

Switcheroo

Chapter 1

Parvati smiled widely and her eyes sparkled as Harry twirled her in his arms around the dance floor. Harry smiled back at her, laughing as he lifted her hand above her head and spun her in a circle, her blue dress flaring out from her smooth legs. The Yule ball had been going on for over an hour now and he was a lot more fun than he originally thought he would. Before the ball, he had dreaded being forced to go out and dance in front of everyone. Once the ball started, seeing the beautiful Indian girl smile and laugh as they danced and his hands slid over her flawless skin, changed his mind. Harry pulled her back against him just as the song ended, her medium sized breasts pressed against his chest. They stood still for a moment, holding each other while several other students clapped and moved off of the dance floor. Parvati stared up at him with bright eyes, her cheeks flushed and her chest heaving slightly as she panted from the exertion.

"Witches and wizards, we're going to take a short break and we'll be right back." The lead singer announced.

"Do you want to go get a drink?" Harry asked her.

Parvati nodded, licking her full red lips. Grabbing her hand, he led her off of the dance floor and over to the drinks table. He poured a glass of punch and handed it to her before pouring a glass from himself.

"Hey, there's Padma and Ron." She said, pointing over to a table tucked into a dark corner.

Harry frowned as he followed her over to them. Ron sat with his back against the table and his arms crossed, looking disgruntled. Padma was sitting next to him, looking miserable as she played with her hand in her lap. Parvati noticed too and rushed over to her twin sister.

"Hey." Harry said, drawing Ron's attention to him.

“What does she think she’s doing?” Ron asked, staring past him.

“Who?” He asked, looking around.

“Hermione!” Ron yelled, like it should be obvious. “How could she go to the ball with him? He’s the enemy!”

While Harry tried unsuccessfully to talk some sense into Ron, Parvati was talking to her sister.

“Are you okay?” She asked Padma.

“I’m fine.” She answered quietly.

Where Parvati was boisterous and outgoing, Padma was much more shy and quiet. They might look identical, but there were very different in the way they acted. Parvati sighed, wishing Padma was more willing to stand up for herself.

“Did he dance with you at all?” She asked, her anger at Ron growing as she saw how sad Padma looked.

“No, he’s been too busy glaring at Hermione all night.” Padma complained.

Parvati growled and glared angrily at Ron while he talked with Harry. This was supposed to be one of the most memorable nights of their lives, and he was ruining that for her sister. She wished her sister had a date that was as good as Harry was to her. That thought gave her an idea. Grabbing Padma by the hand, she pulled her to her feet and called out to Harry.

“Harry, Padma and I need to use the restroom. We’ll be back in a couple of minutes.” She told him, then turned to leave.

“Parvati, wait!” Harry called out to her after only a couple of steps away.

She stopped and turned back to wait for him. Harry got up from his chair and jogged over to her with a concerned look on his face.

“Is everything okay?” He asked, glancing over at Padma worriedly.

Parvati smiled at him, grateful that he was being so caring about her and Padma.

“Everything’s fine. We’re just going to have a little girl talk.” She assured him.

Harry nodded and then seemed to hesitate about something for a moment, before he leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek. When he pulled back, he was blushing and looking a bit scared, as if he had gone too far. Parvati smiled at him and almost giggled when he visibly relaxed and smiled shyly. Hooking her arm through Padma’s, she pulled her out of the Great Hall and down the hall to the bathroom. Once inside, she pulled out her wand and started adjusting her makeup while waiting for the two sixth year Ravenclaw girls that were there to leave. When they left, she locked the door with her wand and started taking off her dress.

“What are you doing?” Padma asked, sounding scandalized.

“Take off your dress. We’re going to switch places.” She said, stepping out of her dress and leaving her in only her matching blue panties and strapless bra.

“What? What do you mean switch places?” Padma asked as Parvati went behind her and started unzipping her dress.

"I'm not going to let that berk Weasley ruin your night. We'll switch places, and you can dance with Harry for a little while." She explained.

"I don't know if we should do this." She said hesitantly, although she didn't try to stop Parvati from stripping her.

"Don't tell me you don't want to. I know you think he's cute." Parvati said.

Padma blushed, but didn't say anything as she let her sister re-dress her in the other dress. Once they had switched clothes, Parvati spent a minute fixing her makeup so that it looked just like hers. Double checking to make sure that everything was right, Parvati pulled her sister out of the bathroom and led her back to the Great Hall.

"Well then, maybe you should pluck up the courage and ask someone, and not as a last resort!" They heard Hermione scream just as they entered.

Hermione stormed past them, leaving Ron glaring venomously at her back, while Harry looked on exasperated.

"Go ask him to dance." Parvati hissed into Padma's ear.

"Maybe this isn't a good time." Padma said timidly.

Parvati sighed and nudged her forward until she started walking over to Harry on her own.

"Um, Harry, could we, dance?" Padma asked nervously, looking down at her hands instead of at him.

"I'd love to." He answered, looking happy to have an excuse to get away from Ron. "What about Padma? Is she okay?"

"She'll be fine." Padma answered.

She had to admit that while it felt strange to pretend being her sister, there was something about it that was quite exciting. Harry took her hand gently in his and led her out onto the dance floor, the band having started again while they were gone. They were playing a slow song, which she thought was better than the fast music they had been playing before. Things got even more exciting when he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her against his chest. Padma nervously wrapped her arms around his neck and then laid her head on his shoulder to hide her blushing face as they swayed back and forth to the music. As the song went on, Padma became more relaxed, enjoying the way his strong arms felt around her thin frame.

"You know, I'm having a lot more fun than I thought I would." Harry said, his warm breath washing over her neck and ear.

She knew that he was talking about Parvati, but it made her feel good that he was enjoying dancing with her.

"Me too." She told him, lifting her head off of his shoulder to smile up at him.

As she looked at him, Harry leaned down. Before she realized what was happening, he pressed his lips to hers, kissing her lightly. Padma was shocked for a moment, wondering what to do. Should she keep pretending to be Parvati and kiss him back? Did Parvati want to kiss him? While those questions ran through her head, her body reacted on its own, kissing him back and running her fingers through his unruly hair. His tongue slipped between her lips and plunged into her mouth, making her moan as it traced along hers. When he finally pulled back, he smiled brightly at her while his hands stroked up and down her back. Padma smiled back at him shyly and laid her head back on his shoulder. It was a few seconds more before she realized what she had done.

Padma's face burned with the heat of her embarrassment. She couldn't believe she had just kissed her sister's date in the middle of the dance floor. She also felt bad for lying to Harry, and wondered if she should tell him the truth. Looking around as surreptitiously, she tried to find

her sister. It was time for her to get out of there before she did anything else she would regret. It took her a minute, but she finally found her over by the drinks table, talking with Lavender.

“Harry, can we get a drink? I’m thirsty again.” She said, biting her lip.

“Sure.” He answered.

Taking her hand, he laced his fingers through hers and led her through the throng of dancing students.

“Hey girls.” Harry said, waving to Parvati and Lavender.

“Hi Harry.” They said in unison, then giggled.

Harry smiled at them, and Padma thought it was the first time she had really seen him smile all year long.

“You doing okay, Padma?” He asked, looking at Parvati.

Again, Padma felt a small twinge of guilt for lying to him, but she also felt happy that he was so concerned for her.

“I’m fine. Lavender cheered me up.” Her sister answered.

“Padma, can we talk for a minute?” She asked, grabbing her by the arm and pulling her away before getting an answer. “We’ll be right back.”

Padma quickly dragged her out of the Great Hall and back to the bathroom they were in a few minutes ago. Fortunately, there wasn't anyone in there this time, so Padma locked the door with her wand and then pace back and forth nervously.

