

# 'R' Toys Us?

*by tonksinger*

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*Chapter 1 of 2*

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"*Hermione Granger!*"

"Suh...Severus? You're...ah!...home early..."

The buzzing abruptly ended and the disheveled woman lying prone on the bed scrambled to her knees, an action which did nothing to hide her flushed countenance nor distract her husband from the smell of pussy that permeated the room. *Her* pussy. That only *his* cock, tongue, and fingers were supposed to enter, never mind the brightly colored, decidedly phallic object that he'd just watched her thrusting in and out of herself as she moaned.

The guilty look on her face sealed it.

"What were you doing, Hermione?" Severus strode over to the bed and grabbed at the arm that had rapidly disappeared behind her back when he'd thundered her name. She fought for a second, but he was stronger, and soon he was in possession of what was, essentially, a bright pink, rubber cock, complete with realistic details: the slit in the tip, veins tracing its length. A plastic dial at the bottom presumably had something to do with the buzzing noise that had been cut off so quickly.

It was fucking *glittery*.

However, it was, he was pleased to note after rapid calculation, slightly smaller than his cock.

Which left the question: what was his wife doing with it?

"Hermione," he said, "what is this?" In theory, he knew what it was, but it was much more fun to watch his wife squirm.

"It's... it's a..."

*Tap. Tap,* went his toe against the hardwood floor. "I'm waiting, Miss Granger."

When the force of her head snapping up sent her disheveled hair flying, he knew he'd gone too far. *Probably shouldn't have used "Miss Granger." Not the right time for that game.* Hindsight is ever perfect, especially when one's wife has steel in her eyes.

"It's a *vibrator*, Severus." Her red flush of arousal and embarrassment was rapidly being replaced by the more fuchsia one of irritation. She sat up, back ramrod straight and chin pushed out into the stubborn pout he knew so well, and adjusted the cream silk teddy she was wearing so it looked, if not respectable, then slightly less wanton.

He couldn't help that his eyes flickered to her full breasts; the fabric was practically luminous and it highlighted her hard nipples so well...

"I know what it is," he snapped, tearing his eyes from her luscious curves and meeting her angry gaze. "What I don't understand is why you have one and why you are using it. These are for randy teenagers and single women who haven't pulled in ages, not a married woman like yourself!" He realized a bit late that he had been gesticulating with the hand holding the vibrator. He dropped it on the bed and made a show of wiping his hand on his robes. God, he could smell her musk and it was making him hard...

"Severus, just because we're married doesn't mean my libido leaves when you do! I spend all day doing paperwork in that cramped little office, so if sometimes I Apparate home during my lunch hour to relieve some tension, then so what!"

"What, am I not good enough for you anymore? Getting a bit stale, am I?" he snarled, taking a step back and preparing to leave. She could stay in here with her precious toy. Getting properly laid at night was not a given, after all, (he ignored the mental whimper from his cock), and she seemed to be doing just fine without him.

"Oh, *no*, you ridiculous man! For Merlin's sake, Severus, I... Don't you take another step towards that door! Don't you bloody dare, Severus Snape!"

He sneered and took a step.

His mistakes, he reflected as he flew through the air towards the bed, were racking up that day. In his defense, a good portion of his blood had migrated south, so his brain was not functioning up to par.

And a certain part of him had no objection to the ropes that wound around his wrists and attached him to the bedposts. Summoning what willpower he had left, he glared at his wife, who was kneeling beside his spread-eagled form and looking entirely too smug for her own good.

And entirely too sexy for his own good.

"Now that I have your undivided attention," she said, folding her hands primly in her lap and looking down at him, "let me assure you that sex with you is in no way stale or unsatisfying. You are a marvelous lover, Severus, and you know it, too."

She had a point. He allowed himself to relax so his head dropped down to the pillows, though he kept his eyes on her. The lacy edge of the teddy caressing the tops of her plump thighs was too good a view to waste just because he was annoyed.

"You are an excellent lover, in fact," she continued, and he couldn't help but notice that the timbre of her voice had dropped to a ball-tightening purr. "So good that while I'm at work I nearly always think about you and what you do to me."

