

The Pleasure House

Chapter 2

Penelope Clearwater stood in front of her mirror and fixed her long, brown hair. It cascaded over her thin shoulders and ran down to the middle of her back. All of it was done up in loose curls that gave her a look of elegance. It was a fitting look for someone so high up on the Ministry totem pole.

Before the end of the Dark Lord's reign, Penny would have never dreamed of getting such a position at her age ... if ever. As the assistant to the Senior Undersecretary, Penny had her pulse on the goings-on of magical Britain. She was a highly respected member of the upper echelon of the Ministry of Magic. To think that the Blood Purists would have given her such a position is ludicrous. Of course, that all changed when Harry defeated the Dark Lord. Once he went down, his followers and cronies fell soon after. With the Ministry free of their ideological lunacy, they were finally able to get people in that actually wanted to make the magical community a better place. Penelope was one of them.

It didn't take her long to rise up the ranks. She was always incredibly intelligent as a student and had the NEWTS required for any job in the Ministry. Penny smirked as she remembered when she had leapfrogged her old boyfriend, Percy, in the Ministry ranks. She could see his face turn red with embarrassment and indignity. Perhaps he shouldn't have been such a kiss-ass, she thought as she checked her makeup.

One of the things that weren't widely known was the benefits that came with such a position. Often she could eat free at most restaurants, she would be tended to first when trying on clothes, and things like that. Everyone wanted to stay on the good side of those in power. It had been that way since the beginning, or so she was told. Most of her colleagues took advantage of the benefits, but Penny had always been a bit shy and unsure of herself. She didn't like making a fuss. So when the females she worked with asked her why she wasn't taking advantage and spending her nights at the Pleasure House, Penny didn't really have a good excuse to give them.

Penny obviously knew about the private club. All of her friends and fellow workers raved about it. The food, the service, the men ... or women, they didn't discriminate at the club, after all, it was all top of the line. It was her boss that had told her about the Top Floor, however. The things she said made Penny's face heat up and turn pink. She wouldn't lie, she was intrigued. Like always though, she was too nervous and shy to do anything about it, but the fact that there was a free VIP membership dangling over her head was very tempting. It didn't take her long to finally make a decision and contact Harry Potter. The handsome young man said that he would take care of everything. Penny never expected him to set things in motion so quickly though. She had contacted him the previous night and with the following day being a Friday, she didn't expect anything to happen until at least partway through the next week. However, when she went to work earlier that day, her boss was waiting with a little golden box and a knowing smile

on her face. With full access, Penelope no longer had any excuses. She took a deep breath and got all dolled up for her first time at the club.

Seeing that she wasn't going to be getting any prettier, Penny walked over to the fireplace which was lit with a soft, dying flame. She pressed the button on her box and the lid flipped open. Taking a pinch of the beautiful, purple powder inside, she tossed it into the flames and stepped inside. "The Pleasure House!" she called out with confidence.

The Pleasure House

Penelope's face was flaming red as she was led by the hand over to a special area of the Top Floor. Her personal escort was none other than Harry Potter himself. Harry sat down on a large couch and pulled her onto his lap. Penny gasped as her bottom touched his trouser-covered crotch. Her cute, little dress rode up her smooth and sexy thighs as she settled in. "What would you like to drink, Miss?" a handsome, young bartender who just happened to be shirtless asked her.

"Martini, please," she said, gathering her courage. "Two olives!" she quickly added. The man smiled sexily at her and went to get her drink. Harry chuckled at her embarrassment.

"Don't worry, Penny. Most women are embarrassed their first time here," he told her, his hand touching the bare skin of her leg. Penny shuddered as his hand slowly crept up her thigh until his fingertips were threatening to slide underneath the hem of her dress. "You'll quickly get used to it," he added, giving her thigh a squeeze that made her jump slightly. When the waiter came back and handed her the martini, she thanked him. Before she could drink it, Harry stopped her. He flipped open a small, metal box and pulled out a small, white pill. He dropped it in her drink. Penny watched as it dissolved, sizzling and bubbling. She looked at him questioningly.

"It's a little something to help calm you and get you in the mood. Don't worry, it's quite mellow. Most women take one upon arrival," Harry explained. Penny nodded, trusting his words. She placed her lips on the martini glass and quickly downed the entire thing. Almost instantly, she felt the drug take effect. Her heartbeat slowed, and she suddenly felt a dull throb in her nether region. Penny squirmed against his lap, suddenly feeling a bit horny. That's when his fingers dipped underneath her dress, and his hand began to softly caress her inner thigh. Penny gasped loudly as her entire body tingled with pleasure. She looked at him wildly. Harry smirked.

"Feels good ... Doesn't it?" he asked as the side of his hand brushed against her panty-clad pussy while playing with her soft skin. Penelope nearly lost the ability to speak. Instead, she nodded while rubbing her pussy against his hand. Seeing what she wanted, Harry stuffed his hand down the front of her white, cotton panties. The heat coming from between her legs was incredible, Harry thought. Instantly, his fingers were coated in her wetness as he played with her soft, pliable folds. Penny's back arched, and she rested the back of her head on his shoulder.

"People are around!" she gasped as he began to roll her clit between his fingers.

