

# Punishing Charlie Weasley

*by lilbitbord*

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

## Punishing Charlie Weasley

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Charlie Weasley knew he had this coming. This was payback for the night he brought home that damn whip! The night he ruined her favorite pair of knickers; the white, lacy thong that she got from Ginny at her bridal shower. In the throes of passion, he ripped them off of his wife's body, destroying them beyond repair. Even the strongest Repairing Charm he knew hadn't worked. She was furious with him for days, but he hadn't any idea they were her favorite.

Now he found himself tied spread-eagle to their bed. His sneaky witch caught him off guard when he came home from his bi-monthly trip to Romania.

When he arrived home it was late, so he decided to go straight to bed. Hermione was already asleep or so he'd thought. He shed all of his clothes, doused the light and climbed into bed and spooned against the witch. Next thing he knew, he was magically bound to their marriage bed, his beautiful, almost naked wife was standing next to him looking at her handiwork. She was wearing what looked like a brand new white lacy thong and a grin that would have scared the shit out of most Death Eaters.

"Now what am I going to do with you?"

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Hermione Weasley waited until Charlie left for this bi-monthly trip to Romania before putting her plan into action. The witch wanted to punish her husband for destroying her handmade, lace thong her best friend had made specially just for their wedding night. Well, it wasn't really about the knickers anymore; she wanted to show Charlie that he wasn't the only one who could take control.

Hermione had bought a book online the week before Charlie left and made sure it was hidden so Charlie wouldn't see it. The minute he kissed her goodbye and Apparated to Romania to play with his dragons, she broke out the book and read it cover to cover, absorbing the information that it contained. She had only five days to turn herself into a confident sex goddess.

The first thing she had to do was make a special oil. It would only take a day to make, but she had never made anything like it before. She found the potion in a new book when she was at Flourish and Blotts checking out the latest shipment. It was supposed to envelop the area the oil was placed upon in an intense, but safe heat,

heightening the sensitivity of the area and it was flavored!

During the rest of the week, she planned out what she was going to do to her husband when he came home. The brilliant witch practiced talking dirty without blushing, walking with sex appeal and confidence, and perfecting her controlled facial expressions.

When the night finally arrived, Hermione made sure everything was in place before she climbed into bed and waited for Charlie to come home. When she heard the familiar "pop" of Apparation, she turned down the light so there was only a soft glow in the room and pretended to be asleep.

The witch listened for her husband, waiting until he was in bed and relaxed before she whispered the Binding Spell that fastened his hands and feet to the four posts of the bed.

"What the fuck!"

"Now what am I going to do with you?" She looked down at him and smiled evilly.

This was it, the moment she prepared for. Would she be able to carry out everything she planned on doing? Would Charlie like this side of her? The bold and daring side that she didn't let out that often, and never in bed? Not that she was boring in bed, but she wasn't usually the one who took control it was always Charlie. Not tonight; no, tonight she was in control. She was going to show her husband that he was not the only one who could tease and torture to the point of insanity. No, tonight Hermione Weasley was the one in charge.

The witch turned to the side table and turned on a dim light and picked up a quill that she had set there earlier.

"Hermione, baby, what are you doing?" Charlie asked his wife. Was it anticipation or fear that put the quiver in his voice?

Hermione didn't say a word. She lightly ran the feathers of the quill over her husband's right ankle, traveling slowly up to his inner thigh, and grazed his balls and cock.

"Fuck!" Charlie hissed when the feather tickled across his dick. He squirmed against the bonds, trying to suppress the giggles that were forming in his throat. He was very ticklish.

Hermione continued to move the quill up her husband's body, brushing over his delicious abs and taut chest, paying special to his sensitive nipples.

"Hermione, please, you're torturing me! I don't know how much more I can take."

"Oh, but love, we've only just begun."

Charlie winced at her choice of words; they were exactly what he said to her that night he brought home the whip. He was starting to hate the whip.

Hermione leaned over and kissed her husband with such force, there was no mistaking who was in charge of the night. She grabbed his right hand, releasing it from the bond. She looked in her husband's eyes and kissed his palm, placing his hand in hers. She slowly moved their hands over her throat, down her chest and paused to lightly squeeze each breast and nipple.

Charlie's mouth went dry. He had no idea his wife could be like this, and he was so turned on by her control.

She continued to move their joined hands over her body, down her stomach stopping just above where the lacy thong was.

"Do you want to feel how wet I am for you, my dear husband?" Without waiting for his answer, she guided his palm over the thong, down between her legs. She took one of his fingers and slid it into her slick channel.

"Oh gods!" Charlie choked out as he felt his wife's heat for the first time in five days.

"No gods here tonight, love, only me." Hermione smirked; she was enjoying having the dragon tamer at her mercy.

The witch removed her husband's finger from her body and brought it up to her mouth and sucked off her own juices. "Mmmm."

She heard a strange gasping sound come from the wizard's throat. She released his finger with an audible pop and threw him a wicked smile before she rebound his hand above his head.

