

## Company Retreat

Harry sat down at the breakfast table of Number 4 Privet Drive. Despite his requests, Dumbledore insisted he stay there for all but the last couple of days of Summer. With Voldemort back in the open after the events of the Ministry, he wanted to make sure the wards protecting the house were completely charged before he left for school. Consequently, Harry was stuck with his relatives for an extra month.

The one small bit of solace he could take was that he was finally allowed to use magic outside of school. His seventeenth birthday had passed quietly the day before, marking him as an adult. Of course, Dumbledore had asked, and Harry had reluctantly agreed, to keep magic to a minimum over the Summer to avoid unwanted attention from the Ministry.

Right now, he was sorely tempted to break that promise to transfigure his half of a grapefruit into something more appetizing. He didn't really know why Aunt Petunia was still going on with Dudley's ridiculous diet. His cousin would just steal money from her purse and get fast food as soon as he left the house anyway.

"Boy," Vernon called, wiping his mouth with a napkin and twitching his walrus-like mustache. "I want you to paint the shed today. It's looking shoddy. The paint's in the garage; don't get any on the grass. I won't have the neighbors—"

*Ring! Ring!*

Harry rolled his eyes as Vernon huffed and heaved himself out of his chair.

"Who would be calling at a time like this?" he grumbled, picking up the phone. "Hello? Oh, good morning, Mr. Grunnings. I was just about to leave for work."

Covering the mouthpiece, Vernon turned to Petunia and mouthed the words 'Mr. Grunnings,' as if she hadn't perked up excitedly when he said the name the first time. She got up from the table and rushed to his side, leaning close to try and hear the full conversation. Dudley reached

across the table, snatched the half-eaten grapefruit from her, and scarfed it down. Shaking his head, Harry finished his pitiful excuse for a breakfast and gathered the plates to start doing dishes before he could get yelled at.

“Oh, I’m very sorry to hear that, sir,” Vernon said. “I always admired your leadership... A company retreat..? At St. Michaels? Yes, yes, sir. We’d love to come!”

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia started celebrating silently, their smiles wide.

“Oh, the neighbors will be so jealous,” Petunia whispered excitedly as she glanced out the window.

Vernon waved for her to be quiet, and she pressed her ear against the outside of the eardrum to hear what Mr. Grunning was saying. Rolling his eyes, Harry washed the plates and stacked them on the drying rack. He wondered if they’d leave him with Mrs. Figg again. Now that he knew she was a Squib, he could at least spend his time there doing his homework. Smiling, he thought he might even be allowed to do a bit of magic.

“Erm, sir, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Vernon said softly.

Glancing over his shoulder, Harry was surprised to find his Aunt and Uncle staring at him. Their previous excitement was gone. Now, they look nervous and pale. A bead of sweat trickled down Vernon’s temple as he swallowed thickly.

“Well, you see,” he said, clearing his throat. “It’s just that he’s troubled, you see... Yes. Yes, sir, but – No! No. We do want to come... Yes. Yes, I understand... Oh, I’ll make sure of it... Yes, sir. I’ll give them the good news. And thank you again for inviting us... You, too, sir. Goodbye.”

Hanging up the phone, Vernon and Petunia shared a brief, resigned look before turning back to Harry.

“What?” he asked, finishing the dishes.

“Now, you listen here, boy,” Vernon said, waving a fat finger at him. “That was the owner of the company I work for, Mr. Grunnings. He’s retiring soon, so he hired a new CEO to take over for him. He’s invited everyone in management and their families to a three-day retreat at St. Michaels resort to celebrate his retirement. He’s... insisted we bring our entire family, including you. I’m warning you now, boy. I won’t tolerate any of your freakishness there.”

“This is your uncle’s chance to get on the good side of this new CEO and get that promotion he’s deserved for years,” Aunt Petunia said, glaring at him. “Don’t you dare do anything that will jeopardize his career.”

“But I don’t want to go,” Dudley whined.

“Oh, don’t worry, son,” Vernon said, patting him on the shoulder. “There will be other kids your age there. I know for a fact Paulson will be bringing his daughters. You remember them, don’t you?”

Harry was grateful for Dudley’s interference. It gave him a chance to sneak away upstairs and curse his luck in peace. The last thing he wanted to do this Summer was sit around and watch his Uncle suck up to this new CEO for three days.

“Pack a bag!” Aunt Petunia yelled after him. “Just one, and don’t bring any of your freakishness with you. We leave tomorrow at eight!”

“Yes, Aunt Petunia,” Harry sighed, closing his door with a click.

