

Splint

by pyjamapants

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's note: This story was written for my excellent Witches of Gilford beta Kittyfish who has been waylaid by a hand injury of her own. While pondering her injury, I wondered how a similar one might affect our dear Severus Snape... and consequently Hermione. This plot bunny (and gift) demanded to be written. Many thanks to Shug for her beta work and LETTYbird for Brit-picking.

Please note the warnings. There is BDSM in this fic. If that's not your thing, please don't read.

Hermione swore viciously as Severus left the room to tend to his class. Ever since her husband had nearly cut off his index finger in a freak potions accident with his N.E.W.T.s class, he'd been an unbearable git. The wound had been further contaminated by the dragon's blood he had been handling at the time. Bedridden for three days with blood poisoning and a wound that now resisted all magical healing, Severus was furious that he was now forced to wear a splint and Muggle bandage on his finger for a total of four agonising weeks.

All of this naturally occurred at a critical point in his research and just before it was time to brew this month's batch of Wolfsbane. And, as her luck would have it, Hermione had just passed her Arithmancy Mastery exam and was taking some time off to relax before beginning her thesis work. Gone were her dreams of filling those weeks with daily Apparitions to a warm sandy beach to lounge and read pulpy romance novels. No, instead, she was serving her time in the dungeons as Severus's lackey.

He always found something to criticise, whether it was how she held the knife as she chopped and sliced, how she leaned too far over the cauldron as she stirred, how her fuzzy hair threatened to escape the tenuous hold of her ponytail, or how she breathed in the general direction of his delicate ingredients. In short, he was driving her up the bloody wall and hadn't even once thanked her for her efforts or for sacrificing her holiday. From the way he was behaving, one would think his entire arm had been amputated. Honestly, for someone who had long claimed to be ambidextrous, could the man really not be arsed to make his own tea?

Hermione bottled the last of the Wolfsbane and set about tidying up the laboratory. Heaven forbid Severus should find anything dirty or out of place. He'd startled the hell out of her just yesterday when he'd shrieked at her upon spying two stray daisy stems lying on the floor.

For a moment, she almost pitied him. He couldn't take pain potions or his usual Sleeping potion that kept his insomnia at bay. She'd woken last night at four to see the light on in the sitting room. She knew he was suffering, but bloody hell! Couldn't he take his wrath out on his students as usual? What's worse, he'd resisted all attempts she'd made to placate his temper. Along with assuming duties in his lab, she'd made his favourite dishes, tried to ply him with Muggle anti-inflammatories, and generally set about trying to make things more comfortable for the man. And what did she get in return? She was berated at every turn for coddling him like Molly Weasley. He had

stormed about the room for twenty minutes on Monday night declaring that he could bloody well take care of himself and that a nearly severed finger did not make him a fucking invalid.

Merlin, it's only been six days and already my nerves are crumbling. Perhaps it's time to teach him a lesson Hermione thought with a mischievous grin. She glanced at her watch and saw that she had one hour before Severus would return to the lab after his last class of the day. Fortunately, she was well ahead of schedule and could afford to pop over to Muggle London for a bit without raising her husband's suspicion.

Severus took several deep breaths as he tried vainly to control his temper during his class of first-year Gryffindors and Slytherins. He was trying so desperately not to return to his wartime persona, breathing fire at anyone who dared upset the delicate balance of his classroom. He guiltily acknowledged that he'd taken his agony and frustrations out on his beloved wife instead. Unlike the fleet of dunderheads labouring over a simple Sleeping Potion, she had been nothing short of a saint, and he'd repaid her horribly by taking his frustration out on her at every turn. Severus sighed. It wasn't her fault that Minerva had taken him to task earlier in the school year for berating one too many students. She'd demanded, with threat of dismissal should he break his promises, that he alter his teaching style, excising the flurry of insults he normally levied against his students.

Wincing as he accidentally knocked his splint against a cauldron, Severus's face contorted wildly to absorb the scathing outburst that threatened to leave his lips. He could hear James Potter's voice right now, "Careful, Snivellus! Your face will stick that way!" This was closer to reality than he might like. He'd apparently made the same face enough of the past week that he'd overheard several third-years referring to him as Sourpuss on Monday. It had taken every last bit of willpower not to give them detentions until the end of their Hogwarts careers.