"I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."

"What, you're leaving me?" Charlie whined, eyes wide.

"Don't worry, I'll come back... eventually." She smirked at him, turned and left the room, swinging her hips seductively as she went.

"Minx," Charlie muttered as he struggled against the bonds. He wanted desperately to get free so he could ravish his sultry wife.

He tried to release the bonds wandlessly, but it didn't work. "Damn, she must have thought of that. I bet she planned this entire night while I was gone, the vixen."

Hermione slipped into the bathroom to retrieve her glass perfume bottle that contained the special oil she'd made for tonight.

She couldn't believe how much she was enjoying the night. The power she felt being the one in control; how it felt to bring her normally dominant husband to his knees with just a few touches.

She stayed in the room for a few more seconds, wanting to keep Charlie in suspense just a little bit longer. A new thrill washed over her as she made her way back to the bedroom with the ornate perfume bottle in her hands, filled with the homemade oil. She couldn't wait for his reaction.

In reality, Hermione was only gone for less than a minute, but to Charlie it felt like a month. He was so aroused, he thought he would go mad with anticipation.

"I'm back, love. Did you miss me? I've made something just for you, baby. I hope you like it."

"Hermione, love, release me. Let me make love to you."

Ignoring her husband's plea, she removed the top of bottle and straddled her husband. She poured a small amount of the contents in her palm, and leaned over and set the bottle on the side table. Charlie took the opportunity to catch his wife's nipple in his mouth and gave it a sharp little nip.

The witch hissed at her husband. "You will be punished for that."

"What, you mean more punishment than this?"

"Oh, you're getting sassy in your old age. I'll have to whip it out of you, but first..." Hermione rubbed her hand over Charlie's cock, spreading the oil from tip to base.

Charlie moaned when her palm came in contact with his hard organ. "Yesss, baby."

"If you think that felt good, just wait till you feel this." Hermione lowered her head and gently blew on his ridged shaft causing the oil to heat up and engulf his cock in

warmth.

The wizard inhaled sharply when he felt Hermione take the tip of his organ in her mouth, sucking ever so gently. "Mmmm, strawberry flavored."

From the intense heat of the oil and his wife's beautiful mouth, Charlie wasn't sure how much longer he was going to last. The witch rubbed a little bit of the oil on each nipple and blew and nipped at the now very sensitive buds.

"Please, baby, I'm not going to last much longer. Please fuck me," Charlie begged.

"Not yet, my dragon tamer. I still have one more thing planned for you."

She wasn't going to last much longer either; she wanted to tease him not drive him insane, or her for that matter. She crawled off of Charlie and retrieved the infamous whip.

"Now you will be punished for destroying my favorite thong and for your audacity a few minutes ago."

He first felt the sting of the whip across his left leg, then the right and then across his stomach. She whispered a spell that flipped her husband on his side to give her better access to his back.

That was when she noticed the fresh burn on his lower back, right above the lion tattoo he got after he graduated from Hogwarts. "Dammit," she thought. She didn't want to aggravate the new wound. She brought the whip down across his shoulders and middle back, careful not to touch the fresh injury.

"Hermione, please I'm not going to last. Please, baby, I'm sorry I ruined your favorite knickers. I'll never do it again, I promise."

Hermione flipped him back over and gave him her innocent smile. "I forgive you."

"Release me and let me prove how sorry I am," Charlie pleaded.

Hermione climbed on top of her husband, lightly rubbing her thong-clad pussy over his cock before she sat up and lined up his cock to her entrance. She plunged down with full drive.

"Fuck, 'Mione!"

"Oh gods!"

Hermione barely finished whispering the spell to release her husband's bonds, when he grabbed her waist and flipped her on her back, throwing her legs on his shoulders.

"Sorry, love, no gods here, only me." Charlie started to pounding into his wife.

"There's that sass again. I guess I didn't whip you enough," Hermione rasped as she arched her back, letting her husband fill her completely.

Between the friction of the thong and the thought of Hermione whipping him again, Charlie couldn't hold on any longer.

"Come with me, my sexy vixen. Bathe my cock in your sweet honey," Charlie breathed from above.

Hermione lost what little control she had left and came undone beneath the wizard, sending him over the edge at the same time.

"CHARLIE!"

"HERMIONE!"

The wizard fell on his wife and started kissing her with such love and affection; it took away what little breath she had left.

"Where did that come from, and why didn't you do it before?" he asked in between kisses.

"I didn't know if you would like it; you are always the dominant one. I wasn't sure you would like giving up control."

"I loved it," he said as he slid out and pulled his wife close. "Just not all the time."

"Oh, really. I'll have to keep that in mind for next time."

"When's that going to be?" he asked sleepily in her hair.

"I don't know. I'll surprise you," Hermione said, letting her body relax in her husband's warm embrace as she drifted off to sleep.

A/N: Thanks to my Beta Nikki, Charmed310, for putting up with all my mistakes, and my ongoing battle with tenses, and of course my husband who gave me a lot of inspiration.