"What's wrong?" Parvati asked.

"Harry kissed me." She admitted.

"Really? How was it?" Parvati asked excitedly, like it was just another piece of gossip for her and Lavender to talk about.

"What!? You're not angry." Padma asked in surprise.

"Of course not, I'm the one that told you to pretend to be me. So, how was it?" She asked again, leaning against the sink and smiling at her excitedly.

"It was nice, great. I wasn't sure what to do at first, but then I just, I don't know, reacted." Padma said, struggling to describe what it felt like.

"Do you want to go dance with him some more?" Parvati asked.

"No. It was fun, but I don't really like lying to him." She said answered.

"Are you sure? I doubt Harry would mind, even if he knew." Parvati told her.

"I'm sure." She said with certainty.

Parvati shrugged her shoulder and both of them stripped down and switched back to their original clothes. As they walked back to the Great Hall, Padma wished she had spoken up soon

and told Harry she would go to the Ball with him, when he asked her and Parvati if one of them would go with him. Still, she had a smile on her face. At least I got to enjoy on dance tonight, she thought, and a kiss.

Parvati looked at her sister and nearly giggled when she saw the smile and faraway look on her face. It didn't take a genius like Hermione to guess what she was thinking about. She was definitely going to have to find a way to thank Harry for treating Padma so well, even if he thought it was her. Harry's face lit up as she approached, and she smiled back at him. When they reached the table he was sitting at with Lavender, she plopped herself down in his lap and pecked him on the lips. Lavender giggled at them while Padma quietly took a seat, though she was smiling. As they spent a few minutes talking, Parvati intentionally wiggled her hips on occasion. She played it off as if she was trying to get comfortable, but really, she just wanted to tease him a bit. The feeling of his excitement pressing against her bum told her she succeeded.

Or the next couple of hours, she had the most fun of her life as she danced with Harry and spent some time with her friends. She even let him dance with Lavender when she found out that Seamus, Lavender's date, had gotten drunk on something the Weasley twins had snuck in, and was passed out in the corner. Eventually, it got late and students gradually shuffled off to their dorms, or the Infirmary, in Seamus' case. Harry and Parvati were some of the last to leave, leisurely walking through the halls as they made their way up to the sixth floor. A thousand questions were running through Harry's mind as they climbed up the moving staircases. Should he kiss her goodnight? Were they dating now? Should he ask her to go to Hogsmeade with him?

Before he could answer any of those questions in his head, Parvati grabbed his arm and yanked him into an abandoned class room. Shutting the door behind him, she pushed him against the wall and kissed him hungrily on the lips. Harry pulled her body tightly against his as she slipped her tongue into his mouth. Her hands slid up his chest and pushed his outer robe off his body. He let go of her long enough to let the robe fall to the floor, then he wrapped his arms around her again. As they kissed, he ran his hands up and down her back, he moved them closer and closer to her bum. When his hands reached the top of her round cheeks, she moaned into his mouth and ground herself against him. Taking this as permission, he lowered his hands even further and cupped her cheeks in his hands. Parvati pulled away from his lips and he wondered if he had gone too far, when she smiled at him sexily.

"I wanted to thank you for being such a great date tonight." She said huskily, her eyes sparkling.

Parvati dropped to her knees, rubbing the bulge in the front of his pants. Harry's eyes went wide as she reached up and started undoing his belt. Unbuttoning his pants and lowering his zipper, she pulled open his pants and reached into his boxers. Harry gasped as her soft hand wrapped around his hard length, pulling him out. She stroked his shaft lightly while staring in fascination at his cock.

"It's so big, and hot." She marveled as she stroked him experimentally. "I've never done this before, so tell me if I do something wrong."

Harry watched with growing anticipation as she leaned forward. He could feel her breath wash over the swollen head of his cock, making him jerk in excitement. Lightly, she kissed his tip, before sticking out her tongue and licking the underside of his crown. Harry inhaled sharply as Parvati's smooth, wet tongue ran over the sensitive underside of his head. It took a lot of restraint for him not to thrust forward into her open mouth. Seeing his desperation and excitement, she looked up at him and gave him a sexy little smile, before opening her mouth wide and wrapping her lips round his throbbing shaft. A groan left his lips as she enveloped him in her hot, wet mouth, her tongue swirling around his sensitive tip. Unconsciously, he reached out with his hand and threaded his hand through her thick, dark hair.

Parvati looked up at him with her dark, lust filled eyes, the head of his cock still trapped between her soft lips. Her hand stroked his shaft lightly as she began bobbing her head up and down, sucking lightly on the first couple of inches of his length. With each bob of her head, she took more and more of his rigid shaft between her soft lips, until she was moving up and down more than half of his length. Still staring up into his eyes, Parvati pushed herself down even further, only stopping when his head hit the back of her mouth. Pulling back, her lips dragged along the length of his shaft while her tongue traced the bulging veins of his cock.

"Suck harder." Harry said, his voice coming out so husky and deep that he almost didn't recognize his own voice.

Parvati followed his instructions, sucking hard while her tongue slithered along the underside of his cock as she bobbed up and down. Harry panted as her incredible mouth moved up and down his shaft, bucking his hips lightly feeling his climax starting to creep up on him. Parvati pulled back to the head, sucked hard, and then pulled off of him, her lips making a loud *pop*

from the suction she was applying. Standing up, she turned around and looked over her shoulder at him.

“Unzip me.” She said, her eyes burning with excitement.

Reaching up, Harry unzipped her dress, and watching intently as she pushed the straps off of her shoulders, revealing inch after inch of smooth, light brown skin. When the dress reached her wide hips, she shook them back and forth enticingly as she tugged it down her legs and dropped it to the floor. Turning back around, her hands went to his shirt, where she started undoing his buttons.

“I think, you’re a bit overdressed.” She said with a smirk as his eyes traced over her body.

With both of them working at his shirt, it didn’t take long to get it off. Parvati’s hands caressed the muscles of his chest while Harry pushed down his pants and stepped out of them. Grabbing his throbbing shaft, she pulled him further into the room and over to the nearest desk. Leaning her bum against the desk, she reached behind her back and unsnapped the clasp of her bra while biting her lip. Harry couldn’t tear his eyes away as she slowly lowered the cups of her bra, revealing inch after inch of glorious brown skin until, finally, her dark, hard nipples came into view. She dropped the bra to the floor, and Harry reached up, gently cupping her breasts in his hands. He marveled at how smooth and soft they felt as her mounds filled his hands. He couldn’t resist the temptation of leaning forward and taking her erect nipple into his mouth.

Parvati moaned and ran her fingers through his hair as he experimented, squeezing, groping, sucking and licking at her wonderful breasts. The scent of her arousal reached his nose, making his cock throb as it bobbed up and down between them. Tightening her grip on his hair, she pulled him back from her breasts and up to her face, where she kissed him aggressively on the lips. Harry kissed her back, pushing her against the desk and grinding his cock against her stomach while his hands groped both of her perky breasts. After a couple of minutes, Parvati pushed him back slightly, grabbed the waistband of her panties, and pushed them down her legs. When she stood up again, she grabbed his shaft and pulled him closer as she hopped up to sit down on the edge of the desk.

“Be gentle. It’s my first time.” She whispered, pulling him close.

"I will. It's my first time, too." He told her, then kissed her on the lips.