Making his way to the front of the room, Severus collapsed into his chair with a sigh and glared malevolently at the splint strapped to his throbbing finger. Three more weeks of this? He'd be lucky to still have a wife at the end.

Hermione returned to their quarters just in time to quickly shove her shopping bag in the wardrobe and scurry to the lab. She breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing Severus demand that his first-years begin bottling their potions. Consulting the detailed notes in Severus's notebook, she happily observed that the afternoon would largely be spent in tedious ingredient preparation, leaving her mind free to wander. She quickly gathered the ingredients for the next stage of Severus's experiments and began carefully peeling the special order of Chilean Shrivelfigs.

She didn't hear Severus enter the lab, and she jumped when he chastised her for leaving a bit of skin on the last Shrivelfig. Dropping said Shrivelfig on the floor only further incited his ire.

"Alright, I've absolutely bloody had it up to here. Severus, go to our quarters NOW!" Hermione yelled as she raised her wand in his direction.

How fucking dare she raise her wand at me! Severus thought in outrage as he moved quickly to comply with her demands, at least having the wits about him to recognise that deliberately defying his wife would be a **very bad idea**.

"Severus, you have been an unholy terror since your injury, and I'll not stand for it any longer. Since you have three more weeks of pain and discomfort, I think it's high time we teach you to associate pleasure with pain. Kneel before the fireplace."

Severus's anger vanished, and his jaw dropped as he stared at the wrist restraints dangling from Hermione's hands.

"What the hell are you doing, Hermione?"

"I. Said. Kneel."

Oh bloody hell, I really have finally pushed her over the edge Severus thought ashamedly as he tried to ease himself to the floor with as little discomfort as possible.

"Now bend forward. No, I did not say you could support yourself on your hands. Put them on the floor beside your knees."

Severus complied as he heard Hermione move behind him. Gods, she'd not even touched him yet, and he was already rock hard. Suddenly he felt the wrist restraints close as Hermione pulled his wrists behind his knees, binding him in an exceedingly awkward position. She pulled up upon his shoulders to reposition the angle of his body. She vanished his clothes, and he felt the sudden chill of the dungeon air. Leaning down to whisper in his ear, she cautioned him, "I'll be returning in ten minutes. You had better not move from this position."

Left alone with his thoughts, Severus's mind raced. Bossy as she was, he had **never** expected his petite little wife to accost him with bondage gear. *Hell*, he thought as his cock throbbed, *if I'd known it would have this result, I'd have pissed her off long ago* The minutes slowly trickled by. He could hear the clock on the mantel and was certain that it had been at least fifteen minutes since she left. Fuck, this was uncomfortable.

"You are leaning too far forward, Severus," Hermione chastised.

Severus jerked in surprise. When had she reentered the room?

Hermione continued, "And your hands have crept up at least two inches above where I told you to keep them. I believe this merits a punishment. Would you prefer ten strokes with a paddle or with my hand?"

Severus swallowed nervously. His cock grew even harder at the thought of her hand repeatedly striking him. But it was imperative that he give the correct answer: whatever would most please Hermione.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Severus. You've just earned an additional five strokes. I believe you'll find I can be just as impatient as you under the right circumstances. You had better not make me wait any longer."

Quickly, he guessed that 'paddle' was the correct answer. Surely if she'd purchased one then she was eager to put it to use.

"That was a wise choice, Severus."

Severus clenched as he awaited the first blow. Instead, he felt Hermione's hand slowly caressing him. She teased him several times by gently petting him and abruptly removing her hand as if to strike. She brushed the paddle across his skin and delivered several light taps before running her fingertips up his legs to massage his aching cock. She slowly withdrew her teasing hand, and he couldn't help but jump as Hermione delivered the first blow squarely in the centre of his bottom. "Thank you, that was one," he blurted without thinking.

"Oh, you've done this before, have you? Funny that you never mentioned it to me. I believe that merits an extra ten strokes. By all means, please continue counting."

And so Severus counted as Hermione continued delivering his punishment. Gods, she was executing this perfectly. She'd applied the strokes evenly across his entire posterior and even delivered some very light strokes to his thighs. Wait, had SHE done this before? Pity he wasn't in a situation where he could ask whether she'd been on the receiving end or not.

