

His heart pounded so hard he couldn't bear it. He had to tell her. It was better to express his feelings clearly than to dance around the subject. "We'd have so much sex that we wouldn't even make it to the lake," he said, looking straight into her mesmerizing blue eyes. "I desire you... so much. For years."

Fleur's lips curved into a thin smile, and she moved closer, running her hands over his neck and wrapping her index finger around his short hair. "What would Gabrielle say? Or Tracey?"

"Before or after they joined us?" he asked.

Her eyes flashed with desire, and her breath quickened. "Don't play with me like this."

"I'm not playing." He reached out with trembling hands and ran his fingers over her taut tendons. She offered no resistance.

Fleur leaned in closer, her body warmth radiating onto his chest. "I would like to..."

"What?" he asked, daring to run his hands over her cheeks before gently squeezing them. His cock throbbed, writhing in his shorts like a snake. "Your body is amazing."

"Harry, we can't do this." She bit her lower lip, her expression pained.

"We can, if you allow it," he said.

"I can't until I break up with Bill. I'm not a cheater."

"Then break up with him," Harry said.

"It's not that simple," Fleur said. "We have a history together."

"Did you hear me? I want you," he said, laying his cards on the table. "I've wanted you forever, and you know it."

She smiled sweetly and ran her fingers through his hair. "I know you know. I want you too. But it's not right." He sighed and nodded. "Gabrielle and Tracey are in on this. You know that, right?"

Fleur nodded. "Gabrielle told me."

"So what's next?" he asked. "Bill doesn't deserve you. Be with me instead."

"Let's get through the weekend, and then we'll come up with a plan. Okay?"

He stood, towering over her, gazing at her beautiful face and mature red lips. "I'll wait forever if I have to. But I can't promise I won't touch you." He squeezed her ass and pulled her closer.

Fleur smiled, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed him softly on the lips. "I'm not asking you to wait forever. I promise."

Gabrielle and Harry woke up early and embarked on a two-hour journey to Bob Longbottom's lakefront estate. From the outside, it looked modest, but any concept of modesty flew out the window as soon as they stepped inside.

Daphne greeted them wearing a loose white tunic, her hair tied up in a tight ponytail. "I was beginning to wonder if you got lost," she said, glancing between Gabrielle and him. "Hurry up. Everyone's by the lake. Bob wants to take everyone out on his stupid sailboat."

"Sorry," Gabrielle said, walking through the door. "Harry and I got separated in the city."

They hung on to their morning sex, but Harry wasn't foolish enough to talk about it. "Traffic was terrible. But we're here now."

Despite her bitchy face, Daphne Longbottom-Greengrass was a real MILF. Underneath the white shirt, she wore a dark bikini, and when she turned her icy blue eyes on him, he melted under her intense gaze. He already knew she had a great body and couldn't wait to see it again once she shed that cover-up.

But then Daphne surprised him. Her face softened, and she smiled. "I'm glad you're here." She leaned down and planted a sisterly kiss on his cheek before turning to Gabrielle. "Bob went crazy. She's been asking about you all morning."

"Where is she?" Gabrielle asked, glancing at the older cousin.

Daphne rolled her eyes. "On the boat. Come on. I've got the fridge stocked, and cocktails are waiting."

"Sounds great," Harry said, hauling their luggage inside.

"Leave your bags and follow me," Daphne said.

Harry tossed the bags onto the rich wood, and Daphne surprised him again when she took his hand and led him down the stairs. He glanced quickly over his shoulder at Gabrielle, and she shrugged, not suppressing a grin that stretched from ear to ear.

She led them down the stairs and through the house. The lake-facing part of the house was entirely glass, with a massive room overlooking the lake. Massive stone fireplace, plush leather furniture, big-screen TVs, fully stocked bar, and state-of-the-art kitchen were just some of the features of the modern lake house interior.

Daphne led them through the empty kitchen, past the family room, and out onto the massive, multi-level terrace connected by a series of stairs, bridges, and pathways.

Before them was a large, rectangular pool with a dozen loungers, tables, an open bar, and two stainless steel grills. Outside, there was a fireplace and a TV, as well as a hot tub and hidden speakers playing the latest hits. Massive trees dominated the space on either side of the estate, while bright summer flowers, shrubs, and smaller trees filled the spaces between the decks. Overlooking the lake was a gigantic boat with loungers on top, along with a diving board and an outdoor slide. In one of the slips was a pontoon boat, a motorboat appeared under the hangar, and the last slip housed a sailboat full of people.

"Fleur, this place is insane," Gabrielle said, taking it all in. "Bob must love coming here."

"Oh, she loves it," Daphne said, still holding his hand. "We've been here most of the summer. Come. I'll show you around later." Daphne led him by the hand towards the stairs, which ended at the slip.

