

Power of Parseltongue

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Harry/Parvati/Padma

Padma and Parvati take it upon themselves to teach Harry about his gift of parseltongue. That greatly helps him through his years at Hogwarts and makes his adventures just that little bit easier. Later on Harry makes good use of the one use of parseltongue that he perhaps loves the most. That being in the bedroom.

If you asked Harry what really was the catalyst that helped his life forward for the better he could quite clearly point towards that one evening in the Gryffindor common room when Parvati of all people passed him a note.

'Hey Harry, could you meet me and my sister Padma tomorrow after classes? In the 3rd empty classroom on the left corridor of the 4th floor.

You see in India Parseltongue is a much more common ability than here in Britain (albeit still quite rare) and thus we know quite a bit more about it than the average prejudiced Brit. Now let me start off by saying that speaking parseltongue doesn't make you a dark wizard, that's just superstition due to a few well known British dark wizards having been parselmouths. In India as well as in most of Asia and Africa speakers are actually highly respected since Parseltongue lends itself very well to healing magic. Why do you think hospitals all show the rod of asclepius as a symbol which very prominently features a snake. We could tell you some more about your gift (and yes it is a gift no matter what most of the school might think) and perhaps also get some more friends out of it.

See you tomorrow'

He didn't really know how to react to it but he did eventually decide to go and it was perhaps the best decision he had ever made. Only the day he proposed could come close.

Parvati managed to tell him quite a bit about parseltongue and it made him realize she wasn't nearly as much of an airhead as Hermione made her out to be. She just greatly enjoyed fashion, but wasn't obsessed to the point her schoolwork suffered.

Padma was a font of information in general and not just on parseltongue. And from her he learned many of the things that most of his classmates just assumed he knew in the first place. He really would have liked to know more about the history of his family or even that he owned a few house elves, almost all of the older wizarding families did; the Weasleys were an exception and not the rule.

When they wrote back to their grandparents in India and got them to send books on Parselmagic he finally learned truly how useful his gift was.

Two entire books full of spells, one almost exclusively healing spells, one book on the history of parseltongue. A book on parseltongue based rituals, and what a surprise it was that Britain was the only place in the world where ritual magic in general was illegal instead of just some of the darker ones.

But most importantly a book simply titled 'Basics of Parseltongue'. It wasn't very thick but that one book helped him more than every other book he ever read. Everything from basic parseltongue spells such as dealing with snake venom. To just the trick on how to speak parseltongue without having a snake to speak to, as well as how to distinguish when he was speaking Parseltongue and when he was speaking english. That last part was more important than he could ever have imagined with just how often he slipped into parseltongue during conversation after reading some of his books written in parselscript. Luckily it only really happened with Padma and Parvati and once or twice with Hermione, he would not have liked to see how the school would have reacted to him practicing his gift after how they reacted to him saving Finch-Fletchley's life.

He tried to imagine how his life would have gone if he didn't know just how useful his gift really was. Would he have died against the basilisk if he didn't know that parseltongue healing spell to quickly remove venom from snake bites.

Or would the Dragon in his 4th year have fried him if he didn't know he could just speak to it. As soon as the dragon realized there was a fake among its eggs it straight up threw it out and all he had to do was pick it up. Most of his back up plans also relied on parseltongue, he didn't even want to think about the fake Moody's suggestion. I mean seriously trying to outfly a creature made for the sky. If he didn't know better about Crouch Jr's motives now he would think he was trying to get him killed not make him win the tournament by being the first to grab the cup.

In 5th year it allowed him access to all the hidden passages that Slytherin had made for his personal use in the castle. Which was rather useful when trying to avoid Umbridge and her cronies. And the stress relief he got when he started dating Parvati shortly into that year certainly helped him stay calmer in her horrific lessons, just ignoring her taunting about Voldemort. That was also the year when more of his year had their opinions on parseltongue challenged when he often used the healing spells to fix people up after one of the DA dueling sessions.

