

Indecent Proposal

Chapter 10

Outside the manor, Harry's pool glittered under the summer sun. The water was clear, blue, and refreshingly cold. Daphne floated on her back with her body stretched out, and her white bikini practically blended in with her pale skin. Harry watched her from the edge of the pool with a smile on his handsome face. His arms were draped over the lip of the pool, and his chin was tilted up to catch every ray. He thought she looked like a goddess, but he wasn't going to tell her that. He didn't want her getting a big head.

"You look like a slutty mermaid," he called out with a cheeky smirk.

Daphne kicked water at him, sending a splash into his face. "And you look like an idiot, Potter," she said, but she flashed him a flirty grin as she spun and did a lazy breaststroke back to him. When she reached the edge, she spread her arms on either side of his shoulders and floated up close. Her thighs brushed his under the water, and she lingered there, smirking in the golden light.

They had the pool to themselves, or so they thought. It was rare these days to get a quiet minute at the Harry Potter estate. Daphne wished that she had been a little harder on Astoria and told her to kick sand when she asked to stay. Sadly, she had always been the responsible one. But today, it was supposed to be just Harry and Daphne, baking in the sun and lazing about with no one to bother them.

That illusion shattered when Astoria Greengrass sauntered out from the French doors, wearing a black bikini so tiny it might as well have been painted on. She walked barefoot across the flagstones with a white, fluffy towel draped over her arm. Her delicious hips swayed as she moved, and her raven hair shimmered in the sun.

Daphne sat up straight, scowling at her entrance. "Oh, no," she muttered. "What are you doing here?"

Astoria didn't answer right away. She set her towel on a lounge chair, stretched with both arms raised over her head, and then sauntered to the pool's edge. The movement pulled her bikini top even tighter across her bust, and the effect was immediate. Harry's gaze, which had been fixed on Daphne, flicked to Astoria's chest and stayed there.

Astoria smiled, delighted to have an audience. "I thought you two might be lonely," she said in an annoyingly sweet voice. "And I haven't had a proper swim in ages. You don't mind if I join, do you?"

Daphne rolled her eyes so hard Harry feared she'd never get them back to normal. "It's a big pool," she said. "Just stay on your side."

Astoria stepped to the pool's edge. She posed sexily for a split second, then dove in with a neat, practiced dive. Her body was a streak of white and black beneath the water, and when she surfaced with her hair slicked back, she flicked a spray of droplets at Harry and Daphne. The bikini top had shifted, exposing a dangerous amount of underboob.

Harry tried not to stare, but failed. Daphne noticed and jabbed him with a sharp elbow. "Control yourself," she said with an annoyed glare.

Astoria swam right up to them, planted herself on Harry's other side, and looped her arm through his. Harry smiled happily as the two gorgeous women pressed up against him. Harry felt like a king, or maybe a slab of Grade A meat in a very posh butcher shop.

He glanced from one to the other, watching the rivalry spark and flare. Astoria's lips playfully curled up in a challenging manner. "Daph, you really should try a darker bikini," she said. Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "White makes you look even more washed out."

Daphne gritted her teeth. "At least I don't have to stuff mine with tissue paper."

Astoria reached up and tugged on her own bikini top, adjusting her tits with a flourish. "I'm all natural," she said. "Some of us don't need enhancements."

Harry tried to keep his expression neutral, but he was already losing it. The two of them had always been competitive, and with him in the middle, he knew exactly how this was going to go. Harry couldn't wait.

Astoria upped the ante by sliding so close to him that her thigh pressed against his under the water. She leaned in, and her lips almost brushed his ear. "You should see what they look like in the sun when they're all wet," she whispered, loud enough for Daphne to hear.

Daphne's glare could have started a fire. She turned to Harry and looped both arms around his bicep, hugging it to her breasts. "Ignore her," she said. "She just wants attention."

