time dreaming up all of the things they would do once her performance was over. But she had to get through the performance, first.

After only a short internal debate, she decides that she’ll go with what she knows. She decides to play the part of a school-girl witch. She’s got the robes and the wand. She just needs a few items to wear underneath that will catch Ron’s eye, even if they would make Professor McGonagall blush - and take fifty points from Gryffindor for violating the dress code.

She ends up with a short dark skirt, a short sleeved, buttoned down white blouse, and some knee socks in the Gryffindor colors. Under that, she’s got a cheeky white satin thong with a lightning bolt and a little pair of glasses stitched on the front, a white satin brassiere with cups formed from

braided satin cords, and, under that, sequined pasties bearing the symbol of the deathly hallows, a symbol that had come to mean "always." It seems an appropriate message to send to Ron. She only hoped he noticed.

Under most circumstances, Hermione would refrain from all forms of magic while on assignment like this, but she reckoned that since she'd have her wand in hand, she could use it to add a few carefully timed flourishes to her performance. To most of the audience, they would think that there was some pretty impressive stagecraft going on. Ron, however, would know that she was risking a serious breach of the International Code of Wizarding Secrecy - and she was doing it for him.

She made plans with Ron to come and spend a long weekend with her, promising him that if he would come with her to a library fundraiser, she'd let him choose how they spent the rest of the weekend. Ron was excited by what that might mean, but he was cautious, too. He didn't want to push too hard and scare her off. He was also a little afraid - not much, but a little - that she was going to use the weekend to let him down easy. The idea had been planted in his head by his older brother, George, who had noticed that Ron was around on the weekends more often than he had been before. He couldn't resist getting a dig in.

Ron apparates in Hermione's flat late that afternoon. He expects to find her reading at her desk or taking a nap on the sofa. Instead, she is in her room, packing an overnight bag. When she sees him standing in the doorway, she quickly zips it shut. She runs across the room and throws her arms around him. She kisses him deeply, with just as much intensity as that first kiss in the room of requirement. She pulls back, and he runs his hands down her back, smiling wider than he has in weeks.

"Are we going somewhere for the weekend? Is it a surprise?"

"Maybe. But you'll just have to wait. We'll discuss it after tonight's fundraiser."

Hermione gives Ron another kiss on the cheek, then reaches around him to grab her wand from the dresser. She points it back at her bag and gives it a little swish and flick (she was always better at those non-verbal spells than Ron).

"Don't even try to open it. That would spoil the surprise."

She walks out of the room and down the hall, heading to the kitchen to make a snack for them both. They won't have time for a proper dinner, and she wants to keep their strength up for later.

By the time they get to the theater, Ron's curiosity is driving him mad. He keeps trying to guess what they'll be doing for the weekend, but Hermione refuses to give him any hints. He's so busy trying to prod her into giving away even a tiny clue that he doesn't notice the marquee or the program that they hand him on his way in. It is not until she has led him to his seat in the front row and excused herself that he looks down at the paper in his hand.

"Burlesque!?! Hermione, did you know...?"

He looks around, trying to find her, but she's disappeared. He looks back down at the program, shaking his head. Hermione never ceases to amaze him. He can't help but roll his eyes as he looks through the list of performers. Magic Wanda? Really? He can't wait to show Hermione when she gets back from the loo. They'll have quite a laugh over that. He takes off his jacket and lays it over the seat next to him, guarding it for his girlfriend. She's not back before the lights go down, though. He's a bit worried, but he's soon distracted by the performance.

After the third dancer leaves the stage, there is a brief intermission. Ron has been completely absorbed in the spectacle before him. It was not unlike the first time he met his sister-in-law Fleur. He was...spellbound. He reaches over to put his hand on Hermione's knee, but he just ends up with a handful of his jacket. He scans the room, thinking that she must have come in late and taken a seat in the back, but he can't find her.

Ron's still looking around, silly grin on his face, when the lights go down again. It's the sound of the next song that draws his attention to the stage. It sounds suspiciously like the Hogwarts' choir singing that song Flitwick is so fond of. He turns back to stage just in time to see the fairy lights - real fairy lights. Out of the shadows comes a woman, taking slow, determined steps out of the shadows and onto center stage. Ron blinks, not sure he believes what he sees.

The woman on stage is wearing a Hogwart's robe, one lined with red, bearing the Gryffindor seal. The hood is pulled up over her head, hiding her face and hair. But there is no one else that it could be. Hermione is standing on that stage in front of him (and a whole auditorium full of complete strangers), and she's about to take her clothes off.

She reaches into her robes and pulls out a wand. One swish, and the music stops abruptly changes to something that is a little easier to dance to, something that he doesn't recognize, but that the muggles in the room seem to. The woman in the seat behind him is humming along under her breath. The first words are very fitting - "I put a spell on you because you're mine." And with that he can't look away, couldn't even if he wanted to.

Hermione holds her arms out to her sides and, with another flick of her wand, her hood is raised, and the robes fall off of her, almost as if they are being pulled by some unseen hand. The spotlight hits her. Her long hair is sleek and smooth, and her eyes are twinkling with mischief as she looks down at him, allowing a brief, sly smile to find her lips. She's dressed as a schoolgirl - more the muggle version than the Hogwarts' one. If she'd been dressed like that at school, he never would have learned a thing. She's even nicked one of his ties.

Ron is mesmerized.

Hermione slides her wand into her knee socks. Then she loosens up her tie and untucks her blouse, tying the loose ends just above her navel. She reaches behind her back and slowly works the zipper down on her pleated skirt. She steps to the edge of the stage, just in front of Ron, turns around, and lets the skirt fall to the floor. Ron's mouth falls open in that way it does, and he can't take his eyes away from the curve of her cheeks and that thin satin string that gets lost between them. She leans down to retrieve her wand, and he could swear that she is purposefully flexing those gluteal muscles.

