

Slurred Gibberish

by SlashisSilly

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is my very first smut fic. Any constructive criticism would be greatly appreciated!

Quietly entering the dark bedroom, he could barely make out her form lying in bed. She faced away from him, lying on her side. The blankets were pulled up to her neck, and all he could see was her brown mass of curly hair. He checked the clock. Eleven. She was never in bed this early on a Friday night. She was definitely pissed off.

He undressed quickly in the bathroom and then slid between the sheets of their shared bed. He pulled back the duvet to lightly place a kiss on the back of her shoulder and rolled to his own side of the bed.

Blaise had Floo'd earlier that evening to let her know that he would be going out for a drink with the guys after work. All she had asked of him was to be home by seven. Distracted by the guys, he couldn't even remember to do that one bloody thing. Blaise managed his alcohol well, and by ten he was barely even buzzed, but Draco was hammered. Blaise helped him back to the manor and then Apparated home.

Appearing in the backyard with a *pop*, he thought it was odd that the house seemed to be completely dark. He went in through the backdoor and spotted the dining table and immediately remembered the date they had planned for that night. Two candles in the center of the table had been burned down to nubs, and only one place was set. She had eaten her own dinner alone and washed her dishes afterward.

For the past two months, Hermione had been given extra workloads and was stressed beyond belief. Percy Weasley had been promoted at the Ministry and had immediately piled the work of two employees onto Hermione's plate. Being the ever-diligent witch that she was, Hermione agreed to take on the extra tasks, but quickly learned that she had bitten off more than she could chew.

Some nights she worked until eight, and she rarely had time to meet Blaise for lunch anymore. She was losing her temper at every little thing, and since she was coming home exhausted every night, the couple hadn't shagged in weeks.

That night was supposed to be the first night of her well-deserved two week vacation. All she had wanted to do was celebrate and spend a nice evening with the man she loved. Unfortunately, her poor excuse for a boyfriend had forgotten and bollixed things up completely. He nearly hexed himself when he read the note left for him on his plate.

Dinner is in the refrigerator.

I hope you had a nice night.

-Hermione

Lying in bed now, Blaise hated himself. How could he have forgotten? Not only was this night especially important to Hermione, but he desperately missed the time he hadn't been able to spend with her over the past two months. Not to mention that he awoke every morning with a nearly painful hard on.

He rubbed his eyes with the palms of his hands and attempted to get some sleep. He was going to have to make it up to her, but he would think up something in the morning.

Nodding off to sleep, Blaise suddenly felt a sharp tug on each of his wrists. He was now wide awake and found himself bound to the bed. The duvet disappeared. Hermione was standing beside him. He hadn't even felt her climb out of bed. She was wearing her usual pajamas of a pair of snug cotton knickers and a small, sleeveless undershirt. She stood there glaring at him, arms crossed in front of her chest. She leaned to the side, putting her weight on her left leg, and allowing her left hip to tilt up. It was her "don't mess with me" stance. He would never tell her, but he loved that stance. It was damned sexy.

"Apparently, you don't remember this, Mr. Zabini, but I asked you to be home by seven." Her voice was soft, but deadly. She uncrossed her arms and planted each hand firmly on her hips. He began to apologize, but when her eyes flashed with anger, his mouth snapped shut.

"Apparently, you haven't noticed this, but we haven't had sex in several weeks. I have been *painfully* aware of this. I was hoping for some release tonight, but you were not around. Why weren't you around, Mr. Zabini, when I specifically asked you to be here?"

He didn't dare answer her. He also didn't dare correct her on the fact that he woke up every morning *painfully aware* of their situation. Just as he was growing painfully aware of it now. Why did she have to be so damn hot when she was pissed off? He licked his lips and stared at her unyielding glare.

She glanced down at his pants and smirked at his obvious "painful awareness" then tugged off his boxers. She walked around to the end of the bed, swaying her hips seductively. She knelt on the end of the bed between his ankles. She leaned forward on her hands, allowing him a small look at her cleavage.