Still holding his cock, she ran the head between her moist lips, leaving it glistening with her arousal. Lining him up with her entrance, she grabbed his hips and pulled him forward. Harry bit his lip as his head parted her lips and it was enveloped by her hot, tight walls. Parvati let out a whine as his girth stretched her open, but she kept pulling him forward. Inch after inch of his shaft sank into her core, drawing a pleased groan from his lips. Finally, Harry bottomed out with Parvati hugged his neck tightly and her face buried in his shoulder. He felt her nails digging into his skin as she trembled against him.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked in concern.

"Mh hm, just give me a minute."

Harry held still, giving her time to adjust and savoring the feel of being inside a girl for the first time. It was absolutely incredible. She was tight, hot, and wet, her walls hugging him and twitching on occasion. He ran his hands up and down her bare back while kissing her neck. After a few moments, Parvati sat up and wiggled around a bit, drawing another groan from him.

"You can start moving now." She told him.

Grabbing her hips, he started by flexing his cheeks and just pushing into her without really pulling back. Parvati moaned as he flexed his hip, leaning back on her elbows and staring down at the point where they were connected. Pulling his cock back a couple of inches, Harry thrust into her slowly and gently, looking down to watch his shaft stretched her open and filled her up.

"Oh Merlin, that feels so good." She moaned.

Reaching up, he grabbed one of her breasts and closed his eyes. The feeling of being surrounded by her wonderful pussy was nearly overwhelming.

“Kiss me, Harry.” Parvati moaned.

Opening his eyes, he let go of her breast and leaned forward to claim her lips with his. Another moan left her lips as he started moving faster, but still made sure to move gently. Having been so close to an orgasm before, there was no way he would last long. Feeling his climax beginning to creep up on him again, he reached between their bodies and rubbed her clit. Parvati gasped and bucked her hips forward sharply as he rubbed her, a pleased whine leaving her lips as she kissed him hungrily. As his orgasm neared, Harry pulled his lips away from hers, panting and rubbing her clit furiously.

“I’m going to cum.” He warned her.

“I’m on the potion.” She said, rolling her hips as she dug her nails into his back.

Harry drove himself into her welcoming depths several more times. His body tensed and he thrust as deeply into her as possible as the first shot of cum fired out of his pulsating cock and splashed against her walls. The felling of him cumming in her seemed to trigger her own climax as she tightened her arms around him and jerked her hips while her walls spasmed around his length. Harry humped against her as his orgasm continued, instinctively trying to get his cum as deep in her as possible while her tight walls massaged him. When their climaxes were over, they rested by leaning against each other for a couple of minutes, panting lightly. When he was recovered enough, Harry pulled out of Parvati, picked her up, and then sat down in the desk chair with her on his lap.

She cuddled up to him, kissing his neck with one of his hands squeezed and groped her breasts. As they relaxed, enjoying the afterglow of their entry into the wonderful world of sex, another witch was experiencing her own climax. Padma bit her lip, trying to keep as quiet as possible as she came on her fingers, thoughts of a dark-haired, green-eyed wizard ran through her mind.

Chapter 2

Parvati was walking through the halls, hand in hand with Harry, on their way to breakfast the night after the Yule Ball. Because of the holiday and with all of the students staying at the castle this year, the professors were allowing them to make trips into Hogsmeade village for the entire week. Harry had surprised her in the morning, waiting for her to come down from the dorms to ask her on a date. She was excited to be going out with arguably one of the most desirable boys at Hogwarts. Things at breakfast were a bit awkward, with Ron and Hermione sitting across from each other but not speaking as they glared at one another. It was a relief for both of them when they finally left for the village.

It was a chilly winter's day, which Parvati used as excuse to cuddle close to her new boyfriend on the carriage ride off of the grounds, not that he seemed to mind. What started as cuddling quickly turned into a heated snogging session, leaving both of them flushed but smiling, and the windows of the carriage fogged by the time they reached the Hogsmeade. As they climbed out and walked the rest of the way towards the snow covered, picturesque village, Parvati nearly skipped next to him in happiness.

"So, where do you want to go first?" Harry asked, his hand in hers.

"Honeydukes?" She asked hopefully, her breath fogging in the frigid air.

"Sure." He replied easily.

Harry led her in a casual stroll down the road to the sweets shop. Stepping inside, they were bathed in a comforting heat from the roaring fireplace in the back of the shop. The shop owner, Melinda Honeyduke, greeted them with a wide smile and a wave as they took off their heavy cloaks and hung them up near the door. They spent nearly half an hour walking around the little shop, laughing and talking as they showed each other their favorite sweets. Unsurprisingly, Harry's favorite were the floating bon-bons, while hers were the Firewhiskey and caramel filled chocolate balls. On a day as cold as this, the Firewhiskey sent a pleasant warmth down her throat and into her stomach where it spread to the rest of her body. It was a pleasant surprise for her when Harry grabbed three bags of them, along with a few other sweets she enjoyed and bought them for her.

"You don't have to do that, Harry." She told him as he paid for their purchases.

"I want to." He told her insistently, handing several coins over to the smiling shop owner.

"You two make such a cute couple. Here, take these, on the house." Melinda said, slipping a couple of Honeydukes bars into their bag.

Harry blushed and stammered adorably as he thanked her and collected his change. As they left, the store was much more packed with students than when they had entered. Outside, the bitter chill of the early morning had given way to a bright, sunny day. While it was still cold, she could at least feel the bright sunlight heat up her skin where it hit. Reaching into her bag of sweets, Parvati pulled out one her favorites and popped it into her mouth, moaning loudly as the wonderful flavors coated her tongue, and the Firewhiskey warmed her skin. Next to her, Harry smiled playfully.

"Sounds like I've got competition. Should I be jealous?" He asked jokingly.

"Maybe." She teased.

Suddenly, Parvati turned towards him and gave him her most sultry look as she grabbed the front of his cloak and pulled him down for a tongue filled kiss. She was sure he could taste the combination of chocolate, Firewhiskey, and caramel on her tongue as they kissed, his arms wrapping tightly around her body. They broke apart when they heard a series of loud catcalls coming from the Weasley twins a couple of stores down. She smiled proudly, giggling as Harry blushed cutely and pulled her further down the road. It amused her that a boy who could singlehandedly face down a nesting Dragon, and win, still got embarrassed so easily. As they continued down the road, she saw a sign for a shop Lavender had told her about.

Grabbing Harry by the hand, she led him over to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop. Lavender had told her it was the perfect place to take a date if they wanted to have a bit of snogging. After that kiss, she was definitely looking forward to more. Stepping into the shop, both of them froze and blinked as the bright pink of, well, everything, nearly blinded them. Looking over at Harry, she nearly burst out laughing at the look of horror on his face. Everything, from the floor, to the ceiling, to the booths, was a garish pink that seared the eyes. There was a Cherib flying around the room while playing a harp over the heads of the couples that were there. Most of

them didn't notice, as they were too busy being otherwise occupied to notice. Edgar Bellmont, for instance, was far too busy trying to examine Stacy Stimpkins' tonsils with his tongue by the looks of it. Even for her, this place was a bit too much.

"Hello, dears. Oh, don't you two just look absolutely adorable together." A middle-aged, round-faced woman, presumably Madam Puddifoot, exclaimed with a disturbing amount of excitement and what appeared to be a permanent smile etched on her face. "What can I get you? Tea? Or, how about a nice cup of hot cocoa?"

"Er." Harry stammered in a strangled voice.

"Oh, no, we were just looking for our friend, but I don't see her here. Sorry to bother you." Parvati said, quickly taking Harry's hand and pulling him out of the shop.

"Good luck finding your friend. Feel free to come back any time!" The woman yelled after them, a smile still plastered on her face.

Parvati pulled Harry back up the road and away from the shop, wondering how even Lavender could like a place like that.