At least his Uncle had forgotten he wanted him to paint the shed.

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The next morning, they all piled their bags in the boot and climbed into Vernon's company Ford Mondeo. After a terribly boring four-and-a-half-hour drive, they pulled up to the resort in Falmouth. It was larger and nicer than Harry had expected, though he didn't have any experience to go on to begin with. Belatedly, he realized this was his first real holiday.

Pulling up to the front, a man in a uniform opened the door for his aunt while another grabbed their luggage from the boot. Once the luggage was loaded onto the cart, he escorted them inside while the man who'd opened the door took the keys to park the car for them.

"I can't believe we're actually here," Aunt Petunia smiled, looking around as she smoothed her hands over her flower-patterned dress.

"We've earned it, Pet," Vernon said, adjusting his tie. "We belong here."

Harry had to fight the urge to scoff as they headed inside and up to the front desk.

"Good afternoon, sir," a pretty blonde in her twenties said, smiling brightly as she typed into the computer at her desk. "Can I have your name?"

"Vernon Dursley," he replied loudly, as if hoping the people back in Surrey could hear him announce his name. "We're here with Grunnings."

"Alright," the woman said, typing quickly. "I see here you're in suites 61 and 62. We serve a complimentary breakfast between seven and ten in the morning. If you want to visit our restaurants, bar, or spa, there are brochures just to your left. The pool is open to all guests and closes at midnight. Do you have any questions?"

"Is there a telly in the room?" Dudley asked.

Looking embarrassed, Aunt Petunia tried to quiet him, but the receptionist just smiled.

“Yes,” she replied. “There’s a telly in every room with full cable.”

“Thank you,” Vernon smiled, taking the keycards she handed him.

“Have a pleasant stay,” she called after them as they headed towards the elevator.

The young man pushing the cart with their luggage followed them in and hit the button for the second floor.

“Here, Dudley,” Vernon said, handing him the keycard. “You’re in charge of your key.”

Harry knew he’d have to get his own key at the desk and wondered how long it would take Dudley to lose his. He bet by the end of the day.

When the elevator door opened, they stepped out and found their rooms directly to the right. Opening room 61, the young man left the cart in the hall and started carrying their bags inside. The Dursleys and Harry followed, checking out the room. Harry didn’t have any experience to go on, but by his relatives’ reactions, it was the nicest room they’d ever stayed in.

Opening the door next to the bathroom revealed the room was adjoined to 62. The young man allowed Aunt Petunia to direct him where to place the suitcases before stopping next to Vernon, his hand open expectantly.

“Oh, right,” Vernon smiled.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a folded bank note and slipped it into his hand.

“Thank you,” he said.

“My pleasure, sir,” the young man smiled.

Turning away from Vernon, he made for the door. Checking his hand, his shoulders visibly slumped when he saw it was a one-pound note.

“Bloody cheapskates,” the young man grumbled.

Covering a snort of laughter with a cough, Harry followed after him while his relatives were busy unpacking and gushing over the rooms.

“Hey, wait,” he called.

The young man stopped and turned to him with a sigh. Smiling, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a twenty-pound note. Knowing he’d be staying in Surrey for the whole Summer, Hermione had offered to convert some of his galleons into pounds so he had some money. Not knowing the exchange rate, he’d just sent her a bag of galleons. In return, she’d sent him a couple of thousand pounds. It had seemed unnecessary at the time, but now, he was glad he had.

“Sorry about him,” Harry said, slipping the note into his hand. “My uncle isn’t used to places like this.”

“Oh, no problem, sir,” the young man grinned. “If you need anything else, just ask for Greg.”

Harry nodded as he took the cart back into the elevator with a spring in his step. When he returned to the room, his relatives didn’t even notice him. Uncle Vernon was looking out of the window, fists on his hips. To Harry, it looked like he was pretending to be a king surveying his kingdom. Aunt Petunia was gushing over the amenities and the softness of the robes. He expected the hotel would be missing a couple of them after the Dursleys left.

Walking into the room he was sharing with Dudley, he found his cousin lounging on the bed, remote in hand, as he flipped through the channels. Harry set the old, frayed duffle bag he'd packed for the trip at the foot of the bed and turned to the window. Before he even had a chance to notice the view, his eyes were drawn to the snowy white owl perched in the tree. Smiling at Hedwig, he gave her a wink. She gave a hoot that he could hear and flew out towards the sea.

Their window looked directly out over the beach, where he could see a dozen or so people lounging under the sun. Closer to the resort, he could see the pool and hot tub below. There were a good twenty or thirty people swimming or resting in lounge chairs in their bathing suits. Unfortunately, nearly all of them were a good deal older than Harry by at least a decade.

