

# One Last Surprise

*by lilbitbord*

This is the third and final story to the "Surprise" trilogy. After moving to Romania, Charlie and Hermione continue to surprise each other in the bedroom, but what will happen when Hermione calls a truce?

Not DH compliant. Sequel to "A Surprise for Hermione" and "Punishing Charlie Weasley"

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It was too dark to see anything. There was a piece of silk covering her eyes, she realized as she tried to move her arms to remove the blindfold. That was when Hermione realized her hands were tied above her head and her legs were tied spread-eagle to the bedpost.

"What's going on?" she said with a little panic in her voice.

"Ah, finally awake. It took you long enough. Usually you are such a light sleeper."

The witch relaxed a little when she recognized her husband's voice. "Charlie, what are you doing?"

"A little payback for the stunt you pulled last week!" he told her with vigor.

"What! Are you kidding me? How long is this going to go on? Our sex life has become nothing but getting each other back." She was beyond frustrated with this game they had going on. It had been several months since this "revenge" sex game started. That stupid yet wonderful whip Charlie surprised her with was all to blame.

"You like it when you pay me back. You turn into a little domineering slut, don't you? It makes you all wet when you have me all tied up and at your mercy."

Hermione smirked and let out a low moan reliving the moment he was talking about. She had magically bound his hands to the ceiling and bent him over while she whipped him with the infamous whip until he begged her to fuck him. Nobody would have ever believed that his little wife could bring the tough dragon tamer to his knees. A sharp nip to her right breast brought her attention back to her dragon tamer husband.

"I bet you are getting wet just thinking about it. You're such a little wanton whore." Hermione whimpered when Charlie inserted two of his fingers into her already moist pussy, pumping them in and out for a few delicious strokes before he removed them and licked them clean of her honey. "Mmmm, so sweet."

"Charlie, please, you know how much I get turned on when you talk dirty to me." Hermione squirmed, trying to get some kind of contact on her aching clit. It was no use; he had her tied up very good. Even wandless magic wouldn't work, not that she tried it.

Charlie removed the blindfold and let her eyes adjust to the candlelight before continuing with the game.

When the piece of silk came off and her eyes adjusted, she saw her husband standing next to their bed in all of his naked glory. Hermione licked her lips unconsciously at the sight of her wizard's taut, muscular chest and inked skin.

"Charlie, love, untie me. Lets call a truce; I want you to make love to me."

"Not yet, my little bookworm, I think we need to have a few more rounds before we can call a truce."

"Well, get on with it! Some days I wonder if you are all talk," Hermione said, trying to get him riled up; maybe it would stop his insufferable game.

"Don't make me break out the whip. It's not time for that yet." Hermione whimpered at the thought of the sting of the whip on her skin.

"But first I think we need to try something different. It's such a hot night tonight I think you need to cool down a little."

Hermione was worried. "What are you planning? You've got that look in your eye I've seen that look before. It's the same look the twins get when they develop a new product for their store and want to test it on some unsuspecting person."

Charlie grinned and produced a bowl of ice from what looked like nowhere.

"Oh, gods!" she groaned.

"Now how many times do I have to tell you there are no gods here tonight, only me."

"I believe I started that," Hermione retorted.

Charlie ignored her statement "Didn't I tell you Romania would get hot during the summer?" All Hermione could do was stare at the bowl of ice. He had never used ice before. "Aren't you glad we moved?"

Hermione could only nod her head. She was glad that they had moved. She'd quit her job of five years at the Ministry after she was passed up for a promotion for the third year straight. Everyone she had trained in the spell department was promoted instead of her. In the last year, everything had come to a head. She was told that she hadn't developed enough original spells to qualify for a promotion to become a fully fledged Spell Mistress. This didn't make any sense; Hermione knew how many spells she had created and wondered why they were telling her it wasn't enough. After some investigating, Hermione uncovered that many of the spells she had developed bore other employee's names on their patents. They were all purebloods. After her discovery, the witch realized that no matter what she did, no matter how well she performed her job, she would never move up because of her parentage. It was like they had never won the war.

