

## 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 paced 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 moan 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 taunt 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 will 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 lips 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 her 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, give 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 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 her 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.