

She gripped his shoulders, planting a tender kiss on his neck before nestling into his ear, wiping away her tears. "There's room for both of us in your heart."

"I wouldn't want it any other way," he said, kissing her on the forehead. "Even if it feels like I'm robbing the cradle."

Tracey laughed and kissed him again, this time more passionately. Her lips parted as their tongues entwined.

"Get a room!" shouted a woman from behind. They turned to see Gabrielle standing there with a tray of beers in her hands and a mischievous smile on her face. "Take these. They're heavy."

Tracey got up, grabbed two beers, and handed him one. Harry spread his legs and patted the ground.

"Take a seat; the drummers are starting."

Tracey settled between his legs, leaning against his chest while he casually wrapped his arm around her, sipping on his beer. Gabrielle took a seat beside him. "Cheers."

They raised their cups, clinking them together before taking a sip.

"Did you tell him?" Gabrielle asked, looking at Tracey. Tracey glanced at Harry and smiled. "Yes, I told him I love him."

"Thank Merlin. Can we just enjoy ourselves now?" Gabrielle said, tilting her beer back. Harry wrapped his arm around Gabrielle and pulled her close, kissing her deeply as the marching band passed by.

As the sun began to set, they continued their journey along the coast, stopping at their own whim and lingering whenever they pleased. Along the way, they visited a roadside farmers' market, a small winery, and bought firewood, snacks, and provisions for their next destination. It was undoubtedly the best day of his life, a moment he wished would never end. The prospect that their lives could be filled with such extraordinary experiences and unique adventures filled him with joy.

Harry parked the van beneath a cluster of maple trees to bask in the soothing shade. Before them stretched sandy dunes spilling onto the ocean's shore, its waters shimmering in the fading light.

In the final hours of the day, they played in the cool, crystalline waters, washing away the heat of the day and the hours spent on the road. Laughter and refreshing swims rejuvenated their spirits. Though soaked, they emerged from the water with smiles, and before them lay a strip of sandy beach more reminiscent of South Carolina than Central Michigan.

However, the chilly northern wind reminded them of the reality, and as daylight waned, the allure of a campfire grew stronger.

"Who's up for a bonfire?" Harry suggested.

The girls, dressed in skimpy bikinis, shivered and drew closer to him.

"Absolutely," Gabrielle agreed, wrapping her arm around him. "Warm us up."

"Oui," Tracey added, her teeth chattering from the cold. She clung to his waist, her body pressing against his. Her ample breasts nestled against his chest, creating an enticing valley of creamy cleavage.

His swim trunks shifted uncomfortably as he embraced them both around the waist.

Naming both his girls without stirring jealousy had remained an amusing challenge.

Navigating the monogamous world with a trio like them promised both intrigue and

obstacles, and he eagerly anticipated Ron's reaction when he kissed Tracey in front of him.

They walked onto the beach, reaching the van and the winding path through the dunes. The girls grabbed towels and settled into folding chairs near the campfire.

Tracey tucked her legs beneath her, wrapping a towel around her petite frame, mimicking Gabrielle. Their gazes followed Harry as he brought firewood from the van, drying off in the open air before carefully arranging the wood. Their appreciative eyes followed his sculpted chest and toned abdominal muscles, exchanging glances that conveyed mutual excitement, warming their chilled faces.

Harry had not fully adjusted to his contemporary physique. Just three years ago, he had a middle-aged belly and was on a trajectory to be diagnosed as obese by a doctor.

However, an honest conversation with his grandfather had initiated a journey of self-discovery, unleashing an evolution that would forever change his life.

The weight of their intense gazes became more tangible as he doused the wood with lighter fluid and struck a match.

Whoosh.

Flames roared from the woodpile, casting a warm glow on his chiseled muscles and rugged face. His fitness routine had led to a transformation in his eating habits, a key factor in shedding fat and revealing hard-earned muscles. People who knew the old Harry struggled to recognize him; he even had to show his scars to confirm his identity. Facial recognition software treated his past and present as separate individuals.

His grandfather's influence had set Harry on a path of physical revitalization, and he suspected it also encompassed emotional and mental rejuvenation. It was about confidence and so much more. As he gazed through the fire at his stunning girls, he realized they represented another phase in his evolution. Gabrielle and Tracey signified he was shedding the baggage of childhood and stepping into full-fledged adulthood. They affirmed that his life choices had sculpted him into a better person, both inside and out; there was nothing better than them.

The dancing flames illuminated their flawless faces, meeting with raw, smoldering desire in their eyes.

"Better?" he asked, his gaze shifting between them.

"Much better," Gabrielle replied sweetly. "Thank you, darling. Join us," Tracey invited, patting the chair next to her. "We need to talk."

A knot twisted in his stomach. These were words nobody wanted to hear. But Tracey's gentle tone made him nervous in a good way. They had climbed this mountain together, and this was the peak. Their defining moment had finally arrived, and he wasn't sure if he had the courage to handle it. Both women were incredibly beautiful, and just a few weeks ago, even speaking to either of them had made his head spin with anxiety. Now, he stood at the precipice of greatness. He couldn't mess this up.

