

Feather-light Torment

by tonksinger

He says I need to "stop being a bossy little witch" during sex. This, apparently, is his solution...

Feather-light Torment

Chapter 1 of 1

He says I need to "stop being a bossy little witch" during sex. This, apparently, is his solution...

AN: Just a naughty little oneshot I wrote when I was really, really missing the far-away BF. Some of you may not be as pervy as I am and therefore will appreciate warnings for anal play and sex toys. No buttsecks, though. Enjoy!

The velvet band over my eyes prevents me from seeing where Severus is, and he's taking care to move silently. I shift uneasily, readjusting my arms slightly and flexing them to keep some feeling. The silken ropes rasp against the sensitive skin of my wrists, titillating me, which was no doubt part of his plan. Keep me helpless, restrained and submissive so he can, as he put it, "inflict pleasure upon me."

I love my husband, but sometimes his tastes and my needs clash slightly. I'm currently standing in the center of our bedroom with my arms tied together and fastened to a loop he magically inserted in the ceiling. There's enough slack in the rope for me to move a little, but that's about it; he doesn't want to cause me pain, just to keep me at his mercy for the evening. He says I need to "stop being a bossy little witch" during sex.

This, apparently, is his solution: tying me up and keeping himself in control of my pleasure. To be fair, I owe him; he did wear the corset when I requested. And there was my suggestion of him performing a striptease for me, which he fulfilled admirably, if with a scowl on his face throughout.

But that doesn't mean I have to like being blind and bound.

My breathing stops when I think I hear a slight movement to my right; even though I'm blindfolded, I turn my head. But the touch comes from behind me. A feather, it feels like, whispers up my spine, starting just above my arse and turning back at the nape of my neck. I shiver at the tickle.

Twice more he traces my back with the feather. On the third downstroke, he goes further. My breath hitches as the fibers brush between my arse cheeks. It's delicate, taboo, and tantalizing.

And suddenly it's gone. Silence. I try to breathe quietly, straining to hear the rustle of cloth, the sliding of a foot over carpet. Nothing. Slick bastard.

I flinch at the touch on my neck, light as it is. The feather flickers over my throat and outlines my collarbone. It leaves barely-there tingles in its wake, just enough to make me aware of where it has been. Down it goes, and I confess that I gasp when it circles my right nipple, teasing it gently.

"Oh!"

That is Severus's mouth on my left nipple, tongue licking over the nub as he suckles it to hardness. The two sensations are frustrating; the feather hasn't stopped its teasing. I feel unfulfilled with only one sensitive peak being given the attention it craves.

Severus knows it, too. That's the problem here. He knows exactly what frustrates me and what excites me, so being utterly at his mercy is going to be torment. But torment can still be erotic, and my hard nipples stand as evidence.

With a soft caress of the underside of my breasts, the feather ghosts down my ribs, drawing designs on my stomach. I know he will not go near my pussy yet, and so I firmly stop my hips from thrusting forward as the tickles dip below my navel. I may be giving up control of the pleasure to him, but my reactions are still my own.

For now.

He's behind me again, close enough that I feel the warmth of his body. The feather is now at the junction of my arse and inner thighs, teasing me with its proximity to my dampening cunt.

"Spread your legs, pet."

His voice, as soft and dark as the velvet over my eyes, sends a shiver down my spine, and I obey immediately, sliding my feet over the rug. Severus knows his weapons and their effectiveness on me very well.

"Good girl."

I'm expecting the tickling fibers of the feather to torment my rear entrance, so when cold, slick liquid meets that sensitive hole, I let out a yelp. The lube...I assume that's what it is...is spread gently. My clit throbs and I bite back a whimper. He knows I'm sensitive there.

Something smooth presses against my arsehole, and I tense up. It's not a finger. All that I've ever had in there are Severus's gentle fingers. This scares me.

"Severus, wait," I murmur.

The pressure eases slightly, but I can still feel the rounded tip of something. A warm, bare body is suddenly up against my back, and he wraps an arm around my waist.

"Say no and it stops," he whispers. "But remember that I only want to give you pleasure."

Say no and it stops. That was the deal. All or nothing. I can say no to anything, but if I do, I say no to everything. Already I'm turned on enough that cessation sounds frustrating.

"Trust me, Hermione." His bony, arched nose nuzzles against my jaw, like a cat reassuring a scared kitten. "If in a while you take no pleasure from it, I'll remove it."

