

Clinical Trial

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Epistolary communication of Hermione's fantasy leads to a fun night...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: This was written for the hp_kinkfest on Livejournal. My featured kink is scientist play. This fic features anal play, sex toys, dirty talk, D/s, wanking and role play. You have been warned--or, for some of you, intrigued. ;-) Thanks to lulabelle for the beta!

He unfolded the paper and began to read.

One paragraph into it, he leapt from the chair and whirled out the door, heading for his quarters at top speed.

Hermione was there when he threw open the door, and she looked up from *Consequences and Incantations*, brushing a curl behind her ear.

"Severus? Are you quite all... right...?" Her voice trailed off as he flipped the letter up, held between two fingers like a winning ace. For a long moment no sound aside from the crackling flames pervaded the still room.

"It... it's too strange, isn't it. I'm so sorry, you obviously don't like it." She flushed and stared at her knees. "You did say to just write down what I wanted, but we don't have to do it, Severus. Really." Her lips quirked in an attempted smile, but he saw the hurt in it and cursed the world that made her despise herself for having fantasies.

"Hermione," he said, voice hoarse with the effort of control, "take off your clothes."

It took a moment for the hope to light in her eyes and to turn her self-deprecating smile into a distinctly naughty smirk. She slid to her feet, gliding her hands over her robes in a far too undulating stretch; he glimpsed navy stilettos and white stockings as her hem hitched up. She caught her lip between her teeth and tugged it as she fingered the first button of her decorous neckline.

"Now, pet. You've made me wait all day, with my cock hard from wondering what your brilliant, filthy mind desired. The envelope tortured me so beautifully; I must return the favor." He placed the letter on the back of the couch to allow the removal of his coat and shirt. A button flew from the latter to land somewhere that he couldn't be arsed to note.

"But," he amended as her robes dropped to the floor in a heap, "keep the stockings and shoes."

She nodded, knowing better than to speak out of turn once he had said "pet," and reached behind her to unsnap her bra, adding it to the pile of cloth at her feet. Knickers followed, and now all she wore were the stilettos with sheer white stockings that reached just over her knees, teasing the difference between practical trouser socks and seductive thigh-highs. They were white as the paper on which she had detailed her scenario and just as falsely innocent in their bridal hue.

Stripped to the waist, Severus unbuckled his belt and reached into his pants to guide his aching cock free. It twitched as she looked at it and licked her lips.

"No, pet. You'll need your mouth free, more's the pity," he said, voice smooth and stern, pitched to command and seduce. Severus picked up the letter and handed it to her. She took it, mouth taking a puzzled moue, and looked up at him.

He squeezed her left breast, heard her whimper as he twisted her nipple just slightly.

"Sit," he said, pushing her back down into the leather armchair she had previously occupied. Taking her left leg, he lifted it up and hooked her knee over the chair's left arm; she obeyed with the other leg at his look.

All spread out for him, wet cunt exposed to the cool air of the dungeon room, entirely at his command and his mercy.

"Read me that letter of yours, pet, and I will show you how much I like it." His cock was hot and warm in his fist.

She wet her lips, unfolded the paper, and began.

"Cold metal stirrups against my soles; cold metal table under my back. The black leather straps holding my feet down, my hips in place, and my hands beside my head have warmed a little in the ten minutes since my being arranged in the laboratory. The dark is a small comfort, for I cannot see the tools of experimentation, but my imagination more than supplies what my sight cannot.

"Bright lights after the click of a switch, and now your footsteps, hard boots clicking against the white linoleum. I can see little by craning my head: the flick of your black lab coat; your black-rubber hands arranging something in a tray.

"You clear your throat and speak. 'Today, the experiment will center on the sexual desires of the subject. Various implements will be used on her and her reactions noted. Orgasm shall be denied as long as is possible, until she begs for it like a filthy whore.' Your voice is cold and clinical, and I shiver at the dirty words ringing in the clean white lab."

"Mmm," he moaned, interrupting her, "yes, you like dirty talk, don't you?" Her wide eyes belied her glistening cunt, and he took a moment to fondle his bollocks, holding her gaze. He jerked his head with a contented grunt, indicating she should continue.

"I shiver again as you slide clamps onto the lips of my cunt and spread me wide. I'm wet; I know it and you know it.

"More clamps, on my nipples, and this time I try to shift at the sensation, but the straps prevent most movement, and I whimper.

'Subject reacts with pleasure to nipple clamps.' A tug on one of them draws a cry from my lips. I see you smirk, and you repeat the action.

'Subject seems to enjoy a little pain.' Blessedly and to my unhappiness, you abandon my nipple for the time being, leaving only the clamps and cool air to keep the peaks hardened. You click back down to my hips, between my raised and spread legs.