Harry was about to respond when Astoria ducked down so only her head was above the water's surface. When Astoria's body surfaced from under the water, her bikini top was now untied and clinging only by the thinnest straps. She flipped her hair back and tugged the bikini top from her chest. Her breasts were bared for all to see. They were perky, pale, and perfect.

Daphne blinked a few times, not trusting her eyes. "Are you fucking serious?"

Astoria grinned mischievously. "It's a private swimming pool. Who cares?"

Harry was still staring with his mouth slightly open. Astoria's nipples were pale pink and hard from the cold water. She had silver piercings through the stiff, crinkled tips, and they caught the

sunlight dazzlingly. He tried to look back at Daphne, but she caught his chin and turned his face back.

“Don’t they look awesome?” she teased, bouncing slightly for effect.

Daphne huffed, but she wasn’t about to be outdone. She reached behind herself and, with a tug of the string, untied her own bikini top. It fell into the water and floated away on the rippling surface. She let her breasts hang free and bounce around. They were larger than Astoria’s, just as perky, and topped with stiff, light pink nipples. Daphne slightly shook her chest to really show them off.

Harry was having the time of his life. The girls locked eyes, each daring the other to escalate. Astoria ran her hands over her nipples, circling the piercings and shivering theatrically. Daphne arched her back, cupped her breasts, and pushed them together.

Astoria rolled onto her back and floated, letting her breasts bob above the water. “You do realize you’re going to lose this, right?” she said.

Daphne scoffed. “You wish.”

To prove her point, she straddled Harry’s thigh and started teasingly playing with his hair. Of course, this was an excuse to have her hard nipple “accidentally” brush against his lips. Daphne squealed happily when his lips latched on. Daphne shuddered overdramatically and looked over at Astoria with a smirk. Astoria glared. She wasn’t having any of that.

Astoria didn’t just take the provocation as a challenge. She took it as an invitation to ramp things up. She surged forward in the water, and her pale, perfect breasts left ripples as she glided up beside Harry. Her lips curled into a cheeky grin. Without hesitating, she maneuvered herself so that she straddled Harry’s other thigh. Her body pressed close, and her nipples were level with his mouth. She cupped one breast in her hand, kneaded it shamelessly, and guided the nipple to Harry’s lips. She looked straight at Daphne, daring her to object.

Harry’s brain might have temporarily gone blank, but his instincts took over. He opened his mouth and took Astoria’s nipple between his lips, sucking on it with an enthusiasm that made Astoria squeal and arch her back. Her hands knotted in his wet hair, and she ground herself against his thigh. Her tiny bikini bottom slipped aside, and she was now sliding her wet pussy along his bare skin. Daphne watched all of this with an expression of pure annoyance, but instead of backing down, she doubled down.

Daphne tugged Harry’s head away from Astoria’s breast, and her fingers curled possessively around the back of his head. She practically shoved her own tit into his mouth. “You’re with me,” she hissed. Her breath was ragged but triumphant. Harry latched onto her nipple, rolled it with his tongue, and bit gently. He felt the difference instantly. Daphne’s skin was softer, and her

breasts were bigger and heavier. Her nipple was a slightly darker pink, and it felt very hard against his tongue. Daphne moaned in victory, but Astoria wasn't giving up.

Astoria scooted closer, and her thighs squeezed Harry's leg so tight he could feel every tremor running through her. She pressed her breasts together and leaned in, so that her nipple was right next to Daphne's. It was a direct challenge. "Let's see which one he likes best," Astoria purred in a velvety soft voice. She rubbed her nipple against Daphne's, sending tiny shocks of pleasure through both of them.

Harry didn't know where to look, let alone where to start. He alternated between Daphne and Astoria, sucking and licking each nipple in turn. Sometimes he sucked on both at once. The women moaned, and their bodies clenched tight to his. Their pussies ground against him with building desperation. The pool water sloshed around them, but nothing could cool the heat between the three.

