

Harry imagined Daphne's sex life as an exercise in frustration, with her having an itch that Bob couldn't scratch. What harm would it do to give her some relief? Amber seemed to be enjoying the show, so he went all in. He slid down Daphne's bikini bottom and found her hot, wet sex waiting for him. Her pussy lips were warm and slick, and he easily slid a finger into her pussy, stopping deep when Daphne let out a sharp gasp.

Like Gabrielle, Daphne had shaved her pussy and was as smooth as glass under his fingers. He slid his finger in and out of her tight hole, sliding his thumb over her labia, pushing aside the swimsuit as he searched for her crown jewel.

Daphne moaned so loudly that she stifled herself with a towel to muffle it. She clenched her thighs around his hand, fucking his finger with short, quick movements, while the lounge squeaked and groaned.

He inserted his thumb into her wet pussy and exposed her delicate clit. He plunged another finger into her hole and fingered her, while his thumbs made rapid clockwise motions over her sweet, cherry bud.

Daphne sucked in a sharp breath, and her pussy spasmed. Her body shook and trembled, and her glistening ass bounced in front of him like a gelatinous form caught in an earthquake. Her juices flowed like a river over his fingers and hand, soaking him with orgasmic bliss.

Gabrielle and Fleur continued to play dumb, but he knew they knew. Meanwhile, Amber had abandoned all subtlety. She pumped her hand under the towel, moaning softly with her eyes fixed on his hand.

As Daphne's thighs relaxed, he withdrew his hand from her pussy and skillfully pulled her panties back into place. His cock remained hard as a rock, so he didn't dare move, but he tried to dry his hand on his swim trunks.

Daphne sighed with satisfaction, then looked at him and smiled sweetly. "Harry, please don't forget about my legs and feet. As I said, I burn easily."

Did Daphne Greengrass just use the word "please"? Had the orgasm melted the Ice Queen? He smiled at her. "Of course, Daphy." He squeezed a bit of sunscreen onto his hand and rubbed Daphne's legs, gently massaging, even though she hadn't asked for it.

She seemed to appreciate his touch as she watched him, observing his work with a smile somewhere between serenity and satisfaction. "You have nice hands."

"Thanks." He finished with her feet, even rubbing between her toes, massaging the sole and top of each foot. "How's that?" But when he looked up, Daphne had already fallen asleep.

Her resting bitch face was gone. She breathed easily, her expression content. Her lips were curved upward, not in a smile, but in peace. Her brows weren't furrowed, and the relaxed expression on her face took ten years off her. Was this the Daphne Gabrielle and Fleur knew? He wanted to get to know this Daphne and swore to do so one day.

As his cock completely deflated, he stood up and admired his handiwork.

Her body gleamed like a temple in the sun, and he smiled with satisfaction.

"Will you do me next?" asked Amber, staring at him with her hungry green eyes burning with desire.

Gabrielle turned her head to look at them. She didn't intervene, but Harry felt that how he handled this situation mattered more than anything else at this stage of their relationship.

"I don't think that would be a good idea," said Harry.

"I just want the same massage you gave Daphne," she said, lowering her voice. "No one needs to know. We can go upstairs to my room. I promise I won't tell anyone."

"I love Gabrielle," said Harry. "I wouldn't do that to her."

"But Daphne..."

"She's her cousin," said Harry. "She's married too, and it was less about me and more about her. She needed it."

"I need it too," said Amber, her voice low and sensual. "I'll make sure you leave happy." Her green eyes pleaded with him, and six weeks ago, he would have jumped at the offer. She was incredibly beautiful, and he could fuck her in any hole he chose, but he made a promise. More than that, he made a vow.

"With all due respect, I'll decline," said Harry. "I'm sure Chad would be more than willing to help." In the periphery of his vision, he caught a slight smile on Gabrielle's lips, and his heart skipped a beat.

"Darling, can you come over for a moment?" Gabrielle asked, pretending to have just woken up.

"Of course." Harry approached her chair and knelt down.

She kissed him and pulled him close. "You're an exceptionally good man. I love you," she whispered.

Harry smiled and kissed her again. "You make it easy for me, and I reciprocate your love."

Before him, a chair clicked, and he turned to see Bill stumbling over Amber, clearly hammered.

"I'll rub you with this lotion," said Bill, picking up Daphne's sunscreen. "Turn around," he muttered and swayed from side to side, looking at Amber. His slicked-back hair fell, revealing a bald spot on the crown of his head.

Fleur and Gabrielle sat up, watching him intently. Bill's stumbling alarmed Daphne, who woke up with a fresh look on her face.

Amber pulled her knees to her chest and covered herself with a towel. "No, thank you," she said with a terrified expression.

"Bill, stop it," said Fleur.

He squeezed a ridiculous amount of sunscreen onto his hand and stumbled toward Amber.

"Bill, no!" Fleur yelled.

Harry stood between Ron's brother and Amber, facing Bill. "Not here. Not now," he whispered and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Fuck off, Romeo," he scoffed, trying to break free as the lotion smeared on his shirt. "In the past week, I've fucked more pussies than you have in your entire life."

"Get out!" Fleur shouted, jumping up from her chair and pointing to the door. "Get the hell out. Do you hear me? Leave and don't come back."

Bill looked at Fleur. "You're a fucking whore. I'm done with you. I'm done with all of you." He swayed from side to side, wildly waving his finger at the sisters. Then he turned to Harry. "Get the fuck out of my apartment. You're not welcome here." Then he turned and stumbled across the pool deck and through the door.

Everyone watched in silence as Bill left. "I'll make sure he doesn't damage anything," said Chad.

"I'm sorry, Daphne. I shouldn't have been serving him drinks." Chad bolted through the house. "Is he stupid enough to get behind the wheel?" Daphne asked.

"I have the keys," said Fleur. "I'll call an Uber for him." Gabrielle chuckled. "Uber won't take him back home."

"He'll find a hotel and crash there," Fleur sighed. "Then he'll call me tonight or tomorrow with apologies."