

Making a Point

by tonksinger

For grangersnape_100's Slave for a Week and Smut challenges.

Making a Point

Chapter 1 of 1

For grangersnape_100's Slave for a Week and Smut challenges.

It was torture. Pure torture. Hermione lay on her bed, trying not to squirm against the sheets, for each movement sent more heat straight to her groin.

The whole night, he had brushed against her, stood just a little too close to her; hell, the way he *looked* at her made her soak her knickers. And then, when she was done washing the last dish and feeding him strawberries while he read, he had dismissed her. Like she was nothing more than a servant. A slave.

Of course, for this week, she was his slave. And Master was being cruel.

What a stupid idea, to tell him her fantasy of being his slave, of obeying his every whim. She groaned and bit her lip as she thought of all the orders she had hoped he'd give her, the things she'd wanted him to do with her...

And he went and took her literally. And now she was horny as hell from his torment. Washing dishes indeed.

One hand slid down her body, seeking her soaking core. A gasp escaped her when she brushed her clit, and she lay back, finding the rhythm that would always satisfy...

"What is this, slave?"

She froze when she heard his voice, soft and dangerous, from the doorway of their bedroom.

"I-I...Master, please..."

A flick of his wand and her hands were tied over her head, ankles strapped to the bedposts.

"Feeling needy, were we, my pet? Wanting something I wouldn't give you?" Footsteps, coming towards the bed; a looming shadow over her, profile sharp in the dim candlelight.

"I'm sorry, Master!"

She could hear his smirk.

"For this week, witch, every inch of you belongs to me. Your body is my property. And I gave you no permission to touch my property."

She whimpered.

He smirked. This was her undoing, always: insinuations, innuendo, the promise of slow, torturous pleasure to come. In laymen's terms, dirty talk.

Lazily, he trailed one finger along her jaw and down her neck, watching as she tugged against her bonds, trying to find more satisfying contact. Her skin was soft under his fingertip, goosebumps following the line he drew—a curve from her collarbone to her left breast, then spiraling around the breast until he flicked the puckered nipple and heard her gasp.

"Mine." He repeated it with her other breast, then began moving down her body.

She moaned.

"Yes, this is mine," he murmured as he caressed the contours of her waist and hips. "See how easily I control what belongs to me, little whore?" As he said this he brushed a finger along the inside of one thigh and felt her shiver at the touch. So responsive.

Now both his hands were tracing circles up her thighs, each movement eliciting a new sound from her lips. He had a naturally sensitive nose, but even with the most violent of head colds, he could not have missed the scent of her arousal, musky and sweet.

"This...is *mine*!"

She tried to arch into his hand when he brushed her sopping curls, but the bonds prevented her from gaining any leverage, and he avoided her. Hermione moaned in frustration. He chuckled. Two fingers parted her labia, taking all friction away from her clitoris, denying her any release.

The cool stream of air he blew over her flesh made her cry out. One long, maddeningly slender finger inched deep into her and then moved no more. She tried to buck, to make it hit that burning spot it was so close to, but his weight on her hips held her still.

"Master, please ..." She was reduced to begging now, her need was so great for that fucking finger to start, well, *fucking*.

There! A touch, ever so light, on her clit, making her shudder and increasing her torment. The finger started moving, slowly, back and forth, with each thrust another touch on her throbbing nub.

It felt good, so good, but it wasn't enough to begin to satisfy her. She almost started crying when the finger stopped moving.

"Have I made my point, slave?"

"Yes, Master!"

"Do you want me to fuck you now?"

"Yes, please, Master!"

"Very well, slave."

After he had untied her and fucked her to within an inch of her life, they lay on the bed together. All through their coupling they had kept up the role-play: she obeying his every command, even holding back her orgasm until he permitted her to come. He had been demanding and just sadistic enough, twice more subjecting her to the torments he knew she loved. But now he was spooned against her back, arms wrapped protectively around, not his slave, but his wife.

His wife who, though very satisfied, was now planning next week's game: queen and court jester.