

Summary: Lavender is a lot of things. A flirt, a gossip, and- if she does say so herself- a certified bombshell babe. But most of all, Lavender considers herself a good friend. So when her best friend Parvati gets invited to the Yule Ball by Harry Potter, Lavender is gonna make damn sure her girl has a great time. She only hopes Harry doesn't get scared off by her more... hands on approach.

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Sisterly Bonding

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Both Lavender and Parvati chose to stick around for the remainder of the winter break. When asked about this by their friends and other acquaintances, the two gossip queens giggled and said they'd much rather stay to ogle all the cute Beauxbaton boys than sit at home. Their excuse was usually accepted pretty easily by all who asked. Everyone knew the two sexy witches were notorious flirts and staying behind in an old drafty castle to stare at French boys' arses was par for the course for the two of them. Everyone except one.

"I don't buy it." Padma said with a squint of her eyes. "You always love going home for the holidays."

Parvati shrugged and flipped the page in her magazine. The two girls were sat upon the former's bed in the Gryffindor girls dormitory. Padma had sought out her sister to ensure she was packed as Parvati was notorious for waiting till the last minute, something she did to more so enrage her sister than out of any true laziness.

"What's the point? This year's break was cut short because of the tournament anyway. We'd be gone for barely a week before coming right back. For Morgana's sake, we don't

even celebrate Christmas!” She scoffed. “So forgive me if I’d much rather spend my time here than wasting away on the couch while Aunt Prija moans on about her slob of a husband.”

Padma raised her arms in surrender. “Okay okay! I can see your point there I suppose, but we both know it’s not the snobby French prats you’ll be eyeing while you’re here.” Her sister smirked.

This time it was Parvati’s turn to raise her brow. She closed her magazine slowly and tossed it aside before sitting up to face her twin. “I don’t know what you mean sister.” She said coolly.

Padma huffed out a brittle laugh. “Oh? So I haven’t caught you several times staring at Harry Potter like he was a juicy piece of meat over the last two days?”

“So what?” Parvati laughed. “It’s not the first time I’ve checked Harry out. Fucks sake, I’ve probably ogled every bloke in our year at least once!”

“True. But you haven’t disappeared for an entire night with those other blokes before now have you?”

Parvati froze. Internally she cursed herself and Lavender for not being more careful. Of course her Ravenclaw sister would notice when she suddenly absconded from the dance. Fuck, they had practically marched from the hall right after Padma had left. It wouldn’t surprise her if they had walked right past her twin on the grand staircase. They didn’t exactly take the discreet route.

She pursed her lips as she looked at her sister’s triumphant smirk.

“Well? C’mon, I’ve never been able to shut you up before! Spill!”

“...we may have fooled around a bit.” She said slowly.

Padma snorted and leaned forward. "Just a bit?"

Parvati sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine! We shagged okay?!"

"I knew it!" Her sister laughed. Parvati huffed and crossed her arms with a pout in response, prompting Padma to laugh harder. "Oh don't be like that Pav! I'm not trying to tease you, promise! I just wanted you to be honest with me." Padma said, leaning forward to place an arm on her thigh.

She sighed once more and reached to squeeze her sister's hand, giving Padma a soft smile in return. It was a simple fact that neither of them could ever truly be mad at the other. Padma smiled back and the two fell into comfortable silence for a few brief moments.

"So... how big was his cock?"

"Padma!" Parvati giggled in faux admonishment.

Her twin shrugged and pulled herself closer to Parvati on the bed. "What? You fucked the hottest guy in school, forgive me for wanting to know more!"

Parvati said nothing as a sly smile slowly spread across her face and she brought her hands up and held her fingers a good distance apart.

Padma's eyes widened in a 'are you serious?' expression before squealing as Parvati nodded smugly.

"I had a feeling he was hung but fuck me! That would make him bigger than any of our toys!" Her sister breathed.

"Thicker too! I could barely handle one round with that thing inside me! Thankfully Lavender was able to finish him off-" Parvati suddenly clamped a hand over her mouth in shock as she realized what she had just said. She quickly looked towards her sister,

hoping she hadn't caught her slip-up. Padma was too quick for that though, and as her twin's expression shifted from shock to a lecherous smirk, Parvati knew she was caught. "Oh! So it wasn't just you giving Harry a ride hmm? Lavender helped 'tame the beast' so to speak?"

