

Against the Ropes

by tonksinger

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: This was written as a birthday present for the utterly fabulous lulabelle72. She gave me "Severus, Hermione, and rope play." Thus, warnings for BDSM, D/s, and anal play. Enjoy!

Severus lies on the bed, watching her prepare their games.

The rope twines and slides through her hands like a black silk snake. She handles it deftly, and it obeys her, obeys her almost as totally as he does. Folds and knots turn into a hangman's noose with a loop at each end. She drops it to the bed next to its twin, made a few minutes earlier, and looks down at him.

"Good boy," she purrs, stroking the thick knot of rope that fills his mouth. "Good, quiet boy."

He is thankful for the gag. It stopped him making sounds as he watched her undress, kept him quiet as she tied the ropes around him into a harness. Every rasp of braided silk against his skin nearly pulled a whimper from him, especially the straps that went between his legs and brushed his balls with every shift in position.

Later, she will take the gag away, and only his willpower will stand between reward and punishment.

Hermione crawls onto the bed and kneels at his feet.

"Spread your legs, husband."

He does so, moving fast to avoid any reprimand.

"Very good. Now," she says, reaching for the noose-cuffs, "bend your knees and bring your heels to your arse. Keep your arms at your sides."

Not that he has too much choice in that, as loops coming off the harness tie his biceps to his ribs, but he makes sure his wrists remain at his hips.

The loops of the cuffs first enclose his wrists, tightening just enough to keep him bound. She slides a finger between each loop to ensure there is enough slack for circulation. Then, the other end of the cuff is slid over his foot and tightened around the ankle before being locked off.

He is spread before her, completely exposed, utterly vulnerable.

Incredibly hard. His cock rises from between his legs like a tower, at the mercy of her whims.

"Mmm. That's very pretty, pet." She picks up a spare piece of rope and brushes the frayed end down his cock, tickling the sensitive underside.

All he is allowed in response is a deep breath. He bites down on the gag to prevent more.

Down the end goes, dusting his balls and sending thrills of pleasure through him.

Down further...

"What a quiet toy I have tonight," she murmurs as she relentlessly stimulates his arsehole. She pauses in her torment. Leaning forward, she reaches over the length of his body and unties the gag. He can feel her heavy breasts brush over him, shifting the ropes against his skin.

Now, though, there is no ball of rope to keep him silent. Now the real tests begin.

She sucks him, hard, laving his cock and balls with her very talented mouth. He presses his lips together and stays silent. God, she's so good at that. His mind flicks to the times when she has been harnessed and bound and sucking his cock while he spansks her round arse. Her breasts are so lovely when they are encased in ropes which lift and shape them into soft, erotic sculpture.

It's not the finger up his arse that breaks his resolve, though it takes all his strength not to buck as she expertly strokes his prostate. No, it's the hard flick of a rope against his cock, whipping him to the border of pain, which brings a cry from his lips.

"Uh-oh. Not such a good toy. Mistress likes to play in silence, you know that, pet." Her eyes gleam as she looks him over. He knows she's thinking, plotting. When she grins, he whimpers.

The gag is replaced. Another longer piece of rope. A loop with a sliding knot.

"Raise your hips, you bad, disobedient little boy."

It's not easy, bound as he is, but he lifts his hips a few inches. She ties the rope around him, fastening it to loops in the harness, then brings it back between his arse cheeks, forcing it in like a thong.

It rubs against his arsehole and he squirms.

Then the loop she first made goes around his cock and balls.

She pulls it tight.

"Now, hold still for your own good, boy."

She straddles him and plunges her hot, wet cunt onto his cock.

Every twist of her hips moves the rope in his arse. Pleasure he has not yet known rolls through him, but the tight loop around his cock keeps him hard.

She fucks him wantonly, rubbing her clit as she slides up and down.

"Mmm, fuck yes, that's nice. Your cock is very big when you're all tied like this. Mmm, my perfect... little... fucktoy." She's moaning now, moving faster and he knows she's close. Her fingers on her clit are rubbing hard, in circles, changing directions often.

"Oh, God, yes! Mmm, *ah!*" She shudders and jerks as she comes, grinding her cunt against the rope. It slides back and forth in his arse, making him moan through the gag.

"Mmm. Very good, my little fucktoy. Now," she says, slightly languid from pleasure, "shall I let you go?" She pulls the gag from his mouth.

"Please," he gasps.

She rolls her hips cruelly, and he cries out in ecstasy.

"Please, *what?*"

"Please, Mistress Granger, may I come?"

"Yes, you may."

She slides off him, making him throb uselessly.

Before the rope comes off, it is pushed to the side to allow her finger to slide, once again, up his arse. He moans and writhes as she fucks him there.

When the loop comes off his cock and balls, he can't control himself. The finger in his arse and the built-up tension send him into orgasm instantly. Stars dance in his eyesight as he bucks against the ropes, feeling them cut into his skin as he pulls and strains. He can feel his come falling onto his chest like hot rain. Perhaps she will allow him to wash it off after she admires how it looks. Perhaps it will stay until morning, when she is no longer mistress, and he will make her lick it off.

Plans of knots and loops run through his foggy brain as she begins to untie him. She would look so pretty with a length of rope between her arse cheeks...