

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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Questions Asked & Itches Scratched

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Padma huffed as she checked her notebook for the dozenth time. Empty, just as it was two minutes ago, and a minute before that, and on and on since she first tried sending a message to her twin.

Maybe the journal was faulty? She quickly shook that thought from her head. No, it wasn't that. Her spell work was flawless and the journals have worked just fine for over two years when she made them.

Maybe Parvati misplaced her's then? After all, it wouldn't be the first time her twin had accidentally lost her copy of their message-journals. However, a quick ping to her journals' other half dispelled that theory as well. It received a ping back in quick succession, coming from the expected northwest direction, where Gryffindor Tower was. So was Parvati simply ignoring her then? It would make sense. The gossiping girl could hold a grudge like no one's business. Her twin had yet to speak one word to their cousin Rishi in over seven years since the clumsy boy had ruined Parvati's new dragon-skin handbag. But what on earth could she have done to earn her sister's ire then?

Nothing came to mind and that was both a relief, yet an even bigger concern at the same time.

Padma continued to wrack her brain, trying desperately to come up with some unintentional slight she could have made against her sister. At first, she thought maybe it had been sleeping with Lavender. Parvati had, after all, pretty much stormed from the room while she was literally riding the blonde's face, but her sister had made it clear that was due to her own burning arousal and a deep desire to find Harry/fuck him dry.

Perhaps she was a bit more upset than she let on? Lavender was her sister's best friend and Padma knew well just how adventurous the two gossip queens got when they were alone. While they had never outright fucked, she knew Parvati and Lavender had done more than their share of fooling around in the name of 'practice'.

Padma scoffed at that. Call it what you like, but there were only so many times you could finger your best friend's cunt before it could no longer be called practice.

Either way, Parvati had always made it very clear that she and Lavender didn't have feelings for each other. They loved each other as best friends did, sure, but never in a romantic way. But if it wasn't romantic then it damn sure could be counted as sexual, perhaps seeing her and Lavender together had crossed some sort of line with Parvati?

But then why the bloody hell wouldn't she just tell her that?!

They were sisters! Twins! Sure they fought, but they NEVER kept secrets from one another. So if Parvati was pissed with her then Padma knew without a doubt that her twin would tell her.

So that left her original question still unanswered. Why wasn't Parvati answering her?

She hadn't responded today, or yesterday, or this week at all!

Padma sighed and slumped back against her bed. One by one, she went through every conceivable theory, working through each before tossing them aside. In the end, there was really only one answer that made sense and it had Padma sitting back up with a groan of annoyance.

Parvati had a boyfriend.

It didn't take a genius to figure out who either. There was only one bloke her sister had shown any interest in this year. Only one bloke her sister admitted to shagging his brains out, and continued to fuck every chance she could. Now her sudden influx of arousal that she felt most nights made some bloody sense! Her poor pussy was so fucking sore from using her biggest of toys every night and yet it was never enough! And it was no wonder why! She wasn't horny, Parvati was. Her toys never worked because her sister was too busy getting her slutty little cunt pounded from one orgasm to another by the Boy-Who-Fucking-Lived! If Parvati's claim about his cock size had any truth to it, then her muggle dildos wouldn't be scratching her itch anytime soon.

Just perfect.

Don't get her wrong, she liked Harry. Bollocks, Padma would have probably tried to snatch him up herself this year if Parvati hadn't first. If her sister was going to date anyone, then Padma was at least glad it was someone as noble and kind as Harry. But would it have killed the girl to at least let her know?

She hated being left out of Parvati's life. Just as Parvati hated being left out of hers.

When they'd been split up into different houses during first year it had very nearly driven them mad. It was why she made the bloody journals to begin with!

So the fact that her sister *willingly* withheld this information irked her somewhat. Padma would have never done something like that. For Merlin's sake, when she and Romilda Vane were shagging she told her sister, as embarrassing as that had been!

