The girls were withdrawing from social media; the lack of cable, Internet, and cell service was a challenge for them. Harry loved the break from his phone and didn't miss the constant notifications that plagued him all day. His stepmom had only gotten a smartphone a year ago and didn't have any social media pages. Coming from a world where a girl's beauty was a threat to her and her family, she didn't understand why the girls flaunted it just for attention.

"You'll learn with age," mom said to sister. "A man's looks matter less than what's in his heart. Flash some skin at the wrong time, and even the sweetest man can become a monster."

"Not all men are like that, mom," Tracey rolled her eyes.

"Harry isn't," Fleur shot Harry a bright smile, and he stuffed his mouth with spaghetti to hide his blush.

"Harry is a good man," mom said with a stiff smile. "But he's still a man. Tease him too much, and you'll see your mistake... unless that's what you're after."

It was Fleur's turn to bury her face in her spaghetti, and Harry wanted to hear more, but Daphne changed the subject. The girls soon began debating where they'd like to travel if they could go anywhere, while Harry ate in silence. Mom's words unsettled him, and he reached under the table to take her hand. She stiffened, looking at him, but then relaxed, her fingers intertwining with his and gripping tightly. Harry felt a pang of sorrow, knowing that her childhood had made her so suspicious and distrustful of men. He couldn't deny there was truth in what she said, but he couldn't imagine himself as such a monster, taking a woman without her consent. He wouldn't be able to live with himself if he did that, no matter how much a girl might tease him.

For the rest of the meal, they held hands, and she slowly returned to the conversation. Her features softened, and soon she was laughing, with Harry's fingers resting on her thigh and hers on the back of his hand.

"Maybe you could start a campfire while we clean up?" mom smiled at Harry as dinner ended and patted his hand. "I bought marshmallows, chocolate, and graham crackers for dessert."

"S'mores!" The girls cheered in unison, jumping up to clear the table.

The pile of wood was covered in cobwebs, but it was dry. Splitting a log into kindling, Harry built a pyramid over a stack of newspapers and had the fire going in minutes. While the campfire could produce a lot of heat, he kept it small and arranged chairs in a circle around it.

"Look at the stars!" Daphne stopped and stared up in awe, the bag of marshmallows dangling from her fingers as her jaw dropped.

"We never get a view like this in the city," Harry shook his head sadly. "It's one of my favorite things about coming here."

"Why have I never seen this before?" Daphne shook her head and waved for her sister to join her. "Fleur, come look."

"It's because of light pollution," Tracey informed, walking out with a tray of five clinking glasses. "It blocks out everything but the brightest stars."

"That's sad," Fleur accepted a drink from her friend with a satisfied arch of her eyebrows. She took a deep sip and groaned with pleasure. "Mmm, daiquiris are my favorite."

When Tracey pushed the tray toward Harry, he waved it away.

"I don't like daiquiris."

"Mom knows; she made you a scotch on the rocks from one of those old, dusty bottles."

"Glenlivet 21 years?" Harry sat up with interest and took the glass, inhaling the sulfurous, smoky aroma and feeling his mouth water.

Harry sipped his whiskey while the girls drank their cocktails and prepared s'mores. Mom joined them with a glass of wine, watching as they got their hands messy with chocolate and flaming marshmallows. The girls didn’t last long; the alcohol made all three yawn soon after they started drinking.

Harry Potter and his stepmom stayed up, stargazing, while the girls retreated to the cabin with their sleeping bags. They didn't talk, just enjoying each other's company. The whiskey gave Harry a warm, fuzzy feeling, and he could tell mom was getting tipsy as she poured herself a third glass.

"That Fleur seems to have a crush on you... hic..." she said quietly over the rim of her glass. Harry couldn't read her expression, but her tone was mocking. He shook his head and smiled.

"She's a flirt," he shrugged. "If there were another guy here, she'd be flirting with him just as much."

"I'm not so sure. You didn’t hear what the girls had to say when you went out for a ride." Harry looked at her with interest, but she shook her head and put a finger to her lips. "I can't reveal their secrets."

When Harry frowned in irritation, she laughed and finished her glass of wine. Standing up, she grabbed the bottle and leaned down to take his empty glass.

"Are you going to sleep out here? There was a subtle purr in her voice that made Harry's heart beat faster. His gaze fell on her loose shirt, revealing in the moonlight what was swaying inside.

"Good night, darling, and sleep well." She leaned forward and kissed Harry on the forehead, but he barely registered the contact. His eyes focused on the two perfect, heavy breasts swaying in her loose shirt. He only glanced briefly, but it was more skin than he had ever seen from her, and his shorts grew tight at the waist. Moving in a daze, he laid out his sleeping bag on the deck chair and crawled inside, his mind filled with the image of her inner slopes pressed together and the tips of her swollen nipples.

