

He grunted and exploded inside Gabrielle. With his gaze locked on Gabrielle's pale green irises, he kissed Tracey and drew her tongue between his lips. He engaged in a deliberate, slow rhythm with Gabrielle, reaching his climax deep inside her, and his cock ejaculated multiple times. His cock pulsed, spewing thick, hot loads of cum into his brunette lover and the potential mother of his future children. He shuddered and twitched one last time, emptying his second load of the night.

Gabrielle released her ankles from his and let go of their tight, three-way embrace. The trio shared kisses, exchanging brief, sweet touches as the warmth inside the van left them covered in a light sheen of glistening sweat.

Out of breath and exhausted, he withdrew from Gabrielle's pussy and sat on his knees, admiring the results he had created.

Cum still dripped from Tracey's pussy, running down Gabrielle's abdomen and mixing with the fluid now seeping from Gabrielle's well-used entrance.

His semi-flaccid cock glistened in the warm amber light, and cum dripped from his slit, pooling on the unconventional carpet beneath them. Gabrielle and Tracey separated and sat down, forming a tight circle with the whole trio, their bodies glowing. The girls radiated with the warmth of summer beauty, their sun-kissed skin adorned with fresh tan lines.

Harry Potter smiled, glancing between them. "That was amazing." He chuckled, and the girls joined him before they all huddled together, exchanging hugs and kisses.

"Hey, can you open the door? It's hotter than hell in here," Gabrielle requested.

"I have something better in mind," Harry replied, opening the back of the van. "Who's up for cooling off in the rain?"

They stepped out of the van and positioned themselves under the pouring rain, letting the accumulated heat escape under the wet downpour. Their naked bodies glistened with water, cascading down their hair. But at that moment, Harry felt truly alive. He embraced his little trio, pulling them into a tight hug, and they exchanged kisses before the excited girls jumped in puddles, their breasts bouncing, and their bare butts bouncing.

Something significant had changed between the three of them that night. They belonged to each other, and the past didn't matter. Harry was ready to do anything for them, even if it meant taking Fleur away from Ron's brother.

Under the scorching, humid August sun, rows of cornfields passed by on the rural road. The speedometer on Harry's bike showed twenty-three miles per hour, but the wind offered no respite. Emma Duncan held onto his rear wheel, riding in his slipstream, just as she had for the past two hours. The twenty-eight-year-old triathlete displayed an unwavering pursuit, and her physical fitness rivaled, if not surpassed, his own.

The pace they maintained was fast, perhaps too fast for an eighty-mile ride. It was Harry's first training session with Emma, and he was cautious not to push her too hard, especially in the heat. Nevertheless, Emma appeared strong, keeping up with him no matter how fast he went. Undoubtedly, she would pose a significant challenge in her age group, and he looked forward to her competition.

Regardless of Emma's peak fitness, heat was heat, and the temperature was rising.

Harry planned a break that he hoped Emma would appreciate.

They passed a farmhouse, a barn, and a field of cows. Deep in the heart of the farmland, heatwaves shimmered on the horizon, and potholes in the road simmered in the blazing

sun. The air was thick with humidity, and the distant drone of cicadas echoed, fading only to return to full volume, an endless refrain.

The rhythmic hum of bicycle wheels on the road intertwined with Harry's labored breath. Sweat dripped from his nose, and ahead of them, a stop sign appeared.

Harry signaled Emma to stop, and they halted on a relatively deserted stretch of road. Emma pulled up beside him, and both took a moment to hydrate. Then Harry turned to her.

Even in her blue and white cycling outfit, Emma Duncan had an extraordinary figure. With long, slender legs, a slim waist, and firm breasts, she was the epitome of athleticism. Her long brown hair, tied in a ponytail, peeked out from under her bike helmet. Despite black sunglasses hiding her hazel eyes, her full pink lips and upturned nose remained visible. She was truly stunning.

Although Harry felt guilty about being alone with such a captivating beauty, he reminded himself that Emma was Fleur's closest friend, and they had agreed to train together. Furthermore, Tracey and Gabrielle knew about their secluded spot. Besides, Emma was engaged, though she wasn't wearing the ring that day.

Seven years older than Harry, Emma was on the brink of achieving full MILF status. Harry wasn't privy to her relationship with her fiancé, Louis, but the prospect of children and marriage likely weighed on her mind.

"How's the pace?" Harry asked. "Too fast or too slow?"

Emma shook her head. "It's just right. I can keep up for a while."

"Perfect," Harry smiled. "If you feel like cooling off, I know a fantastic spot up ahead."

Emma's smile widened, revealing her perfect white teeth. "What's the plan?"

"It's a surprise," Harry said. "But if I show you, you have to promise not to tell."

Emma laughed. "Now I'm intrigued. Lead the way, Harry."

They pedaled another quarter mile until a narrow dirt path appeared on their right.

"Be careful," Harry warned, veering onto the path and stopping amidst a sea of tall grass.

Emma followed in his tracks, dismounting carefully behind him. "You're not a serial killer, are you?" she joked, laughing nervously.

Harry agreed. "You've discovered my secret. I hide axes in tall grass, and my victims never see it coming." He removed his helmet and secured it to his bike, mimicking Emma's actions. "But seriously, I think you'll love this place."

