

# The Mistake

*by smurfgirlz*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The first time she had been with James, it had been awkward and rather anti-climatic. She had been a virgin, of course, and though he claimed he had been with other females, she was relatively sure that it had also been his first time. This, however... this was pure heaven.

Lily Evans lay across her bed, her legs spread wantonly and half-hanging off the edge, her eyes screwed tightly shut. The dark head between her thighs, licking and sucking in just the perfect spots, was exciting, exhilarating, and bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. She wrapped her fingers in his hair, urging him, "Yes, there... just a little harder. Oh yes, more please, more..."

He happily obliged, strumming his tongue along her clit before sucking it into his mouth. His hand, previously holding her thigh away from his head, moved down to join his tongue in its explorations. As he inserted first one, then two fingers into her quim, she started to buck her hips and chant, "Oh god, oh god, oh yes..." He moved his thumb up to massage her clit as he began kissing his way up her body.

When his penis came into alignment with his hand, he removed his fingers from her and began stroking himself, coating his cock with her essence. He moved closer to her quim, dragging the head of his cock along her seam, bumping her clit a few times. "Oh, Lily..." he groaned as he slowly began to sink into her heat. He pumped a few times, getting himself used to her tightness. Then he moved his hand down over her lower abdomen and pressed, crooking his thumb to bump her clit as he surged into her and began a steady rhythm.

She gasped, then began chanting again, "Oh, god. Oh, yes..." As she grew closer to her orgasm, she wrapped her legs around his thighs and pushed into his strokes. "Harder! Faster!" she cried, her breath ragged and uneven. He could feel her begin to pulse around him, triggering the first signs of his orgasm. "Oh, yes, James, yes!" she cried as her orgasm hit her hard.

He stopped moving completely and lifted his head to look at her face. She was smiling, gasping for breath, her eyes closed tight. He pulled back, his breath coming in short pants, his orgasm completely forgotten.

As he began pulling away from her, she slowly opened her eyes and noticed his face, pale in the moonlight spilling into the room from the window, a single tear running down his cheek. She realized her error immediately and reached out her hand toward him. "Sev, please..." she gasped, a look of horror on her face. He backed further away, grabbed his wand from the table next to the bed and his clothes from the floor, and then ran from the room.

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Thank you so much to Melusin La Fey for looking this over, I very much appreciate it! :)