Memories of what he did to her arose in his mind. Very nice memories they were, too. So nice they were threatening the structural integrity of his trouser fronts, a situation that was not helped when Hermione slid one leg over him, straddling his abdomen and causing the teddy to slide up farther...but not far enough. An involuntary growl of frustration escaped him.

"And sometimes," she murmured, reaching behind her with one hand and coming back holding the vibrator, "sometimes I just get so full of need for you that I come home and use this little toy to stave off the lust until I can have the real thing."

Slowly, she reached down with her free hand and lifted the hem of her skimpy chemise, revealing that triangle of curls he was so familiar with, completely soaked. She leaned back, bracing herself with her free hand and spreading her legs. He could see every inch of her dripping pussy: her swollen clitoris, her slick folds and dark entrance. The musky smell of her hit him and he licked his lips, wanting to taste her juices.

The vibrator entered his field of vision, and he became aware of the same buzzing he had interrupted earlier. The tip of the ersatz cock traced lines up and down her inner thighs, brushing at the curls, traveling nearer and nearer to her entrance with each trip, until finally it reached it and then... she stopped. The bright pink tip was poised, ready to slide in just as his cock would, but she had frozen it in place.

He whimpered.

"Do you want to watch me fuck myself, Severus? Do you want to watch what I do to myself when I'm alone in our bed and I think of you? Hmm?"

Stubbornness battled with lust. It was thoroughly routed.

"Yes! Please!"

And the vibrator vanished inside her. She moaned, thrusting her hips against the toy. He watched, entranced and frustrated, as the pink toy slid in and out of her entrance; it was like when he did her doggy-style and leaned back a bit to watch himself fuck her, but up close, in his face, and without any effort on his part. The buzzing sound increased when she drew the vibrator out, and was dulled when she pushed it back in, but it was never loud enough to cover the wet, slick sound it made as it slid through her juices.

He could take no more. "Hermione... please... let me touch you... let me make you come..." The note of pleading in his voice would normally have disgusted him (and oh, the evil things he was going to do to her later, *with* her damned vibrator), but right now he only knew lust and desperate need.

"Fine," she panted, slowing her activity for a moment to grab her wand. Ropes and robes vanished all at once, though not, he noticed with approval, the teddy. Warmth and wetness enveloped his cock and it took all his self-control not to come right then. Gritting his teeth, he sat up to watch his wife as she rode his cock, still leaning back to give him a good view of it sliding in and out, only now it was the real thing and the buzzing pink vibrator was in her hand, not her pussy.

He ran his hands over her body, feeling the silky fabric glide over her skin; her breath hitched when he deliberately rasped it over her nipples, pinching them for good measure. She was moaning wantonly as she rolled her hips, an action guaranteed to make his eyes go back in his head. Rolling tightened her inner muscles and rubbed the sensitive under side of his cock. He groaned as she did it again, feeling her wet walls ripple around him.

Then he felt the faintest of vibrations on the base of his cock and heard his wife moaning with new vigor. A glance down showed the vibrator positioned at her clitoris as she feverishly ground her hips against his pelvis.

"Severus... I'm... I'm going to... Oh, god!" Head thrown back, hips wildly grinding against him and the toy, Hermione came hard. Her channel tightened around him, convulsing afresh each time she contacted the vibrator until with a whimper she shoved it away. Watching her come signaled the end of Severus' control, and his own orgasm hit him like a ton of bricks.

"Oh, *ff...uck*, Hermione!" He seized her hips and yanked her down hard, thrusting himself as deep into her as he could, while his cock throbbed with release. His hips jerked for a minute, pumping into her until he was utterly spent.

With a soft *thump*, she rolled off him and onto the bed, panting along with him.

"So, Severus," she managed, after the worst of the post-orgasmic brain failure had worn off, "do you still think my using a vibrator is a bad thing?"

Still mostly unable to speak, Severus shook his head. Hermione owning a vibrator was fine by him at the moment. Besides, the small functioning part of his brain decided, the possibilities it opened up were numerous and very interesting....