One woman in a purple bikini lounging by the pool, who looked to be in her early to mid-twenties, looked up from her magazine and gave him a smile. Smiling back, Harry felt like he'd been caught peeping and was just about to step back when she lowered her sunglasses and gave him a wink. The woman glanced quickly to her left and right, then looked back up at him with a grin. Momentarily, her hair flashed pink before she put her glasses back in place and went back to her magazine.

Harry grinned and shook his head. Of course. He should have known the Order would follow him here. A part of him wanted to be upset, but he liked Tonks. After being forced to sit in the sun, hidden under an invisibility cloak outside Number 4 for a month, he figured she'd earned a bit of a break. He just hoped Dumbledore didn't try to send Dung. That would be a disaster.

Before they really had time to unpack, the phone rang. Harry only heard a brief, muffled conversation through the open doorway before it was filled with Uncle Vernon's bulk. He'd taken off his sports coat at some point, revealing the large wet spots under his arms.

"Mr. Grunnings has invited us to lunch. Make sure you're presentable. And you," he said, jabbing a finger in Harry's direction. "No antics or I swear you'll regret it. Don't look at anyone, touch anything, or speak unless spoken to."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned to get ready. Putting on the nicest shirt and trousers he had, clothes he'd bought with money Hermione had sent him, he waited for the others to get ready. A few minutes later, they were escorted to the outdoor seating area by a pretty redhead waitress. Harry recognized a few of the people there, including Mr. and Mrs. Mason, the latter of whom he sent an apologetic smile. She, apparently, hadn't forgotten about the pudding incident either and gave him a cold look before turning away.

There were a few other people Harry's age or younger there, including a few girls. A few gave him curious looks, but whispers spread quickly, and they looked away, ignoring him completely.

"Ah, Vernon, Petunia," an older, balding man with a kind smile called. "And this must be Dudley and Harry, correct?"

"Yes, sir," Vernon replied, smiling widely as he shook the man's hand. "Thank you again for inviting us, Mr. Grunnings."

"Just Alan is fine," he said.

A moment later, a stunning blonde woman who looked to be in her early thirties stepped up behind him. She was wearing a skin-tight black dress that accentuated her large bust and hourglass figure. She stood out sharply compared to how conservative the women around her dressed.

"Oh, is this your daughter?" Petunia asked.

"Oh, no," Alan laughed. "Well, not that everyone is here; I suppose I can say it. Everyone! If I can have your attention! I'd like to introduce all of you to your new CEO, Lydia Jameson. She'll be taking over starting Monday."

"Hello," Lydia smiled, waving as everyone clapped and greeted her warmly.



“I wanted to thank all of you for your many years of hard work,” Alan continued. “And I’m sure you’ll work just as hard for Lydia now that she’s taken over. I hope you’ll all give her the same respect and dedication you’ve given me. Though I’m stepping down from the day-to-day operations, I’ll still be around if you need me. Now, enough about work. We can worry about that Monday. Let’s relax and catch up, shall we?”

Getting nods and mutters of agreement, they all sat down at a handful of long tables that had been pushed together for them. Harry sat down near the end, eager to get away from the whispers and sideways looks he was getting. Resigned to spending yet another meal around people who didn’t want him anywhere near him, he picked up a menu to look through when someone sat down right next to him. Looking up, he was surprised to find Lydia to his left, smiling widely at him.

“I thought it was you,” she said softly.

Her soft, round hip bumped his, and he could smell her light, flowery perfume. Though her dress wasn’t low cut, her large breasts still created a bit of cleavage that he couldn’t help but glance at briefly.

“After all, how many boys your age can really be named Harry Potter,” Lydia asked.

Harry stilled, his hand dipping to the pocket he kept his wand in without thought.

“You know who I am?” he asked, lips barely moving.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you,” Lydia smiled, patting his thigh under the table. “I’m a Squib, but I keep an eye on our news. I suppose I got a bit star-struck when I heard your name. Alan warned me that inviting you would be a mistake. Said Vernon was always going on about the trouble you cause and how you go to St. Brutus’. Good thing for you; I’ve always had a thing for bad boys.”

Harry chuckled and relaxed slightly.

“Thank you,” he said, continuing at her curious look. “For inviting me. It’s certainly better than being stuck at home, painting the shed.”

“I imagine,” Lydia smiled, then glanced around. “If you don’t mind, could we talk more later, when there aren’t so many other people around?”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged. “I’ll warn you, though. I’m not nearly as interesting as the press makes me out to be.”

