

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

A/N: Penny gets overwhelmed.

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There's a pause as Harry lets Penny sweat a little while waiting for his response. Then, he rises from his seat. As she begins to do the same, however, Harry holds up a hand and stops her with a smile.

“Stay.”

She obeys, remained seated as she watches him apprehensively, clearly afraid he's going to leave in the wake of her inappropriate proposition. Sure there was everything they'd done last night to take into consideration, but that was at his home. This was in the middle of the Ministry of Magic.

The relief in Penelope Clearwater's eyes when Harry steps towards her instead of towards the door is palpable. Circling around the edge of the Senior Undersecretary's desk, he arrives on the other side to loom over the seated muggleborn witch as she looks up at him with wide, expectant eyes.

One hand goes to the back of Penny's chair and drags her out from her desk half a foot. The other hand goes down into her lap, slipping past her robes. Penny's breath hitches as she stares into his bright green eyes and Harry in turn stares right back at her. His fingers curl and hike up her skirt before diving under.

As she promised... she never put back on her panties after being handed them by Fleur earlier this morning. Harry's fingers meet naked flesh, slipping along wet folds, her arousal obvious as he touches her exploratorily.

“W-Wait...”

Harry pauses and raises a brow.

“Let me... just get the ball rolling on those Mastery Certifications first, a-alright?”

He hums, torn for a moment before letting Penny get away from him and also getting what he truly came here for today done. In the end, he just nods, prompting the witch to pull out her wand and shoot off a few messages. Harry approves given that she never actually moves from her seat.

He shows that approval by going right back to touching her once she signals that she's done. In response, Penny whimpers and mewls, biting her lower lip to try to muffle and contain her moans. She mostly succeeds, though Harry doesn't make it easy for her. Especially when he decides to ask... questions.

“Where are they, Ms. Clearwater?”

Shuddering, Penny reaches out and pulls open a drawer in her desk. There, sitting at the top, are her bunched up lacy black panties. Harry glances at them in amusement for a moment before looking back to Penny as she pants breathlessly.

“T-Take them...”

He arches a brow and she averts her gaze, clearly embarrassed. But she also doesn't retract the offer or close the drawer on him or anything. So... Harry reaches out and takes the undergarments with some small amount of amusement, slipping them into one of his pockets as he hums appreciatively.

“You have hidden depths, Ms. Clearwater.”

As he says that, he's also driving a finger deep into another type of depth entirely, causing Penny to gasp and moan. Now that she's opened her mouth and started talking, she's having a lot harder time holding in her voice, Harry notes. But she doesn't go back to biting her lower lip. She doesn't clam up again. Instead...

“P-Please... call me Penny.”

Harry just smiles.

“Would that be appropriate, Penny?”

“I-I think we’re far past the point of propriety...”

And then, as if to make sure of that fact even if they aren’t quite there yet, Penny reaches out and pushes open his robes, her hands going for his pants. Harry doesn’t bother stopping her. Not from unbuttoning and unzipping his trousers, nor from pulling his cock out into the open air of her office.

She strokes it a few times as he continues to finger her... and then she leans forward, trying to maintain eye contact as she takes him in her mouth.

Maintaining eye contact with him bent over her and her bent over his dick in turn proves to be impossible of course, so in the end she instead focuses all of her attention on his cock... and bobbing up and down on it.

Her hands, meanwhile, split up. One retreats to the arm of her chair, gripping down on it for support, while the other remains at his balls, fondling and groping them as she slurps and sucks his cock quite... enthusiastically.

Harry smiles fondly down at the gorgeous muggleborn witch, greatly enjoying as Penny works his shaft over with her lips and tongue. The Senior Undersecretary is certainly outdoing herself... but it wouldn’t do to let her outdo HIM as well, now would it?

And so Harry adds a second finger to the one he has inside of Penelope Clearwater’s pussy. And then a third for good measure. He drives them in and out of her sopping cunt rather furiously, all while Penny tries to match him with her mouth.

“Glughk! Glughk! Glughk!”

The sounds that fill the office can be described as nothing short of absolutely obscene as Penny chokes on his dick and Harry fingers her into oblivion.