With her brown hair tied in a ponytail, Emma's hazel eyes glistened in the intense sun as she squinted. "So, what's the big discovery?"

"We're almost there," Harry replied, pointing to the narrow path leading to a cluster of massive oaks, maples, and sycamores. He walked ahead, pushing his bike alongside, and Emma followed closely behind.

Tall grasses surrounded the area, and there were almost no farms in sight. The place seemed almost nonexistent, adding to its charm.

Once they reached the shelter of the trees, Harry Potter leaned his bike against a mighty oak. "We can leave our bikes here," he said with a smile. He took off his cycling shoes.

"We won't need them where we're going."

Emma giggled and parked her bike next to his, removing her cycling gloves and taking off her shoes, leaving her socks on. "Is this a pond?"

"A bit more than that," Harry replied, grinning. "Come with me."

The ground was a mix of soft soil and dried leaves, making it easy to reach the edge of the tree line. As they stepped out of the shade, the hazy sunlight hit Harry like a sledgehammer. He stopped, waiting for Emma's reaction.

She gasped, her jaw dropping, and her eyes widened. "Oh my God. What is this place?" "An abandoned quarry," Harry answered. The quarry's edge was lined with wide stones, surrounded by tall trees. The quarry was at least fifty meters long and wide. The water was crystal clear and as deep as it was transparent, with its surface just ten feet below the rocky ledge they stood on. On one side of the quarry, wide, flat stones created natural steps leading from the quarry back to their bikes.

"How did you discover this?" Emma inquired.

"I'm a map enthusiast," Harry explained. "I found it on old maps while planning my route. It's my regular pit stop halfway through, regardless of the distance. The water comes from a spring and remains cool throughout the summer."

Emma gazed at him with admiration in her eyes. "I can't wait to dive in." She unzipped the front of her cycling jersey, revealing the skin underneath. "The last one's a rotten egg." She smiled, her eyes adorably squinting. She took off her shirt, exposing her bare breasts – full and firm, crowned with pink areolas and perfect nipples.

Harry's stomach dropped, and his jaw practically hit the ground. Despite the heat, his cheeks flushed. "Shall we go for a swim?"

Emma's breasts playfully bounced as she removed her cycling shorts. "It's just skin," she said familiarly to Harry. "You've seen Tracey and Gabrielle without clothes. Besides, I don't want my gear to get wet and cause chafing." She removed her shorts, revealing a shaved pussy with a subtle cleft between her firm, strong thighs. Her butt rivaled Tracey's in perfection, tall and compact, comfortably fitting in one's hand.

Harry stared, astonished by her incredible silhouette. His cock twitched involuntarily. If he had felt guilty before, now he teetered on the edge of betrayal.

"Come on, Harry. You won't leave me here alone, will you? It's just us. No one's watching," Emma reminded him.

"You're engaged," he reminded her.

Emma shrugged. "We're young and single. Who cares? Besides, I won't tell Louis if you don't."

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay." He unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his muscular chest and six-pack.

Emma's hungry gaze traveled over his chest before returning to the clear bulge in his tight cycling shorts. Her hazel eyes sparkled with wolfish desire, and she licked her lips, arranging her clothes on the rock beside them.

Harry stepped out of his cycling shorts, and his semi-erect cock sprung free, plump and content.

As Emma's focus zeroed in on his swollen manhood, her eyes widened, and her lips parted. "Wow. Quite the package."

Harry's cheeks turned a deeper shade of red. "It's not usually... well-endowed like this. I'm a bit excited," he admitted. "I'm sorry. You're stunning. And your body... well..." He cleared his throat, his embarrassment evident. "It affects me."

Emma struck a playful pose, placing one hand on her hip and the other behind her head. "Thank you, kind sir. I've worked hard for this. Might as well flaunt it when I can." She glanced down at his cock. "But you might want to protect that big guy when we dive in."

"Definitely," Harry agreed with a sheepish grin. Emma's smile widened. Flashing pearly white teeth, she turned and leaped off the ledge, letting out a small scream before splashing into the water.

Harry grasped his cock in his hands and followed her lead, submerging himself in the water up to his ankles. The cool water enveloped him, soothing the heat that had soaked into his skin. When he resurfaced, sunbeams bathed his face, and Emma played nearby. "This is amazing!" she exclaimed, giggling and laughing as she stretched into a serene backstroke, her breasts buoyantly floating on the water's surface. Her nipples hardened, standing erect on her firm, round breasts.

Harry walked on the water, watching her swim gracefully. The water gave him a refreshing respite. "You see why I make this stop."

"From now on, we'll do this on every ride," Emma declared. "I've fallen in love with it." She straightened up, walking on the water and smiling at him. "And don't even think about bringing swimwear," she warned with a smile. "You have a fantastic body, Harry Potter. No reason to hide it."

"Except for the fact that you can't tell your fiancé about our little adventure," Harry asked. Emma's smoldering hazel eyes met his above the water. "He's a bit prudish."

"If he knew I had just seen every square inch of his fiancée's taut body, I'm sure I can guess how he'd react," Harry Potter remarked.

"Do you think I have a taut body?" Emma smiled with satisfaction, squeezing her breasts in her hands.