On the boat, he noticed Fleur holding Bob in her arms and pointing towards the house. He spotted silver-haired Bob in the captain's nest, next to whom sat Bill in white shorts and a short-sleeved white shirt, sipping on a cocktail. He looked more prepared for a golf course than a day spent on the lake.

There were two other people on the boat whom he didn't recognize. The first was a blond man in his twenties, and the second was a young redhead woman, also in her twenties, dressed in a red bikini with a body that refused to quit. "Who are the other two?" he asked.

Gabrielle furrowed her brow. "I don't know."

"The girl is Amber Longbottom, Bob's granddaughter from his first marriage, and her boyfriend Chad."

"Handsome blond named Chad? Really?" he asked, chuckling slightly.

Daphne glanced back at him over her shoulder. "I know, right? He's more than a bit full of himself, which makes him even more fitting." She squeezed his hand tighter as she led them down the last few steps and only let go when they reached the boat.

"Gabrielle!" Bob shouted, trying to wriggle out of Fleur's embrace.

"Hold on, sweetie," Gabrielle said, climbing onto the boat before wresting Bob from Fleur's arms. Gabrielle wore a white bikini top with a pair of denim shorts, and underneath, matching white bottoms. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and dark sunglasses made her look like a celebrity incognito. The swimsuit perfectly accentuated her honey-colored skin, and her toned, slim body caught Chad's eye as he sat near the captain's nest with Bob and Bill.

Chad glanced over his sunglasses, looking down at Gabrielle, who was lifting Bob in her arms. He didn't even try to hide his lustful gaze and didn't pay it any mind as he followed Daphne onto the boat. Damn, who could blame him? Gabrielle was every inch a stunner, and then some. Unlike the sleek captains in the chairs on Bob's sailboat, he wore a gray shirt he got from a triathlon, black loose swim trunks, a Cubs cap, and a pair of flip-flops.

Bob returned to Gabrielle's arms, and the little girl hugged her aunt tightly, squeezing her with all her might. "I missed you."

Gabrielle said and kissed her niece on the cheek. "I missed you too, pudding."

Bob giggled. "I'm not pudding. You're my pudding," she said to Gabrielle.

"Hi, Harry," Fleur said before leaning in and hugging him sisterly.

Like Daphne, Fleur wore a white tunic, under which he noticed black polka dots. He furrowed his brow but didn't comment. Why did she decide on a bikini that looked like something from the fifties? "Hey, Fleur." He glanced at her, but Fleur didn't want to meet his eyes. Something had happened since their last conversation.

"How was the trip?" Fleur asked.

Was she asking about my damn ride? Did we regress to small talk? What's next, the weather?

"Long," he said, looking at her, but she averted her gaze. His annoyed tone sounded loud and clear, and he immediately regretted playing the jerk. "But since we're here now. Let's have some fun." He softened his tone and brightened his smile.

Fleur looked at him, relaxing her arms. "Harry, I..."

"Hi," a feminine voice interrupted Fleur from behind him.

He turned around and saw the stunning redhead Amber Longbottom standing before him, dressed in a red bikini. Her creamy cleavage peeked out from the top, and her shiny, long hair fluttered in the wind, strands dancing around her mature pink lips and button nose. She wore dark sunglasses that hid her eyes, but up close, she was even hotter than from afar.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Harry."

She pushed her sunglasses up onto her head and looked at him with bright green eyes. "Nice to meet you, Harry. I'm Amber." She extended her hand, and they shook hands, and he felt Gabrielle's stare drilling a hole in Amber's forehead.

Though Gabrielle and Tracey had formed a close bond, it didn't make Gabrielle any less jealous of women outside her circle. Amber definitely didn't fall into that category.

Amber smiled shyly and bit her lower lip, maintaining intense eye contact with him and ignoring Gabrielle.

Gabrielle approached him, still holding Bob. "Hi. I'm Gabrielle, Harry's girl."

Amber broke away from him and looked at Gabrielle. "Nice to meet you. You're a lucky one." Her gaze returned to him, and she smiled, making her flirtation obvious.

"Oh, I know I am," Gabrielle said, protective, slipping her arm into his.

He wrapped his arm around Gabrielle's waist and gently patted her firm behind, giving her reassurance.

"Who do we have here?" a male voice called from the stairs leading to the captain's nest. They turned to see Chad smiling at Gabrielle with his million-dollar smile.

With a strong jaw, straight white teeth, and hair that looked like snow, Chad was... well, Chad. He was an alpha male, and now his gaze landed on Gabrielle.

But grandpa trained him well. Don't show jealousy. It only feeds the hunter. He was more than confident in Gabrielle's feelings for him. He knew how much she loved him and what connected them. The days when Gabrielle chased after jerks like Chad were dead and buried.