

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Threesome time!

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Padma blushes hard... but gives a jerky nod after a moment, making it clear she's perfectly okay with the idea but also not in any state to voice her approval. Harry chuckles and looks back to Ginevra.

"Sounds good to us."

From there, extracting themselves from the party is a simple enough manner. Enough time has passed that they aren't really considered to be leaving 'early', especially after all the pickup games of Quidditch. Everyone is, if not exhausted from that, satisfied at the very least.

And so Harry finds himself allowing Ginevra to apparate him and Padma back to her place, the three of them appearing outside of her house a few minutes later. It's not as big as Gwenog, but it's still much nicer and well appointed than the Burrow ever was.

For a split second, Harry wonders where Molly Weasley ended up and how she's doing. The poor woman had lost all of her sons and her husband. He couldn't really imagine her staying in the Burrow after all of that. But asking about her now seemed rather... inappropriate, all things considered.

Indeed, he doesn't even really have a chance. As soon as they're all inside and the door has closed behind them, Ginevra turns and grabs Harry by the front of his shirt and Padma by her arm. She all but lunges forward, starting by pulling Padma into a long, drawn out kiss before pulling back only to do the same to Harry.

He kisses her back of course, his hand going to Ginevra's hip to steady her as their tongues dance for a moment. Finally, once she's satisfied, Ginevra pulls

back with a smirk, eyes twinkling as she gazes at the two of them with a distinct gleam.

“Not bad, either of you. Let’s move this to the bedroom.”

The extremely self-confident Seeker turns on her heel and stalks off at that, clearly expecting Harry and Padma to follow. After looking over to make sure the Indian Witch is all right and finding her dazed but nevertheless focused on Ginevra’s backside, Harry chuckles and moves to do exactly that.

They make good time to Ginevra’s bedroom, where the ginger-haired witch immediately begins stripping naked. Harry follows suit with casual ease and after only a moment’s hesitation, Padma does the same albeit less casually.

Soon enough, they’re all entirely nude, with Ginevra’s eyes darting between Harry and Padma appreciatively. Padma, meanwhile, only has eyes for Ginevra so Harry tries not to spend too much time looking at the Indian Witch either. She’s still a lesbian after all... even if she’s perhaps pushing her own boundaries by taking part in this threesome.

But then, neither he nor Padma actually have to do anything together. Not when they have Ginevra to... bridge the gap.

Stalking forward, Ginevra goes up to Padma again and begins to kiss her once more. Harry watches even as Padma all but melts into Ginevra’s mouth and hands. Said hands roam up and down the Indian Witch’s dusky body, rolling over her sensitive flesh and leaving her moaning into Ginevra’s mouth.

When the ginger finally pulls at Padma, dragging her across the room towards the bed, Padma goes without complaint, mewling all the while. Until eventually, Ginevra pushes Padma back onto the bed on her back, causing a squeak.

Without further ado, Ginevra hops up onto the bed and crawls between the Indian Witch’s legs, grabbing hold of Padma by the thighs and spreading them further apart. Then, she dives down and begins to lick and lap at the cunt before

her, slurping away in a way that makes it clear this isn't her first time eating pussy.

At the same time... Ginevra has positioned herself perfectly. Back arched, ass high in the air, legs parted ever so slightly. She exposes her own cunt to Harry and his cock, her derriere swaying back and forth through the air rather invitingly. It's obvious what she expects of him here... and Harry is nothing if not a people pleaser. Or at least a women pleaser, heh.

Regardless, he moves toward the bed and climbs aboard. Even as Padma is moaning up a storm while Ginevra goes to town on her pussy, Harry reaches out and grabs the ginger witch by her hips, steadying her so he can line up with her cunt.

His cock presses against Ginevra from behind, prompting a muffled groan from the professional Quidditch player. She shivers in anticipation, pushing backwards with her hips rather impatiently. Harry grunts and then chuckles... before promptly giving her what she wants and thrusting forward.

She's incredibly tight but also pretty wet. Even still, those built up cunt muscles of hers from all that broomstick clutching promptly squeeze down as hard as they can on his cock, leaving Harry only able to reach about halfway on his initial thrust.

He was never much for giving up though, and so he pulls out and goes again, thrusting into Ginevra once more and getting another inch deeper. All the while, she's grunting and groaning into Padma's slit, on top of her nose being pushed into the other woman's clit with every jolting, jarring thrust that Harry makes into her.

Inch by inch he forces his way deeper into Ginevra's insanely tight, athletic pussy. He fills the beautiful ginger witch with every last inch of his length, stretching her nice and wide with his girth. In response, Ginevra's groans turn into moans at long last, her pussy flexing and rhythmically milking him for all it's worth.

At the same time, Padma is moaning up a storm too... and as Harry sets a proper pace, fucking Ginevra from behind with thrust after thrust, their voices become music to his ears, a melody that he can set his movements to.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

His hips crash into Ginevra's athletic toned ass again and again as he buries his cock inside of her. At the same time, Ginevra buries her tongue in Padma, writhing and wiggling it around. And Padma just holds onto Ginevra's head for dear life, her eyes rolling in her skull and her head tossed back in ecstasy as she shudders happily.

Ginevra might be trapped between them, but that doesn't mean she's at all helpless. Indeed, even as Harry is fucking her, she's reaching up with a hand to grasp at Padma's tit, groping and squeezing her breast and pinching the nipple between her fingers. Padma cries out all the louder at this, and judging by the way her body bucks, she's the first to orgasm in their encounter.

Not to be outdone, Harry picks up his pace a bit more... and even goes so far as to reach under and around Ginevra, his hand seeking her clit so he can frig it relentlessly while pounding into her tight, squeezing pussy. A moment later and Ginevra's muffled cries reach a fever pitch as her juices gush down his length, signaling her own orgasm.