“Oh, I doubt that,” Lydia smirked.

Patting his knee, she stood, dragging her nails up his thigh as she did. Harry turned to look at her sharply, only to end up staring at her round, jiggling bum as she walked away. Shaking his head, he turned back to the menu. Over the top of it, he caught Tonks, still disguised as a pretty brunette, smirking in his direction. He could only shrug at her helplessly.

After a moment of thought, he gestured with his head towards the restaurant before excusing himself to the bathroom. Aunt Petunia gave him a warning look but said nothing as he left. He’d barely waited a minute in an isolated corner before Tonks joined him.

“What’s up?” she asked, grinning. “Need some tips on landing an older lady?”

“She knows who I am,” Harry said.

“How?” Tonks asked, a serious expression coming over her face.

“She said she’s a Squib,” he told her. “I don’t think she’s lying, but with everything going on...”

“Right,” Tonks nodded. “It would make sense. I mean, if I wanted to get a teenager to drop his guard, I’d probably flirt with him, too. It’s hard to think straight with all that blood going to your cock.”

“Tonks!” Harry exclaimed softly, a laugh breaking through.

“What?” she asked. “S’t true, innit? Anyways, I’ll let Shack know and have him look into her. What’s her name?”

“Lydia Jameson,” Harry replied.

“Alright,” Tonks nodded. “I’ll let him know. In the meantime, I’ll keep watch to make sure you don’t get mauled by a cougar.”

“She’s not that old,” Harry said, fighting a blush.

“If you say so,” Tonks smirked. “Look, don’t worry about it too much. I doubt this is some plot by You-Know-Who. You did the right thing telling me, but don’t go all Moody on me. His paranoia is enough for all of us. Just relax and have some fun. The next time she does something like that, try and cop a feel of your own.”

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

“I’m serious,” she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder. “I’m not saying you should grope her or anything. Just brush up against her or something. Show her you’re interested. That woman’s basically screaming she wants needs a good shag. Did you see the dress she’s wearing?”

“She’s probably only interested because I’m famous,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“So,” Tonks shrugged. “Who cares? It’s not like you’re going to marry her. You’re only here for three days. Let your hair down and have some fun for once.”

Harry didn’t have a response to that, so he just shook his head.

“Up to you, mate,” she said. “If you want to spend the next three days with a cocktease, rubbing one out while your relatives are asleep in the next room, feel free. Now, what do you think of my disguise?”

“What? Er, it looks fine,” Harry said.

“You think I should make my tits bigger?” Tonks asked, bouncing on her toes and causing her cups to jiggle.

Before Harry could reply, her bust swelled a cup size, staining her purple top.

“What do you think?” she asked, cupping her breasts, lifting them, and letting them drop.

“Er, they look great,” Harry said.

“Thanks,” Tonks grinned. “Nice bulge, by the way. Be sure to let that cougar see that.”

Harry sputtered as she walked off, hips swaying exaggeratedly. Sighing and shaking his head, Harry headed back out to the table with his hands in his pockets to hide his erection. He sat back down at the end of the table, ordered when it was his turn, and watched the table quietly as they ate. He was ignored by everyone except Lydia. All throughout the meal, she glanced his way and smiled.

“This weather is so nice,” Lydia commented after the plates had been taken away. “Why don’t we all go get changed and meet down at the beach?”

The replies she got were quick and enthusiastic. Smiling at Harry, she winked as she passed him on the way back inside. While Harry wondered why she was flirting with him, he followed the Durselys to the elevator.

“Excuse me, sir!”

Harry turned around to find Tonks running up to him, her breasts nearly bouncing out of her top.

“You dropped your wallet,” she said, smirking when she caught his gaze rising from her chest.

“Oh, er, thanks,” Harry said.

Taking the wallet and wondering when she’d stolen it, Tonks leaned in.

“She checks out,” she whispered. “Lydia Smith was found abandoned on the steps of an orphanage at the age of two. Later married and then divorced a Muggle named John Jameson. No red flags or connections to You-Know-Who. We even checked her room while you were at lunch.”

Harry breathed a sigh of relief and smiled.

“Thanks,” he said.

Nodding, Tonks turned around and left while Harry turned back to the elevator, only to find his relatives had left without him. Throwing his hands up in frustration, he walked back to the receptionist, got a key from himself, and made his way upstairs. Predictably, the door to the room he shared with Dudley was closed when he got there. Keying himself into the room, he grabbed his swimming trunks and waited for his cousin to finish in the bathroom. After getting changed, they waited in the hall for his aunt and Uncle.

