

Chapter 2

As Olivia stepped out of the elevator, she noticed a young man with dark hair close a door at the end of the hall and then walk away from her to another just a few doors down. She didn't think too much about him until she found the room her mother was in. The same room the young man had just left. Her lips turned up in a smirk as she keyed herself into the room.

Any doubt about what the young man had been doing in her mother's room vanished the moment she walked inside. The room reeked of sex, the bed was a mess, and her mother was in the bathroom humming to herself while she prepared the shower. Grinning, Olivia closed the door to the luxurious suite loudly.

"Miss me already, Har-" Lydia broke off mid-sentence, eyes widening as a grin stretched across her face. "Olivia!"

Wearing nothing but one of the hotel's fluffy white robes, she rushed across the room and hugged her daughter.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" Lydia asked.

"I wanted to surprise you," Olivia smiled, hugging her back. "Although, if I had shown up a few minutes earlier, both of us would have gotten a surprise. I saw that guy leave your room. I can't believe you. You've been here less than a day, and you're already shagging the pool boy?"

"You were the one who told me to try younger men," Lydia reminded her, stepping back from the hug with a bright smile. "And that wasn't the pool boy. That was Harry Potter."

Grinning at her daughter's gob-smacked expression, Lydia turned and walked back into the bathroom. Lydia stared after her for a moment before closing her mouth with a *click* and following after her, a million questions running through her mind.

“You mean *the* Harry Potter?” she asked incredulously.

“Do you think I’d be bragging about it if I didn’t?” Lydia asked with a smirk.

She checked the temperature of the shower with her hand and loosened the tie on her robe. With a shrug of her shoulders, Lydia let it fall to her feet. Before she climbed into the shower, took a closer look at her mother. Her hair was tousled, and her lips swollen. There was a series of love bites all over her neck and chest, and her nipples were reddened and engorged. Clearly, this hadn’t been a quick romp under the sheets. Harry Potter had really done a number on her. Judging by the sparkle in her eyes and the persistent smile on her lips, her mother had enjoyed every minute of it.

“What is Harry Potter even doing here?” Olivia asked, leaning back against the sink as her mother stepped under the water.

“His uncle works for my company,” Lydia said. “From what I’ve seen, they’re as big of fans of magic as your father was.”

Olivia scowled at the mention of her father and the thought of someone being forced to grow up with someone like that. John Jameson had abandoned his family the moment he learned his daughter was magical, and they hadn’t heard from him since. She was too young to remember, but her mother had told her how awful their fighting had been before he left. Shaking her head, Olivia pushed all thoughts about the useless man aside.

“So, how was it?” she asked with a smirk.

“Amazing!” Lydia grinned. “It was pretty obvious that he doesn’t have much experience, if any, but he more than made up for it with youth, enthusiasm, and an extraordinary cock.”

“Mother!” Olivia gasped laughingly.

Lydia laughed happily as she lathered soap over her body.

“Three times, Olivia,” she said, grinning. “That young man came three times, and I’m sure if he didn’t have to get back to his aunt and uncle, I could have gotten him hard again. God, he made me feel ten years younger.”

“The way you talk about him makes me wonder if I should give him a try,” Olivia teased.

“You should,” Lydia told her.

She blinked at her mother in surprise and got a smile in response.

“I plan on offering him an internship at Grunnings so I can keep seeing him over the Summer,” she told her. “Besides, after the hell the Ministry put him through, that man deserves something good in his life.”

“You mean a good fuck,” Olivia laughed.

Lydia laughed along with her daughter and began to shampoo her hair.

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Harry woke early the next morning and stretched in his bed. While Dudley snored away loudly, he got out of bed and took a shower. Just as he stepped out, there was a knock at the door.

“Boy!” Vernon bellowed. “See who it is.”

Cursing and muttering under his breath, Harry quickly wrapped a towel around his waist and walked over to the door. The thin, spotty teenager that had brought their bags to the room, Greg, smiled at him and gestured to a cart loaded with silver trays.

“Good morning, sir,” Greg said. “I brought your breakfast, compliments of Ms. Jameson.”

Harry smiled and moved out of the way so Greg could push the cart inside the room. Led by his nose, Dudley’s snores stopped, and he sat up, rubbing his bleary eyes. Rummaging around in the pocket of his shorts from the day before, Harry dug a twenty-pound note out of the pocket and discreetly handed it to Greg.