From there, things spiral into more of the same. Ginevra tongues out Padma's cunt through climax after climax, while Harry fucks the ginger witch relentlessly, pounding away at her pussy as hard and fast as he can. Together, the three of them no doubt make quite the sight, especially as Ginevra and Padma keep cumming endlessly.

Finally though, Harry can hold back no longer. With a low groan, he unleashes his own load, cumming deep inside of Ginevra. At the same time, he's not so far gone that he forgets or anything like that. He's sterilizing his seed in the same moment he's cumming, making sure nothing can actually come of it all.

Ginevra tips over the edge one final time as he does so, her body bucking and her moans louder than ever before. And those reverberations through Padma's sex in turn send the Indian Witch into one last orgasm as well. All three of them cum back to back to back, until it's finally over and they collapse into a pile of limbs.

Panting heavily, Ginevra gives him a hooded, indecipherable look... but doesn't say anything about the fact that he came inside. Meanwhile, Padma looks utterly satiated and a bit insensate. Plus a bit bewildered, like she can hardly believe any of this actually just happened.

Harry just smiles as the two witches wind up cuddling a bit in the aftermath. He finds himself a bit apart... or at least, just this once he's not in the middle, not the focus of the threesome like he normally would be. Instead, Ginevra is the center of their little nucleus, making up the meat of the sandwich.

And that's perfectly fine with Harry. Even if he suspects this was more of a one night stand situation and Padma can't expect a full blown relationship with Ginevra to come of this, he'd still done his part to get the Indian Witch laid at the very least, right? Yeah... can't complain about that.

In mere moments, both Ginevra and Padma's breathing evens out as the pair of witches fall asleep, revealing their exhaustion more than anything else could. To be fair, Ginevra had gone from a professional Quidditch match to playing pickup games in Gwenog Jones' backyard. And while Padma hadn't done quite as much as Ginevra, she also wasn't as physically fit as the other witch.

Harry, meanwhile, is more than happy to lay back and let his eyes drift shut as well.

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... Only to open them less than an hour later when one of his personal security spells goes off and alerts him to the fact that they are no longer along in Ginevra's home. Harry's eyes snap open just in time to see a green glow appear from a wand tip pushed in through the door of the bedroom.

“Avada Kedavra.”

The Killing Curse flies at him with unerring accuracy, only to ram straight into a conjured silver mirror that Harry brings forth with wandless magic. Its one of the only ways to counter the Killing Curse after all... physically blocking it with inanimate objects, preferably reflective ones.

He's up off of the bed a moment later, Elder Wand snapping to his hand as he casts a retaliatory spell back at the crack in the door, forcing the attacker to dance backwards to dodge it. As they do so, he takes the moment of respite to cast a slew of protections on Ginevra and Padma, who are still passed out and completely dead to the world. Not literally dead though, thankfully. He checks.

And he's going to make sure they stay alive too, by personally dealing with this intruder. Moving to the bedroom door, Harry flings it open and conjures up a second silver mirror to block another Avada Kedavra headed straight for his face.

Good, the attacker isn't fleeing. Bad... because the attacker isn't fleeing. Harry doesn't want to destroy Ginevra's house after all. More than that though, he really wants to capture whoever this is alive. Is this the person behind the death of all of Magical Britain's wizards? Is this the person behind *his* deaths so far since he arrives in this world.

As he duels with them in Ginevra's hallway, pushing them back away from the master bedroom and away from the unsuspecting, sleeping witches behind him, Harry ponders the situation. The figure is completely cloaked and their voice is modulated, so he can't tell if they're a woman or a man, short or tall, or even any real identifying characteristics. Frustrating... but not an insurmountable challenge.

His first attempt at ripping their cloak off of them so he can see who he's really dealing with is blocked though... as is his second and third. They protect their identity as much as they protect themselves, clearly considering it very important.

There's also no words from them other than spells. No banter. No small talk. There's a hatred to their tone, Harry thinks... they well and truly despise him. But that's about it.

Eventually, they reach Ginevra's living room. Harry does his best not to destroy the place, but the attacker is less concerned with such things. Luckily she seems obsessed with the Killing Curse, with a couple uses of Crucio thrown in here and there to keep him on his toes.

You couldn't physically block a Crucio like you could Avada Kedavra, so the first time the attacker tries it, it actually hits him. Of course, Harry... has a long and storied history with the Cruciatus Curse. It makes him stiffen for half a moment as white hot pain floods his every single nerve... but in the end, it has little effect.

Little is more than none though, so he dodges further uses of Crucio while continuing to block Avada Kedavra. All the while, setting up a ploy of his own. They want to protect their identity above all else? Well, Harry will give them no choice then to make a decision on that front.

Finally, he's ready. The magic snaps out, a powerful bludgeoning spell headed straight for his attacker that they have to block. Obviously, they defend against it... but in doing so, they're too distracted to notice the much weaker magic that has snaked up the floor behind them, grabbing the edge of their cloak... and unraveling the enchantments on it.

A noise of surprise leaves the figure's lips as Harry follows that up with a barrage of spells that leave them no room to counter. In the end they're forced to choose between survival and protecting their identity... and as expected, they choose survival.

The cloak is torn away, revealing a womanly figure... and a familiar face that makes Harry's eyes widen in disbelief.

"Bellatrix?!"

The insane, hateful eyes of Bellatrix Lestrange glare back at him as she snarls... and then turns and apparates away, right on the spot. Harry stares after her, mouth agape for a long moment before he finally lets out a groan.

“But... that doesn’t make any damn sense!”

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!