Padma stood and silently fumed. Around the room, her dormmates quickly looked up before just as quickly turning away from her building fury. They each learned well enough over the years to stay clear of the Patil sisters when one of them was pissed. No, she wouldn't stand for this! Parvati can have her bloody boyfriend all she wants, but she at least needs to learn to not ignore her sister!

With conviction in her heart, Padma stomped out of the dorm room and through the common room door in search of her sister.

She wanted answers.

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Okay, so perhaps storming out of the dormitory without a plan wasn't the best idea. Though in her defense, she truly did expect Parvati to be where she always was at this time of night: In Lavender's bed either gossiping or snogging.

Needless to say, Hermione hadn't been very happy to be so violently interrupted during her study time. Especially when Padma seemingly stormed in for no reason once she realised Parvati wasn't. Lavender either for that matter, so she wasn't even able to interrogate the blonde on her sister's whereabouts.

So now here she was, wandering the castle aimlessly in hopes of finding her wayward twin before the prefect patrols began for the night.

Padma sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. Perhaps she was being hasty. She should just return to the Gryffindor Dorm and wait for her sister there. Or, better yet,

return to her own dorm and get some sleep. It wasn't like this couldn't wait till morning...

Ah bloody hell, who was she kidding? She was a Ravenclaw, and once a Ravenclaw picked up a puzzle they couldn't put it down.

No, she'd just have to find her sister based on what she knew about her, and that was everything.

The Library was a no-go. Parvati wouldn't be caught dead there unless Madame Pince decided to update the tabloid section again. Classrooms and broom cupboards were off the list as well. Her sister was smart enough to avoid those this close to patrol time.

That left only a handful of other locations that'd she conceivably use, if Padma was correct in her thinking that her sister was currently with Harry for some alone time.

A quick check of the unused visitor chambers quickly narrowed down her choices to only one. Squaring her shoulders, Padma continued her search with a renewed vigour.

Arriving upon the fifth floor, she quickly found the door she was looking for. The Prefects Bath was a decently kept secret among the castle, at least it was if you didn't read *Hogwarts: A History*.

It didn't take her long to figure out the password. Pine Fresh? Really?! It was an insult to her intelligence. At least the Eagle guarding Ravenclaw Tower asked decent riddles, this was just abysmal.

The door clicked open softly, barely opening an inch before Padma was met with the sounds of high-pitched moans and wet slapping of skin. Her face instantly flushed a deep red in embarrassment. What did she expect?! She knew her sister would likely be in the middle of an intense shag, why the bloody hell else would she sneak into the Prefect's Bath with her boyfriend?!

Padma swallowed down her shock and made to close the door. She wasn't such a bitch as to actively cock block her sister, though by the sounds of it, Parvati was well on her way to being fucked way passed satisfied.

Yet just as she was about to click the latch shut, something in her mind stopped her.

Maybe it was her innate Ravenclaw curiosity, or perhaps her need to be proven right.

Though mainly she felt it was the roaring fire of lust that had been burning in her core for over two weeks now that made her do it.

Whatever it was, one second Padma was halted mid-close before the ornate wooden door, and the next she was casting the Disillusionment Charm on herself and quietly stepping inside.

She had just closed the door quietly behind her when a sudden wonton cry tore through the air.

“OH OHHHHH FUCK! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!”

Padma whipped her head around in a panic. That wasn't Parvati's voice, but it was a familiar one. Her eyes widened in shock as she took in the sight before her.

Laying down on his back was Harry just as expected, completely nude and showing off every mouth-watering chiselled muscle and scar. Though, it wasn't that which caught Padma's attention. It was the buxom blonde atop his, admittedly knicker-wettingly big cock, in the reverse cowgirl position. She watched almost enraptured as Lavender bounced and screamed her way through a violent orgasm. Her giant tits, each easily bigger than the blonde's own head, jiggled up and down wildly. The girl's light blonde ringlets were a mess, tangled and wet, strands stuck to her face and neck while her face was scrunched up in mind-shattering ecstasy.

Oh.

This... was unexpected.

