

A Surprise for Hermione

by lilbitbord

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione came home from working at the Ministry of Magic a little later than normal, but since her husband, Charlie Weasley, was away for the week in Romania training a new dragon, she didn't mind the late hours. When she Apparated into their two bedroom house, she knew something was different.

Normally, when Charlie was gone she left on a light in the kitchen, so she didn't have to enter their home in complete darkness. But tonight, the light she usually left on was not lit; however, there was a soft glow coming from the room. She pulled out her wand and slowly made her way to the glow. In the middle of the kitchen table sat a red candle. She knew she hadn't left a candle on the table, let alone left it burning while she was at work. She noticed that next to the candle was a note with a red, long-stemmed rose. Smiling, she picked up the note and flower and inhaled the fragrance as she read the note.

Hermione,

I couldn't stand being away from you for a whole week, so I decided to come home early. I'm waiting for you upstairs, and I brought a surprise.

Love,

Charlie

P.S. There is a bowl of strawberries in the cooler. Bring them up with you.

With a huge smile on her face, Hermione put away her wand and bounced to the refrigerator, pulled the bowl of the fresh fruit out along with a bowl of whipped cream, blew out the candle and made her way up the stairs to their master bedroom.

"Charlie?"

There were glowing embers in the fireplace of their bedroom from a recent fire. He must have been waiting for her to come home for a couple of hours.

"You're late," Charlie's voice purred from the shadows.

Hermione jumped and squeaked at the sound of the voice. "I'm sorry; if I knew you were coming home tonight I would have been here sooner. As it was, I had a lot of work to catch up on today. I'm surprised I got out as early as I did."

"You almost ruined my surprise. If you got home any later, I would have forgotten the whole thing," Charlie said as he stepped out of the shadows, clad in only a pair of

jeans. The glow from the fireplace highlighted his taut chest and muscles making Hermione's mouth water. "I missed you, love, did you miss me?"

"Of course I did! I haven't been able to get a good night's sleep since you left," she practically yelled as she walked to the table by the bed to set down the strawberries and cream. She crossed the room to her husband and gave him a much-needed kiss.

The kiss was very slow and gentle at first; their lips met, and they savored each other's taste, like it had been years since they'd tasted each other. Hermione gently ran her tongue along her husband's mouth. Charlie took the opportunity to slip his tongue into her mouth, tasting the sweetness that was his wife.

Hermione moaned when her husband's tongue entered her mouth and started to lose control. It had been four days since her husband kissed her like this. Her animal urges kicked in, and she broke off the kiss and started to nibble her way down his neck. She slid her finger in the waistline of his jeans and undid the button. She couldn't wait any longer; she needed to feel her husband's body on top of hers.

"Hermione, love, slow down. You don't want to ruin my surprise now, do you?" her wizard husband said with a low chuckle.

"I don't care about the bloody surprise! It's been four days since I felt you inside of me. I feel like I'm going to explode if I don't have you soon," Hermione rasped, desperate for her husband's contact.

"Now, now, we must be patient, for good girls who wait get a reward." Charlie said with a mocking tone while he nibbled on her neck and licked his way to the shell of her ear. "But bad girls who are impatient get punished," he breathed next to her ear, which sent a shiver down her spine right to her already heated core.

If Hermione's knickers were wet before, they were now soaked with the thought of a punishment. They had only been married five months, but were dating for two years before they finally decided to make it official. They'd done some experimenting in the bedroom, but were always trying new things to keep their sex life interesting. Hermione could only imagine what sort of punishment Charlie had in mind.

"Punishment?" the witch squeaked. "What sort of punishment?"

"Now that would ruin the surprise, wouldn't it?" he told her hotly while he caressed her cheek with his finger. "Now why don't we get you out of these clothes?"

She shed her robe and threw it on the chair beside her dresser with lightning speed. She'd already started to attack the buttons on her blouse, when Charlie grabbed her hand and stopped her.

"That's my job." He chuckled at her eagerness.

He slowly unbuttoned her shirt, staring at her eyes the entire time, watching as they glazed over with lust. He pushed her shirt off her shoulders, tossed it to the floor and cupped her lace covered breasts, squeezing and pinching her hardened nipples through the bra.

"Please, Charlie," the witch pleaded as he dipped his head and sucked on her nipples through the lace.

"Begging already pet? We've only just begun."

He unhooked her bra and tossed it to the floor next to her shirt. If Hermione was in the right frame of mind, she probably would have scolded her husband about throwing her good work clothes on the floor, but she was too far gone to care. He could have thrown them in the fireplace and she wouldn't have even noticed.

He unzipped her skirt and let it pool to floor at her feet. Hermione smiled when she heard a low growl come from her husband when he saw that she was wearing a lacy thong. She stepped out of her skirt and shoes as he stared at her choice of undergarment.

"You were wearing this poor excuse for knickers all day, when you knew I wouldn't be here to enjoy them?"

Hermione opened her mouth to answer when the wizard put a finger against her lips, silencing her.

"Shh, you were very bad today, wearing that scrap of fabric you call underwear, when it doesn't even cover your bum properly. I think you should be punished for your indecency."

Hermione sobered for a minute, her hands automatically going on her hips, like they always did when they argued. "My indecency? What about all those times you decided to go 'commando' while wearing those tight leather pants that you love so much?"