Fortunately for the both of them, she'd had the forethought to not just lock her office the mundane way but also layer a few privacy charms ahead of time to keep their conversation... secure.

As a result, Harry sees no reason to hold back. And because of that, he positively ruins poor Ms. Clearwater. By the time he's done, by the time he finally tips over the edge, Penny is in no state to truly swallow his load. He's brought her to orgasm after orgasm, leaving her sitting in a puddle of her own juices, gasping and gurgling around his cock.

She falls backwards into her chair as he starts to cum and as a result gets a facial for her troubles, his seed covering her from forehead to chin... and then down some more, staining through her robes and the professional blouse she's wearing underneath.

By the time Harry is done cumming, Penny is quite the mess... and her eyes are glazed over and lidded from the pleasure he's visited upon her. Smiling down at her, Harry pulls back his hand from beneath her skirt and tucks his cock back into his trousers. Unlike Penny, it's the work of a moment to make himself presentable again. Also unlike Penny, Harry doesn't need any time to recover from what just happened.

With that in mind, Harry's smile turns into a full grin as he gathers up the paperwork she's left on her desk.

"You clearly need a moment, Ms. Clearwater. Please rest and then clean yourself up. I'll find someone else to take care of the rest of my business with the Ministry."

Penelope just gurgles out a cum bubble at that as Harry departs. He knows just the witch he's going to rope into helping him, after all.

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Hermione Jane Granger is hard at work when a shadow suddenly looms over her desk. Looking up, her eyes widen and she squeaks as the extraordinarily

handsome Lord Harry Hallows smiles down at her like... like the cat who caught the canary.

“Ms. Granger, I find myself in need of a Ministry Official to help me with my business. Are you free?”

She wasn't, technically. Always things to be done, especially when you worked in the Minister's Office. And yet... it wasn't every day that Hermione had the chance to talk to such a handsome wizard. In fact, it had been years now since the last time she'd laid eyes on a wizard at all.

“U-Um... y-yes, yes, I'm free. I'd be happy to help you, Lord Hallows. What do you need assistance with?”

The Wizard Lord holds out his paperwork, still smirking, and Hermione quickly takes it and begins going through it. Very quickly, she's caught up on what's going on. Harry Hallows is starting a business... one that he has already secured property down in Diagon Alley for. The business is a rather strange one, at least by magical standards.

“You want to start a Private Investigation Agency?”

It was common enough in the muggle world, though not so much as a solo operation anymore from what Hermione knew. However, it was all but unheard of in the magical world. Also...

“Isn't that a little on the nose?”

Lord Hallows raises an eyebrow and Hermione flushes. What is she doing questioning a wizard lord? Especially one who was clearly close with Penny. Averting her gaze, Hermione begins to stammer out an apology.

“S-Sorry Lord Hallows, I-!”

“No need to apologize, Ms. Granger. I’m a big fan of questions, actually. Feel free to ask as many as you like. Though I am curious, could you elaborate by what you meant before?”

... Huh. He was a lot nicer than she expected. Then again, there was some speculation that Harry Hallows might not actually be a full Pureblood, mostly because House Hallows had never existed before now as far as anyone could tell.

Lifting her head, Hermione tries not to get too lost in the handsome man’s eyes as she swallows thickly.

“W-Well... it’s just... the curse? Aren’t you afraid?”

Smirking, Lord Hallows shakes his head.

“Let’s walk and talk, shall we? Ms. Clearwater said she sent out word to begin arrangements for my Mastery Certifications a while ago. You should be able to guide me to where those would be held, right?”

Right, of course. Hermione hops to her feet, his paperwork still in her hands, and nods rapidly.

“Y-Yes! Right this way!”

As she leads him to the elevator, he clears his throat.

“When you speak of a curse, I assume you mean the mysterious deaths surrounding every wizard in the British Isles?”

Nodding, Hermione bites her lower lip, not quite trusting herself to speak. Harry just hums in response.

“Then no, I’m not afraid of such a curse, Ms. Granger. Though I admit, I already suspect it’s not a curse anyways.”