Hermione reached the twenty-fifth stroke and laid the paddle on the mantel. "That addresses your infractions upon entering this room, but I haven't begun to punish you for your behaviour over the past few days. Stand up and turn around."

Severus struggled to rise, his wrists still bound behind him and further inflaming his arse as they rubbed against him while he stood. Finally standing upright, he turned to see Hermione sitting naked, legs spread, in his favourite armchair. Gods, he could see her arousal glistening from across the room.

"Come lie across the chair, Severus."

He lay across the chair and winced when she brushed against his splint as she loosened the wrist restraints. "Hold your wrists beneath your chest," she demanded. He did as told, and she restrained his wrists once more. "Now hold them above your head, and bend your knees."

There was no doubt now that she had done this before. She wasn't shy, wasn't hesitant, and was entirely too creative for this to be her first time. He was arched like a bow, balancing across the arms of the chair, his cock dangling in the empty space between her legs. He flinched when he heard her cast an unfamiliar spell and failed to suppress a groan when he felt her body rise up until she just barely grazed his cock. Even her thighs were wet. Looking at the chair, he saw a plump velvet cushion nestled under her thighs and shuddered.

"Oh, I think you're finding this far too enjoyable," Hermione cooed as she rubbed his tender backside. "I believe I have just the solution."

Severus's eyes widened as he felt his wife gently stroke his bollocks before slipping a ring around his cock. She continued caressing his bottom and commented on its rosy hue. "Mmmm. I never thought I would see Severus Snape in pink, but I must say you wear it very well." She pinched his left cheek, and it took all his willpower not to squeal in response.

"Now, I believe I was going to punish you for your recent behaviour. Tell me, do you feel you deserve a punishment, Severus?"

"Yes," he replied quickly, nodding and trying not to lose his balance.

"And why is that, Severus?" she asked.

Fuck, has my name ever sounded this good on her lips? He swallowed, trying to maintain his composure before beginning. "I've treated you abominably. I've snapped at you on every possible occasion and put you to work like a house-elf in my laboratory."

"You're correct so far. Please continue," she said as she rewarded his honesty by scooting forward so that the head of his cock nestled just above her clit.

Moaning, he continued, "I didn't congratulate you on passing your Arithmancy Mastery. I've hijacked your holiday. I've completely neglected your needs while I wallowed in self pity, and I never thanked you for your unwavering attentiveness."

Her hand continued lightly trailing over his reddened buttocks as she asked, "And how many strokes of my hand do you think you deserve for this?"

Severus performed some quick mental math to determine what might be appropriate given the infractions that had incurred the twenty five strokes thus far. "One hundred strokes."

Hermione chuckled. "Yes, I believe that does sound like an appropriate number. But I will only administer fifty this evening. I reserve the right to administer the remaining strokes when I see fit."

She began delivering his punishment with a variety and intensity that set his cock afire. She cupped her hand to deliver some strokes. She spread her fingers wide for others. The harder strokes drove him downward so that the head of his cock nudged against her clit. The soft strokes drew his attention to the delicious tingling sensation that raged across his arse. The pauses to stroke his cock, fondle his balls, or tweak his nipples drove him fucking insane. And still he counted. She startled him at stroke thirty when she lightly spanked his bollocks. And he nearly fell off the chair when, at stroke thirty-eight, she reached over to slap the bottom of his feet. When the punishment came to an end at stroke fifty, he was a panting, squirming, pathetic mess. He knew with certainty that without the cock ring, he would have spent himself across her thighs long ago.

He heard her release the spell that had conjured the velvet cushion. He felt her hips drop away from him, and he moaned loudly at the loss of contact. That damned teasing hand still had not stopped brushing across his skin. He shouted when he felt her lips trailing feather light kisses across his abused flesh.

Hermione smiled. He had been so very good. He'd accepted his punishment without argument. He'd not shied away from either the paddle or her hand. He'd counted each stroke without faltering.

She commanded him to stand and was shocked to see tears shining on his cheeks. She nearly broke character and apologised but managed to check her tongue in time. Instead, she signalled for him to turn around so that she could admire her handiwork. His cheeks glowed a lovely shade of pink indeed, and she was certain that she'd never seen his cock pulsing as it did now.

"Go lie on your back on the bed," she commanded. *Thank gods the spanking is over,* Hermione thought as she stood and felt how slick her thighs had become.