She was dimly aware of a small spike of jealousy that pierced her chest as she watched the blonde cum around Harry's cock. True they had only fucked once, but it bruised her pride to know she hadn't been able to make Lavender scream like that.

That fact was far overshadowed by the fact that, by all accounts, it should be Parvati squealing around that monster of a cock right now. Sure Lavender and her weren't dating and she can fuck who she wants, but Harry was supposed to be dating her sister. It was the only thing that made sense! Unless... Oh, bollocks.

Fury filled her veins. Just when she was thinking about how nice of a guy Harry was he goes and pulls something like this. With her sister's best friend no less! Well, she'd just have to do something about that.

With a growl, Padma pulled out her wand once more and levelled it at the two. Let's see them have as much fun when they're petrified and stuck to the doors of the Great Hall for all to see!

Yet, just as she was about to lose her spell, the surface of the water in the giant bathtub broke.

"*GASP!* Fuck me I've never held my breath for that long!" Parvati coughed. "Ugh- Well good news is I think I've figured out the last part of the riddle."

Padma gaped at her sister as she swam up to the edge of the pool and deposited a large golden egg. Her sister barely paid any mind to her own lover and best friend currently fucking like rabbits not three feet away! Instead, she climbed out, equally as nude as the other two, and sat propped up on her arms with her legs lazily spread wide.

“What- Hng!- What did you find?” Harry grunted as Lavender continued to bounce her ass up and down his cock.

“Well seems like you’ll need to find whatever it is they took in under an hour. That’s obvious really. But the scary part is, if you go over an hour then the lake ‘keeps’ what it took.” Parvati explained.

“Meaning?” Harry gasped. He raised his hands up to grip the blonde’s waist as he unconsciously bucked his hips upwards to meet hers. They both moaned in unison as Harry continued this trend of thrusting up to meet her bouncing ass with meaty smacks of flesh against flesh.

Parvati watched in idle curiosity, her eyes glued to Lavender’s round bum the entire time. Padma almost gasped in shock as her sister spread her legs wider and began to gently tease her outer folds. Almost instantly, Padma felt the stirring in her loins along their twin connection as Parvati began to touch herself while watching the pair.

“It means- Oh yes fuck her just like that!- It means whoever they select as your ‘treasure’ may not make it out of the lake. Oooo yes!” Parvati moaned.

If Harry heard her or not, he didn’t show it. Instead, Padma watched as he began to thrust his hips even more violently upwards, slamming his thick cock deep inside Lavender’s wet snatch without care. The blonde stiffened within moments, releasing another slutty moan of climax as her legs quaked with exertion. Her juices gushed from her cunt, soaking Harry’s hips while he relentlessly pounded her quivering pussy. It wasn’t long before he too stiffened with a heavy groan and erupted inside of Lavender.



Padma quietly whimpered at the sight of Harry's cock pulsing again and again inside the blonde's wet cunt. Her own pussy physically clenched in arousal as white cum leaked freely from Lavender's used folds. Dear Morgana, there was so much of it...

Minutes passed as Lavender collapsed freely against Harry's chest. His cock had long ago popped free from her cunt, and now a pool of white cum collected on the floor beneath her. Each hurried breath caused the blonde's tits to rise and fall with firm elasticity. What Padma wouldn't give to bury her face between them right that moment. As the thought passed through her mind, she unwittingly glanced down at Harry's slowly deflating cock.

Maybe there was something else she could bury her face in as well...

She shook that thought from her head. Lavender or not, that was still her sister's boyfriend.

*'She obviously has no problem with sharing though...'* A voice whispered in the back of her mind.

Padma bit her lip in arousal as she stared on at Harry's cock. Merlin did she wish to take that monster for a ride of her own. It certainly lived up to Parvati's hype, perhaps even outshone it.

Before she could contemplate that thought further, another squeal rang out through the room. Parvati shook as she came around her own fingers. Her sister's caramel thighs trembled with pleasure and she fought to stop them from clamping down around her hand.

