

Advice to a New Husband

by tonsinger

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Do you know what she likes?
I know what she likes.

Advice to a New Husband (one-shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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I will forever be thankful that your wife has the sense not to listen to her mother-in-law, particularly when it comes to wedding gowns; no doubt the illustrious Molly Weasley would have put her in some frothy concoction better suited for a dessert than a human. If I'm going to be forced to witness someone else's wedding, I can at least hope that the bride will be wearing something tasteful. The Grecian gown that clung to her curves and bared one shoulder, with her wild mane confined in a chignon and interwoven with pearls, was certainly more than bearable, even if watching your actual union wasn't.

Gods, the curve of her neck as she craned up to kiss you could have made the best Greek sculptor throw down his chisel and give up his art, for never could he have captured it in marble. Of course, as she kissed you, I wanted nothing more than to take up that chisel and use it on your head; to make it red with something besides your hair. I have endured pain and torture that would make you scream in your sleep, but watching that kiss made all the Crucios seem mildly irritating by comparison.

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I know what she likes.

She likes dark chocolate, not the airy vanilla cake you presented your guests with and I watched her choke down with a forced smile on her face. I recommend truffles or flourless chocolate torte for future desserts, paired with smooth coffee and cream; one lump of sugar, if you must know, and a shot of fine whiskey in it never goes awry. She loves chocolate-dipped strawberries as well, though she is liable to lick the chocolate off and then devour the fruit, a sight which sorely tests the self-control of any red-blooded man. Will you be able to control yourself, Mr. Weasley? Somehow, I doubt it.

She must have been all too happy to fling the bouquet into the crowd, for she despises white roses; she once told me that they looked "half-made, unfinished, like the ones in Alice in Wonderland that weren't painted." Off with their heads, indeed. If you must be trite and use roses, find ones of the deepest scarlet; as you prick your clumsy fingers on the thorns, the blood should match the petals. And if you love her, you will not mourn the pain. Should you dredge up some creativity from the recesses of your-- and I use the term broadly--brain, give her tiger lilies, bright orange ones. She likes them; I think it has something to do with her cat being orange. She likes her cat, for some unfathomable reason.

I know what else she likes.

She likes being kissed thoroughly, deeply, and with considerable finesse, a task I am not sure you are up to, after watching you attempt to play--what is it called?--"tongue hockey" with her while you two danced. I must say, though she is no paragon of graceful footwork, she looks like a gazelle next to you. Perhaps she will teach you how to kiss her the way she likes to be kissed, though with your learning abilities, it seems unlikely. Plunder her mouth, Mr. Weasley, don't strip-mine it, and crush her luscious body to yours as you do so, as it gives you a good opportunity to manually explore her body while she is otherwise engaged. It is a body well worth exploring; the flesh will give slightly under your hands as it swells and dips. There is a particularly lovely dimple just under her arse that, upon being caressed, elicits the most wonderful sounds from her; of course, Mr. Weasley, to do so you must remove your hands from where they are no doubt pawing at her breasts. Knead, caress, fondle, by all means, but do not *paw*, for her full, round breasts deserve better.

I know she likes to be seduced or downright pounced upon, as long as she is not reading; rose petals on the floor leading to the bedroom make her snort. When you are telling her over and over how lovely she is in order to arouse her tonight, I will know that she likes slightly stronger language--call her a "wanton little slut" if you want her to be soaking wet for you. Actually, I rescind my comment; you do not possess the subtlety required to turn that phrase from an insult to an erotic endearment in her ears.

Talking dirty is an art; start by simply telling her exactly what you plan to do to her that night--*to* her, not *with* her, there is a world of difference--and work your way up from there. Watch her eyes as you do so; they will go as liquid as her eager quim if she likes what you are saying.

And speaking of what you are going to do to her...

Kiss her neck and nibble her earlobes if you want her to gasp. She likes her pert nipples pinched firmly and bitten gently, with soothing licks to follow, though sometimes she'll beg you to suck them. Lave them and then blow air over them to make her squirm and squeal. Do you know what cunnilingus is, Mr. Weasley? Are you willing to drink her juices down like they were the elixir of life as she moans and quivers on the bed above you? Because she really likes that; Merlin, does she ever. Unfortunately, your long, freckled nose will not be able to bump against her clit as your tongue works in her wet depths; only men "cursed" with beaks like mine can do that. Slide your fingers into her as you lick her tender nub, find that spot inside her that makes her quake, press against it and feel her clamp down on your fingers. Should you feel up to it, and are properly prepared, she likes having a finger up her arse as you lick her clit. If you're good, she'll return the favors; she can fellate the living hell out of you, and she likes hearing you moan your appreciation for her skill.

And as you climb on top of her tonight, to complete your nuptial "mission," shall we say, I will lie awake knowing that she likes to be fucked from behind. Hard and deep, mind you, with one of your hands playing with her nipples and one rubbing her clit; she'll scream louder if you bite her shoulder as she comes. And she likes to be spanked and told she's been a naughty girl; that was one of the first little games we played when we started our illicit affair. Or tied, spread-eagled, to the bedposts, to be tormented and teased with tongue, breath, or whatever your imagination comes up with until she begs for release. Are you willing to accept that your bossy, know-it-all little wife has a kinky side? Can you fulfill it? *Can you give her what she likes?*

Something tells me you can't. Because if you could, Mr. Weasley, she would not currently be tied, spread-eagled, to *my* bed, with *my* handprints on her pert little arse, moaning for *me* to "make her fucking *come!*" She came to me earlier this night, as she has come so many other nights this past year, and she looked at me with wanton lust in her eyes, and I... Well, it is her marriage to cheat on, and I certainly have no objections. Already tonight I have fucked her from behind, and now I tease her wet twat with my fingers while I wait for my cock to rise again. She moaned as I murmured all the dirty things I was going to do her, as well as the things I would make her do to me; I know she likes my voice. I'm still licking her juices from my lips even as I start rubbing her greedy little clit with my fingers; the merest touch is enough to make her moan my name.

"Severus! Oh, god, *Severus!*"

You want to know what she likes, Mr. Weasley? She'll tell you.

"*Severuuuuss!*"

She likes *me*.

And as I go to ravish her again--good and hard, the way she likes it--I pause briefly to consider what *I* like. Shall I draw you a picture, Mr. Weasley?

I like having your wife tied to my bed. I like fucking your wife and having her scream my name. I like licking her essence from my lips as she licks my come from hers. I like knowing that your marriage is as empty as Lockhart's brain and that she only went through with it to keep up appearances in this mad world we live in. I like watching her touch herself as she looks at me, before I take over and make her quake around me yet again.

And most of all, I like that she's wearing her wedding dress. It is a truly lovely dress.