"For your severe tardiness, I have decided that you will receive three punishments." She crawled further up the bed and straddled his stomach. She was careful to keep her bum up so as not to touch his erection. "Your first punishment," she said while tugging lightly on his bindings, "is your inability to touch."

Hermione lightly ran her fingertips down his arms. She smirked at him and raked her fingernails across his nipples and down his torso. His back arched slightly at the sharp contact against his nipples. He raised his hips, wanting to press himself against her bum. But she wasn't allowing it.

Her nails ran down his stomach, and then she slowly dragged them up her inner thighs. She playfully ran one finger under some of the elastic on her knickers then withdrew it. Grabbing the hem of her shirt, she peeled it up over her torso and pulled it over her head.

Her breasts bounced a little after pulling her shirt off, and her nipples were hard. Sitting on her knees, she hovered over his stomach, denying him the friction he was now beginning to need. She squeezed her breasts together with her hands, rubbing and pinching her nipples between her fingers. Blaise was enjoying watching her, but groaned with the need to touch her himself. She leaned forward, allowing her nipples to lightly touch his chest.

Hermione ran her nails across his ribs then repeated the movement on herself. She bounced a few times, touching her bum to his lower abdomen, just barely avoiding his cock.

Grabbing her wand off the bedside table, Hermione *Evanesc*o'd her knickers, leaving herself fully naked on top of him. Blaise was beginning to burn with desire. Pulling at his bindings only tightened them, and he was getting frustrated. She continued to move over him, touching and teasing herself. Then she produced an ice cube with a wave of her wand and ran it over her warm, pink lips.

His mouth went dry, and Blaise's tongue darted out to wet his own lips. Hermione teasingly ran the dripping ice cube along her collarbone, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. She shivered, running it between her breasts and down her stomach. Her nipples were already hard, but they seemed to push out further when she circled each of them with the freezing ice.

Blaise strained, attempting to lean forward, needing to lick the cold water dripping from between her breasts and down to her navel. Hermione just shook her head and smirked at him while swiping both of her inner thighs with the dripping ice cube.

Blaise shuddered and gasped when he felt her run the ice cube up from his navel and over his chest. She rubbed it over each of his nipples, allowing the buds to harden then lapping up the leftover water with a quick swipe of her warm tongue. He bucked his hips again, and, to his dismay, she again avoided his hardness.

The ice was almost gone so she ran it over his lips then slipped the cold sliver into his mouth. He gave her a cheeky grin.

"And your second punishment... added to your first."

Blaise's arms were sore from pulling on his bindings, his mind was spinning, and he felt that if any more blood went down to his groin, he wouldn't have a sufficient enough supply for his brain.

Sliding open the top drawer on the bedside table, Hermione withdrew a black scarf. She tied it around his head as a blindfold. "Lack of sight." He could hear the smirk in her voice.

Growling in frustration, Blaise moaned, "Hermione... you're evil."

She edged up his body to straddle his chest and sat down. "Obviously, my punishments are not evil enough if you are still able to speak coherently, Mr. Zabini."

She was the only witch he knew of that was able to make him come so hard the only thing that came from his mouth was slurred gibberish. The thought of the night ending like that made Blaise groan with yearning.

Hermione pinched one nipple lightly then slid her hands down her body and to her sex. Blaise was now blinded, but he would know exactly what she was doing soon enough. She sighed, running her fingers along the insides of her thighs, coming up to lightly brush the dark curls at the juncture of her thighs. Slipping her fingers in gingerly, she wet two fingertips with her juices. She dabbed the moisture on her swollen clitoris and began stroking it leisurely.

The heady scent of her arousal was getting stronger. Her breaths were getting heavier, and Blaise could feel her hips bucking gently on his chest. He knew she was touching herself. The thought that she was masturbating on his chest and he could neither watch nor touch was torturous. His breaths were coming out in pants, and he clenched his fists in frustration.