"Padma you CAN'T tell anyone!" She hissed. Panic was flaring in her chest. While neither she nor Lavender regretted what they did, they had agreed for both their sake and Harry's to keep it quiet. The Prophet had already proven to be out for blood against him and any who associated with him thanks to his status as a Triwizard Champion, and while both girls were the gossip queens of Hogwarts that didn't mean they wanted to be in the centre of said gossip.

Plus Parvati knew Harry would be much less inclined to shag them rotten again if they had to look over their shoulder for slimy reporters every two minutes. Though Lavender did keep saying if they were caught, she'd want the front page image to be a picture of her sucking Harry's cock at the very least. It was, quote, 'More exciting that way.'

Padma, thankfully, quickly raised her hands defensively. "C'mon, you know I wouldn't tell a soul! I'm just surprised is all. I know you and Lav' aren't strangers to fooling around but I honestly didn't expect the two of you to take turns shagging the same guy!" Her sister laughed.

"We... may have done a bit more than just taking turns..."

Padma cocked a brow in confusion before her brain seemingly formed the right connection and her mouth hung open in shock.

"No... you and Lav...?"

Parvati bit her lip and nodded, a deep blush forming on her face.

“You slut!” Padma giggled. “Merlin and I thought I was the horny twin! How was it?!”

“Bloody fantastic!” A voice called from the door. Both twins jumped in surprise as Lavender bounded over to the bed and jumped on with a wide smile. “Our little Parvati is a champion at eating pussy in my opinion!”

Parvati blushed and shoved her friend playfully as the girls began to giggle.

“Doesn’t surprise me! We are twins after all and I’m no slouch at it myself. Just ask Romilda Vane.” Padma smirked.

Lavender smirked as she leaned towards the girl. “Oh so the rumours about the two of you shagging in the fourth-floor broom cupboard weren’t rumours at all then?”

Her twin shook her head and leaned in as well. “Nope! And I have her knickers to prove it.”

“God sister and you call me the slut!” Parvati breathed in disbelief.

Padma shrugged her eyes never leaving Lavender’s as the two girls sat barely six inches apart. “Oh, I wouldn’t say either of us were a slut truly. Maybe just a bit... adventurous.”

Parvati didn’t miss the way her sister licked her lips as she said this nor the way Lavender’s eyes glazed over slightly in apparent arousal.

“If you two are going to fuck, do it on Hermione’s bed not mine.”

Both girls pulled back sharply as if they’d been struck.

“Wha- Pav’ we wouldn’t- I mean-” Lavender sputtered.

“I would’ve.” Padma interrupted with a shrug. “What?” She said to the blonde’s perturbed look. “You’re hot and my sister already told me you were a good lay. ‘Sides I do love a nice pair of tits.” She giggled.

“...Pav’?” Lavender questioned, turning towards her friend a bit unsure.

Parvati in turn picked her magazine back up and shrugged. “I don’t have a problem with it. If anything I’d much rather YOU screw my sister than some other slag. I mean really Padma, Romilda Vane? Blech, you had so many better options.”

“Oh she wasn’t so bad, but yes I suppose I could have done better.” She said the last part while eyeing Lavender pointedly. Lavender blushed but smiled back at the girl and rubbed her thighs together to alleviate the sudden flush of arousal in her core.

“Ah ah!” Parvati said, seeing the looks the two other girls were sending each other. “Not. On. My. Bed!”

Both girls moved in a flash, with Padma practically tackling Lavender onto the soft mattress of Hermione’s four-poster bed. They could’ve naturally made it a bit farther to Lavender’s own bed of course, but it seemed as if the two witches were far too impatient for that.

Lavender let out a muffled ‘Omph!’ as she landed on the plush mattress and Padma’s lips descended on hers. She moaned against the girl’s lips, the plumpness of them felt exactly the same as Parvati’s and her body responded in turn. Lavender felt the heat pool in her womanhood as Padma’s mouth mashed furiously against hers. Her hands moved of their own volition, tearing at the caramel-skinned girl’s clothes with a sense of urgency.

Padma responded by moaning heavily and pushing her tongue into Lavender’s mouth. The blonde gave in without a fight, allowing the wet muscle to fully explore her mouth while she in turn explored the wonderful mounds of flesh hidden under Padma’s shirt. She cupped the Indian witch’s breasts and was delighted to find the girl had forgone a

bra that day. The hard flesh of two stiffened nipples poked the palms of Lavender's hands. The blonde brushed her thumb over the crinkled buds exploratively and was rewarded with a muffled groan of pleasure from Padma.

It seemed the similarities with her twin didn't end with looks and a pair of plump lips. She seemed to share Parvati's sensitive nipples as well and Lavender found herself excited to find what other things the girl shared with her twin.