The sounds of panting breath slowly eased within the large room, yet Padma's arousal was at its all-time peak. She'd do anything just for the tiniest bit of relief. Her eyes trailed

over the three other people in the room, taking in their naked bodies once more. From Lavender's round tits and wide hips, Harry's chiselled torso and long thick cock, to even Parvati's curvy body that was an exact copy of hers, right down to the mocha-coloured eyes that were staring deep into her own-

Oh.

Oh, bollocks.

Those same mocha eyes narrowed into a scowl as they pierced into Padma's skull.

Parvati flared her nostrils in anger as she jumped to her feet.

"Pav'?" Lavender questioned. "Wha- What's going on? Are you alright?"

"M fine." Parvati hissed. "I just need to have a quick word with my sister. FINITE INCANTATEM!"

Padma tried to dive out of the way as her sister's spell shot rocketed towards her, but it was no use. Parvati had always been the quicker one with a wand between the two of them, and as such, her counter-spell slammed straight into Padma's chest, knocking the wind from her lungs. Her disillusionment charm faded instantly, revealing herself for all to see in the room.

With another flick of her wand, a plush robe and slippers appeared on her twin's body as she stomped towards her with a furious expression.

"Come with me." Her sister seethed as she yanked Padma up by her wrist. The Gryffindor twin turned back to address her two shocked compatriots in the room with a sigh of annoyance. "Sorry, I need to deal with this. I trust you two can keep each other entertained until I'm back?"

Harry and Lavender both nodded back dumbly from their position on the floor. If it wasn't for the current situation, it'd have been quite amusing to see Harry with a wand in one hand and the other wrapped protectively around Lavender's bust in a futile attempt to protect her modesty.

"Good. Now come sister, we have a lot to talk about."

With that, Padma was suddenly yanked from the room by a *very* furious Parvati.

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Padma was barely through the door to one of the many abandoned classrooms in the castle before Parvati rounded on her.

"What the FUCK Padma?!" Her sister screeched. "You're spying on me now?! Why were you in there?!"

"I-

"No! You know what?! I don't even want to fucking know! The fact that you would *willingly* spy on not just me, but Harry and Lavender as well is just- it's- UGH!" Parvati threw her arms up in the air in frustration. "And after I trusted you with the secret of Harry and I! I can't believe you, Padma!"

"Parvati please! I- Just let me explain at least!" She reached out to take her sister's hands, but Parvati simply scoffed and pulled away.

"Explain then! Because honestly Pad' this is fucked up on SO many levels!" Parvati huffed.

Padma took a calming breath and wrung her hands together. "Look I- I figured that there may have been something more between you and Harry that you weren't telling me. I just... wanted to know for sure."

“And that gives you the right to spy on me?!” Parvati cried.

“No! No I-” Padma rubbed her temples in frustration and sighed. “You know how we both feel about keeping secrets from one another! I was trying to confront you. I didn’t know you’d be with Harry, and certainly not Lavender! You can ask Hermione! I barged into your dorm room first before searching all over the rest of the castle. It was a complete coincidence that I even found you!”

Parvati peered at her with narrowed eyes before slowly nodding. “Fine- So you weren’t intentionally spying on me, but then why stay?! You could have left the second you saw what was going on.”

“Because I thought Harry was cheating on you with Lavender you dolt!” Padma exclaimed. “I walked into that room expecting you and Harry to maybe be snogging or something, only to come face to face with Lavender bouncing on his cock like some two-galleon whore! Bloody hell, I was about to hex the two of ‘em before you suddenly popped out of the water!”

Parvati snorted but still held her glare. “So? You said it yourself, you weren’t even sure something more than sex was going on between me and Harry. He and Lavender could’ve just been fuck-buddies for all you knew like we were.”

Padma levelled her sister with an unimpressed look. “Don’t give me that shite Pav’. You know well enough I’d hex a bitch for simply *looking* at a bloke you were interested in. Best friend or not, I saw what Lavender was doing as a betrayal... at least until you popped up and started rubbing your cunt while watching them.”

