

The Count

Chapter 7

George Weasley sighed as he looked at the bill that he had received for the twenty kilos of powdered Gillyweed. It was over five times more than he used to pay over a year ago. The Gillyweed wasn't alone either. Many of the ingredients that he used to make his famed Weasley Wizarding Wheezes products had skyrocketed in the last month or so. This put him and his business in a bad way.

To pay the exorbitant bills, he obviously had to raise prices on his products. There was a problem with this, however. His main customers were children, and children didn't usually have a ton of money to spend. Since he raised his prices, his business had dropped significantly. So much so that he may end up having to shut it down. Looking over his shoulder, he saw his twin asleep on a cot in the corner of their office. George shook his head.

Fred had developed a bit of a drinking problem after their business really took off. For once, they had plenty of money to spend on extravagances and excesses. Fred's choice was to party hard, both day and night. At first, it wasn't much of a problem, if you didn't count the occasional hangover. However, his drinking had eventually gotten out of hand, ending with him drunkenly trying to choke a member of the Wizengamot during a late-night party session. Things didn't get any better from there. He had lost his girlfriend and savings, and he rarely helped out in the shop anymore. George was the only one creating new products, restocking shelves, making products to sell, and so on. He was spread so thin that his wife Angelina often worried about his mental and physical health.

Sometimes he thought that maybe he and Fred were cursed. They did, after all, help themselves to Harry's bank account. They told themselves that it was just a loan. They needed enough to start their joke shop, and they would pay it back with interest. Unfortunately, once they began making money, they seemed to have forgotten about any "loans" that were outstanding. Besides, Harry had long since disappeared. Maybe it was fate's way of teaching them a lesson. Sighing deeply, he placed the outrageous bill back on his desk.

It seemed that he had no choice but to go with his backup plan. One night while talking to Angie about his problems, he told her that the answer to their problems lay in the hands of the Count of Montefeltro. Everywhere he looked, there seemed to be a shortage of ingredients. The one exception was the Count. He owned a very large business that grew ingredients and harvested them from various magical beasts. He didn't sell them wholesale, however. He shipped them to the many Potion Shops and Apothecaries that he owned. By doing so, he was able to avoid inflation and keep his products at a low price. Right now, he was making an absolute killing. His potions were cheaper than everyone else's and were made with superior quality ingredients. If only he had a way to access those ingredients and buy them wholesale. Sadly, the Count absolutely refused to do business with anyone.

It was actually Angie that joked about a solution to their problem. It was widely known that the Count had a soft spot for beautiful, sexy women. Angelina had beauty and sexiness in spades. While she rarely played Quidditch anymore, she still practiced enough to keep her body in great shape. Angie had joked that maybe she needed to seduce him and convince him to sell those products. They laughed at the ridiculousness of it, but eventually, they became serious while talking about it. While he didn't like the idea of his wife sleeping with another man, she was willing to do it if it meant keeping a roof over their heads. The thought did send a pang of anger into his heart, but it wasn't like he was perfect. He had made a mistake a time or two while drunk and partying. Getting up, he walked to the Floo to make a trip back home. He needed to speak with her.

The Count

Harry smiled as he placed his hands behind his head. Laying on his very large, comfortable bed, he watched as the gorgeous Apolline Delacour bounced enthusiastically on his hard cock. He was mesmerized by the way her perfect breasts bounced around as she rode him, then swayed gently as she rolled her hips, grinding herself on him. Placing his hands on her thighs, he let them wander north at a leisurely pace, feeling the smoothness of her silky legs. As they landed on her hips, he gave them a squeeze as she put all her weight on his cock and ground her very wet pussy on him.

Grabbing her under her arms, he pulled her forward, earning a squeak of surprise from the sexy MILF. Her top half now rested against his chest as he kissed her deeply. He gave her bottom a naughty slap before gripping them tightly and kneading them in his palms. Breaking the kiss, she rested her head against his chest as his hips began to move. Slowly he took over and fucked her at an ever-increasing pace. Soon his hips were slapping against her shapely cheeks, filling the room with a fleshy clapping sound. Apolline gasped and mewled against his chest as her pussy began to flutter, and she got closer to release. Just then, Gabrielle walked into the room.