As she brushed her thumb over the girl's nipples once more, making sure to put a bit more force behind it as Parvati liked, Padma broke the kiss with a gasp and moaned out loud. Lavender giggled and reached for the hem of Padma's shirt. The latter girl helped her, pulling the garment over her head in a flash.

"Mmm now there's a familiar sight~" Lavender purred as Padma's tits were finally revealed. They were identical to Padma's, even down to the small freckle in the centre of her cleavage. She sat up and cupped one of the full balls of flesh, kneading it once before leaning in to circle it with her tongue. Padma gasped and pulled the blonde in closer by her hair.

"Is that what I look like during sex?" Parvati asked from the other bed.

"S-shut up Pav'!" Her sister replied as she let loose another panting moan.

Parvati grumbled and turned back to her magazine. "Was just asking sheesh."

Padma ignored her twin and instead focused on the busty blonde eagerly sucking on her tits. Unconsciously, she began to grind her hips upon Lavender's thigh. The motion sent wondrous feelings up her clit but it was far too obstructed by her tight jeans for her liking.

"C-clothes off! Hng- Now!"

She pushed the blonde away and scrambled to shuck off the remaining pieces of clothing. Her jeans and knickers were thrown across the room uncaringly as she looked up and feasted on the sight of Lavender's own nude body. Fuck were her tits fantastic. Her large, perky breasts bounced and jiggled with the movements of her body. They were perfectly round with very little sag if any at all. Her nipples were a dusty pink and sat atop large areolas. Padma wanted nothing more than to pop one in her mouth and suck on the crinkled nub. Either that or plant her face into the blonde's equally large ass.

Lavender giggled at the girl's staring and laid back on the bed. Slowly, the blonde spread her legs wide, revealing her hairless pink slit, already moist with excitement. She raised her hand and coaxed the mocha-haired girl forward with a single gesture of her finger. Padma came obediently, sinking to her knees in front of the stacked witch. She leaned forward, stopping inches from the girl's glistening slit and inhaled deeply. The heady scent of Lavender's cunt filled her senses and made Padma's own womanhood clench in need. She reached forward and spread the blonde's outer lips open with her fingers, revealing the warm pink inside of the girl's cunt.

"Don't stop now babe." Lavender panted. "I need that pretty little tongue of yours- Please~"

Like a spell washing over her, Padma fell forward and buried her tongue into Lavender's sopping wet quim. The sexy blonde cried out in ecstasy as her precious hole was invaded. Padma's devilish tongue explored every inch of her cunt. She moved from pushing into her tight wet tunnel to moving up and lapping furiously at Lavender's swollen clit. Lavender jerked and twitched from the oral feasting. She was always a



sucker for having her clit played with and it seemed Padma, like her sister had the night of the ball, was taking full advantage of that.

The blonde screamed when the Indian goddess between her legs sucked harshly on her swollen nub. Like a switch being flipped, Lavender's legs clamped down around the girl's head as she wailed whorishly in orgasm.

Padma made no noise of complaint as the blonde's thick thighs attempted to smother her. Instead, the slurping sounds between Lavender's legs grew louder as Padma lapped up her juices eagerly.

Lavender fisted the sheets below her as her orgasm ran its course. Her eyes were rolled to the back of her head and her mouth hung agape in uncontrollable pleasure. Finally, she let out a throaty grunt of delight as her climax ebbed away. The blonde's body untensed, freeing Padma from her thighs in the process.

Padma pulled back with a gasp of breath and a hungry look on her face. From her mouth to her navel was soaked with Lavender's juices, making the girl's caramel brown skin glisten with a heavenly glow. Lavender wasted no time in pulling the alluring witch in for a fiery kiss.

"My turn." The blonde growled hungrily against Padma's lips.

Parvati watched from the corner of her eye as her sister mounted her best friend's face and began to roughly grind her cunt against Lav's mouth. Outwardly she smirked at her sister's slutty eagerness, but on the inside her own arousal was growing into a roaring flame. It didn't help that the magic she shared with her twin forced her to feel some of Padma's emotions, and right now her sister's mind was a storm of fiery lust.

She squeezed her thighs together in a desperate attempt to smother the flames licking at her pussy. Perhaps she shouldn't be getting so turned by her watching her sister fuck her best friend. The very best friend Parvati fucked herself just two days prior. Whether it was right or wrong, taboo or no, she rightly didn't care in that moment. The only thing she knew was that her pussy was ACHING with need.