Mercifully, when they arrived, Aunt Petunia was covered in a one-piece and a wrap while Uncle had on a baggy t-shirt. Together, they went back downstairs and walked out to the beach. Dudley, who'd been sulking and grumbling about not being able to watch the telly, shut up the moment they set foot on the beach. The Paulson sisters were in revealing bikinis, their pale skin glistening in the bright sun as they laughed and tossed a frisbee back and forth.

"Go get 'em, tiger," Vernon smiled, pushing his son in their direction.

Dudley puffed out his chest as he approached them. It was clear from the girls' reaction that they didn't want to deal with him, but they didn't want to be rude either. After the way they'd ignored him, Harry felt little sympathy.

"Stay with us, boy," Uncle Vernon barked. "I don't want you wandering off and causing trouble."

Sighing, Harry followed them over to a spot on the beach and set up their chairs. They hadn't brought one for him, and he knew better than to sit on Dudley's, so he set his towel on the sand and sat down.

"Mind if I join you?"

Harry turned at the familiar voice and stared. Lydia wore a tiny, black bikini that perfectly displayed her amazing figure. Her large breasts, which looked like they might fall out with even the slightest movement, gave way to a narrow waist, wide hips, and long, smooth legs.

"Not at all," Uncle Vernon replied, smiling.

"Thanks," Lydia replied, laying her towel next to Harry's.

His eyes dropped to her swaying breasts as she bent over at the waist.

“Oh, you can sit here,” Petunia offered, gesturing to the empty chair next to her.

“That’s alright,” Lydia smiled, lying down next to Harry. “So, Vernon, tell me. What do you think about the direction the company is going in?”

Harry tuned out the conversation around him as he soaked in the sun, occasionally glancing over at Lydia’s legs. A few minutes later, Alan showed up, passing around free drinks from the bar. Over the next couple of hours, more drinks were had, and talk turned away from work.

“Thanks for your perspective, Vernon,” Lydia said, sitting up. “But I think I’m going to go cool off in the water. Would you like to join me?”

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia begged off, but Harry had other ideas.

“I will,” he said, getting to his feet.

“I’m sure Lydia doesn’t want a teenager bothering her while she tries to relax,” Vernon said, giving him a pointed look.

“Nonsense,” Lydia smiled. “I appreciate the company. Let’s go, Harry.”

Harry smiled at his glaring Uncle and shrugged as he followed her into the water. Once they were up to their chests, she dunked her head underwater. Coming up, she pushed her long, blonde hair back and sighed.

“That feels so much better,” she said. “I don’t know how your Uncle is so good at his job. He’s about as authentic as a Chinese Rolex.”

Harry snorted and grinned.

“But now that I have you alone, I have to ask,” Lydia said, looking him in the eye. “What happened with Mrs. Mason?”

“Ah, that,” Harry smiled, rubbing the back of his neck. “It’s a bit of a long story. A House Elf was trying to protect me. He thought getting me in trouble for using magic would keep me out of Hogwarts. So, he dropped a cake on her head.”

Lydia smiled and shook her head with a chuckle.

“Protect you from what, exactly?” she asked.

“Again, a bit of a long story,” Harry shrugged. “A man named Lucius Malfoy gave a cursed Diary to a student so they would open the Chamber of Secrets and release the Basilisk inside. We’re lucky no one died.”

“Of course, it would be him,” Lydia sighed, closing her eyes.

“I take it you’ve heard of him?” Harry asked.

“You could say that,” Lydia said. “Actually, I should tell you now. I was born Lydia Malfoy. Lucius is my older brother.”

Harry’s jaw dropped open as he stared at her in shock.

“I’m not anything like them, I promise,” she assured him, smiling slightly. “They left me outside an orphanage the moment they realized I was a Squib. My father even used his connections to erase my birth records from St. Mungo’s. I didn’t find out until I had a genealogy test done at Gringotts. I tried to reach out to Lucius when I found out we were related. He replied by threatening to kill me if I ever contacted him again. Or tried to go public.”



“Bloody hell,” Harry said, rubbing his face. “Of course. He couldn’t tarnish his image.”

“Essentially,” Lydia shrugged. “He even threatened my daughter, Olivia. It’s why I had to send her to Beauxbatons. As you can imagine, I’m not fond of my birth family. In fact, I was quite happy to see Lucius was arrested because of you.”

“Is that why you were so interested in me?” Harry asked.