"Er, Parvati. We can go back in, if you want to." Harry offered hesitantly.

Turning to him, she smiled brightly, happy that he would be willing to do that for her. Raising herself up on the tips of her toes, she kissed him on the lips briefly.

"Thanks, Harry, but I think that place might give me nightmares if we stay too long." She said with a smile.

Harry visibly sagged with relief making her giggle at him. Leading him by the hand, she pulled him off of the main road and into a secluded alley way. Parvati pushed him against the brick wall and leaned her body into his as she pressed their lips together. Harry responded instantly,

his arms wrapping around her to grab her by the bum. He practically lifted her off the ground as he pulled her tightly against him while their tongues danced together. Despite the fact she didn't have anyone to compare him to, she was quite confident that Harry was one of the best kissers in the school. Parvati moaned into his mouth as they continued to kiss, and it wasn't long before she could feel his excitement pressing against her thigh. Mentally, she cursed the cold weather and the heavy clothes they had to wear.

A few minutes later, they finally broke apart, panting heavily with flushed cheeks and large smiles. Moving back out onto the main road, they eventually decided to head to the Three Broomsticks as it was close to lunch. When they arrived, the place was already packed with students from all three schools. Fortunately, Padma and Hermione were already there and had saved them a table. Hermione spotted them first and waved them over, nearly knocking over a passing Hannah Abbot in her exuberance. Harry and Parvati shuffled their way over to them, sitting down next to each other on one side of the booth, while Hermione moved to sit on the opposite side next to Padma.

"Happy Christmas, Padma." Harry said loudly over the din of the overflowing pub.

"Happy Christmas, Harry." Padma replied with a smile.

Parvati smiled as well and kissed him on the cheek, grateful that he was being kind to her shy, quiet sister. Most boys tended to ignore Padma in favor of her, and she was glad to see that Harry wasn't like that.

"I take it your date is going well?" Hermione asked before taking a sip of her Butterbeer.

"Very." Parvati said happily, sliding her hand along Harry's thigh and up to his crotch.

Surprised by her daring move, Harry nearly choked on his own spit which he turned into a cough. Hermione looked at him strangely and opened her mouth to talk, but, fortunately, Madam Rosmerta chose that moment to show up and take their orders. Getting another round of Butterbeer for the table, and a light lunch, Harry once again insisted on paying for everything. Parvati thanked him with another kiss to the cheek, and a gentle squeeze to the

rapidly growing bulge his erection made along the leg of his baggy jeans. As he attempted to make conversation with Hermione and Padma, she continued to tease him by squeezing his length, and running her long, manicured nails over the head. Impressively, he only stumbled over his words a couple of times, but she could see just how much her teasing was affecting him.

One thing she noticed throughout lunch, was how taken Padma was with Harry as he spoke to her. Several times, she caught her sister staring dreamily at him as he spoke to Hermione, only to blush when Harry turned his attention back to her. Parvati knew how much Padma had enjoyed dancing with Harry, and she sharing her first kiss with him had left its mark as well, it was easy to see in the look on her face as she talked about it. As she thought about how her and her sister switched places at the dance, a devious idea popped into her head.

“Padma, I have to use the bathroom, would you go with me?” She asked her sister.

Padma looked at her oddly, as if sensing her thoughts, but nodded. Kissing Harry on the cheek once more, they scooted out of the booth and made their way to the bathroom. When they entered, Parvati was relieved to find it empty, and quickly locked the door behind them.

“Parvati?” Her sister asked, giving her a questioning look.

“Padma, how would you like Harry to be your first?” She asked, ignoring the question.

Padma's eyes widened and she opened and closed her mouth several times before any sounds actually came out.

“What?” Padma asked incredulously.

“Come on, Padma. I know you’ve been dreaming about being with Harry since we came to Hogwarts, just like I did. Now, you can actually do it.” Parvati said enticingly.

“Does Harry know about this?” Padma asked with narrowed eyes.

“Not exactly.” She admitted.

“Parvati, we shouldn’t be lying to him like this.” Padma scolded her.

“Then let’s tell him.” Parvati told her.

“I don’t know.” Padma said, pacing back and forth and worrying her hands. “What if he says no?”

“Oh, come on. What boy in their right mind would say no to identical twins?” Parvati asked rhetorically.

“Why are you doing this? You could have your dream guy all to yourself.” Padma asked frustratedly.

“Because I want you to be happy. Besides, we used to share things all the time.” She said.

“He’s not one of our dolls, Parvati.” Her sister huffed.

“I know that. Look, you’ve been unhappy ever since you were sorted into Ravenclaw. I’m tired of seeing you so sad all of the time. Harry makes me happy, and I know he can make you happy, too. Tell me honestly, if you could choose any boy to lose your virginity to, who would it be?” She asked.

“Harry.” Padma admitted after a moment’s pause.

“And, can you honestly tell me that you didn’t find it exciting to kiss him while pretending to be me?” She pressed.

“Well, yes but...” She trailed off.

“But nothing. This is your chance to have the boy of your dreams, you’d have to be crazy to let it slip away. I promise, we’ll tell him soon, but we just started dating. Let’s just give it a little bit before we tell him, okay?” Parvati asked with a pleading look.

Padma paced back and forth again, worrying her hands and bottom lip as she struggled internally.

“Fine.” She conceded.

Parvati smiled and hugged her sister tightly. “Thank you.” She said. “Now, here’s what we’ll do. We switch clothes, then we go out and rent a room from Rosmerta. I’ll keep Hermione occupied while you and Harry go upstairs, okay?”

Parvati felt excitement course through her at the thought of Harry and Padma together. She knew it was a bit perverted, but the thought of her boyfriend and her sister together was really getting to her. She wished there was some way she could watch. Padma nodded in agreement, looking nervous. Quickly, they stripped down and swapped clothes before they left the bathroom. Parvati grabbed Padma by the hand and marched up to the bar, dragging her along.

“What can I get for you ladies?” Madam Rosmerta asked as they approached.

“We need a room, please.” Parvati told her.

“Wand?” The bar maid asked with a raised eyebrow.

Parvati motioned for Padma to show Rosmerta her wand. Nervously holding out her wand with a shaky hand, the older witch tapped it with hers, causing it to glow blue and confirm that she was of age.

“Eight sickles for the night, and try not to leave a mess.” Rosmerta said with a knowing look.

Padma blushed heavily while Parvati paid for the room. Grabbing her sister by the arm, she led her back over to the booth where Harry and Hermione were talking while waiting for them to return.

“Remember, you need to try and act like me.” Parvati whispered into Padma’s ear just before they sat down.

They sat down, this time with Parvati next to Hermione and Padma next to Harry. He smiled at Padma as she sat down and took her hand in his. Padma smiled at him and settled down next to him. Harry and Hermione continued their conversation for a little while before Parvati realized her sister was stalling. She tried to give her a look, but she was too busy staring at Harry with a dreamy expression to notice. Under the table, she crossed her legs, her foot intentionally shooting out to kick Padma painfully in the shin.

“Ow!” She yelled, reaching down to rub her leg.

“Sorry, Parvati.” Parvati said, giving her a pointed look while everyone was busy checking on Padma.

“It’s fine.” Padma said, biting her lip.

It took her a few more seconds before she finally worked up the courage to say something to Harry.

“Harry, could we go talk for a minute?” She asked him quietly.

Harry nodded at her and followed her as she scooted out of the seat and pulled him towards the stairs. Parvati smirked into her Butterbeer as she took a sip, trying to hide the smug look on her face from Hermione. She was going to make sure Padma told her every single detail later.

Harry followed Parvati as she pulled him over to the stairs, looking at her curiously.