She could always take care of herself of course. It wouldn't be the first time Parvati played with herself while watching Lavender fuck someone. Memories of the blonde scissoring Katie Bell while she speedily drove her favourite muggle dildo in and out of her dripping cunt came to mind. It certainly had worked then but something told Parvati it wouldn't be enough now.

Just as she was about to resign herself to her fate and reach under her bed for the box of toys hidden there, an idea suddenly sprung into Parvati's mind.

Lavender wasn't the only option for relief anymore, not after the ball.

All it took was a single thought about Harry's thick cock and she was up in a flash. As she made her way towards the door, Padma's voice called out.

"P-Parv-vati- Hng FUCK!- Wh-where are y-you going? AH!"

Parvati snorted and waved her off. "I'm going to find Harry for some fun of my own. You two enjoy each other sister and please, be sure not to tucker Lav' out too much. We have plans in Hogsmeade later. Ta!"

With that, she absconded from the room as Padma screamed in climax atop Lavender's face.

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It took longer to find Harry than she would have liked. The arousal in her belly only grew with every step and it wasn't long before she was growling in irritation as she searched the castle. Just as she was about to give up and march back upstairs to stew in her anger, she rounded a corner on the fourth floor and saw him.

He walked slowly with Hermione, chatting idly with the girl without a care in the world.

Parvati growled hungrily as she watched him. The fire in her loins combusted into a roaring inferno at the sight of him and she nearly burst out into a sprint towards him.

Thankfully she had enough presence of mind to stop herself. Instead, she stalked forward and plastered a cheerful smile on her face.

"Hey you two!" She chirped. "Just leaving the library?"

Harry smiled brightly when he saw her, Hermione as well albeit a good bit more reserved. She and Parvati got along well enough but they weren't exactly best friends.

"Yeah, we were researching the egg. Still can't figure it out just yet but we still have a bit of time before the next task." Harry explained.

Parvati nodded in faux interest. Normally she'd offer what little help she could, but at that moment she was far too horny to really care.

"Oh! That reminds me. Hermione McGonagall is looking for you. Something about forgetting to fill out the back of last month's Transfiguration quiz?"

"WHAT!?! There was a back?!" The girl cried. She took off instantly, hastily rushing down the hall with a look of horror on her face. Students jumped out of the bookworm's way as she muttered panicked curses under her breath.

"Wait was there really a back part to that quiz?" Harry asked in confusion.

Parvati shook her head. “Nope!” She said simply before grasping Harry’s hand and leading him in the opposite direction down the hall.

“Uhm okay?” He drawled, letting the girl drag him away. “Then what did McGonnagal mean?”

“No clue. I haven’t seen her since the dance.” Parvati replied. They came upon her destination quickly enough. Well, it was more like the lustful witch made a beeline to the first broom cupboard she saw. She shoved Harry a bit rougher than necessary into the small closet and shut the door behind her. For good measure, she sent every locking and silencing spell she could think of at that moment towards the door.

Harry grunted in surprise as the caramel-skinned girl suddenly crashed into him lips first and began to snog the life out of him.

“MMH! McGonnagal wasn’t looking for Hermione was she?” He gasped, breaking the hungry lip lock.

“What do you think?” Parvati smirked as she reached forward to palm his cock through his trousers.

Harry groaned at the contact. “Bloody hell! I think someone’s a little horny right now.”

Parvati giggled and began to rub the growing tent in his pants teasingly. “Correct! Now are you gonna keep asking questions or are you gonna fcuk me already Potter?”

Harry responded by yanking her forward and smashing his lips against hers. Parvati squealed in delight as she melted into the kiss, allowing his tongue in without a fight and furiously working the buckle on his belt with one hand.

The blasted leather came free as she nibbled on his bottom lip. She wasted no time revelling in her small victory though. Her true goal had yet to be unleashed and she

furiously fought against both Harry's own wandering hands and her growing excitement as she moved to yank his boxers down.

"Fuck!" Harry groaned and Parvati mentally agreed.

Her pussy fluttered with excitement as she held his cock in her hand. The thick meaty pole was rock hard and hot to the touch, just begging to be rammed up her tight snatch. That would have to wait though.