“Partly,” Lydia smiled, moving closer, stopping when her breasts brushed his chest. “You have to admit, you were quite the rebel last year. Forming a secret army and breaking into the Ministry, only to prove you were telling the truth the whole time. I wasn’t lying when I said I like bad boys.”

“Is that so?” Harry asked.

Taking Tonks’ advice, he worked up his courage and rested his hands on her hips under the water. Lydia smiled and glanced over his shoulder at the beach before stepping even closer. With her breasts mashed against his chest, Harry cupped her bum and gave it a squeeze.

“Let me put it this way,” Lydia smirked, cupping the outside of his shorts and tracing the outline of his hardening length. “How’d you like to be able to tell Lucius you fucked his sister the next time you meet him.”

Laughing at the shocked look on his face, Lydia jumped up, her smooth, soft breasts enveloping his face as she knocked him back into the water. They both surfaced, laughing a moment later.

“I’m in room 70, right at the end of hall you’re on,” Lydia said softly, pressing her body flush against his as their heads bobbed above the water. “I already told the front desk to give you a key. Wait ten minutes and then follow me.”

Running her hands over his chest, Lydia pushed away from him. With a promising sparkle in her eyes, she swam back to shore and picked up her towel. Harry stayed in the water for a couple of minutes to get his excitement under control before walking back to the beach. As he dried off, ignoring Vernon's grumblings, he couldn't help but question himself.

Was he really going to trust a Malfoy?

Looking around, he spotted Tonks a short distance away, trying to ignore the freckled young man trying to get her attention. Harry walked over and sat down next to her, causing the young man to look away dejectedly.

"Looks like that cougar tried to drown you," Tonks smirked. "Funny, I thought cats hated water."

"I swear, your jokes get worse every time we talk," Harry smiled.

"I know," Tonks said, smiling. "So, what's up?"

"Did you know she was born a Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"Really?" Tonks asked, turning to face him. "I didn't. She told you that?"

Harry nodded, looking out over the ocean.

"Lucius Malfoy's sister, apparently. She told me to meet her in her room in a few minutes," he admitted.

"Then what are you doing here?" Tonks asked.

"It just seems a bit too much, doesn't it?" he asked. "I mean, she just met me, and already she wants to... it just seems too good to be true."

"If it makes you feel any better, I'll follow you and watch to make sure she doesn't try to kill you," Tonks told him.

"You mean watch us..."

"Yup," Tonks grinned.

"That... actually makes my anxiety worse, thanks," Harry said.

"Oh, relax," Tonks said. "I'd have to spy on you anyways. It's my job. Wouldn't look good if you're cougar turned out to be a black widow and I wasn't there to stop it. Besides, like I said, there's nothing to indicate she's in league with You-Know-Who. What's more likely, that she was abandoned by her family and is just a horny, lonely woman, or she's a secret assassin put in place by her family decades ago for just this occasion?"

"I suppose you're right," Harry sighed. "Do you really have to watch, though?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Why?" Harry asked.

Sighing, Tonks set down her magazine and sat up next to him.

"Three reasons," she said, ticking them off on her fingers. "One, it's my job to protect you. Two, I want to know if you live up to the stories in Witch Weekly, and three, I'm single and horny. Now, are you going to go back to the resort and tap that? 'Cause if you don't, I will."

Harry opened his mouth to reply, but no words came to mind. All he could think about was the sudden image of Tonks and Lydia snogging in their bikinis that popped into his mind. Shaking the thought away, he got to his feet.

“That’s the spirit!” Tonks cheered, jumping to her feet, which did interesting things to her recently enlarged chest. “Let’s go get you laid.”

Snorting, Harry led her back to the resort. Stopping at the front desk, he nervously approached the receptionist.

“Hi, my friend said she left a key to her room for me,” he said. “Room 70.”

“And your name, sir?” she asked.

“Harry Potter,” he replied.

Typing on the computer, she nodded to herself and handed him the key with a knowing look.

“Here you are,” she said. “Anything else?”

“No, thank you,” Harry said, blushing slightly as he walked away.

“It’s funny, isn’t it?” Tonks asked. “All it takes is one woman showing interest in you, and suddenly, they all do.”

“And why is that?” Harry asked, using the conversation to distract himself from his nerves as they rode the elevator up to the second floor.

“Dunno,” Tonks shrugged. “Probably because most girls want what we’re not supposed to have.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Harry told her.

“I never said it was supposed to,” she countered with a smirk.

Getting off of the elevator, they walked down to the end of the hall. As they passed room 69, Tonks pulled him to a stop. Drawing her wand, she unlocked the door with a wave and pushed it open. An older couple was unpacking their clothes when they looked up and stared at her.