# Toy Story 2: More Fun with Buzz!

## Chapter 2 of 2

Severus gets his revenge both for and with Hermione's toy.

Severus had been on edge ever since the introduction of Hermione's vibrator, two weeks previous. Its pink, phallic presence hadn't diminished their sex life in the slightest and actually allowed him to do slightly less work than usual to make her come, but it still seemed to challenge him just by existing. It was entirely Hermione's, from the nightstand drawer in which it resided to the hand that expertly adjusted the dial. Severus had no mastery over it whatsoever, and that annoyed him.

Besides, the word "revenge" had been percolating in his mind, and a plan had finally formed that would allow him to take control of the toy and use it against his libidinous wife. In a manner of speaking, anyway.

He smirked to himself as he set the scene in the bedroom, using his wand to light some candles, which gave off the faintest scent of exotic spice as they burned. They were scattered throughout the room, placed to cast just the right amount of glow over the bed. Dusky scarlet sheets adorned the bed, newly transfigured from the plain cotton ones he had purchased that afternoon, and their satiny fabric caught the light perfectly. Gold accents in the pillowcases and trim were the final touches on a scene designed to put his wife at ease. She might not even notice the gold silk ropes twined around the bedposts. If she did, chocolate truffles were on hand to be administered until she was placated.

He was taking no chances. It was Friday, the day when she came home exhausted from her long week at the Ministry, and it was not unknown for him to have a surprise waiting for her. Last week, their small bathtub had been transformed into something resembling a steaming swimming pool, and the bottle of champagne standing on the rim had refilled itself. Thus, the elaborate scene in the bedroom would not put her on guard.

It had occurred to him that she might not appreciate her weekly relaxation ritual being used as revenge for him, but he had reasoned that she would still be the one on the receiving end of the pleasure and therefore could not entirely object.

A lock clicked, and Severus heard the brush of the front door over the threshold.

"I bloody *hate* Percy Weasley!"

Hermione was home a little early. By the sound of it, she had not had an enjoyable day. Not that she ever had an enjoyable day at work, but this one sounded especially aggravating. For a moment, Severus's reserve wavered as he considered his wife's possible ire, but he shook it off. Quickly pocketing her vibrator and two AA batteries, Severus made his way into the front hall.

Hermione was placing her messenger bag on the small table there, having already hung her keys on the hooks on the wall. She looked up as he came in, a smile lighting her tired face.

"Weasley worse than usual?" he asked, reaching out and wrapping his arms around her. She groaned and leaned into his chest, placing her at the perfect height for his chin to nest in her hair.

"He's just so... ugh. So Percy. If he was any stiffer, you could fly flags from him." She shifted her head from under his jaw and looked up at him. "Kill any students today?"

"They are quite capable of doing that themselves, as you know perfectly well. Why following directions is so difficult for them I will never understand."

"I was good at that."

"Hmph. As I said, it isn't difficult." He grinned at her indignant glare, and took the opportunity to steal a kiss. She sought his tongue eagerly, pulling him close to her so he could feel her body flush against his own. The effect this had on him was inevitable; she demonstrated her discovery of it by grinding her hips against him, making him groan.

"Minx," he growled once his tongue was working again. Eagerly, he seized her hand and pulled her to the bedroom.

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Hermione gasped. Their bedroom, usually fairly plain and comfortable, had been transformed into an exotic dream. Red and gold hues played throughout, from the glowing candles to the luxurious bedspread. Following Severus inside, she breathed in a seductive, spicy scent, so different from the usual ones of cotton and shoes.

"Severus, this is wonderful!" she gushed, planting a kiss on his jaw. She saw him smile briefly as he turned and slowly began unbuttoning her robes, placing a light kiss somewhere on her face with every button. He kissed her neck when he reached behind her to unsnap her bra and then kissed a line down her body as he slid off her knickers. Light, teasing kisses, all of them, making her squirm with need; her clit tingled and she felt herself growing wetter.

Severus had knelt as he took off her knickers, and seeing him at eye level with her pussy sent Hermione just that little bit higher. Shifting, she spread her legs and placed a hand on the back of his head. His dexterous tongue was just what she needed right now. He looked up at her with a smirk before deftly disengaging himself and standing up again.