The whole thing felt like a contest that neither girl was willing to lose. Daphne's hands slid under the water and found Harry's waistband. She tugged at his swim trunks until she could wrap her fingers around his cock. She stroked him with expert jerks of her hand, showing Astoria that she was the one who would get Harry off, not her. Astoria, however, was undeterred. She grabbed his other hand and pulled it to her breast, urging him to squeeze and play with her nipple.

Harry surrendered to the chaos. He was surrounded by breasts, hands, and mouths, and every inch of his skin was tingling. Astoria shimmied on his thigh, rubbing her pussy against him so blatantly that he could feel her pussy lips spreading apart against his skin. Daphne bit her lip in concentration and started stroking him faster under the water, daring Astoria to top her performance.

Astoria responded by mashing her nipple back into his mouth, holding his face to her breast as she rocked against him. The sensation of her nipple ring and the taste of her skin drove Harry wild. He switched off, suckling Daphne's nipple and then Astoria's, letting both girls moan and writhe in competition.

The two girls locked eyes, and the air between them became charged and dangerous. For a moment, they forgot about Harry entirely, and their focus was entirely on outdoing each other. Daphne arched her back and let out a triumphant gasp when Harry latched onto her nipple, and Astoria hissed in frustration but redoubled her efforts. She ground against him hard, trying to get his attention back, and then she leaned in to flick her tongue over Daphne's nipple as well, making Daphne yelp in surprise.

Harry was overwhelmed, but in the best way possible. He had never imagined he'd be the object of a female rivalry this intense ... or this erotic. The two beauties pressed against him with their breasts mashed together, and their nipples brushed his lips in a constant parade of soft skin and hard tips. He felt himself getting close. His cock strained in Daphne's grip, and they knew that anyone close to Harry's property line could probably hear their moans.

Astoria had never been one for moderation, and she proved it by reaching beneath the water, shimmying her hips, and then slipping her bikini bottom down her legs under the surface. She kicked it away and let it float to the far side of the pool, leaving her completely nude except for the glinting metal in her nipples. Her pussy, which was shaved bare and slick with her juices, was now pressed flush against Harry's thigh. She ground herself on him with needy, desperate friction, making every movement count. Water lapped at her waist as she thrust her hips, and her breath came in ragged, desperate bursts.

Daphne, not to be outdone, yanked at the knot holding her own bikini bottom together. The ties gave way with a snap, and Harry caught the strip of fabric as it drifted off. He balled it in his fist and tossed it away before pulling Daphne closer until she was straddling his other thigh and pressed right against him. Now, both girls were naked from the waist down. Their bodies were gleaming wet and flushed from the heat of the sun and the cold of the water, and their tits glistened with droplets as they pressed up to Harry's chest. Daphne put both hands on his shoulders and practically climbed into his lap, sliding her pussy up and down the length of his thigh.

The contest was escalating. Harry could feel the tension buzzing between the girls. Astoria was biting her lower lip and staring at Daphne with a challenge in her eyes, while Daphne held Harry's gaze, unblinking and determined to win. Each girl was determined to fuck him better, harder, or deeper than the other. Their rivalry had gone beyond anything they had planned on.

Harry gave himself over to the moment. He reached down under the water. One hand found the curve of Astoria's ass, and the other slid to cup Daphne's. Both girls had perfect, tight asses. Daphne's was slightly softer and rounder, while Astoria's was smaller but more muscled and toned. Harry squeezed, and the girls both whimpered in appreciation. He let his fingers glide lower, slipping between their ass cheeks. He searched for the tight, puckered holes he knew would make them squirm.

The water made everything slick, so his fingers glided easily over the tight, wrinkled skin of Astoria's asshole. Harry's fingers then found Daphne's. He pressed lightly, circling each with the tips of his fingers. He loved the way each girl clenched up in anticipation. Astoria's eyes widened, and Daphne shivered and gasped. The sensation was enough to distract them from their jealousy, if only for a second. But then Astoria doubled down and angled her hips to grind not just her pussy but her entire body against Harry. Her tits mashed up against his bicep, and her lips found his ear. "Go on," she moaned in a hot, breathless voice. "Touch me there."