The blush that pooled around her sister’s face made Padma smirk victoriously. Taking a step closer, she placed her hands gently against Parvati’s shoulders.

“Look, I really didn’t mean anything by it. And whether you or Harry are dating or not, I was just trying to look out for you. You’re my sister for Merlin’s sake! I love you.” She said softly.

Parvati’s lips upturned in a small smile as she met her gaze. Her sister rolled her eyes and leaned forward, wrapping Padma into a small embrace. “Yeah, yeah. Love you too... You’re still a pervert for peeping on me.”

“What?!” Padma exclaimed, shoving her sister back with a laugh. “You’re the one that likes to watch your best friend fuck your man! If anyone’s perverted it’s you, you slut!” Parvati giggled and gave her a playful shove back. “Oh and you weren’t enjoying the show either huh? I saw the way you were staring at Lavender’s tits! I’d say you were jealous she was fucking someone else but the way you licked your lips while eyeing Harry’s cock tells a different story!”

“I was- You- Shut up!” Padma sputtered in embarrassment as she looked anywhere but her sister’s face.

Parvati only giggled harder at her obvious discomfort. “Why should I? You’re the one who wants to fuck my boyfriend! Or is it my best friend? Blimey, you probably want a go with em both at the same time!” Parvati laughed. “Can’t say I blame you. I’ve done it myself and I can say with full confidence that it’s bloody amazing. God the things Lav’ can do with her tongue, not to mention Harry’s beast of a cock...” She shivered in delight. “Exhilarating I tell you!”

“Ugh, I don’t wanna hear about all your slutty escapades sister!” Padma moaned. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ll leave you and Lavender to your boy toy. After tonight I strongly

need a date with my favorite vibrator.” She made to shove past her sister but Parvati grabbed her arm before she could leave.

“Wait! Don’t be like that Pad! I was only joking.” She giggled. “Tell you what, promise not to spy on me like that again and I’ll *think* about letting you have a night of fun with Harry yourself.”

“Who says I even want that?” Padma frowned. Parvati gave her an unamused look, holding it for a few seconds before Padma began to squirm in discomfort. “Oh fine! Deal, no more spying! Just... maybe ask Lavender if she wants to join as well?” She finished in a small voice.

Parvati rolled her eyes and released her arm. “And you call me the slut. Fine fine, I’ll convince Lavender to join the fun too, though truth be told she won’t need much convincing. Bloody hell, she’s probably already bouncing on Harry’s dick as we speak.”

“Surely not- I mean they just finished shagging right?”

“Oh sister...” Parvati tsked. “Let me share with you a few details about Harry’s sex drive...”

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*~A Few Minutes Prior~*

Lavender watched with no small amount of shock as the door closed behind Parvati and Padma’s retreating forms. To see Parvati so pissed was surprising enough on its own, but Padma appearing out of nowhere? Needless to say, her brain was a bit fried at the moment.

Though the earth-shattering orgasms might’ve had something to do with that as well.

Regardless, she and Harry were both instantly bathed in silence once more. She only became aware of him again when his grip on her breasts suddenly shifted, freeing her trapped mammaries to the world once more.

“Sorry.” He whispered. “Thought it might have been a Prefect or someone.”

Lavender snorted and leaned back against his chest. “I think we’ve established I’m okay with you touching my tits already Harry.”

Harry’s chest rumbled with light laughter as he pulled her closer. “True enough I suppose.” He emphasized his words by reaching up to give her right breast a firm squeeze. She giggled and swatted his hand playfully.

“So...how long you suppose they’ll be?” She asked after a few beats of comfortable silence.

Harry hummed in thought. “Dunno. Don’t think it’ll do us any good waiting here though. Fancy a shower?”

“Didn’t we just have a bath?” Lavender mused.

“I don’t know about you, but I don’t recall us doing a whole lot of bathing.” He leaned down and sucked softly on the pulse point of her neck.