"Okay."

I can feel his smile.

Gently, he continues to slide something into my arse. It's smooth and small, and though I can feel myself being stretched a bit more than I'm used to, it's not unpleasant. As he slides it in, the arm that's still wrapped around my waist moves up. My neglected right nipple is pinched and rolled: reward, I suppose. It feels nice, either way.

Whatever he's slid into me is in all the way because the pressure stops. It's resting inside of me now, heavy and foreign. It doesn't feel bad, but it doesn't feel good either.

The warm skin vanishes from behind me, and I'm alone in my private darkness again.

"Ah!"

Vibrations roll through my insides, emanating from the toy in my arse. It's most intense right outside my entrance. The thrumming motor in the base of the toy stimulates the sensitive puckers of my hole. I moan, squirming against the bonds holding my arms up. It feels good, so good, but it's not enough, not nearly enough. My hips jerk and the toy shifts inside me, making me moan again as new areas receive its ministrations.

Severus has firmly earned my trust from here on out.

I hear him chuckle as I react to the vibrations. My clit is throbbing. The pleasure is there, but it's not the right kind of pleasure. I need a fucking now, good and hard, to complement this torment.

But no, of course not, that would be too easy. It's back to the feather and never before did its tickling fibers send such thrills through me. Nipples, back, throat; all ignite in its wake. He's very good at playing with me, my husband.

Oh, sweet Merlin... It's between my legs now, flicking up my inner thighs. It approaches my pussy, dancing along the sensitive skin, but just before it can tease my aching core it's working its way down the other leg, the back of my thigh, the dimple under my arse.

"Beg for it, pet."

"Bastard," I grind out, hips jerking forward as the vibrations suddenly intensify. Oh, gods, now they're scaling up and down, going from violently buzzing to gently humming. Each cycle winds me tighter, but release won't come yet.

"I have all night, my love." I can feel the feather teasing my pubic hair. The damp curls are being twitched, but he's deft enough not to brush my aching flesh.

I can't take this any more. Sweat is pouring down me from the arousal and my teeth are grinding from frustration.

"Severus..." I whimper.

The feather moves closer. I cry out as it whispers over my clit, only heightening my frustration.

"Yes?" he drawls.

This is it. Practicality over pride.

"Please let me come!"

"Of course."

For another second the feather is pressed against my clit, tickling the sensitive nub. It's gone soon and I moan the loss.

But when deft fingers spread my pussy apart and start expertly touching me, I forget all about the feather.

What he gave me before in teasing he now makes up for in intensity. One finger slides into me immediately, closely followed by a second. They pump in and out rapidly, as my slick flesh offers almost no resistance. A third fills me even further, stimulating just the right spot inside me to make my knees buckle. I'm getting so close to where I need to be, where I have to be if I'm not going to bed completely frustrated.

Lips lock around my swollen, aching clit, sucking gently as his tongue swirls over and over it. I'm nearly insensate with pleasure. When the vibrations suddenly jump to a

new intensity, I'm lost. I can feel my body jerking as I come harder than I ever have before. Pleasure spasms my muscles around Severus's fingers, but he doesn't let up on my clit, still sucking and licking furiously. My moans are echoing in the room as he prolongs my pleasure, making me jerk anew with each lick, each twist of his long fingers.

"Severus," I whimper, "please... too much..."

The vibrations stop. My poor overstimulated clitoris is released, and after a last thrust he pulls his fingers out. Muscles weak with pleasure, I slump, the ties on my wrists the only thing holding me up. His arms are around me suddenly, strong and supportive, and when the ropes vanish I collapse onto him.

Gently, he slides the toy out of my arse...I wince at the slight burn. I'll have to find out where he's been hiding it and maybe give him a taste of his own medicine, but not now. Not when I'm practically unconscious.

The blindfold slides off. I blink groggily. Severus is above me, his thin, sallow face wearing a smirk of victory. This is impressive, as our activities had to have given him an erection the size of the Eiffel Tower, and he doesn't let it show one bit.

"This doesn't mean," I mumble as he picks me up and carries me to the bed, "that I will stop being a bossy little witch."

"Oh, I know," he replies, lying down beside me. "But now I can occasionally remind you how much you like being tied up and tormented until you beg."

Damn him.