“Parvati, where are we going?” He asked her.

She turned and looked at him shyly, her cheeks tinted red. He wondered what had her acting so strangely.

“I got us a room.” She told him quietly.

It took a moment for his brain to comprehend what that meant, but when he did, his heart leapt with excitement. He had no chance of keeping the big stupid grin from forming on his face. Parvati led him down the second-floor hallway to the third door on the right, where she unlocked the door with her key and entered the room. Harry followed close behind, his erection already pressing against the front of his pants in anticipation. Closing and locking the door behind him, he wasted no time before stepping forward in two large strides and lifting Parvati into his arms. She squealed as he lifted her off of her feet, laughing as he spun her around in a circle. When he stopped, he walked her over to the bed, where he laid her on her back and kissed her passionately on the lips.

Pulling his wand out of his back pocket, he flicked it in the direction of the fireplace, lighting a fire to keep the room warm, even as he continued to kiss Parvati. As the room heated up, Harry stood up and pulled his jumper up and over his head, tossing it to the floor. Grabbing the hem of Parvati's jumper, and the t-shirt underneath, he pulled it off of her as she raised her arms to help him, her long, dark hair splaying out around her head when he did. Leaning down, he kissed her stomach, just above her jeans, and slowly trailed his lips up to her silky, padded blue bra. Harry buried his face in her ample cleavage, the smooth, soft skin of her breasts rubbing against the sides of his face as he kissed, licked and sucked at the exposed skin, drawing a needy more from her lips.

Looking up at her, Parvati bit her lips nervously as he slid his hands under her back and reached for the clasp of her bra. He struggled with it for several seconds before he finally got it to pop open. Pulling it off of her arms, he was surprised when she covered her chest with her arms shyly while feeling her body tremble under him.

“You, okay?” He asked in concern, stroking her cheek with his hand soothingly.

“Mh hmm.” She mumbled, nodding her head. “Sorry, I'm just a little nervous.”

Harry gave her a reassuring smile, leaning down to give her a tender kiss on the lips.

“Then I'll just have to help you relax.” He told her with a crooked smile.

Kissing his way over her arms and down to her stomach, he sucked and nipped at the delicate, sensitive skin of her stomach as he unbuttoned and unzipped her tight jeans and shimmied them down her long, caramel-colored legs. Kneeling at the foot of the bed, kissed the front of her panties, directly over her hot, damp core. Parvati gave a cute, high-pitched coo as he kissed her panties and ran his hands up and down her smooth thighs until he felt her body relax. When she did, he grabbed the waist band of her panties and pulled them down her legs, Parvati lifting her hips to help him. Harry licked his lips as his eyes locked onto her tight, damp slit. Looking up at her, she was panting in a combination of nerves and excitement as his lips left a trail of burning kisses up the inside of her thigh to her hot core.

With a loud gasp, she bucked her hips, staring down at him with a wide gaze as he kissed her lips. When he licked his lips again, he tasted her excitement, causing his cock to jump in his pants. Extending his tongue, he pushed it between the taught lips of her slit, drawing a long moan from the Indian beauty above him. As he continued to lick and tease her lips, Parvati wrapped her legs around his head and threaded her fingers through his hair. Harry thought back to very embarrassing and extremely detailed “Talk” Sirius had given him over the summer. At the time, he hated the awkward conversation, but now, he was grateful for the advice. Hearing the moans and gasps for the girl above him made all of the embarrassment worth it. When he circled his tongue around the small nub at the top of her slit, he got his biggest reaction yet.

“Oh Merlin, Harry.” She moaned, tightening her hands in his hair.

Focusing on her clit, he quickly had her panting, moaning and bucking wildly in pleasure. Wrapping his lips around the nub, he sucked hard while pressing his tongue against it and wiggling it around in an ever-changing pattern. Suddenly, her legs squeezed his head and her hand tightened painfully in his hair as she pulled him forward harshly, his nose bending upwards as it pressed against her pubic bone. Parvati shook around him as her arousal leaked over his chin and a series of cute, high-pitched grunts left her lips. After a long, uncomfortable few moments, she finally relaxed around him, collapsing into a panting heap on the bed. Harry pulled back, rubbing his sore nose and wiping his chin. Despite the discomfort, he felt a swell of manly pride as she looked at his quivering girlfriend on the bed.

While she laid back with her eyes closed, he opened his jeans and pulled them off, freeing his hard and aching cock. Opening her eyes again, she eyed his throbbing length with a mixture of excitement and trepidation as he grabbed it by the shaft and dragged the head up and down between her dripping lips. She whimpered when it passed over her throbbing, sensitive clit, her hips bucking out of reflex. Harry leaned over her, kissing her now uncovered breasts, sucking on her crinkled brown nipple. Moving his way up her neck to her jaw and finally her lips, he kissed her hungrily as he pressed his head against her entrance. Her legs wrapped around his waist and pulled him forward, easing his length into her tight, hot core as she moaned against his lips. Her smooth walls hugged him tightly as his girth stretched her open and filled her core.

Harry took his time, slowly easing into her until he finally bottomed out. Parvati kissed him hungrily while he held still, giving her time to adjust to his size. When she started bucking her hips against him, he pulled back a couple of inches and gently pushed back into her, moving at a slow pace at first but gradually speeding up. He pulled back, breaking their kiss so he could hear her moans better. Drawing half of his length out of her, he thrust back in, stretching her tight walls apart as he filled her and forcing aloud moan from her lips as she arched her back, thrusting her perky tits into the air. Harry supported his weight on one hand while grabbing one of her full, round breasts with the other, her nipple, stiff with excitement, rubbed against his palm.

Parvati writhed under him, moaning wildly as he pumped his hips back and forth, filling her with his throbbing cock over and over.

“Faster, Harry.” She gasped.

Harry sped up, his increased force causing her breasts to bounce on her chest in time with his thrusts. Parvati arched her back, closing her eyes as she moaned loudly. She took a deep, shuddering breath while her walls spasmed around him, her nails digging into his shoulder. He knew she was getting close to her peak, so he sped up even faster, his hips colliding with her thighs with a loud *slap*. Suddenly, her walls clutched him tightly, fluttering around his throbbing shaft as she shuddered from her climax. Harry continued plowing into to her through her orgasm, he massaging walls pushing him closer to his own climax.

Grabbing her shoulders, he thrust into her wildly, drawing a pleased scream from her lips as her orgasm intensified from the added stimulation. Tensing as he neared his climax, his cock jumped and pulsed inside of her as he filled her core with numerous jets of hot cum. Harry collapsed on top of her as his climax waned, supporting his weight on his elbows as he rested his chest on hers, huffing from the exertion. Parvati ran her hands soothingly up and down his back, turning her head to the side to kiss him on the lips. After cuddling and resting for a few minutes, they got dressed and made their way downstairs.

Meanwhile, in the pub, the real Parvati was downstairs, using her time as Padma to try and get some information out of Hermione.

“They make a good couple; don’t you think?” Parvati asked Hermione casually.

“Yeah. It’s nice to see him so happy for once. I just hope she can keep up with him?” Hermione said as she took a sip of her Butterbeer.

“What do you mean?” She asked curiously.

While it kind of sounded like she might be talking about Harry’s stamina in bed, she was pretty sure she didn’t mean it that way.

“Harry’s life can get kind of, intense.” Hermione said after pausing for a moment to think of the right word. “I just don’t want to see him get hurt. With everything he’s going through with the Tournament and the press, and people thinking he’s a lying cheat, heartbreak is the last thing he needs.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. Parvati is tougher than most people give her credit from.” She said, using her mug to hide her smile.