“Thanks,” he smiled.

“No, thank you,” Greg grinned, glancing at the note before thrusting it into his pocket.

“Boy!” Vernon shouted. “Who was it?”

Harry rolled his eyes as Greg quickly and quietly slipped from the room. A moment later, the door between their rooms opened and Vernon glared at him accusingly.

“It’s just breakfast,” he told him. “Ms. Jameson ordered it.”

“Really?” Vernon asked, his eyebrows perking up while Petunia peeked over his shoulder.

“Dudley, your diet!” she exclaimed.

Harry turned and saw his cousin with two sausages half hanging out of his mouth.

“Oh, it’s fine, Pet,” Vernon said. “One cheat day isn’t going to make a difference. Besides, Dudley’s a growing boy. Aren’t you, son?”

Dudley nodded dumbly as he chewed and swallowed.

“Well, I suppose,” Petunia said.

Harry rolled his eyes and grabbed his clothes to get changed in the bathroom. The Dursleys wouldn’t let him take anything until they’d had their fill anyway.

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A while later, Harry followed his relatives downstairs and out to the pool. Settling down into his lounge chair, he glanced around and spotted Tonks across the pool. Lowering her sunglasses, she gave him a wink. Harry blushed lightly, remembering that she had seen everything he had done with Lydia the day before. Giving her a small smile, he laid back and found himself staring up at the underside of a rather impressive set of breasts.

“Good morning,” Lydia said, smiling down at him.

“Ah, Lydia,” Vernon said loudly. “Thank you for breakfast this morning.”

“It was lovely,” Petunia added.

“You’re quite welcome,” Lydia smiled. “It’s the least I can do after all your years of hard work. Oh, and I wanted to introduce you to my daughter, Olivia.”

“Hello,” Olivia said.

Harry sat up and did his best not to stare. Both of them were wearing revealing bikinis, and standing next to each other, they looked more like sisters than mother and daughter. Like Lydia, Olivia had the same long, pale blonde hair, large breasts, wide hips, and long smooth legs. Staring, Dudley sat up, sucked in his stomach, puffed out his chest, and gave her his best smile. In response, Olivia gave him a brief, polite smile before turning her eyes to Harry.

“Do you mind if I sit here?” she asked, motioning to the lounge next to him.

“Not at all,” Harry said.

Smiling, Olivia took the lounge to his left while Lydia took the one between Harry and Dudley.

“I’m so glad the weather cooperated with our little Company getaway,” Lydia said as she lay down on her stomach. “I’ve been wanting to get a natural tan for ages.”

“You could have come visited me in France,” Olivia told her. “There’s a beach not far from my school.”

“You know I work too much,” Lydia sighed. “Harry, be a dear and put some lotion on my back, would you?”

“Er, sure,” Harry said.

Reaching into her bag, she pulled out a tube of suntan lotion and handed it to him. Dropping down to his knees, Harry unscrewed the cap, poured a dollop into his palm, and then rubbed his hands together briefly before placing them on her shoulders. Glancing back at his relatives, he noticed Dudley looking at Olivia hopefully, but she ignored him.

“Speaking of putting him to work, I had an idea I wanted to run past you, Vernon,” Lydia said.

"Of course," Vernon smiled.

"I grew up in an orphanage with quite a few troublemakers like Harry here," she told him. "One of the few things that kept them off the streets was giving them some responsibility. How would you feel about Harry taking an internship at Grunnings under me?"

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," Vernon frowned, exchanging a worried glance with Petunia. "He can be quite the handful."

"Oh, I know the type," Lydia smiled. "But I'll have quite a lot of work to do around the office. I could use a strong young man to move furniture, carry boxes, clean the office, and just generally make my job easier. Trust me, Vernon, I know just how to handle young men like Harry. He'll be so busy working for me that he won't have time to cause trouble. Of course, I'll have to add his pay to your paycheck to make sure he doesn't spend it on anything he shouldn't."

That certainly piqued Vernon's interest, and he turned to whisper quietly to Petunia. While they were distracted, Lydia looked back at Harry, gave him a wink, and wiggled her bum temptingly. He knew exactly what she was suggesting, and he had to turn his back to his relatives to cover his grin. Running his hand along Lydia's side and using her body to conceal what he was doing, he caressed the side of her breast softly, causing her to let out a shuddering breath.