"Uh-oh," he joked. "That sounds serious."

"Oui," Tracey confirmed, exchanging a glance with Gabrielle. "It is. It's about boundaries," Gabrielle explained. "We want to make sure no one gets hurt."

Adrenaline surged, and he circled the fire, his legs momentarily trembling. He settled into a chair between them and noticed the girls were gripping their towels tightly, their gazes locked on each other. Their eyes were conveying something he hadn't deciphered yet.

"Why do I feel like I'm out of the loop?" he asked. Tracey took one of his hands, and Gabrielle took the other.

"You start," Tracey requested, looking at Gabrielle. Gabrielle sighed. "Tracey and I were talking about... well, about us."

"Okay," he said. "Should I be worried?" They both squeezed his hands. Tracey smiled, and Gabrielle shook her head.

"We both love you," Gabrielle said. "And we both want to be with you." She glanced at Tracey.

"But we also love each other," Tracey added. "Though not in the same way we love you." Perplexed, he furrowed his brow. "Explain."

"I feel a deep connection with Tracey," Gabrielle explained. "It's not entirely sisterly because it has both emotional and physical elements. If we had to choose, each of us would choose you."

"I see," he said, swallowing hard, a lump forming in his throat. "So, it's about sharing?" Tracey entwined her fingers with his and squeezed gently. "It's about ensuring that no one gets hurt."

"Harry, for our relationship with you to succeed, it requires complete honesty," Gabrielle emphasized.

As night fell and the sun dipped below the horizon, twilight enveloped them. Above, thin clouds obscured the stars.

"All right," he confirmed. "I promise. I've never lied to you, and I never will."

"And when the time comes to expand our family, we'll all have a say," Tracey added. Immediately, his thoughts turned to Fleur. "Are you talking about someone specific?" he asked. "Or is this just a theory?"

"It's about Fleur," Gabrielle confirmed. "We want you to introduce her into our family." Gabrielle closed her eyes, allowing the gravity of her words to sink in.

They were family. Just the thought warmed his heart. He turned to Tracey. "Do you feel the same way?"

Tracey nodded. "I don't know her well, but I trust Gabrielle."

Taking a deep breath, he admitted, "Easier said than done. She's Ron's sister."

"We don't have to resolve that now," Gabrielle reassured. "It's about setting expectations."

Tracey added, "Including spending one-on-one time with you. While we love our trio, there are moments when we'd like to have you all to ourselves, including sleeping together without anyone else." Gabrielle confirmed, "No jealousy or betrayal." "Just love," Tracey added, smiling at Gabrielle.

"In exchange for our unwavering affection, we only ask that you remain faithful to us," Tracey assured. "And you can expect the same from us," she added. "No more wandering in the world of dating for any of us."

Harry had struck gold with these fiery ladies. There was no point in sowing seeds elsewhere. "All right," he agreed.

"For this to work, we need to treat our bond as sacred," Gabrielle stated. "It's not the norm, so we're improvising a bit here. If you have any thoughts or ideas, please share." They both focused on him, waiting for his response. The fire crackled, sending sparks into the air, and the scent of the campfire mixed with the damp breeze. Thick clouds loomed beneath a thin layer of clouds, and the air hinted at rain.

"First off, I agree with everything. I love both of you fully and equally. I will never consciously disregard either of you. Is it too early to discuss marriage and children? If it is—"

"No," Tracey interjected. "That's an important question we've already talked about."

"As long as there's no compelling reason, we don't foresee legal marriage," Gabrielle explained.

"But that doesn't mean we're ruling out marriage," Tracey clarified.

"Decisions regarding children are individual choices between you and each of us," Gabrielle added.

Harry nodded. "Okay, I can live with that. What's next?"

Thunder rumbled, and the heavens unleashed a downpour. Sheets of rain poured, and the campfire sizzled as the flames dwindled.

"The van," he commanded. "Now."

Giggles and laughter filled the air as everyone jumped into the back of the van, quickly shutting the doors behind them. Rain pounded on the metal roof, and he switched on a nearby lamp, casting a warm glow over the compact yet cozy space. Rainwater glistened on Tracey and Gabrielle's bikini-clad bodies, their chests rising and falling from their exhilarating run. The three of them exchanged hungry glances, and it didn't take a genius to understand their desires.

Blonde locks clung to Tracey's chest, and strands of hair stuck to her cheeks and forehead. Gabrielle's lips glistened with moisture, and her emerald eyes burned with unrestrained desire.

His erection strained against his swim trunks, and he wet his lips as his heart raced, and his mind raced with impatience. Stepping forward, the girls closed the gap, Tracey on one side and Gabrielle on the other.

Tracey tugged at the string of his swim trunks, lifting them slightly, while Gabrielle drew him into a passionate kiss with her tongue. His cock stiffened, pressing against the fabric of his trunks, and as Tracey loosened the waistband, they slid down, catching on his rigid length.

Tracey reached for a strap, and the right side of her bikini top dropped, resting on the curve of her creamy breast. Instinctively, he grasped her delicate breast, squeezing it with his fingers as her nipple hardened beneath his touch.