He certainly didn't expect to be singled out by Madam Pomfrey later on that year when she asked him why and how he was healing so many of her students. Apparently her diagnostic spells could also see older injuries that had been healed in the past few days and when a few to many people came in with previously healed injuries that she didn't remember healing she asked them who did. And since very few students dared lie to the determined school mediwitch they all named Harry as the one to do the healing.

Turns out Madam Pomfrey very much knew about the incredible uses of Parseltongue in healing magic and was very pleased when she had her suspicions confirmed that he was indeed using those. She offered him basic healing training, saying that even if he didn't ever become a healer himself it would do him a lot of good in a lot of professions. With the aurors top among those, an Auror who had a mediwizard license would much easier get accepted into training and promoted.

He graduated with a full Mediwizard license and did in fact end up being a healer at Saint Mungo's. Specializing in difficult lingering curses or diseases that either parseltongue or his other specialty of ritual healing magic could often help with.

Even the Horcruxes had been easier to take out thanks to Parseltongue. The book on parselmouth rituals had an entire section on destroying abominations of nature as the book had called them. Using a rather long ritual he managed to destroy every piece of soul that was connected to the one in Slytherin's locket. Just such a shame he didn't know to do that ritual before Voldemort got his body back, as doing it then would have killed the dark wanker immediately. Although he was quite happy that doing it also got rid of the up until then unknown horcrux that was in his scar. He didn't want to gamble on Dumbledore's idea of suicide to Voldemort and hope some miracle happens.

Defeating Voldemort in a straight up duel is also something he knew he couldn't actually do. So he trained relentlessly in being able to cast with two wands at the same time. Thus when the priori incantatem effect that had surprised him in the graveyard happened once again he was able to pull out a second wand and hit Voldemort with a silent reducto right on the chest.

The aftermath of the war was still rough but he felt it was much better than it could have been. At first they didn't understand how it was possible that the fearsome death eaters were so magically weak. It might have made some sense if it was only the ones that spent over a decade in Azkaban. But even the ones who got off on the imperius excuse like Malfoy were clearly not at their best during the battle. Leading them to have remarkably little losses. That only a few of the most powerful death eaters could still cast the killing curse of course helped tremendously in that.

Only months later did Padma work it out with some assistance from Hermione. Voldemort had been constantly draining his followers' magic through the dark marks on their arms; he needed this magic to keep his magically created body from disintegrating after he lost the link to his horcruxes. And if his body failed then without his horcruxes his spirit would not linger either.

The time after the war had been hectic. Two very different weddings followed when he proposed to each of his then girlfriends shortly after the battle was over, in their own words 'we might be sharing just about everything in life so far including a fiancée but we won't be sharing a wedding'.

Parvati wanted a very modern western wedding where she had everything meticulously planned out herself. Including her dress that she had designed herself.

Padma on the other hand wanted a fully traditional Indian wedding. Harry had to speedily learn Hindi to not make a fool of himself in front of his wives grandparents. Luckily magic greatly helped in learning a language.

They had been married for nearly 5 years now. And still there was no better feeling than laying in bed with either of his wives. Or better yet both of them. Currently they were waiting for Padma to come home, but from the fact that they both him and Parvati were already naked and cuddling in bed he suspected they once again would have started before she actually arrived.

"What are you thinking about love?"

"Just thinking about how much better parseltongue made my life despite me thinking it was a curse at first after that dueling club incident."

"Well if you have time and energy to reminisce like that you should have enough to practice with my favorite use for your gift so come here"

Well Harry was certainly up for that so he turned towards his wife and kissed her deeply. Then he proceeded to place kisses down every inch of her beautiful body right down to her core. He decided to tease her first and get her to really beg before he gave her what she asked for so he kept at it agonizingly slow. Every time she came close to becoming undone he would just change it up again. Never once letting her come. Every time she let out a frustrated moan when he stopped right on the edge again he just looked up at her in her eyes and raised an eyebrow. She knew exactly what she needed to do for him to let her come.