"I think that should be fine," Vernon said eventually. "Just let me know if he causes you any problems. I'll be sure to straighten him out."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll do just fine," Lydia said, sighing happily as Harry kneaded her back.

Glancing back over his shoulder, he noticed Olivia watching him with a knowing smirk. Harry blushed, wondering just how much she knew about her mother's job offer. A couple of minutes later, his hands reached the top of Lydia's bikini bottoms. He desperately wanted to get his hands on her bum, but he knew couldn't in such a public setting.

"Would you mind getting my back, Harry?" Olivia asked.

“Er, sure,” Harry said.

As he stood and walked over to Olivia, she reached behind her back and untied her bikini top. The strings fell away to the side, revealing the pale, bulging sides of her breasts. Putting more sunscreen on his hands, Harry started rubbing it into her smooth skin. When he trailed his hands close to her side, she turned into him, directing them to her soft, firm mounds. He glanced over his shoulder nervously, only to find his aunt and uncle distracted by Mr. Grunnings, and Lydia looking at him with a knowing smirk.

“I heard there’s a nice golf course nearby,” Mr. Grunnings said loudly. “A few of us were going to go over and take a look. Would any of you care to join us?”

“We’d be happy to!” Vernon said eagerly.

Harry grimaced. If Vernon was going to play golf, that meant he’d be stuck carrying his bag and getting barked at for the next few hours. Somehow, his uncle always managed to blame him for being terrible at the game.

“Sorry, Alan, I’m going to sit this one out,” Lydia told him. “My daughter just got here last night, and I’ve never been much of a golfer.”

“Oh, that’s quite alright,” Mr. Grunnings smiled. “My wife can’t stand the game either.”

“Come on, boy,” Vernon said, waving Harry over as he got to his feet.

“Actually, do you mind if I borrow him for a bit?” Lydia asked. “Olivia needs some new clothes, and I could use someone to carry the bags. Besides, this will give him a chance to get used to working under me.”

Olivia snorted just loudly enough for Harry to hear. That left him with no doubt that she knew he'd slept with her mother and caused him to blush lightly.

"Of course," Vernon said, giving Harry a stern look. "And you. Make sure you behave. I don't want to hear about you giving Ms. Jameson any trouble."

"I won't," Harry said, repressing a smile.

Giving him one last glare, Vernon led Petunia and Dudley back to the hotel to get changed.

"Thank Merlin, he's gone," Olivia said. "That man gives me the creeps. Harry, be a dear and get my legs too, would you?"

"Sure," Harry said.

Starting at her ankle, he started massaging his way up her long, muscular leg. Next to him, Lydia moved from her chair to Harry's so she was sitting closer.

"So, you're the one that beat Fleur in the Tournament?" Olivia asked, groaning when he started rubbing her thigh.

"Not really," Harry said. "Someone cheated to make sure I made it to the end. Honestly, I think we all lost that night."

"Hmm," Olivia moaned. "I can see why Fleur spoke so highly of you."

"She did?" Harry asked.

That seemed out of character for the haughty girl he knew. Fleur hadn't liked him from the start and only warmed up to him after he rescued her sister from the Black Lake. Even then, they really hadn't spoken much before she left.

"Yes," Olivia replied. "When the papers started attacking you, she used her graduation speech in front of the whole school to tell everyone she believed you. Even her little sister, Gabrielle, got in trouble for hexing a few girls who called you a liar."

Harry groaned, and Olivia looked over her shoulder with a smirk.

"I think she fancies you," she said, her eyes sparkling. "Rumors has it that she keeps a picture of you on her bedside table."

"I'm going to murder Colin," Harry sighed.

Olivia giggled and turned her head to rest it on her arms.

"Make sure you get right up to my bikini," she told him. "You don't want me to get burned, do you?"

Swallowing thickly, Harry glanced at Lydia, who smiled and gave him an encouraging nod. When he turned back to Olivia, he put more sunscreen on his hands and ran his hands over her bum, his fingers tracing along the edge of her bikini. Olivia practically purred as she relaxed under his hands.

"I don't think Gabrielle is the only one that fancies you," Lydia chuckled. "My daughter seems quite taken, and that girl across the pool keeps glancing your way."

Harry glanced up and spotted Tonks just as she looked away. He felt a bit guilty about not telling Lydia who she really was. She'd been so open with him about who she was, and he didn't like the idea of lying to her, even if it was by omission.

“That’s just Tonks,” he told her. “She’s guarding me.”