“I hope so.” Hermione said with a worried look towards the stairs.

“Can I ask you a personal question, Hermione?” Parvati asked after a brief silence between them.

“Sure.” She answered with a shrug.

“How come you and Harry never got together?” She asked.

Hermione sighed and rolled her eyes.

“He’s my best friend, he’s like a brother to me.” She said in exasperation. “Honestly, why does everyone think we can’t be friends without dating?”

“Well, you two would make a cute couple.” Parvati admitted, though she was internally relieved that Hermione wasn’t interested in Harry.

Hermione rolled her eyes again and opened her mouth to talk, but stopped when Ron, Seamus and Dean entered the pub. Hermione glared at him briefly before pointedly looking away from him. Parvati noticed and remembered the tail end of the argument she caught the night before at the Ball. Lavender had filled her in on what she had missed afterwards. It was clear that Ron was interested in Hermione with the way he was acting like a jealous boyfriend. What wasn’t so clear was how Hermione felt about him.

“Is there anything going on between you and Ron?” She asked.

“What!? Ron? No, of course not.” She denied a bit too quickly and insistently to be convincing.

“Oh, good. You can do better than him anyways.” Parvati told her.

“What? What do you mean? What’s wrong with Ron?” Hermione asked sharply.

“Nothing’s wrong with him, I just think you can do better than him, that’s all. Besides, you two argue all the time and you don’t really have that much in common.” She told her.

Hermione stared down at her Butterbeer with a thoughtful look on her face. Parvati didn’t normally try to interfere in relationships like this, but she honestly felt like Hermione and Ron getting together would only end in disaster. Those two were like oil and water together, it was a wonder they were friends at all sometimes. If it wasn’t for Harry, she doubted they would be friends at all. Just then, Harry and Padma came back downstairs. Padma looked the happiest she had even seen her as she walked arm in arm with Harry.

After they sat down, she gave them a few minutes to cuddle cutely before they made a trip to the bathroom to switch clothes again. Leaving the Three Broomsticks, the rest of their date was spent walking around the small village hand in hand, visiting a number of shops and pausing to chat with friends on occasion. A few hours later, as the sun descended below the horizon and the temperature began to drop, they headed back to the castle. As they walked up the stairs to the sixth floor, she dragged him into a broom cupboard, kissing him fiercely while rubbing her body against his. She was still excited from the thought of Harry and Padma being together earlier and she needed some relief.

“Again?” Harry asked playfully.

Parvati dropped to her knees and pulled off her shirt as she opened his pants and pulled out his rapidly hardening length. As she kissed the head of his cock, Harry swore her white bra had been blue earlier.

Chapter 3

Parvati was starting to worry about her sister, Padma. For the last three days, ever since her last “date” with Harry, she had been acting strangely. She was acting even quieter than usual, and it seemed like she was deliberately avoiding her and Harry. Parvati knew what the problem was. Padma was feeling guilty about lying to Harry and pretending to be her. Even as a child she had been rubbish at lying or keeping secrets for people, her conscience always got in the way. By the time dinner rolled around, she hadn’t seen Padma since her first class of the day, Herbology, which she shared with the Ravenclaws. After dinner, she kissed Harry goodbye, promising to meet him in the common room later. She told him she was going to the library to finish some homework, but she was really going in the hope of finding her sister there.

When she got to the library, it took a bit of searching, but she eventually found her sister sitting at an isolated table in the back, hunched over a book.

“I’ve been looking all over for you.” Parvati said, plopping down into the chair next to her.

“Hey.” Padma said softly, her eyes still fixed on the book.

“What’s wrong, Pad?” She asked.

“Nothing.” She said quietly.

“You’re a horrible liar, you know.” Parvati said, leaning over to nudge her sister's shoulder. “You feel bad for lying to Harry, don’t you?”

Padma sighed, a miserable look on her face as she pushed her book away and stared down at her hands in her lap as she played with the hem of her cloak.

“Come on.” Parvati said.

Standing up, she grabbed Padma’s hand and pulled her to her feet.

“What? Where are we going?” Padma asked nervously.

“We’re going to talk to Harry.” She said, trying to pull her out of the library, but Padma dug her heels in.

“No, I can’t!” Padma whispered harshly. “He’ll hate me.”

“He won’t.” Parvati assured her, stroking her arm soothingly. “You know the guilts going to keep eating away at you until you tell him. You never could lie for long. Remember when we were seven, and you got paint on mum’s brand-new curtains. I took the blame and she grounded me for a week. You lasted three hours before you went running to her and told her the truth, and we both got grounded for a week for lying.”

Padma’s cheeks went a shade darker as she smiled sheepishly. Parvati was glad to see her smiling again and wrapped her arm around her shoulders, giving her a sideways hug.

“You know that hidden room at the very top of Ravenclaw tower you showed me last year?” Parvati asked, getting a nod from her sister. “You go there, and I’ll go get Harry. We’ll meet you there in a few minutes, okay?”

Shoulders sagging in defeat, Padma nodded with the air of someone heading off to gallows.

“It’ll be fine. I promise.” Parvati told her.

Leaving the library, they separated at the corridor, Padma heading to the top of Ravenclaw tower, while Parvati headed to the Gryffindor common room. When she got there, she looked around and found Harry sitting at a table off to the side with Hermione going over their homework.

“Harry.” She called out, causing him to look up at her with a smile. “Can I talk to you for a minute? There’s something I need to show you.”

“Sure.” He said, putting away his books and standing up. “I’ll see you later, Hermione.”

Hermione remained focused on the book in front of her, absently waving him off as Parvati took his hand in hers and pulled him toward the portrait hole.

“So, what’s going on?” Harry asked curiously as they walked hand in hand down the hall.

“I want to show you something.” She said a bit evasively.

Harry looked at her curiously, wondering why she was being so secretive all of a sudden. In companionable silence, she led him down the hall to Ravenclaw tower where they started climbing the spiral staircase all the way to the top. He was a little confused when they passed the entrance to the Ravenclaw tower, where he had assumed they were going, and led him further down the hall to a portrait.

“Excelsior.” She said to the young woman in the painting.

The woman nodded silently, and the frame swung forward to reveal a ladder behind it. Parvati climbed the ladder ahead of him, giving him a good look up her skirt at her bum clad in red panties as he climbed after her.

“Great view.” Harry mentioned teasingly.

“You’ve been up here before?” Parvati asked, pausing to look down at him curiously.

“No, I meant now.” He said with a crooked smile, pointedly glancing up her skirt again.

“Harry!” She scolded him laughingly.

Shaking her head, she started climbing the ladder again, pushing open a trap door at the top and climbing into a small, round room at the very top of the tower. Climbing up after her, he found the floor of the tower covered in dozens of mismatched pillows of all shapes and sizes and a handful of blankets covering them. Looking around, he noticed Padma kneeling on the floor, staring at her hands as she toyed with the hem of her robes.

“Hey, Padma.” Harry said, smiling at her.

“Harry, Padma and I have something we need to tell you.” Parvati said, pulling her sister to her feet.

Harry walked closer to them and looked at them curiously. The moment Padma’s eyes met his, they glistened with unshed tears as she looked at him pleadingly.

“I’m sorry, Harry.” She said, her voice full of emotion.

“What’s wrong?” He asked, hugging her tightly.

“It’s not her fault, I’m the one that talked her into it.” Parvati told him, rubbing Padma’s back soothingly.

"Talked her into what?" Harry asked, confused.

Padma pulled back, staring down at her feet as Parvati wrapped her arms around her shoulders.

"I've been pretending to be Parvati on some of your dates." Padma admitted just above a whisper.