She turns to the side, away from Ron, and makes her way to the far side of the stage. She stops and faces the audience on that side of the auditorium. Ron can see the way the sequins on those stain strings sparkle in the spotlight, and he starts whispering her name, willing her to return to stand in front of him. Now that Hermione is taking off her clothes, and obviously having such a good time doing it, he doesn't want to share her with all of these people.

She works her way back across the stage, untying the knot in her shirt and slowly undoing each button. She stops center stage, not quite in front of Ron, not quite facing him. She stops just shy of unbuttoning that last button. She spins around and falls on her knees in front of Ron. She arches her back and thrusts her hips in Ron's direction. He finally sees the detail embroidered on the front of her thong. He could be offended that she's brought Harry into something very intimate (he's forgotten that anyone else is in the room with him at this point), and he is for a moment. As quickly as the thought pops in his head, it's gone. It's their friendship with Harry that brought them together, after all.

Hermione sits back up and catches Ron's eye. She wants to make sure that he is paying attention. She loosens the knot on the tie even further, pulling it up over her head. She throws it down in Ron's lap. Then, she reaches up to undo that final button. She's teased him up until this point. Now, she wastes no time. She holds her arms out behind her back, and with a flick of her wand, the shirt fell back as though pulled by an invisible hand, just as her cloak had done before. She stays on her knees long enough to make sure Ron can read the message she's left for him on her chest. He smiles, raising his eyes to meet hers, and mouths the word "always." That's her cue.

Hermione stands back up and finishes the act. As soon as the lights are down, she apparates to the dressing room backstage. She goes over and locks the door. A moment later, Ron appears behind her. He's got his tie in one hand and his wand out in the other. He walks up behind her, putting one arm around her waist. He pulls her close and whispers in her ear.

"You've been very naughty, Hermione. Mind you, I'm not saying that I didn't enjoy it, but that doesn't change the fact that you have been a naughty, naughty girl."

He takes the wand out of her hand and lays it on the table next to the door. He grabs both of her wrists and pulls them behind her back. He takes the tie and wraps it around them, the knot firm, but not uncomfortable. At least, not based on what he knows about Hermione and her level of comfort. He puts his hands on her shoulders and turns her around. He moves to stand in front of her. He looks down at her feet and works his way up. When his gaze reaches the top of her striped knee socks, he pauses.

"I think we could use a little more light in here. I don't want to miss anything."

With a wave of his wand, the room fills with candles. He continues his inspection, walking around behind her, slipping his fingers beneath the satin strings. With a slight tug, he breaks the straps (of course, Hermione had sewn in snaps when she was sewing on her sequins), and removes the garment. He looks more closely at the embroidery.

"Harry would be mortified if he knew you'd worn this and for this reason. Maybe you should give it to Ginny. After washing it, of course. Several times."

He folds the strip of fabric into a small square. He puts both hands on her waist and turns her back around to face him. He kisses Hermione passionately, and when they break apart he takes advantage of her open mouth to insert the square.

"And where did you get those? You'll have to tell me later. I can't imagine you popped into a shop and saw them next to the till. But that's a good idea. We should mention it to George. He could sell them in the adult section."

He gently peels the pasties off her very sensitive nipples, grinning when he hears her gasp as the adhesive pulls at her skin. Another flick of his wand and a chaise lounge appears in the middle of the room, just behind Hermione. Ron pulls her close, reaches behind her, and loosens the knot in his tie. He gently pushes her down on the chaise, then loosely ties her wrists to its legs. He removes her shoes and slowly peels off the knee socks.

"I know how strongly you object to socks and shoes being worn during intimate moments when nothing else is. Wouldn't want you to break your own rule."

He starts to remove his own clothing. He can see that Hermione is panting with anticipation. After the show she just put on, though, he wants to make her wait. He removes his shirt, but goes no further. He goes over to the lounge, wand still in hand, and sits next to her. He puts the tip of his wand at her nose, not quite touching it, and slowly runs it down her body.

“I’m sure you think you’re going to get exactly what you wanted after that little performance out there. And you will, but not just yet. This is supposed to be a punishment, remember?”

He raises the wand, and with an especially mischievous grin, he casts the spell - “Rictusempra.”

He jumps up and well out of reach. Her hands are restrained, but she can still kick. She demonstrated that when out on the stage earlier. He leans against the vanity and watches her laughing as invisible fingers tickle her all over her body. She hates being tickled, and he knows that as soon as she manages to work her hands loose, she’ll have her revenge.

He’s not wrong. Soon, Hermione has freed herself from the tie that binds her wrists to the chaise. Ron puts an end to the tickling, and Hermione sits up, removing the gag from her mouth and taking a moment to catch her breath. She stands up and walks back to the door. She retrieves her own wand from the table, and turns around to face her lover.

“You’ve had your fun. Now I’m going to have mine.”

She crosses the room, picking up her things and throwing them back in her bag. She pulls on her school robes, bends over to pick up the shirt that Ron took off just a few minutes before. She walks over to him, putting his shirt in one hand and taking his other in her own. They apparate, reappearing in her bedroom.

Hermione drops the bag at the foot of her bed and lets go of Ron’s hand. With a few waves of her wand, she divests herself of the robe in the same manner she had on stage and removes the rest of Ron’s clothes. Before he has time to react, she has flicked her wand again and Ron finds himself tied to the bed.

The knot in the ropes is not the firm but comfortable one that they normally use. But Ron is okay with that. He expected as much once he had started the tickling. In Hermione’s eyes, that one spell is just shy of unforgivable.

“Magic Wanda? Really? That was the best you could do?”

“I’ll show you, Ronald Weasley.”

And she did.

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