"Oh, your gloved finger slides so smoothly into me, frictionless against my soaking cunt. Such slender fingers you have, and I curse you for them as my hips search for sensation that is not there. Rubber, so smooth and clean and wonderful and frustrating as you slide your hand back and forth.

'Subject's cunt is dripping.'

Finger is gone now, to rub lightly over my clit, teasing just as you did my inner walls, making me whimper again. But the touch vanishes at my sound; I crane my head up to see you frowning at me from between my legs.

"Quick movement and stern orders later, there is a ball gag in my mouth, for you said my noise interfered with the experiment. Back to my cunt you go, but not before a stop at the tray, a rattle of unseen objects.

"Have you ever known the shock, the pleasure, of cold lube at your arsehole? I can't wriggle as you massage it into me, letting your slick finger push past my tight hole to spread the thick lube inside me. It's more than sensation, it's anticipation of what is to come; a plug, beads, fingers, or even your cock."

She stopped reading at his guttural groan, staring over the top of the paper with parted lips. His hand worked back and forth over his cock as he stared at her exposed body and pictured it laid on the table, strapped down, subject to his every whim... all wet and tense, reacting to him perfectly.

"Hermione..." he choked out, feeling his balls tighten and the familiar ache of pleasure begin at the base of his spine, "move the paper... I want... to come... on."

Hermione shifted the paper just in time to reveal her entire body to the onslaught of come that shot from him. His hips jerked helplessly in time with his orgasm, adding new flecks and spatters of creamy white to her breasts, her thighs, her cunt.

Spent at last, he sagged to his knees, staring at his wife. No woman should look so beautiful with come dripping off her tits. Neither should she look so turned on by it; whimpering, she moved to touch herself, but he caught her wrist.

"No, pet," he said, moving until he knelt directly in front of the chair, looking up into her pleading eyes. "I'm still in charge. Keep reading."

She wriggled slightly, lips tightening in carefully hidden frustration, but she returned her gaze to the paper.

"It's a plug this time, smooth and cold inside me. Not large, but enough to stretch me ever so slightly; only my trust in you keeps the safe word from my lips. You would never hurt me, unless I asked you to, and even then, only if it was for my pleasure."

She gasped as he probed her arse with his finger, coating it first with her juices to slicken it. A glance between them solidified the rest of the game, and she went back to reading.

"And then, oh fuck, it vibrates. It's deep pleasure inside me, full and solid as I clench my fists against orgasm. You see my pleasure and cease the buzzing, only to slide a thick vibrator inside my...ahh!" She thrust herself against his fingers, and he buried two in her cunt and one in her arse, allowing her to fuck herself on them. Her voice grew huskier with each moment, and the words of the letter came faster.

"In my cunt. I am full in all places; my nipples ache when you lean down to suck on them. But even when you turn on both toys inside me and I am consumed with the sweet shaking, I need more. You know it.

"Subject reacts well to toys, as all filthy little whores do."

"I can't tell you what else I want, only moan around the gag, hoping somehow that 'clit' and 'please' will be hearable. You play with the vibrations cruelly, intensifying them by turns along with more tweaks to my nipples. With each touch, each change, the leather straps keep me in my place: I am subject and object, and I want to, need to come, if only you will let me!"

She broke off to fuck him more, hips winding frantically. A sheen of frustrated sweat was beginning to show on her collarbone, illuminating her panting chest.

"*Is the subject willing to beg?*" you ask, removing the gag to stare down at me with clinical impassivity."

"Beg," he said, leaning in to breathe on her clit and make her cry out.

"Please may I come?"

He knew the next words in the story, having spoken them to her nights before, in and out of games and fantasies; he recited them simultaneously to her gasping out the last few lines of the letter.

"Why do you want to come?"

"Because I'm a filthy whore," she moaned, thrashing counterpoint to his hands. "I am a dirty little slut who loves your fingers and... ahh, cock in her cunt and her arse, and I want to come all over them for you... oohh, please!"

"Then you may come like a filthy whore."

And he was there, sucking and licking her clit with wild abandon, hearing her cry out her required "Thank you," before she convulsed above him. Everything tightened around his fingers, but he forced them through her, continuing to finger-fuck her until she lay limp on the chair and moved away from his gentle touch with faint sounds of protest.

Exhaustion hit him as she lifted her head to gaze at him with slumber-desirous eyes. Several Scourgifys later, they lay sprawled over the bed, she curled around his supine sprawl over the duvet.

"So you like it, then?" she mumbled into his shoulder, stroking his chest with languid fingers.

"Hermione, I am going to find a day where we have no other obligations but to set it up in an empty room." He turned to smirk down into joyous brown eyes.

"And then another day where we play."

He doused the torches with a wave of his hand. But before burrowing into the coverlet and giving in to his body's demand for sleep, he groped until he found her not-quite-softened nipple. A tweak brought a surprised squeak from the adjoining pillow.

"Sweet dreams, pet."