Lavender moaned at the contact. “I-If you keep that up we w-won’t do much showering either.” She gasped.

“Hmm, is that a promise?”

Lavender groaned and pushed him away. She stood quickly, fumbling a bit on her wobbly legs at first before throwing him a sultry smirk over her shoulder. “Come and find out~.”

She shrieked as Harry jumped up and lunged at her. Turning, she sprinted towards the showers on the edges of the room, but not before Harry landed a firm slap on her bum. When she reached the shower, the blonde had only enough time to turn on the hot water before the messy-haired wizard descended upon her.

His mouth met hers in a searing kiss. Lavender moaned into his mouth as their tongues collided. Her hands trailed down his chest until it met the stiffness of his hard cock between his legs. Harry growled into her mouth as she began to rapidly stroke his length. She sucked in a breath, his hands having found the swell of her ass once more. He gripped her round cheeks with generous squeezes, spreading her ass apart before releasing the mounds of flesh once more.

Lavender broke the kiss with a gasp, sucking in lungs full of much-needed air. Harry took the opportunity to descend upon her neck once more.

“F-Fuck! W-we do need to sh-shower you know- Oh Morgana yes!”

Harry hummed against her flesh, pulling back from her throat with a sharp ‘pop!’, leaving a bright purple hickey behind.

“Then we’ll just need to hurry.” He murmured.

The next thing Lavender knew, she was suddenly being spun around until she faced the shower wall. A strong hand under her waist bent her forward, forcing her to lean her upper half against the wall for support as her ass was pushed outwards towards Harry’s groin. She moaned in delight as he gave each cheek a firm slap before she felt the tip of his cock tease her outer folds. Already wet from their earlier bout of shagging, his cock slipped inside without issue.



She moaned deeply in the back of her throat as her pussy was stretched apart once more. The fullness of his cock filled her to the brim and it drove Lavender absolutely wild.

He set a rapid pace, pounding into her from behind with a single intent in mind. One that Lavender shared. To reach their peak together. The reality of Harry not lasting long inside her with the frantic pace he set wasn't a worry for her. She wouldn't last very long either, not with her peak already building from the sheer force of his thrusts inside her oversensitive pussy. Within moments she was already squealing like a Knockturn Alley whore, spewing the sluttiest of sounds from her mouth as he brutally took her cunt. She had to bite into her bottom lip as her screams began to strain her throat. Her climax was rapidly approaching, getting closer with every savage thrust of his cock into her quivering cunt. Merlin, it was too much. She could barely stay standing. Her legs were trembling as if she'd run a marathon.

She wanted it to never end.

But it did, and it did so as she screamed to the heavens. The force of her orgasm was a terrible force that wracked her body and mind. Her pussy gushed with her juicy girl-cum. It poured down her leg, mixing with the water before draining away.

Her legs gave out from under her, bringing her to her knees as Harry himself grunted in climax. She barely had the presence of mind to notice as spurt after spurt of his hot white cum rained down on her face. It splashed across her lips, cheeks, and pooled down onto her tits, collecting in her cleavage before it too washed away with the water. The blonde couldn't help but lean forward and open her mouth wide, engulfing Harry's cock between her lips of greedily sucking down the remainder of his climax.

Harry groaned in pleasure and grabbed a handful of her blonde ringlets. Lavender lewdly sucked on his spent cock, taking him deeper and deeper down her throat with renewed vigour.

“Fuck! I thought you said we had to shower.” He gasped.

“Mmm.” She moaned as she pulled off his stiff rod. “Then don’t put this beauty of a cock in front of my face after fucking my brains out.”

Harry could only chuckle as she engulfed his cock once more. The only thing that could make this more fun was if Parvati was here as well.

‘Perhaps Padma as well...’ Lavender thought with a not-so-small twinge of excitement.

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#### Author’s Note

Another chapter down and one more to go! Next chapter; The FINALE! Feat.

Harry/Lavender/Padma/Parvati. Keep an eye out for when it comes out!

Thanks for reading!