Hermione groaned, and he *tsked*. "Go lie on the bed, you demanding woman. Keep yourself entertained...", he waggled his eyebrows, "...while I undress."

Make yourself comfortable and masturbate? Those were orders Hermione could handle. Smiling, she crawled onto the bed, collapsed into the embrace of the pillows, and started rubbing her clit. Severus watched her hungrily as he stripped off the black turtleneck jumper he'd been wearing, followed rapidly by trousers and pants. The gold and red tones in the room gave his pallid skin a warm glow; it didn't quite suit him, but Hermione didn't really care. She didn't even notice the wand in his hand until it was pointing at the headboard behind her, and by the time a protest had arranged itself on her tongue, her hands were tied above her head with soft ropes, which also circled her ankles and drew them toward the edges of the mattress.

"Shh, pet," he said, quelling her protest with a look.

Hermione squirmed, tugging against the ropes. His games rarely bothered her, and for the most part she thoroughly enjoyed them, but... it was Friday night. This was the night she was supposed to be center of attention and have nothing difficult to deal with.

On the other hand, the room was beautiful, and he hadn't done anything evil.

Yet.

"Look what I found, Hermione," he nearly sang, and Hermione came out of her irritated reverie to see him presenting her vibrator to her like a man dangling a bone in front of a hungry dog. Slowly, all the while clearly enjoying her frustration to no end, he unscrewed the cap and slid in the batteries. She whimpered when he tested it, the familiar buzzing bringing up memories that sent a jolt straight to her clit.

Turning it off, he glided over to the bed and slid onto it, kneeling between her spread legs. One long finger gently brushed against her pussy, tickling it in a manner that was almost unbearable. Back and forth his finger slid, tracing the line of her netherlips, but always managing to just miss touching her clit.

"Yes, I found your toy and learned how to use it, my wife. I wanted to play, too." He leaned forward, and Hermione felt something like a cool, smooth cock slide into her pussy. He had inserted her vibrator and was now thrusting it in and out of her, fucking her with it just like he fucked her with his cock. Moaning, she raised her hips, trying to get more sensation.

"Mmm... more..."

"Beg me to turn it on, pet."

"Please, Severus..."

Vibration filled her pussy, sending thrills from her g-spot to her clit, heightening the pleasure, but not all the way. He knew, and she knew he knew, that she was a woman who needed clitoral stimulation to orgasm; vaginal stimulation just wound her up to no end. As long as he stayed away from her clit, he could tease and torment her for ages.

Oh, he knew all right, and she moaned as he twisted the knob and intensified the vibrations. Desperate, she moved her hips more, trying to get more sensation, hoping she might brush against his hand in just the right way and end the growing tension.

"See, my pet? It can't really make you come," he murmured, holding the vibrator firmly inside her and pressing her hips down with his other hand. "But I can. All you have to do is ask."

Hermione moaned. "Severus... please... touch me..."

"I'll go one better, love."

She had a last glance of his evil smile before he ducked down between her legs.

When his lips clamped around her clit, sucking gently as his tongue flicked from side to side, the growing tension broke, and orgasm flooded through her. She felt her back arch and her hips jerk, and she could hear her own moans.

"Oh, god, Merlin... ahhh, Severus, yes, oh, *fuck* yes!" She writhed under the continuing onslaught of his tongue and the vibrator, and soon the sensation became too much, overwhelming her with pleasure. Digging her feet into the mattress, she attempted to wriggle away from her husband's wicked mouth, but the ropes around her ankles prevented her from moving very far. Finally, she collapsed, twitching slightly with each flick of his tongue on her supersensitive clit.

"Severus," she gasped, "please stop. It's... too much..."

Black eyes looked up at her from between her legs. With a final lick, he released her, sliding the vibrator out as he sat back. He took a moment to study her panting, shaking form and then said, "Happy Friday, lover."

If she hadn't been post-orgasmic, completely exhausted, and tied to the bed, Hermione would have removed the triumphant smirk from his face, possibly by sticking the vibrator somewhere *very* interesting.

It was an idea to remember for another day.