

# Of Loving Consequence

*by simplydreamin*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** The characters are not mine, they are property of JKR and I am making no money from my twisted encounters with them.

**A/N:** This is a short story representing BDSM used in a safe, loving, and consensual marital environment. Thanks to my capable beta reader, Southern Witch 69. Sun, you are so kind to me, and I'm lucky to have someone I can trust in this fandom.

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"Go to the chest, my love."

The silky voice, barely above a whisper, warmly invaded Hermione's left ear, gently rousing her from peaceful dreams.

She stirred and opened her eyes slightly to take in the moonlight, which spilled effortlessly through gauzy curtains, highlighting her husband's striking features. He was propped on his elbow and gazing down at her with a determined smile upon his thin lips.

A significant yawn escaped her lips, and she rolled over on her side sleepily just before her lover repeated his words....

"Go to the chest, my love. I shall not tell you again."

He had whispered smoothly, though with slight displeasure on his tongue, and Hermione woke, anxiously aware of her husband's intentions. He often required her submission in the early hours of morning. Their courtship had been one of necessity, and it led to a tentative, yet mutually acceptable marriage filled with unfamiliar undertakings. Hermione learned early on that any energy spent in resistance to his twilight aspirations was wasted, only to leave her less satisfied than if she had met his demands with quiet compliance.

"Good girl."

The even-toned accolade followed Hermione as she rose from the warm sheets and lifted her arms in over her head in a stiff stretch. She swung her legs off the bed and instinctively reached for her robe, which was draped over the bedpost.

"You'll not need your wrapper."

Hermione sighed a wordless protest at her husband's comment.

"Be mindful of your responses."

The cold air of the bedchamber was already causing goose bumps to rise on her flesh, and she suppressed a shudder when her bare feet touched the stone floor. She briefly thought of voicing her objections. Instead, she held her tongue, knowing the sure outcome of any dispute.

Hermione had been prone to quarreling in the first months of their union; it was unlike her to accept commands without due consideration. Yet her lover had gently tamed her. With time, she found herself eagerly bending toward his will and desires.

"Procrastination is not in your best interest tonight, wife." His voice took a stern tone for the first time during the exchange. "I advise you to make your way to your destination. Tell me when you are ready."

Hermione jumped at his words of warning. She drew in a steadying breath as she slowly walked to the foot of the bed and knelt on the cold floor.

"I'm here, sir," she said in a wavering voice. The violent shivers distressing her naked body broke her speech. She rested her hands upon the antique mahogany chest and tensely awaited further instruction.

"Open it."

Hermione promptly obeyed and lifted the heavy lid, locking the side hinges to prop it open. The chest had been opened several times in the past two years, and the contents were ever-changing. Hermione never knew what would be revealed as she peered in each time.

With head bent low and squinted eyes, Hermione searched the dark crevice for tonight's lot.

"*Lumos.*"

Hermione startled as the light from her husband's wand assisted the moonbeams, illuminating the dark recesses of the chest. The items before her seemed innocent enough, but she knew the man waiting for her on the bed was second to none in deception and secret keeping. With his keen magical ability, he could Transfigure things in an instant and was known for doing just that on occasion. Although it seemed as though the instruments of her husband's pleasure were laid out before her, Hermione had been trained to expect the unexpected.

"Bring everything here to me."

Hermione gathered the chest's contents and walked to his side of the bed, leaving the chest lid open. She laid the items in her husband's lap and stood before him, feeling vulnerable, yet eager. She yearned inwardly for these sessions, and though the process was at times hard to endure, the end rewards left nothing to be desired. She loved the gradual buildup of physical sensation and eventually losing herself in sweet moments of release.

"Kneel before me."

The cold stone bit her knees once more, though her trembling was not the effect of her external surroundings. An urgent need welled up within her. A desire to be owned, ruled over, and disciplined left her heart pounding and her teeth chattering as she waited before her master.

"Close your eyes."

She stole a contented glance at her lover before the darkness overtook her vision. He tied the silky blindfold securely at the back of her head and carefully avoided pulling her long curls into the knot.

"Hands."

Hermione submitted her hands to him and smiled as he raised her fingers to his mouth and placed a gentle kiss on each knuckle.

"Your obedience shall not be ignored."

She did not struggle as her wrists were being bound with a silky cord. Straining against her husband's actions would not benefit her. The best plan was to surrender to his desires, and accept his manipulations as calmly as possible. Once he was done knotting the cord, he allowed her hands to drop to her front.

"Rise."

Reaching her bound hands to the bed, she pushed herself up from the floor and was quite satisfied to be standing again. It wasn't that she minded kneeling before him, but the room was especially chilly tonight, stinging her knees, which were less accustomed to the cold floor than her feet.

Hermione heard the swishing of bed coverings and sensed her husband's movements, though she was unable to see at all. She waited for several minutes, straining her ears for the slightest sound.

