

Men Are All About The Visual

by HogwartsHoney

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A hopeless PWP

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Men are all about the visual, Lily thought as she ran her index finger down the center of her tongue and watched James' eyes get even wider.

Yes, it's all about what they can see; they're visually aroused. She slid that very finger between the folds of her labia, spreading her legs wider and putting herself on display, circling her clit and then snaking down to slide gently inside her wet vagina. Fuck, that felt good, and she had to admit that it also felt good to see James watching her, his eyes wide, his mouth slightly parted, panting.

It was so fucking sexy that she could bring James Potter to this, and his eyes fluttered as she shifted her hips upwards, just slightly, but enough that he could see more, could see her juices flowing out of her as she rubbed two fingers across her clit now, two fingers inside herself while her thumb continued to massage that tight bundle of nerves that sent delicious waves of sensation through her body.

He wasn't allowed to say anything – that was the rule. He had to watch and not say a word. Not move, not touch himself either, and she was damn sure going to make him come just like that.

She sped up her fingers, crooking the two inside her until she felt the slightly rough patch, and then she rubbed across it in a regular rhythm while still massaging her clit. Fuck, that felt so fucking good, and she closed her eyes, imagining that it was James' tongue on her clit and his fingers inside her, and her legs began quivering with just the thought of it. She felt hot and flushed, as though her entire body was glowing, even though everything about her was centred on the sensations brought about by her fingers. The feelings coalesced, and she opened her eyes at James' moan, only to see him straining in his pants, his hips jerking helplessly into air and the muscles standing out on his neck, never moving his eyes from her hand. The sheer intensity of his stare had her coming and coming, shaking, biting back a scream but unable to stop the inelegant grunts and small moans which escaped.

James, however, had no compunction about being quiet, and when he came, mere moments after she did, it was loud and gratified and just a little bit filled with wonder. Her eyes flickered hungrily over his body as he shuddered, and she gloried in the way his body undulated when he came, the wet stain spreading across his pants as his flushed face scrunched in orgasm. He licked his lips after a while, and she smiled at his condition, for here was James Potter, fully clothed and seated in a straight-backed chair at the foot of her bed, freshly pleased and looking quite hot and bothered about it. She had done that to him; *she* had made him come undone, and the rivers of utter pleasure through her body were second only to her delicious orgasm.

Of course, the fact that his hands were tied behind his back and his ankles affixed to the chair legs just made it that much better.

Perhaps men weren't the only ones who were visually aroused.

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