“So what? Look around,” he told her while his other hand moved further up her body. His hands slid over her slim belly and continued upward until his fingers were brushing against the underside of her bare tits. By then, her dress was hiked up to her waist, giving anyone looking a lovely view of her being pleased.

Penny did as she was told. She looked around and really saw what was going on. Off to the side, two women were scissoring. Each had their head tilted back as they moaned. One woman was looking at everyone in the room while she furiously fingered herself. But what surprised her the most was seeing her boss near the bar. She was being held up by a muscled youth who was frantically fucking her while standing up. Penny blinked her eyes after noticing that his cock wasn't buried in her pussy, but in her ass. Just then, Harry's finger touched her own crinkled hole, making her body buck. Letting out a squeal, she looked at him with wide eyes. “I have a special lubricant that makes anal very, VERY pleasurable,” he told her huskily as his finger played with the rim of her hole. Penny's face blushed hard. She shuddered and gasped when he added a little bit of pressure to his finger. It threatened to force her hole open and slip in. “Perhaps you'd like to try it out someday,” he teased her.

“M-Maybe!” Penny cried out. Harry laughed out loud. He suddenly called out for someone. When Penny looked over, she saw a scantily dressed Fleur Delacour walking over to them. She had only seen the Veela once or twice while out and about, but she had to admit, the blonde was devastatingly beautiful.

“Fleur ... This is Penny ... Penny ... Fleur,” Harry introduced them both. VIPs were known to be a close-knit group. There were only a few dozen in Harry's club, and all of them knew and looked out for each other. It was an unwritten rule amongst the women. “Fleur ... Penny here is a bit shy. Could you do me a favor and undress her?” Harry asked with a sly smile. Fleur raised her perfect eyebrow with a slight smile of her own. Penny, meanwhile, was still putty in his hands. She even raised her arms when Fleur peeled the dress off of her body. Now completely nude except for her heels and her panties which Harry's hand was still stuffed into, Fleur then reached down and peeled her wet panties off of her body. The blonde tossed them over her shoulder, not even caring where they landed. She then reached down and began caressing Harry's crotch.

“What about you, 'Arry?” she smirked, feeling him grow hard. “Would you like me to 'elp you as well?” she asked.

“That would be lovely,” he smiled. Fleur got on her knees and removed everything from the waist down. She then leaned down and took him into her mouth. Penny could feel her bobbing underneath them. Occasionally, her blonde hair would even tickle her sensitive skin. Once Harry was rock-hard, Fleur then moved up and sucked hard on Penny's clit.

Penny's eyes bulged out, and she squealed as her talented tongue massaged her throbbing nub. Before she could cum, Fleur moved her tongue and licked the length of her slit. "She's tasty," Fleur complimented her.

"Why don't you give us a little show?" Harry asked Fleur. Fleur smiled and stood up straight. Penny watched as she spun around so that her long, blonde hair fanned out. It wasn't only her hair that fanned out, her scandalously short dress fanned out as well, showing Penny that she wasn't wearing panties underneath her dress. She looked down when Harry took her hand and placed it on his cock. Penny blushed madly as one of his hands began fondling her bare breasts while he used two fingers to penetrate her with the other. As his fingers curled upward, Penny began moving her hand up and down. She couldn't hold back a moan as he kissed her neck while Fleur sensually swayed her hips and touched her body to the rhythm of the music. Fleur then looked her right in the eyes and lifted up the bottom of her dress slightly. Penny caught a quick flash of her perfectly smooth mound with taut lips peeking out underneath it. She had never been into women, but she had to admit that Fleur was something else. If anyone could turn a girl lesbian, it would be here, Penny thought as her insides tightened around Harry's furiously thrusting fingers.

"I can see that you like my body," Fleur teased her, letting one spaghetti strap fall from her shoulder. The very thin material of her dress fell along with it, exposing one of her perfect, round breasts. Penny had never seen such a lovely color of pink as she did when gazing upon her hard nipple. Her hand began moving faster, working Harry's cock with long, fast strokes. Despite the wonderful drink that Harry had given her, Penny's heart began to beat faster as Fleur leaned in and she felt the heat of her breast as her hard nipple brushed against her cheek. Fleur threaded her fingers through Penny's mousey-brown hair. "Kiss it," she commanded. Penny pressed her lips against her nipple softly as Harry practically mauled her own tits. His fingers were flicking back and forth wildly over her throbbing and swollen clit. Unable to stop herself, she wrapped her lips around Fleur's lovely nipple and sucked on it hard just as her pussy clamped down on Harry's fingers. Moaning into Fleur's breast as her pussy milked his fingers, she felt a glob of hot cum spurt from the tip of Harry's cock and land on her lower belly. She continued to work his cock, aiming his tip at her belly which was further coated in his seed. She could feel it sliding down her belly and over her hips. Once he was empty, he replaced Fleur's nipple with his lips, giving her a deep and passionate kiss.

Harry lifted her from his lap and set her down beside him. Putting his clothes back on, he smiled at her. "Welcome to the Top Floor. If you want some private time with me, just talk to the girl at the front desk," he said, pointing the girl out. "She'll pencil you in," he told her, placing his hand on Fleur's ass and walking away with her, leaving Penny breathing heavily on the couch with her legs splayed wide open and cum staining her belly.