“Really?” Lydia asked curiously.

“You have to have a guard on vacation?” Olivia mumbled. “That sounds horrible.”

“It’s not that bad,” Harry said with a smile. “Tonks is cool.”

“She looks pretty hot to me,” Olivia muttered.

Harry blinked and watched as she lowered her sunglasses to get a better look at Tonks and licked her lips.

“Come here, Harry,” Lydia said, spreading her legs and patting the spot between them. “We can’t have you getting sunburned, now, can we?”

Olivia groaned disappointedly as he removed his hands from her skin and moved over to sit in front of Lydia. They spent the next couple of hours lounging and chatting by the pool before Lydia spoke up suddenly.

“Why don’t we go check out the sauna?” she asked.

“Ooh, that sounds nice,” Olivia said.

Holding her top in place with her hand, she sat up and tied it back in place.

“Er, what’s a sauna?” Harry asked.

“You’ll love it,” Lydia smiled.

As the girls got to their feet, he stood and followed after them. Lydia led them up to the front desk, where she asked for directions. From there, they made their way to the spa. Harry passed several women in fluffy white robes getting manicures, pedicures, and facials from the friendly, smiling staff as they gossiped. Towards the back of the spa, a couple of women, covered only by white towels, lay face down on massage tables while a pair of older men rubbed their backs. Walking through a set of glass doors at the back of the spa, they came to what looked like a wooden hut someone had built inside.

“You’re going to need to get changed,” Lydia told him. “You don’t need your trunks. Just wrap a towel around yourself. The changing room is right over there.”

“Okay,” Harry nodded.

While he went into the men’s changing room on the left, Lydia and Olivia went to the right. Inside, he stepped out of his trunks, stowed them in a cupboard, and wrapped a fresh towel around himself. It definitely felt a little weird to be walking around essentially naked as he made his way back out of the changing room. Harry waited by the door to the sauna for a couple of minutes before he was joined by Lydia and Olivia, both of whom were now wearing only towels.

Just as they were about to step inside, Tonks walked by and headed straight for the changing room. Oddly, Olivia smirked at her retreating back before opening the door. Harry was hit with a wave of damp heat the moment he stepped inside. He’d always thought a sauna was similar to a hot tub, but there was no water inside, only two rows of wooden benches in a U-shape around a box full of rocks and two wooden buckets full of water.

Looking at them curiously, he turned to ask what they were for, but the words never made it out of his mouth. Olivia and Lydia had both removed their towels and laid them out on the bench, leaving both of them completely naked. They smirked as the front of his towel began to tent, causing Harry to blush and tighten his grip on his towel. Before he could formulate a coherent thought, the door opened, and Tonks stepped inside.

“Oh, sorry,” she said, glancing around the small room. “Should I come back later?”

“You’re fine,” Olivia said with a smile, leaning back on her arms and thrusting her chest out.
“You’re Harry's guard, right?”

Tonks blinked and then turned to him with an accusatory glare.

“You told them?” she asked.

“Er,” Harry stammered. “Sorry. I didn’t think it would do any harm.”

“Of course, you didn’t think,” Tonks huffed. “All the blood from your brain has gone to that big dick of yours.”

“Is it really that big of a deal?” Lydia asked cautiously.

“No, I just like giving Harry a hard time,” Tonks grinned.

Shoulders slumping, he blew out a breath and glared at her unrepentant smile.

“Well, it certainly looks like we’ve managed that,” Olivia smirked, staring at the front of his bulging towel.

Laughing while Harry blushed, Tonks took off her towel and took a spot on the bench next to Olivia. As she bent over to lay out her towel, he couldn’t help but stare at her round bum and the way her folds peeked out from between her legs.

“Come sit with us, Harry,” Lydia said, patting the space between her and Olivia.

He took the seat next to him, not sure if he should take off his towel or not. Meanwhile, Tonks produced her wand from nowhere and cast a spell on the door.

“What was that?” Olivia asked curiously.

“Just a Befuddlement Charm,” Tonks replied.

“Perfect,” Olivia grinned before turning to Harry. “Now, why don’t you take that towel off?”

Before he could even respond, she and Lydia pulled his towel open. Harry swallowed nervously as his towering erection sprang up and hit him in the stomach. The girls giggled as his length jutted from his waist at a forty-five degree angle.

“Mum was right,” Olivia smiled. “You are eager.”