After having a long talk with her husband, Hermione and Charlie looked at their options and decided that the best thing was to move to Romania where they were in desperate need of mediwitches. Most of the spells Hermione created were used by the Healers at the camps. When she applied for a position, they were more than happy to train her as one of the Healers in the burn ward. It was a very rewarding profession, and she was very satisfied with her career change.

"Wow, my know-it-all wife is speechless. Alert the *Daily Prophet*."

Hermione snapped out of her daze. "Bite me."

"I plan on it." He smiled devilishly at her. "But first, let's cool you down a bit."

He took a cube of ice and waved his wand over the bowl to keep the ice from melting. He moved the ice over one of her rose-colored nipples.

Hermione hissed as the cold cube came in contact with her already overheated skin. It was cold, but not unwelcome in the heat.

The witch shivered as he dragged the frozen water over her skin to the other nipple, causing goose bumps to form.

"Charlie, that feels good."

"It's supposed to torture you."

"Not in this heat!" Hermione laughed

"Minx! Fine, how does this feel?" He was a little angry; he seemed to be losing his control of the game.

Charlie dragged the ice down his wife's body and held the ice on her clit. "Oh, Merlin!" Hermione tried to wiggle free, but it was no use. Thankfully, between her heated flesh and the heat of the night, the ice cube melted fast.

"Was that torture?"

"Charlie, please, enough of this."

"But I'm not done cooling you off yet."

He grabbed another ice cube and dragged it down her left leg and back up the right. He quickly inserted it in her pussy for just a few seconds.

Hermione tried to wiggle away from the intense cold. This part was torture! After a few seconds, to Hermione it felt like forever, he took the ice cube out of her pussy and popped it into his mouth.

"Mmmm, Hermione-flavored ice. Delicious."

Hermione whimpered, she was so turned on by his actions. "Charlie, please, just touch me."

"You should know by now that begging won't help you."

Hermione groaned in frustration; she was going to explode if he didn't touch her soon. She started to tug at her bindings with such force she almost broke the headboard on the bed.

"I think it's time for the whip." He smirked at her before turned his back to retrieve the whip.

Panic filled Hermione's eyes; she couldn't take anymore of this. All she wanted was her husband inside her. "Charlie, baby, please release me. I want to make love to you. No whip tonight, just you and me. Please."

Charlie turned and saw the plea in his wife's eyes; she never begged NOT to use the whip before. It was then he realized that maybe this game of theirs had gone on too long. He released the bonds that held her in place.

"I'm sorry, baby, I just wanted..."

He never finished his sentence. Hermione pulled him down into a soft sensual kiss, making love to his mouth while wrapping her arms around his neck, guiding him down

on top of her.

Charlie moaned into his wife's mouth, getting lost in the kiss. His rough hands ran down his wife's back, trapping her in his tight embrace.

He broke the kiss off and nibbled his way down her neck and breasts. He took one of the rigid rosy buds into his mouth while he rolled the other one between his fingers, giving it a little tug.

Hermione groaned when his mouth came in contact with her hardened nipple. She loved this side of Charlie her sweet, romantic dragon tamer who would make love to her all night long. She missed this side of him.

Charlie kissed his way down her rest of her body. He couldn't get enough of her taste.

The instant his mouth came in contact with her swollen clit, Hermione arched off the bed. He held her down by her hips, while her hands tangled in his hair.

"CHARLIE!" Hermione screamed. Her orgasm hit her fast, all the teasing from before; it didn't take much for her to slip into ecstasy.

"Beautiful," Charlie breathed as he stared at his flushed wife.

"Baby, make love to me. I need you inside of me," Hermione said as she slowly came down from her high.

Charlie hovered over her as he lined his cock up at her entryway.

"I love you," he said as he slid into her tight pussy.

"I love you, too." She groaned as she felt his cock slide into her aching pussy.

They made love slowly, trying to make the moment last forever.

Charlie felt his wife approaching her second release. "Come with me, Hermione, love. I want to feel you around me. You are so beautiful when you slip into your own little blissful world."