Not a curse? Hermione furrows her brow, her innate curiosity getting to her even as she presses a button in the elevator and it starts taking them down to the floor upon which the Wizarding Examinations Authority resides.

“What makes you say that exactly, Lord Hallows? Everyone I’ve spoken to thinks it’s a curse.”

The look that the Wizard Lord gives her can only be called ‘disappointed’ and Hermione flushes, feeling strangely ashamed.

“And do you believe everything you’re told, Ms. Granger? I should certainly hope not.”

Well that was just...

“N-No, of course not! It’s just... general consensus seems to be that the British Isles are... cursed. If it’s not a curse, what could it possibly be, Lord Hallows?”

Smirking at her in a way that has Hermione fighting back a blush, he tilts his head to the side.

“Well now, maybe I’ll find that out, hm? After all, I’m about to be Magical Britain’s very first Wizard PI.”

Well now, he was certainly confident wasn’t he? Hermione decides to bite back just a bit, sniffing slightly.

“Not yet, Lord Hallows. You still have the appropriate Masteries to pass.”

It’s a gamble, of course... but to her distinct pleasure, it’s one that pays off. The smile that Lord Hallows gives her is so genuine, so pleased that Hermione starts to lose that battle with her blush, feeling the heat truly starting to rise to her cheeks.

Fortunately, the elevator dings and the doors start to open before he can notice... or so Hermione hopes. The moment she can, she steps off of the

elevator and into the Wizarding Examinations Authority's domain, his paperwork still in her hands.

Of course, even though he'd said that Penelope had messaged ahead, Hermione is still caught off guard when they're met within a dozen feet of the elevator... by none other than Madam Griselda Marchbanks herself. Hermione squeaks as the Governor of the WEA stands before them, her eyes zeroing in on Lord Hallows and narrowing immediately.

"So then it's true. We have a verified wizard testing with us today. The first in years."

Before Hermione can speak, Harry overrides her.

"Indeed you do, Madam. I hope that won't be a problem?"

Griselda scoffs.

"A problem? For you, no doubt. Fool boy, what are you even doing, parading around here like some peacock, making arrangements for a business in Diagon Alley? You should be running for the damn hills before the same fate as every other wizard in these isles befalls you too."

Well... Hermione supposed Madam Marchbanks was just saying what they were all thinking, wasn't she?

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Harry can't help but be amused in the face of Griselda Marchbank's... blunt opinionating. She'd clearly decided he was lacking in wits as well as intelligence for daring to not only come to the British Isles in the first place but also choose to stick around.

Of course, she wasn't wrong... he'd already been killed once by whoever it was that had it out for wizards in the region. But she didn't need to know that...

“I’m afraid my plans do not call for any... ‘running for the hills’ any time soon, Madam. I am here to show the Ministry of Magic that I have the qualifications for Masteries in Defense, Transfiguration, Potions, Charms, and Herbology. I was told you would be able to take me today... was that incorrect?”

Griselda’s eyes narrow as she stares at him for a long moment. Until finally, she grunts.

“No. It was not incorrect. We can test you today... and as I’ve been told, you will only need to pass three of the five Masteries in question to prove this foolish endeavor of yours is worth certification by the Ministry. Utter hogwash in my opinion... but what do I know, I’m just an old witch who’s seen more than any of you children could ever hope to see.”

Funny that. Harry was actually several magnitudes older than Griselda Marchbanks, and with a dozen different worlds and lives under his belt to boot. In terms of experience, he’s quite confident he has her beat. In terms of ancient crotchety-ness however, she has him dead to rights.

That said, he does have a choice to make now, even as Griselda turns and he and Hermione follow her deeper into the WEA’s offices. Does he want to show off here? Five Masteries isn’t outside of the realm of possibility for him. Rather, it would be easy to pass all five at this point in his... storied history.

But it might be better to stick to only three and narrowly fail the other two. Just to fly under the radar a bit and make sure whoever is trying to kill him underestimates him some more.

On the other hand, he doesn’t want to disappoint this universe’s Hermione... she might not be HIS friend, but she’s very much friend shaped. And adorable besides.

Hm... this is a toughie.

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!