Harry inhaled sharply as she wrapped her hand around his length and stroked him lightly. Letting out a shuddering breath, his eyes raked over her big, full breasts and hard, pink nipples.

“I can feel it pulsing,” she grinned.

“Harry gets so hard, doesn’t he?” Lydia asked with a smile.

Scooting closer to him, she wrapped an arm around his waist and kissed his shoulder. Harry groaned when he felt her breasts pressed firmly against his arm and side.

“Have you ever fucked him?” Olivia asked Tonks, her hand continuing slowly up and down his shaft.

“No,” Tonks said, her eyes riveted to his length.

“Really?” Olivia asked in surprise. “Why not?”

“Dunno,” Tonks shrugged, causing her perky breasts to bounce. “Something about professionalism, or something. I’m kind of kicking myself for not jumping him sooner. It definitely would’ve made guard duty a lot more interesting.”

“I bet,” Olivia grinned.

Bending down at the waist, she took him into her mouth. Harry gasped as she bobbed slowly up and down his length, her tongue circling around him. He felt Lydia chuckle beside him as she kissed his neck and caressed his muscular chest.

Suddenly, Olivia pulled off of him and stood up. Moving in front of Harry with her back facing him, she braced her hands on his thighs and sat down. Lydia grabbed his shaft and guided his tip towards Olivia’s taut, bald slit. Harry grunted as he slipped into her tight, hot folds, his rigid length slowly plunging into her silky depths.

“Bloody hell,” he gasped.

“Fuck!” Olivia exclaimed as her bum came to rest on his thighs. “So deep.”

With a pleased groan, she started bouncing up and down on his lap. Harry reached around and palmed one of her bouncing breasts as the sound of damp skin colliding filled the sauna. To his left, Tonks sprawled out on her back, spread her legs, and teased her folds with a moan. Harry groaned and pulsed at the sight, causing Olivia to hiss and bounce harder and faster.

On his right, Lydia kissed him on the cheek and leaned away. As she started to drive two fingers into her depths, Harry used his freed arm to grip Olivia’s shoulder and pull her down while

thrusting up. Unfortunately, the heat of the room sapped their energy, and soon, they both paused to catch their breath.

Smiling, Lydia stood up and walked over to the box of stones. Taking a ladle full of water from one of the buckets, she poured over them, filling the room with steam. As she picked up the bucket and carried it over to the bench, Olivia climbed off of his lap for just a moment to turn around and face him before sitting back on his lap. They both groaned when he filled her once again.

Taking another ladle from the bucket, Lydia poured the cool water over them as they began to rock their hips. The heat made any exertion tiresome, so they ended up moving at a slow, measured pace. Olivia pulled him in for a long, passionate kiss before straightening up and burying his face between her breasts. As he kissed, licked, and nipped lightly at her mounds, his hands gripped her bum harshly. With each roll of her hips, he pulled her fully onto his shaft, grinding their pelvises together roughly.

Within minutes, Olivia started to pant into his ear while her legs started to tremble. Her folds spasmed and fluttered around his thrusting length. The slower pace seemed to keep her just on the edge of release for a prolonged period, driving Harry ever closer to his own climax. As he swelled and pulsed inside of her, Olivia sucked in a sharp breath while a shudder ran through her entire body.

Suddenly, her folds clamped down around him, and a strangled grunt left her lips. Her hips hitched and bucked spasmodically as she finally tipped over the edge. Harry grunted and erupted in her depths while she trembled in his lap, each of them clutching at the other's sweat-soaked body.

"That is so hot," Tonks panted.

Relaxing against Harry, Olivia took a moment to catch her breath before climbing off of his lap. With a grin and a wink, she got on the bench on all fours and crawled over to Tonks. As her bum swayed alluringly, he could see some of his arousal leaking from her reddened, swollen lips.

Tonks' breath hitched when Olivia started kissing her way up the inside of her thigh. Moving her hand out of the way, she gasped and threaded her fingers through Olivia's long blonde hair when she finally reached her mound.

Harry felt himself hardening at the sight and then gasped suddenly when something hot and wet enveloped his tip. Looking down, he stared incredulously at Lydia as she stared up at him, her plump pink lips sealed around his shaft. As her tongue teased his sensitive head, she shivered and groaned.

"You girls are going to kill me," he moaned, running his fingers through Lydia's hair.

"Yeah, but what a way to go," Tonks said.

A moment later, she groaned and bucked her hips against Olivia's face.