Hermione cried out at his words. He picked up his pace and started to pound into her, sweat pouring off of his brow. She couldn't last any longer. Her orgasm hit her harder the second time around, and she screamed her release.

Charlie felt his wife's pussy clench around his cock, squeezing it almost painfully.

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

After several minutes, Charlie moved off his wife and onto his side. He caressed her face lovingly.

"I love you so much, my gorgeous Hermione."

"I love you too, my sexy dragon tamer. See sometimes making love is just as fun as all the kinky stuff we like to do." She laughed.

"Yes, I see your point. OK, I will call a truce... for now." Charlie smirked at her.

Hermione laughed. "OK, just for now."

Charlie pulled his wife into a tight embrace, kissing her for a few more minutes before they drifted off to sleep.

Six weeks later...

"Hermione, love, are you home? He had a handful of purple roses, her favorite, in his hand. It was their first wedding anniversary.

"I'm in the bathroom; I'll be out in a few minutes," she said. There was a little quiver in her voice when she spoke, and Charlie noticed it right away. After a year of marriage he knew his wife's moods, and just by the way she talked, she was nervous about something. He ran to the bathroom to make sure she was OK.

"Are you alright?" he asked through the door with concern.

"I-I'm fine, I'll b-be right out."

Charlie wasn't convinced. He opened the door to the bathroom to find her sitting on the vanity bench, waving her wand over her belly.

Hermione didn't look up when her husband came through the door; she didn't seem to notice he was even there. She was staring at a blue orb that hovered over her stomach.

"Oh my gods!" She had tears streaming down her face and a smile had formed on her mouth.

"Hermione, love, is that what I think it is?" Charlie dropped the roses and rushed to his wife's side and gestured at blue ball of light.

"It's positive," the witch said in disbelief.

"W-w-what?" Charlie stammered

"The pregnancy test is positive." Hermione turned to her husband. He was staring at her, wide-eyed and unmoving... or breathing for that matter.

"Charlie?" No response. She shook him by the shoulders "Charlie?" Still nothing. Hermione was getting a little scared; she'd never seen him like this before.

"Charlie Weasley! If you don't start breathing again, I'm going to stand here and recite the entire context of *Hogwarts: A History* until you do!" she yelled, hoping to snap him out of shock he was in.

"Di-did you just say we were pregnant?" he stuttered.

Rolling her eyes, she breathed a small sigh of relief. "Well I'm not sure about you, but yes I'm currently with child." She beamed up at him.

Charlie pulled his wife in a gentle embrace and kissed her softly while he caressed her tummy.

"I love you so much, Hermione.

"I love you too, Charlie. Happy anniversary."

"This is the best anniversary present I could have ever asked for. Thank you, my love. "

"Are those for me?" she asked, looking at the roses that were now scattered over the floor.

"No, they were for my other wife, but I think you deserve them more," he said cheekily as he gathered them up and handed them to Hermione.

She playfully slapped him on the arm. "Well, it's nice to know you got your sense of humor back. You looked like you were having a heart attack a few minutes ago." Hermione laughed.

Charlie didn't respond; he was thinking about the new life that was resting in his wife's beautiful body.

She smelled the roses, breaking him out of his trance. "They're beautiful. So who shall we tell first about the baby?"

"Let's not. I want to keep this to ourselves for just a little bit. Besides I want to make love to you first," Charlie said as he picked her up and carried her to the bed, gently laying her down.

"I guess this means no more kinky sex." Hermione pouted.

"Oh, I'm not sure about that. I'm sure we will be able to think of something we can do." Charlie smirked at her. His mind was already coming up with some ideas.

"Like what?" Hermione asked. She didn't want to give up kinky sex just because she was pregnant.

He started to unbutton her shirt. "I don't know, but it will be a surprise," he said as he kissed her exposed flesh.

The End.

A/N: Well there you have it folks, the last part of the "Surprise" trilogy. Hope you all enjoyed this series. I had a lot of fun writing them. I want to thank my wonderful betas Sirsevschick and Charmed310, who fixed all of my mistakes, including the dreaded commas. Keep a look out for my next story which hopefully will be posted in a couple weeks.