“Who are you? How did you get in here?” the man asked.

“Sorry folks,” Tonks said, waving her wand and causing the couple’s eyes to go unfocused. “We need to fix a leaking pipe. Why don’t you go enjoy the spa while we get it fixed?”

“We’ll go to the spa,” the woman said woodenly.

Leaving their belongings where they were, they marched out of the room without a backward glance. As they passed Harry, they shook their heads, their eyes returning to normal as they chattered excitedly about the spa.

“Right, I’ll be watching from here,” Tonks told him. “Just yell help or something if you need me.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded, his nerves returning as he looked at the door to Lydia’s room.

“Wait,” Tonks called suddenly. “Come here.”

Looking at her curiously, Harry did as she asked. Standing in the doorway, he watched as she reached for her top and pulled it over her head.

“Tonks!” Harry exclaimed, staring at her breasts as they bounced free.

“Oh, relax,” she said, rolling her eyes. “Trust me, this’ll help.”

“How?” Harry asked, his voice squeaking at the end as she rubbed his crotch.

“Look, I’m betting she likes her men young and eager,” she said, rubbing him until his erection tented the front of his swimsuit. “You’ve got a big cock. You should show it off.”

Giving his shaft a squeeze, she let go and started playing with his hair.

“There,” Tonks said. “You’re ready. Just try not to finish too quick, I want a decent show out of this. Oh, and don’t forget which wall I’m watching from. Nothing worse than a bad angle when you’re trying to rub one out.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Tonks said, placing her hand on his chest. “Now, go fuck your cougar.”

Shoving him out of the room, she closed the door in his face. Harry could only smile and shake his head before taking a deep breath and turning to Lydia’s door. Using the key, he unlocked the door and eased it open.

“Lydia?” Harry called.

“Come in,” she replied.

Stepping inside, Harry closed the door behind him just as Lydia stepped out of the bathroom with a red silk robe covering her body. Almost immediately, her eyes went to his crotch, and she smiled.

“Oh my,” she said, licking her lips.

Sashaying her way over to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her body against his. Her thigh ground against his erection as he rested his hands on the small of her back, just above her bum. Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled him down until their lips met in a searing kiss. Harry cupped her bum, his hips driving his length against her thigh as their tongues met.

“Mmh,” Lydia moaned as she pulled back, her blue eyes sparkling as she looked at him. “I need you. It’s been so long since I’ve been with a man.”

Kissing his neck, she sucked at his pulse point before slowly dropping to her knees in front of him. Her fingers reached up and deftly opened the tie holding his shorts closed. With a swift yank, she pulled them down to his ankles. His length sprang up, nearly hitting her in the face. Lydia smiled as she wrapped her small hand around his shaft and stroked him slowly.

“So hard for me,” she whispered.

Looking up at Harry, she parted her pouty pink lips and wrapped them around his pulsating head. He hissed from the sensation of her tongue tracing his length. As he rested one of his hands on top of her damp blonde hair, she started bobbing up and down, her gaze locked with his.

“Merlin,” Harry gasped when she sucked hard.

Chuckling, Lydia took his out of her mouth and lifted his shaft vertically to lick from the base to the tip.

“Don’t hold back,” she told him with a wink.

Opening her mouth, she swallowed half of his length and sucked hard, dragging her lips back to his tip. Harry groaned, his legs trembling when she did it a second time. Bobbing her head quickly, she moved her hand in time with her movements, rapidly drawing him closer to his climax.

“Fuck, Lydia, I’m –”

Before Harry could finish his sentence, she pulled her lips back to his head and stroked his length furiously. With a shudder and a loud groan, he erupted in her mouth. Lydia stared up at him as she caught all of it on her tongue, stroking until he had completely emptied himself. Tilting her head back slightly, she pulled off of him carefully and showed him the large, white pool bathing her tongue. Closing her mouth a moment later, she swallowed twice.

“Wow,” she said laughingly. “That’s the biggest load I’ve ever swallowed.”

“Sorry,” Harry smiled.

“Don’t be,” Lydia said as he helped her to her feet. “I can’t wait to feel that in me. Look at you. You haven’t even gone soft.”

Grinning, she gave his sensitive shaft a stroke before reaching for the tie of her robe. With a tug, it came undone, revealing a one-inch gap in the middle. Harry throbbed excitedly as she shrugged the robe off of her shoulders. Her breasts were perfectly shape teardrops with pink, puffy areolas and red nipples.