Severus winced as he reclined on the bed with his hands still restrained above his head. His arse was on fire, but it felt so fucking good. He sincerely hoped that Hermione was as tightly strung as he was. He wasn't sure how much more he could take.

He watched, panting loudly, as she slowly walked to the edge of the bed.

Crawling onto the bed, she stroked his cock and balls again. She touched the cock ring, and his hips lurched in the hope that she would remove the evil thing. "Now, now, Severus. I'm sure that if I remove this now, then the show will be over before I get to come."

He groaned again as she straddled his waist and placed both hands on either side of his head. "You were such a good boy while I was spanking you. If you'd acted up, I'd have made you lick my cunt right now. But seeing as you've redeemed yourself," Hermione said, trailing off as she slammed onto his cock in one quick stroke.

Severus shouted again as he was suddenly enveloped in her wet heat. Never in his life would he forget the sight of her riding him like this, driving his aching arse further into the bed with every stroke and deliciously forcing him to equate pleasure with pain.

Hermione had been close to coming before she'd approached the bed, and she knew it wouldn't be much longer until her release. She leaned back towards Severus's legs, supporting her weight with her left hand while her right reached between her legs to ease the ache in her clit. She cried out with the first constriction that signalled the fast approach of what promised to be a wicked orgasm.

Severus whined as he too felt the approach of Hermione's orgasm. Gods, he desperately wanted to come with her. She had never felt so good around his cock, and she'd never been more beautiful as she fought to regain control just a bit longer.

Hermione felt her control snap as she slammed down on Severus's cock one last time. She thought she heard herself scream as she closed her eyes and continued moving in erratic, short strokes, desperate to prolong her orgasm. Unable to maintain her position, she flung herself forward onto her hands. Her head thrown back, she cried out as she continued moving. Gradually, her pace slowed, and she panted loudly as she rested her head against Severus's chest.

Severus felt as though he literally could not close his eyes. Primarily, he didn't want to miss a single second of his wife's glorious orgasm. Secondly, he was so tightly wound that he was fairly certain he could no longer blink. He shuddered as he felt Hermione continue to flutter around his cock as the last of her orgasm ebbed.

Hermione caught her breath at last and raised her head to look at Severus. She was accustomed to his intense stares, but never had she seen his gaze so clouded with such a maelstrom of desire in his eyes. Severus groaned as she slid off his cock while moving her hand to slowly caress the side of his face. "Oh, Severus, I love you," she said, blinking back tears.

She reached up to release the wrist restraints, clearly concerned that he might pounce on her immediately upon his release. Instead, he gathered her into his arms and kissed tenderly before rolling her onto her back. "May I?" he asked, gesturing to his cock ring.

She nodded in reply and reached down to remove it. She watched him wince as the blood flow returned to his cock. She held her breath and waited for him to enter her again.

Fuck, she's even tighter now that she's come Severus thought as he slowly eased his cock inside her. He placed his hands beside her head and barely noticed the flare of pain from his wounded finger. It paled in comparison to the warm ache still radiating from his spanking. Fully seated inside his wife, he paused to gather his control but quickly abandoned the foolish idea. Having been teased to within an inch of his life, he would not last long in this round.

Moving her legs up to rest on his shoulders, he began to thrust as hard as possible. "Touch yourself," he demanded.

The moment Hermione's hand moved to her clit, he felt her begin to constrict around him again. Unable to hold back any longer, he slammed into her again and again before finally shouting his release and collapsing onto his forearms. Several minutes later, he reluctantly removed himself from her embrace and nestled onto his side next to her. She turned her head to look at him and smiled a lovely, satiated, sleepy smile.

"I'm sorry, love," Severus said as he ran his fingers across her stomach and hip.

"Oh, you're quite forgiven now. But lest I've reinforced your bad behaviour, please understand that next time it won't be nearly so enjoyable when you misbehave."

"Mmmm. I understand completely," Severus replied before he kissed her. He lifted his hand and gently caressed her face before pulling back. "Typically, one discusses such inclinations with one's partner rather than punishing him or her without notice, and sometime you're going to have to tell me where you learned to play such games and why you withheld such information from me," Severus replied with an unmistakable glint in his eyes. "I think I'll have great fun punishing those indiscretions."

~Finis~