The pleasure was building inside her, and she released a small whimper which made Blaise growl in return. Hermione was stroking her sensitive nub a bit more vigorously now and allowing her other hand to wander down. She sunk two fingers in slowly then removed them to wipe some of her wetness at the corner of Blaise's mouth. He was now moaning along with her, and his tongue darted out to lick up the tantalizing sweetness she treated him to.

The sight of his pink tongue running along his dark lips made Hermione quiver. She sunk her two fingers back into her entrance and moaned, rocking her hips. Blaise could feel her thighs flexing on either side of his ribcage, her warm juices seeping out ever so slowly onto his chest, and her arse rocking back and forth. He knew she was close.

"Dammit, Hermione. I need to fuck you." His desperate words came out in breathy growls.

The visual that came to her mind with his words sent her over the edge, and her fingers sent her spiraling to orgasm. She stayed still for a moment, allowing herself to

catch her breath. She lowered her mouth close to Blaise's ear.

"One last punishment."

She tapped one of his ears with the tip of her wand, and he suddenly could not hear anything.

"Dammit, Hermione," he groaned, trying to remain quiet since he was unable to determine the volume of his own voice.

He felt Hermione slide down his body, and she lowered herself onto his cock. He gasped and moaned, rocking his hips upward to meet her. The sudden friction was great, but not as amazing as he knew it could have been. Blaise liked to watch Hermione's eyes flutter when he entered her. He liked to hear the small whimper she made and run his hands over her hips.

For a torturous amount of time, she stayed in place, not moving at all. Then she began to slide slowly up and down his length. It felt good for him, but he knew he wasn't going to be able to come. And Blaise knew that Hermione knew. This really was punishment.

Many men could get off with merely enough friction, but things were not that easy for Blaise. Hermione knew his weaknesses. Knew what he liked to see, what he liked to hear, what he liked to touch. Her attention to his cock might bring him to the edge, but without everything else, he'd never tumble over.

Hermione kept riding him, but all he could think of was how much he was missing out on. The view of Hermione tossing her hair back, squeezing her breasts with his large hands, rubbing her clit for her when he knew she was close.

As he felt her muscles clenching, a new flow of juices swimming around him, Blaise made a decision.*That's it. I am never going to be late for anything for the rest of my life.*

He wondered if maybe he had said that out loud because after making the thought, Hermione climbed off of him and pulled the blindfold off. Using her wand, she unbound his wrists, and his hearing was back.

She stood beside the bed as she had earlier. The sexy "don't mess with me" stance. Except this time she was naked, flushed, and her hair was wild. It made him even harder (if that was possible), and he grimaced with the thought of how he was probably going to have to relieve it tonight.

Blaise wondered why she was still looking so angry.

"This was supposed to be *your* punishment. But, dammit, I'm not having any fun!"

He grinned at her. "Come here, Hermione."

Blaise pulled her down onto the bed. Rolling on top of her, he let his hands roam everywhere. He kissed, licked, and nibbled her all over. She moaned as her hands slid up and down his back. He needed release, but he also wanted to take the time to appreciate everything he had just missed out on.

He felt as if he was experiencing all of his senses for the first time. When he couldn't take it anymore, he held her hips in place and plunged into her. Her eyelids fluttered, and she made a small whimper in her throat.

He enjoyed every bit of every second of it. He listened to her moans, the mattress springs whine, the light smacking of skin against skin, her gasps and sighs, and his own grunts and moans. He felt her breasts in his hands, rubbing the nipples and running his tongue over them. Blaise watched her brow furrow, her hips thrust against his own, her neck arcing, her hair fanned out around her head, and her breasts bounce lightly with each matched thrust.

It was amazing. She began to clench around him, and he tried to hold on long enough to make her come first. He rubbed small circles over her clitoris with his thumb. Even the stinging pain of Hermione digging her fingernails into his back added pleasure to his experience, and they came at the same time.

He collapsed on top of her, out of breath, and out of energy. It felt as if his brain had had a sensory overload. He couldn't comprehend it, but he knew he had never come so hard in his life.

Blaise moved off of her, pulling her to him and burying his face into her neck. He attempted to say, "Next week, it's your turn," but it came out as slurred gibberish.

End.