Daphne wouldn't let herself be left behind. She snaked her own hand down and guided Harry's finger harder against the tight ring of her asshole. "You can do both at once, can't you?" she asked with a shuddering voice. She was trembling a little, but Harry could feel how wet she was. Her pussy was leaking all over his thigh.

Harry accepted the challenge. He slipped a finger into Astoria's ass, moving slowly and carefully, and she bucked and let out a moan so loud it echoed through the sky. At the same time, he pressed a finger into Daphne's, feeling the tight resistance give way to warmth and pressure. Daphne gasped, then bit his shoulder to stifle her sounds. Harry worked his fingers into both girls, using a twisting, piston motion that made their bodies jump and writhe. He could feel their pussies flutter against his thigh whenever he hit the right spot.

The air was now thick with the sound of sloshing water, gasps, and moans. Astoria's entire body was vibrating, and she wrapped her legs around Harry's waist, using the leverage to grind her clit against his hip bone. Daphne squeezed her eyes shut and gripped Harry's arm so hard her knuckles went white, but she kept rolling her hips, working her pussy up and down his leg with desperation. Every time Harry wiggled his fingers, both girls moaned. Their faces were flushed and desperate.

Astoria reached out and grabbed Daphne by the back of the neck, yanking her forward so their faces were almost touching. "You're not going to win," Astoria spat, but her voice was shaky with pleasure.

Daphne knew she had to take things up a level if she wanted to impress Harry, so she kissed her. It was rough and hungry, but it didn't last long. It was more to make a point. Both girls pulled away, panting, and then turned back to Harry. It was clear the contest wasn't just with each other. It was for him, too, and he reveled in it. He twisted his fingers deeper, and both girls arched their backs and cried out loud.

He pulled them both in tight, mashing their torsos together so their tits squashed and their nipples grazed each other. The sensation made both girls shudder, and their hands clung to his arms, shoulders, and anything they could grab. Harry kissed Astoria deeply, then broke away to kiss Daphne. She bit his lip, sucked on his tongue, and moaned into his mouth as he fingered her asshole.

Harry increased the pace, finger-fucking their assholes in time with each other. He could feel their internal muscles quiver and spasm around him. He slid his finger deeper into Daphne, and she whimpered. Astoria, not to be beaten, begged for more. "Harder!"

The three of them were a twisted mess of limbs, and every inch of Harry was surrounded by feminine flesh. He felt himself getting impossibly close. His cock was straining so hard it throbbed under the water.

Daphne had her hand wrapped around his cock again, stroking him under the surface. Astoria clawed at his chest, then grabbed Daphne's breast and twisted the nipple, making her rival shriek. It was mayhem, and it was perfect.

Then it happened all at once. Both girls tensed, and their bodies went rigid. They clung to Harry and dug their nails into his skin. Their hips bucked, and their pussies leaked against his thighs.

Astoria's head dropped back, and she screamed as she came. Her asshole spasmed around his finger. Daphne crushed her face against Harry's neck and bit down, moaning so deep it vibrated through his skin. Her asshole clenched, and her whole pelvis shuddered. Harry felt her orgasm rip right through her.

For a moment, everything became still. The only sounds were labored breathing and the gentle lapping of water as the girls slumped against Harry, drained but triumphant. Harry withdrew his fingers gently, and the girls whimpered in oversensitive pleasure. He squeezed their asses one more time and pulled them close, and his lips brushed each of theirs.

"Let's take this to the bedroom," Harry said in a gravelly, lustful voice. He could barely believe they had taken things so far, but he wasn't about to let the challenge end here.

Both girls looked at each other with flushed cheeks. Their eyes were wide with post-orgasmic clarity and the sudden realization of what they'd unleashed. For the first time, they seemed to question whether they could keep up with Harry's hunger. For a second, they both blushed and averted their eyes, as if they'd just realized how naked and exposed they really were. Maybe, in their competition, they'd bitten off more than they could chew.