Slipping a hand into his shorts, Harry let his fantasies run wild, dreaming of those perfect orbs hanging before his face. The next images that flashed through his mind were the nearly as large breasts of Daphne and the tight, small body of Fleur. His fingers curled as his sister burst onto his brain, her beautiful face twisted in ecstasy, and he fell back onto the deck chair as relaxation swept over him.

Bright sunlight woke Harry earlier than usual, and he groaned in protest, but rolling over and covering his head did no good. Blinking around, he took a moment to remember where he was and stretched before packing up his sleeping bag.

Mornings at the cabin were lazy, and Harry knew that Tracey and her friends would want to sleep in. His mom was already up and had made them a pot of coffee before Harry went for a swim. A cup awaited him on the deck as he pulled himself from the water and found Daphne sitting on one of the loungers, wrapped in a blanket, sipping another.

"Your mom said you like lots of cream," she nodded to the cup, and Harry nodded in approval as he picked it up and saw its creamy color.

"Looks perfect, thanks."

"Aren't you afraid to swim in that dark water?" she asked, shivering as she looked at the lake. "Anything could come up and bite you."

"The fish are more afraid of you than you are of them," Harry said. "If you stay still, a little bluegill might come up and nibble your toe." He laughed as Daphne let out an "eww!" and shivered in disgust. "But nothing's going to bite you."

"That's creepy," she shook her head. "Have you ever caught a fish?"

"No," she shook her head, and Harry caught a hint of interest in her eyes, quickly squashed by a frown. "Fish are gross."

"But there's nothing like eating a fish you've caught, and it's hard to be afraid of something once you've caught and killed it."

"You are such a boy," she said, but her frown softened. "How hard is it?"

Harry knew he had her hooked and stood up to grab his rod from the side of the house. After cleaning off the cobwebs, Daphne deigned to hold it while Harry grabbed a spare and led

her to the dock. For a pampered beauty, he was surprised at how easily she knelt beside him on the shore and dug through the mud for worms.

"Are you sure this is necessary?" she asked after shaking thick, black mud from her hands. "Isn't this some kind of joke?"

"I'm not joking with you. These worms are what the fish go for; you'll see."

She frowned but went back to digging. After about fifteen minutes, they had a small bucket of worms and mud, and Harry led them back to the dock. As they passed the house, Daphne looked up and snorted derisively.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," she said, but after a few seconds, she spoke again. "Fleur should be here." When Harry raised an eyebrow in surprise at the comment, Daphne's cheeks darkened. "She's always wanted to try fishing."

"I don't think she'd be the type," Harry winked to show he was joking, and Daphne laughed, surprising him with her loudness.

"You're right. Fleur is more of a makeup and manicure girl. I've always been the clumsy one with those things."

"Really?"

"My favorite thing in the world was soccer. Until..." her cheeks darkened further, and her arms folded, masking her heavy bust.

"You had to stop after you... got your friends?" Harry sensed a challenge, maybe curiosity, in her eyes and took a risk.

Daphne's jaw dropped, her face showing outrage, but it didn't reach her eyes. She smacked Harry in the side and had to stifle a laugh.

"Shut up, you," she added with a smile. "They make running impossible."

Hoping his mind wasn't playing tricks on him about the growing comfort between them, Harry continued, "Have you ever thought about a breast reduction? I've heard it can be good for your back." "Hah!" Daphne laughed and shook her head, glancing down at her breasts and straightening her back so they pressed against her bikini and tank top. "Maybe I can't sprint, but these girls are worth their weight in gold, and I think Fleur would kill me if I did it. She loves them more than I do."

"What do you..." Harry swallowed the sudden lump in his throat as Daphne slipped a finger into her tank top and pulled the fabric down, revealing the dark shadow between her large, firm breasts. "You think I should get... a reduction?"

Harry shook his head but tore his gaze away from her ample body, catching the satisfied smile on Daphne's lips.

"Let's catch one of those worms before the sunlight scares the fish away."

Her smile faded as Harry handed her the bucket of mud and worms, but she didn't hesitate when he showed her how to thread a worm onto the hook. Daphne proved tougher than he initially thought, ignoring the worm's guts on her fingers and the prick of the hook.

There was a limit to what she could handle at once, and when she landed her first fish ten minutes later, Daphne nearly dropped Harry's rod into the lake, her screams waking anyone still trying to sleep.

"Keep the line tight," Harry warned her, guiding her hand to the reel's handle.

"Help me!" she shrieked, stepping closer, and Harry moved in behind her.

"Relax, you got this... just keep reeling... Daphne leaned back against him, her round ass pressing into his groin in a way that made him painfully aware of her. Forcing his thoughts back to the task at hand, Harry guided her hands as she reeled in the fish, showing her how to increase the drag when it fought to keep the line from breaking.