"I know." Harry said, looking at them to see what else was wrong.

"You knew?" Parvati asked in surprise while Padma let out a gasp and stared at him with wide eyes.

"Er, was I not supposed to?" He asked, glancing back and forth between them.

Parvati stared at him incredulously for a moment before she started laughing, followed seconds later by Padma who let out a tearful chuckle.

"When did you know?" Padma asked, looking at him like he was a puzzle to solve.

"During the ball." He said with a smile and a shrug. "No offense, but you're not a very good actress."

Padma smiled sheepishly for a moment and looked at him with a vulnerable expression.

"You're not angry with me?" She asked.

"Of course not." He said, stroking her cheek. "I got to date two of the prettiest girls in the school at the same time. Why would I be upset?"

Padma smiled brightly at him in relief and leapt forward to hug him tightly. Harry hugged her back, his hands rubbing her back gently.

“See, I told you he wouldn’t be angry.” Parvati said brightly. “But why didn’t you say anything?” She asked, turning to Harry.

“Well, it was kind of obvious. I thought it was just a game.” Harry said with a shrug. “Besides, I didn’t want to ruin a good thing.”

Parvati shook her head at him with a smile and gave him a kiss over Padma’s shoulder.

“I do have one question though.” Harry said. “Am I dating both of you now, or...?”

“Give us a minute.” Parvati said, grabbing Padma by the arm and pulling her off to the side.

Harry watched as Parvati put up a silencing charm around them and they talked to each other. It was a couple of minutes of back and forth before she took down the silencing charm and they both walked back over to him, stumbling slightly on the pillow covered floor.

“Both of us.” Parvati said with a bright smile.

“If that’s okay with you.” Padma added nervously.

“Brilliant.” Harry said with big, goofy smile.

Parvati giggled at the expression on his face and wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kiss him passionately. When they broke apart a few seconds later, Harry let go of her and reached out his hand to Padma. Taking his hand, he pulled her close and kissed her on the lips gently. A few seconds later, when the pulled apart, Padma smiled up at him with a smile of pure joy. It faded a moment later as she looked at him hesitantly, biting her bottom lips.

"I still feel really bad for lying. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?" She asked.

Harry smiled at her and opened his mouth to tell her it was fine but stopped when an idea popped into his head.

"Well." He said, drawing out the word. "I've always wanted to sleep with two girls at once."

Padma's eyes went wide as she stared at him, and Parvati snorted next to her.

"Boys." She said, shaking her head but smiling at him fondly.

Padma and Parvati turned to look at each other, holding a silent conversation.

"It's fine with me." Parvati eventually said with a shrug.

Padma gulped nervously as her sister took off her robe and loosened her tie. Harry walked up to Padma and placed his hands on her hips, pulling her close as he bent down to kiss her. Parvati moved behind him, pressing herself against his back and kissing his neck. Harry began helping Padma take off her clothes while Parvati did the same with him. In short order, all three of them were naked. He could feel Padma's round breasts and hard, brown nipples rubbing against his chest while Parvati's did the same on his back. Breaking his kiss with Padma, he stroked his cheek and ran his hand down her neck to her breasts where he cupped one and ran his thumb over his stiff nipple.

"Go lay down for me." He told her quietly.

Her eyes sparkling with nervous excitement, she laid down on her back, shifting to get comfortable amongst the pillows that covered the floor. Turning around, Harry and Parvati smiled at each other as he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the lips. Slipping behind her, he ran her hand over her chest as he put his mouth right next to her ear.

“So, this was all your idea, was it?” He asked, whispering into her ear.

“Yes.” She whispered back excitedly as he groped her breasts, pressing his rock-hard erection against her lush cheeks.

“Good, now I know which one of you to punish for lying to me.” He said, tweaking her stiff nipple, causing her to gasp.

“What are you going to do to me?” She asked breathlessly, wiggling her ass against him.

“Oh, it’s not what I’m going to do to you. It’s what you’re going to do for me.” He said with a smirk.

Keeping his eyes on Padma, who was lying on her back and watching them closely, he whispered what he wanted Parvati to do into her ear quietly. She snapped her head to the side to look at him over her shoulder with wide eyes. After staring at him for a moment, she swallowed thickly and nodded her head. Dropping to her hands and knees, she crawled over to Padma and ran her hands up her smooth, dark legs.

“Parvati?” Padma asked in a shaky voice.

“It’s okay, sweetie. Just relax.” She told her with a reassuring smile.

Harry walked over to Padma and laid down next to her on his side to face her as Parvati spread her sister’s legs open and started kissing her way up her thigh.

“Parvati?” Padma whimpered nervously.

Harry reached over and stroked her cheek tenderly, turning her to face him as he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. His hand caressed her smooth, toned stomach and up to her full, round breast. Abruptly, Padma pulled her lips away from his and gasped, staring wide eyed as Parvati placed a gentle kiss on her slit, her chest rising and falling sharply. Sticking out her tongue, Parvati ran it up and down between her sister's damp lips, her hands soothingly stroking Padma's thighs. Biting her lips, Padma blushed heavily and laid back while letting out a quiet moan. Harry's rigid cock throbbed excitedly as he watched the two sisters together.

Giving Padma's breast one last squeeze, he pecked her on the lips as he sat up and crawled over to get behind Parvati. Bent over on her knees, with her face buried between her sister's legs, her ass looked fantastic as it jutted out towards him. Giving her ass a playful swat, Harry grabbed her cheeks and spread them apart, revealing her wet, pink lips and tight puckered hole. Waddling closer, he placed his rigid, swollen cock between her damp lips and slid easily into the tight grip of her hot core. Parvati moaned as his thick cock filled and stretched her open, causing Padma to gasp as the vibrations from her mouth stimulated her clit. Spreading her cheeks, he watched in erotic fascination as his large, thick cock slipped between her tanned lips and speared into her pink pussy.

Harry looked up at Padma and smiled at her as she looked between him and Parvati with a stunned look on her face, as if she couldn't believe this was really happening. She continued to let out cute, half stifled whines and moans as her sister's lips wrapped around her clit, sucking and licking gently at the sensitive nub. Looking back down, he pulled his hips back and watched as Parvati's tight lips clung to his shaft as if trying to hold him in. She let out another long, reverberation moan against Padma's core, creating a chain reaction and causing her to moan as well.

"Do you two have any idea how incredible you look right now?" He asked rhetorically.

Grabbing Parvati's wide hips, he started thrusting at a steady pace, her cheeks rippling and her face bumping softly into Padma's wet lips as he fucked her. With one hand, he reached up and grabbed Parvati's ponytail and yanked her head back. Turning her to face him, he kissed her on the lips fiercely, tasting Padma's arousal on her lips. When he pulled back, he placed his mouth next to her ear.

"Make her scream." He whispered huskily.

Parvati smiled at him, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Harry smiled back at her and gave her one last quick kiss before he pushed her face back into Padma's wet pussy. Seconds later, Padma let out a gasp followed by a loud, long moan as she grabbed Parvati's head and pulled her forward. Parvati worked her right hand forward under her body and slipped two fingers inside of her sister's tight pussy.

"Oh Merlin." Padma gasped, throwing her head back as she panted and bucked her hips.

Harry smiled down at her as he began pumping his hips again, feeding his cock into Parvati. Leaning over her back, he reached under her and groped one of her dangling breasts, his fingers teasing her long, swollen nipple. As he continued pumping his hips, he began alternating between kissing and sucking at Parvati's neck and Padma inner thigh. The heady smell of Padma's musk filled the warm, damp air around him, filling his nostrils with every breath. As he watched Padma, the speed of her breaths increased, and her legs started to tremble.