Just as she began to feel abandoned, two large hands snaked around her from behind. He cupped her firm breasts and lowered his mouth to the base of her neck, where he layered several soft kisses in succession. He began to knead her breasts, squeezing and massaging them as his cheek lay upon her shoulder.

Hermione let her weight fall back against him, and she rested her head against his warm chest. Her long hair draped over his front, and tickled his enlarging cock. His hands left her breasts, and he suddenly pushed her away, holding her arms until she was once again steady on her feet.

"This won't do."

Hermione stood quietly, as her bushy locks were roughly manipulated. Once the hair was pulled up off her back and twisted to his satisfaction, she heard him whisper a fastening spell.

"Better."

Hermione bit her cheek in an attempt to stifle a giggle. His annoyance with her mane was ironic. It was his constant petitioning that persuaded her to grow it out so long after all.

A swift and resounding smack on her arse was enough to wipe the smile from her face. She struggled in the darkness to maintain her balance.

"Care to share the source of your amusement?"

Hermione stood quietly, unsure if a verbal answer was mandatory. The following harsh slap to her derrière was a good indicator that he did, indeed, wish for a reply.

"I asked you a question."

"It's... it's nothing," she mumbled.

Before she drew her next breath, Hermione found herself pulled forward and roughly placed over her husband's lap, receiving a sound spanking. She reached her bound hands out and gripped the edge of the bed frame for support. This position left her breasts suspended, and they bobbed and wiggled with each slap.

She dropped her hands and upper body and reached down to hold the ankle of her master. As the blood rushed to her head, the sound of her heart beating in her ears clashed with the sound of the powerfully applied smacks to her backside.

Her knees began to rise up involuntarily, and her feet began to kick, as her body tried to lessen the painful onslaught.

"That is not wise, woman."

With a sternly spoken spell, her ankles were tightly bound together and a sensation of weight drew her legs back to their original position. His pace never let up even as he spoke the words. His continual slaps caused tears to well up in Hermione's covered eyes.

She eventually dissolved into heavy sobs, and the pressure in her head increased from her weeping. It was at this point, when she was truly broken over him, and her struggling stopped, that he flipped her over and scooped her into his strong arms. Though he often pushed her body past its tolerance of pain, he always recognized her limits and knew when she was ready to cross the threshold into humble release.

He cradled her there for several minutes, rocking her gently until her sobs subsided and easier breathing returned. When she was quiet again, he stood up and laid her upon the bed, carefully resting her head upon his own pillow. The binds around her ankles dissolved, and the heaviness in her legs was gone. He left her momentarily, returning with a cool rag, which he dabbed over her forehead, chin, and neck.

"Sit up."

He helped her up and brought a glass of water to her lips. She gulped it down, and a few drops escaped her lips and ran down her chin, dripping onto her chest.

"Hermione, do you know why you were punished?"

She shook her head slightly, honestly shocked at how quickly his demeanor had changed earlier. She was accustomed to planned, controlled sessions with her husband, but his rash, violent treatment of her body was not typical of their relationship.

"I showed my temper for two reasons, Hermione. The first being your dishonesty. If I ask you a question, you are to answer me truthfully." He grabbed an escaped tendril of hair and yanked gently. "No matter how unimportant the issue is."

He took her chin in his hand, lifting her face up to the moonlight. She bit her lip nervously under his inspection.

"You will not lie to your husband... ever."

She struggled against his firm grip upon her chin to nod in agreement. He removed his hand and sighed.

"The second reason for your punishment was your disrespect. When you address me during our sessions, you are to call me sir or Master. You have agreed to these terms, Hermione."

Hermione was uncomfortable with his disapproval. His voice was quiet as he scolded her, as if her actions had wounded him. Her lip quivered as she realized the importance of their proceedings within the bedchamber. He demanded respect and honesty above all.

His hand returned to her face, lightly stroking one finger along her jaw. It was evident that she was crying and that she understood the significance of his actions.

With a whispered a spell, the binds fell from Hermione's eyes and wrists. She waited and watched, unsure if the session was over, unsure if she should speak or move. She waited quietly. They sat in the stillness of the moment until he finally spoke.

"My wife."

He leaned into her lips and softly began to kiss her. His passion intensified, and he gently guided her back down upon the pillow. He lay beside her, alternating fervent kisses and warm whispers of endearment. With another spell, her hair was loosened from its knot, and he pulled several strands down over her shoulder and twirled them in his long fingers.

"I wish you to never cut your hair."

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**Author's Notes:** My idea in this story was to portray BDSM as a satisfying and comforting ritual for the the sub in a safe environment. This is my first time to write this most popular pairing, Hermione and Severus. I generally don't write het, but this bunny would not leave me alone! I've noticed that BDSM is widely accepted in stories with slashed male characters, but there don't seem to be many het or femme stories dealing with this subject matter. I hope to change that...one spanking at a time. Thank you for reading.

**Southern's Notes:** This was perfect...not too harsh, not too soft! Great writing, dear!