“I’ve missed that look,” Lydia said, stroking his length gently. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had a man look at me like that.”



Moving his eyes up to her face, Harry pulled her close and kissed her hard. One hand moved up to her breast, squeezing the part that wasn't trapped against his chest. Lydia moaned into his mouth as his shaft slipped between her legs, rubbing against her hot, damp mound.

"Take me," she whispered.

Cupping her bum, Harry lifted her off of her feet and carried her over to the bed. They both groaned in unison when he laid her on the edge, causing his shaft to grind against her folds. Kissing down her neck, he made his way down to her breasts. Lydia moaned, her fingernails lightly scraping his scalp as he sucked at her nipples.

Suddenly, she reached between their bodies and gripped his shaft. Rubbing his swollen glans between her folds, she quickly placed him at her entrance. Harry groaned and lifted his head as he felt himself sink into her molten depths. Slowly, he sank in until his pelvis met hers and then tried to go even deeper.

"Yes," Lydia moaned, rocking her hips. "So fucking deep."

Harry couldn't stop himself from thrusting his hips. It felt too good not to move. His first few thrusts were long and slow, but with some encouragement from Lydia's heels, he started driving in faster and harder. The sound of their bodies colliding echoed around the room. Belatedly, Harry wondered if Tonks could hear them as well.

With the reminder that she was watching, he tried to make sure she had a decent view, though that was far from his most pressing concern. Lifting Lydia with one arm, he crawled onto the bed and laid her back down before settling between her legs. Hovering over her, he thrust hard, spearing into her depths. Lydia arched her back, thrusting her bouncing breasts into the air as she moaned long and low.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she chanted, heels digging into his bum to urge him on.

Harry panted as he thrust harder, driving her voluptuous body into the mattress. Face scrunched up as if in pain, Lydia's body hunched in on itself. Cute little grunts left her lips each time he slammed into her depths before she suddenly gasped and threw her head back. After a breath, she let out a loud scream, her body shaking and trembling as she latched onto him with surprising strength.

A groan left Harry as her depths spasmed around him, drenching his length in her arousal. It felt amazing, but it wasn't quite enough to tip him over the edge. Caressing her body, he kissed her neck softly while she rode out her climax. For several long moments, she bucked and shivered, continually grinding herself against him until she suddenly let go of him and fell limply on the bed, eyes closed.

Kissing her on the lips, Harry brushed the damp hair away from her forehead and stroked her cheek.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Mmh," Lydia moaned, nodding her head. "That was amazing. I've never cum that hard before."

Harry smiled, feeling a bit prideful about that particular accomplishment. Suddenly, Lydia's eyes sprang open, and she flipped them over. Smiling, she leaned down and kissed him hard as she started rocking her hips. Her back was to the wall that Tonks was looking through, but Harry wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

That thought was driven from his mind entirely when Lydia started bouncing in his lap, her bum clapping loudly against his thighs.

"Fuck," Harry grunted, watching as her breasts bounced hypnotically inches from his face.

Reaching up, he grabbed both of them harshly and attacked her nipples with his lips, tongue, and teeth. Lydia moaned as she rode him hard and fast. Lifting one hand, Harry brought it down harshly on her thick, round bum. The sudden, surprising move caused her to stiffen and shiver

through a second but small climax. That was enough to tip him over the edge. Gripping her cheeks roughly, he drove himself as deep as he could and erupted in her depths.

Lydia let out a low, trembling moan as she was filled. Slowly, she collapsed on top of Harry and nuzzled his neck.

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In the room next door, Tonks sighed in satisfaction as she pulled the bright purple dildo from her depths. With a wave of her wand, she cleaned it and turned it back into the remote it had started out as. Laying back on the bed, she relaxed as her magic cleaned up the mess she'd made around her.

"Don't even think about it, Tonks," she said to herself. "Moody will have your head if you fuck the guy you're supposed to protect."

Opening her eyes, she glanced at the transparent wall and watched as Harry drew his long, damp shaft from the blonde's depths.

"Oh, but it looks so good," she groaned.

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Downstairs in the lobby, another curvy, busty blonde walked up to the receptionist and smiled brightly.

"Can I help you?"

"Hi, I'm trying to surprise my mum," the young woman said. "Her name's Lydia Jameson."

Quickly typing into the computer, the brunette at the desk looked up from the monitor.

“She’s in room 70,” she replied with a smile. “Second floor, turn left and go all the way to the end.”

“Thank you,” Olivia smiled.

Making her way to the elevator, she climbed inside and rode up to the second floor. She couldn’t wait to surprise her mum.