"This isn't about me, my darling wife, it's about you," Charlie said as he turned and walked to his dresser. He pulled out his wand and pointed it at Hermione and whispered a spell. Before she could process what he'd said, she gasped as magical bonds pulled her arms above her head to the ceiling. Charlie walked back to her and tied a red silk scarf around her eyes.

"Are you okay, Hermione?" he asked, using her name, indicating that he was serious for a moment. He wanted to make sure she was comfortable; it would be no fun if she wasn't enjoying this.

"Yes." She nodded, indicating for him to continue their game.

"I want you to guess what your surprise is, pet." He stepped away from the witch, and she heard him open a drawer from his dresser. Next thing she was aware of was something soft being draped over her shoulder. She could smell that it was made of leather; she loved the way leather smelled. Hermione also could tell that it was made up of several straps.

Her face lit up and broke into a huge grin when she figured out what her surprise was. "You brought home a whip!" she said excitedly.

"Very good, love, I guess that's what I get for marrying a know-it-all." Her husband smirked at her; he knew she would guess it right away. Hermione had been asking him for ages to bring home a whip the next time he went to Romania. "Now, it's time for your punishment."

She felt the first sting of the whip when he struck her back. She cried out in pain and pleasure, and begged him to continue. The witch struggled against the magical bonds that held her up, but was grateful that her husband bound her to the ceiling, knowing that right now she couldn't support herself.

Charlie brought the whip down across her back, ass, thighs and breasts, savoring her cries of pleasure; her white porcelain skin turned a nice pink color

When Hermione whimpered and begged him to fuck her, he threw the whip on the floor. "I think you've learned your lesson for today," he said as he pulled the scarf from her eyes.

He wanted to keep her punishment going for a little bit longer, but he knew that he wasn't going to last. Seeing his wife bound, and the smell of her arousal in the air, he started to wonder who was really getting punished.

"Please, Charlie, I can't stand this anymore. I need to feel you inside of me." Hermione was so far gone she was surprised she was able to form a sentence, let alone beg him. She heard him say the counter spell to free her arms, and she collapsed into his embrace and pulled him into a demanding kiss.

He led her to the bed and ripped off her soaked thong, causing his wife to let out a startled cry. "I don't think you will be able to wear these anymore; they are completely ruined."

She lay on her back on the bed. Charlie took a strawberry from the bowl and dipped it in the cream and placed it between her lips. He leaned over and kissed her, sharing

the fruit. They sucked up the sweet juices as they crushed the strawberry between their lips and teeth and their tongues battled for dominance. Her hands roamed over his back and traced the Chinese Fireball dragon tattoo she knew was inked on his upper shoulder, while his hands massaged her breasts and pinched her nipples.

Charlie sat up and looked down at his wife's red and swollen lips. "So beautiful," he breathed. He quickly stripped out of his jeans and boxers. He took another strawberry, bit off the tip and ran the fruit down her body, leaving a sticky residue in its path.

He ran the fruit over both of her breasts, nipples, and down to her navel. He dipped the fruit in cream and fed it to Hermione while he licked away the sticky juice that covered her body.

Hermione loved the way her husband would go from domineering lover to hopeless romantic in just a few seconds. He always kept her on her toes just the way she liked it.

Hermione cried out when the wizard took one of her rose colored nipples in his mouth, sending a gush of lubrication between her already slick thighs. He licked and kissed his way down past her navel, to her silky chestnut curls.

As soon as his tongue came in contact with her clit, she arched off the bed. Her hands were tangled in his short red hair, and she howled as her orgasm hit her hard, bathing his face with her sweet nectar. Charlie lapped up her juices like a thirsty dog, not wanting to waste a drop. He climbed back up his wife's body and kissed her hard. Hermione could taste herself on his lips.

"Please fuck me, Charlie, I can't wait anymore," she rasped, wanting this sweet torture to end.

"As you wish, baby," he breathed in her ear as he lined the tip of his cock up to her entrance and easily slid into her tight, slick passage.

"Yessss," they both hissed as Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist, grabbing on to his arms and urging him to go faster. Charlie lost what little control he had left pounding into her. He knew he wasn't going to last long, not after everything he did to her, but he wanted his wife to come again. He wanted her pussy to milk his shaft to orgasm.

"Oh, Charlie!" the witch cried out as she approached her second orgasm.

"Come for me again, my beautiful wife. I want to feel your pussy squeeze my cock." He reached between them and stroked her clit with his fingers. Hermione cried out from his words and the force of his actions as she slipped into oblivion. She let out a stream of mumbled obscenities. She felt her husband come as her pussy clamped around his cock.

"HERMIONE!" Charlie roared as he shot his hot seed into her body.

He collapsed on top of her, panting. Charlie stayed there for a moment, savoring the feeling of his wife's body underneath him, before he rolled off and gathered her close and nuzzled her hair. "Did you like my surprise?"

"Mmm, yes. You should surprise me more often," she murmured, exhausted but very happy.

"I'm glad you liked it, because I plan on surprising you a lot more," he mumbled before he fell into a deep sleep.

"Maybe I'll surprise you next time," she whispered before she joined him.

The End

A/N: This is my very first Fan Fiction. I wanted to keep it simple my first time around. Please review and let me know what you think. Thanks to my Beta Nikki who saved my sanity and fixed my mistakes, and my husband who got me through my writers block.