"Parvati!" She suddenly whined sharply.

Padma jerked on top of the pillows, her legs quivering wildly and her hands gripping Parvati's hair tightly as she moaned out her climax. As she came, Parvati latched her mouth directly onto her clit, fingering her furiously until it became too much for her. Padma pushed her head away and scooted backwards as the overwhelming pleasure became too much for her. She covered her pussy with her hand protectively as she continued to shake, tremble and moan from her orgasm. Now that he no longer needed to worry about keeping Parvati's head relatively still, he grabbed her ponytail tightly.

Using it like a set of reins, he pulled her head back roughly as he began slamming his straining cock into her hard and fast. She huffed and moaned continuously as he hips clapped loudly off of her ass each time he bottomed out. Her breasts bounced wildly on her chest while her hot, smooth walls tightened and fluttered around his plunder length.

"Oh Merlin, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Parvati chanted as her body tensed.

With his free hand, he smacked her lush cheeks in time with his thrusts, leaving her smooth skin reddened from the impacts. Parvati let out a scream as she came, her pussy clamping down on him. Harry continued to slam into her at a furious pace, trying desperately to push himself to his own climax. She lifted her hands off the bed and pushed them against his thighs to try and get away from the nearly painful pleasure, leaving her upper body held up by just his hand gripping her hair. Before he could reach his peak, she moved her hips forward enough that he slipped out of her and he let go of her hair, allowing her to collapse forward onto the pillow covered floor.

Harry groaned, a little frustrated he didn't get to finish, but then smiled when he remembered he now had another girlfriend to take care of him. After taking a moment to catch his breath and let his arousal cool, a devilish idea popped into his head. Grabbing Parvati, who was still quivering from her intense climax, he moved her next to Padma, who watched him curiously, and rolled her onto her back. Holding out his hand to Padma, he pulled her to him when she took it, her perky breasts pressing into his chest as he kissed her passionately on the lips. When they broke apart, he gave her a crooked smile as he spun her around and pushed her forward until she was laying on top of Parvati.

Padma looked down at her with a shy, nervous expression, while Parvati smiled up at her, running her hands soothingly over her sides and back. As Harry climbed behind her on his knees, his cock throbbed needily at the way their identical breasts bulged at they pressed together. Spreading their legs open as he climbed between them, he stared down at the wonderous sight of two identical wet pussies ready and waiting for him. Grabbing his cock at the base, he ran his red, swollen head between both of their wet, dripping lips. Padma moaned while Parvati whimpered, still sensitive from her recent climax.

Holding his cock still, he pushed between their bodies with Padma's lips hugging the top of his shaft and Parvati's on the bottom. Harry closed his eyes and luxuriated in the feeling of the wet heat surrounding his length. As he thrust leisurely between them, his hard, thick shaft rubbed against both of their clit at the small time, drawing moans and gasps from both of them. Parvati surprised him and Padma when she grabbed her sisters face gently in her hands and pressed their lips together. Padma gave a muffled yelp of surprise and went still in shock. Parvati continued to kiss her and after a few seconds, Padma relaxed and gave in, kissing her back hesitantly.

Harry cock pulsed as he watched the incredibly sexy scene play out inches from his face. Gradually, the kiss grew more heated as Padma became more comfortable, their tongues

darting out to touch. Soon, they were making out passionately, their tongues dancing together erotically. With his cock harder than it had ever been in his life, Harry lined his cock up with Padma's entrance and drove into her quickly, desperate for some relief. She moaned wantonly into her sister's mouth, their hands beginning to caress each other's bodies while Harry began thrusting roughly into her. With each powerful thrust, she was jerked back and forth on top of Parvati who wrapped her arms and legs around her tightly to help hold her still.

Grabbing Padma by the shoulders, he plowed into her furiously, his hips bouncing off of her round, jiggling ass with a loud *smack* with every thrust. She tore her mouth away from Parvati's as she sucked in deep gasping breaths, her eyes glazed over from the feeling raging through her body. Padma moaned out his name as she threw her hips back at him, throwing herself down on his rampaging cock with increasing force. Snaking her hand between their bodies, Parvati rubbed her sister's clit firmly. As Padma moaned loudly and her walls began to flutter and tighten around him, Harry felt his orgasm rapidly approaching.

"Tell me when you're going to cum. I have an idea." Parvati told him, recognizing the signs of his impending climax.

Harry briefly thought about ignoring her in favor of his own selfish desires, but his curiosity won out in the end. Gripping Padma's shoulders tightly, Harry slammed into her furiously as she let out a quivering moan, overcome with her second orgasm of the night. Just as he was about to come, he forced himself to stop and yank his cock out of her at the last second.

"I'm close." Harry groaned through gritted teeth.

"Stand up." Parvati instructed him.

Harry did as he was told, gripping his shaft tightly at the base to stave off his climax. Parvati grabbed Padma and pulled her into place until both of them were on their knees in front of him. Reaching out, Parvati grabbed his cock with one hand while pulling her sister close to her side with the other, their cheeks pressed together. Gazing up at him with a sultry look, she wrapped her lips around his tip and sucked lightly, her tongue swirling around the swollen, throbbing head of his cock as she stroked him rapidly with her hand. It only took him seconds to

cum from her wonderful attention, his cock swelling in her mouth, stretching her lips further around his girth as he shot a jet of hot, salty cum into her mouth.

After the first shot, Parvati pulled back and continued to stroke him quickly while aiming his erupting cock at her face, her mouth hanging wide open. With each pulse, she alternated between aiming him at her and Padma, coating both of their faces in his hot, sticky cum. The bright white line contrasted beautifully with their caramel-colored skin. When his long, intense orgasm finally finished, Harry groaned in relief and sat down on the floor. Looking at the girls, Parvati smirked at him as she turned to Padma and made a show of licking his cum off of her face. His spent member jerked, attempting to leap to attention like an obedient puppy as he watched them clean each other with their tongues and kissed, swapping his seed between them.

Unfortunately, Harry was still too spent to recover that quickly. That did little to deter Parvati, who pushed Padma on her back and scissored their legs, grinding their wet pussies together. Crawling over to Parvati, he laid down next to her, leaning over to grope her breasts while kissing and sucking at her stiff brown nipples. She ran her fingers through his hair as she moaned, grinding herself desperately against her sister in the most beautifully erotica display he had ever seen. She must have been far more excited than he thought, because only a couple of minutes later, she came again, groaning and gasping harshly as her body trembled violently. When her climax ended, she collapsed limply to the floor, her eyes closed as she panted for air.

Turning to her side, she curled up against him as Padma crawled over to do the same on his other side. Pulling her close, Harry smiled at her and kissed her tenderly, his hand gently stroking her cheek. Padma gave him a happy, affectionate smile. While they were focusing on each other, Parvati had recovered and reached over to stroke his mostly hard cock.

“Well, at least he has the stamina to keep up with both of us, eh Padma.” Parvati said, waving his erection around playfully.

Padma giggled as his large cock slapped loudly against her leg before springing back up to stand straight up.

“Harry?” Padma asked, looking slightly shy as he turned to her. “Can I go on top again, I really liked that?”

Harry smiled at her and caressed her cheek before kissing her tenderly.

“Of course.” He told her.

She smiled brightly and climbed on top of him, raising herself up to line him up with her entrance and lowered herself onto him. As she did so, Parvati giggled.

“I think you’ve actually managed to turn my sister into a right nympho, Harry.” She joked.

Harry smiled at her as he laid back and let Padma ride him at her own pace, her breasts bouncing enticingly on her chest. It was going to be a lot of work keeping up with twins, he thought, but definitely worth it.