"Please Harry please just let me cum" she finally gave in and said the magic words.

He redirected his attention towards her clit and started speaking in parseltongue.

§ Then come for me §

That was already enough but Harry wasn't done just yet. As soon as she came down from her first orgasm he kept going, now using parseltongue liberally. His beautiful wife came 3 more times before they were interrupted by their bedroom door opening up.

"Aw come on Parv, you two started without me again. That's the third time this week."

"I can't help that you work such long hours, Pad. Maybe if you worked a little bit less you could join us right when we started."

Harry decided to stay out of it again. There was no point in trying to moderate when his twin wives got into an argument that they had a hundred times before. Instead he decided to help Padma out of her clothes even as she was still continuing her back and forth with her sister about her not working too much. She was just on a critical point in her research. He personally was of the opinion that she always seemed to be at a critical point whenever he asked but he knew better than to mention that to the fanatical researcher with the Unspeakables.

Him having two wives was not something he had ever considered whilst growing up. Let alone twin beauty's like Padma and Parvati. But once again his muggle upbringing seemed to have biased him. As whilst polygamy wasn't terribly common in magical Britain it was perfectly legal. And in magical India it was downright common, especially for men with large amounts of magical power or a rare gift. He had both and that was what convinced his wives parents that the both of them marrying the same man wasn't such a bad thing.

He just about finished stripping Padma when their argument wound down again.

"Well how about you sit on Harry's face and get the same thing I just got whilst I return the favor. And then you also get the first go on his cock. Would that satisfy you Pad?"

"Well yes that seems like a brilliant idea to me. Now lay down on your back Harry." as she pushed him back towards their bed.

He certainly wasn't going to argue with that so quickly did exactly as she asked and within seconds he had his second wife's beautiful ass on top of his face. And unlike with Parvati she did not enjoy being teased as much so he got straight into it and got her moaning his name in seconds.

Meanwhile Parvati was busy taking care of his cock that had been uncomfortably hard ever since he first started eating her out. She truly had come far from those clumsy

blowjobs she used to give him when they first started dating in 5th year. Now she expertly teased him by licking his shaft all over before taking him all the way down to the hilt deep into her throat. By the time he came down her throat her sister had cum on his face twice already.

“Now come on and switch sis. I want that cock in me right now and you just promised I could go first.” Even as she was saying that Padma was already moving down his body and turning herself around.

“You do know that I like his tongue just as much as his dick Pad? Sitting on Harry’s face isn’t exactly a punishment.”

“Well all the more for me then” and right then Padma sank down on him and started rocking around.

“Fill me right up Harry, get me pregnant with your children.”

It had come as a bit of a surprise back in his 6th year when Padma joined in on their relationship and he found out she had a massive breeding fetish. Despite the fact she wanted to focus on her career and research first and didn’t really want any children before she turned at minimum 25. He rather looked forward to the day she would let him knock her up for real.

That got him to start bucking up his hips in tandem with Padma bouncing up and down. Reaching just that much further inside her. Padma liked being on top and he had no objections to those preferences. Besides if he wanted to be on top all he would need to do is turn to his other wife since Parvati heavily preferred that.

He could tell that both of them were rather close both from the way they were moaning as well as from how Padma tightened around him. And it wasn’t all that hard to make them come at exactly the same time by hissing just at Parvati’s clit right as Padma was reaching her peak. And Padma clamping down on him as she came was enough to send him over the edge as well, filling her right up.

Padma slipped off him and laid down next to him onto her back. Whilst Parvati slipped off him and moved next to him on her hands and knees. Swinging her ass at him in such a way that he was hard again within seconds. Right as he slipped into her from behind he once again thought like he had so many times before; ‘I just love parseltongue’.