The other night she had tasted him only briefly. Her arousal for Lavender had gotten the better of her and thus she spent but a few moments with this glorious cock in her mouth. It was an error she intended to correct now despite the clawing lust in her womanhood. Sinking to her knees, Parvati wasted no time on teasing licks or slow strokes. Without a word, she sucked him down as far as she could with one eager swallow. Harry moaned and gripped a fistful of her mocha-coloured hair. There was no hesitation before she began to move. She bobbed her head furiously up and down his length, using her tongue to lap at the underside of his shaft with each pass. What little she couldn't fit down her gullet, she jerked with her hand in time with her sucks.

Each time she pulled back, her lips would clamp down around his tip and she'd give the spongy cock-head a harsh suck. Harry hissed in pleasure each time she did this before pushing his cock deeper into her mouth when it became too much.

Her movements, already flurried in excitement, soon became wild and animalistic as her mind clouded with hazy lust. Spit dripped from her mouth and drenched her shirt. Each time his cock would slam into the back of her throat, tears would spring to her eyes as she fought off the urge to gag. Already black trails of mascara marred her face and her prim hair was now frazzled.

“Parvati!” Harry suddenly cried. “Fuck I’m- I’m about to cum!”

She pulled off him in a flash, stroking him rapidly while giving the side of his shaft a few sloppy kisses.

“Not yet you aren’t.” She growled. Standing, Parvati turned away from him and leaned on one of the shelves on the wall with her ass jutting out. “Fuck me Potter! Now!”

Harry didn’t need to be told twice. He kicked off his trousers in an instant and scrambled over. Parvati mewled aloud when she felt his cock nestle between her ass cheeks and she thanked every god she knew that she chose to wear a skirt that day.

He wasn’t gentle or loving when he entered her, and Parvati couldn’t have been happier. When he pulled her knickers to the side and speared her cunt with one quick thrust, she nearly came right then and there. A cross between a moan and a sob was torn from her throat as Harry began to saw his hips back and forth. He rammed into her wildly, smashing their hips together in a loud collision of flesh. The feeling of his balls slapping rhythmically against her clit sent tingles of pleasure up her spine and soon enough she felt her toes curl as the burning ball of lust in her core rapidly came undone.

“Oh yes! Oh yes! OH FUCK YES! HARRRYYY!” She cried.

Her pussy tightened around his pistoning cock as wave upon wave of pleasure wracked her body, causing her to tremble violently in climax. She felt her own juices gush out from her cunt and splash down her legs as she came. Moans and curses flew from her lips in her passion-fueled revelry and soon enough she could barely speak at all from the pleasure buzzing through her body.

Her orgasm seemed to only fuel Harry’s own desires. Just as her climax began to ebb away, her pussy was attacked once more. She sobbed in torturous pleasure as he took

savagely used her cunt. Each thrust came at her harder and harder, and it took all her strength to simply stand and take the rough pounding. Even as she tumbled over the edge once more in glorious climax Parvati knew it wouldn't end. She had gotten her pleasure already, any climax she reached now was just a fortunate side effect as Harry used her poor little pussy to reach his own.

Her tongue rolled from her mouth as she panted desperately in need of a break, but it wouldn't come. She had wanted this, wanted to be fucked, to be used like a plaything, she just never considered the consequences. And how sweet those consequences were. As her mind clouded fully over, no longer able to form a coherent thought, she could only moan whorishly in pleasure as Harry hooked a thumb into her puckered asshole.

Normally, anal play was something Parvati didn't especially enjoy. She'd tried on her own before, and even once with Lavender when her friend bought a new buttplug via owl order. It was pleasant in small doses but just not something for her. But in that moment all she could do was beg drunkenly for more as her ass was explored.

Her salvation came in the form of a single strangled gasp from Harry. One moment he was furiously slamming into her gushing cunt, and the next he was hilted inside of her while her womb suddenly bloomed with warmth.

Parvati couldn't help but moan happily as his seed filled her caramel pussy. The cum painting her walls was hot inside her, and she giggled internally at the feeling of being so full.

She felt his cock pulse inside her for a final time before Harry sighed and collapsed forward. He held himself up against the shelf and stayed there, still hilted inside her cunt

while they both recovered from the intense fucking. Finally, after a few more moments, Harry dipped down and lovingly kissed her neck before pulling free from her depths. Cum instantly began to leak from her abused pussy, dripping from her cunt in a long trail down her legs, but Parvati could hardly care.

Though something told her Lavender would be quite jealous when she returned to the dorm with her pussy full of cum. The blonde never did get the creampie she wanted the other night. Oh well- there was always next time...

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#### Author's Note

Mixing it up a bit with the Lavender/Padma scene. Next chapter will contain the next threesome scene and maybe a bit more?... Hope you all enjoyed!

Thanks for reading!