"Angelina Weasley 'as contacted you, Master 'Arry," she smiled, showing him the note that was delivered. Apolline squealed and tightened her pussy on him. Her body shook and bucked as he held her around her back. Grunting, Harry spurted his seed deep inside the sexy blonde. Once done, he slowly moved his hips up and down, gently penetrating her, and making Apolline shiver. Pulling her forward, his cock slipped out of her velvety folds and stood straight up, still rock-hard.

"Clean me, Luv," Harry ordered. Without question, Gabrielle crawled onto the bed and kneeled over. With her head so close to her mother's exposed genitals, she could smell the heady scent of her arousal surrounding her. Lowering her head, she took him into her mouth and slowly sucked and licked him until his cock was sparkling clean.

"Perfectly clean, Master," she smiled, stroking his cock.

“Such a good, little maid. Now put me back in,” he responded happily. Gabrielle placed his head back into her mother’s wet slit and watched as Harry began fucking her to orgasm once again.

The Count

Angelina Weasley, formerly Johnson, knocked on the ornate wooden door of the massive manor home that belonged to the Count of Montefeltro. As she knocked, her heart began to hammer in her chest. She was both nervous and a bit excited. She and her husband hadn’t been too physical lately because of the stress of his job. It would be nice to feel satisfied again. Most women would feel guilt over the prospect of taking another man to bed, but Angelina wasn’t. She had learned of her husband’s indiscretions not too long ago, and obviously, she had felt betrayed. She hadn’t brought it up with him yet, since she was waiting to get her revenge. She didn’t want to go overboard, since she still loved him, but he needed to be brought down a peg or two. When she had found out about his problems at work, she joked about seducing the enigmatic Count. George didn’t know that she wasn’t joking, and she was seriously thinking about it. It would take care of both of her problems, revenge and it would save the shop. Luckily, George agreed after having no other options. Now she could enjoy it without feeling guilty.

The door opened and Gabrielle Delacour greeted her. Angelina had heard that the sexy blonde was working for the Count. Judging by the shortness of her outfit, she was probably doing a lot more than work for the count. She escorted Angelina up to his office where she was let in. Behind his desk sat the Count.

“Mrs. Weasley,” he nodded. “Have a seat.”

“Thank you, Count,” she smiled, sitting down.

Harry had wondered how George would attempt to get him to sell his products to him. He had been systematically buying up small producers of ingredients and magical beasts until there was a severe supply shortage. This was done to both make more profits and to hurt the Weasley twins’ business. He had done both. Now, if he was willing to go so far as to pimp out his sexy wife, then maybe Harry would be willing to play ball, so to speak.

“What can I help you with today?”

Angelina smiled beautifully. “I was hoping to do business with you,” she purred, getting up off of her seat and moving to sit on his desk right next to him. As she sat down, she crossed her legs. By doing so, her skirt slid up, revealing most of her thick, shapely thighs.

“I need ingredients, and I need them at a wholesale price. I know that you don’t deal in wholesale, but I was hoping that you would be willing to make an exception,” she said in a breathy voice.

“Oh? And why would I do that?” he asked, placing his hand on her leg and slowly stroking her smooth, light brown skin.

“Because I would be willing to make it worth your while,” she responded as she leaned down and whispered in his ear.

“Let’s just see how willing you are, my dear,” he said, kissing her. Angelina moaned into his mouth as their tongues began to roll over one another. His hand moved higher and higher until it was groping her upper thigh. Before she knew it, he had tossed her over his shoulder and began to carry her away. Angelina squealed in surprise, but a hard slap on the bottom shut her up.

It was only a few seconds before she was dropped down onto a large bed. Breathing heavily, she watched as the Count began to remove all of his clothes. Knowing that it was time, she too began to undress. Harry watched as she removed her buttoned blouse and her bra-clad tits were exposed. They looked fantastic wrapped up in silky fabric. Kicking off her heels, she raised her legs up and wiggled out of her skirt. Harry kept his eyes glued to the area between her legs. As her skirt was moved, he could see the string of her thong burying itself between her plump, hairless pussy lips. Sitting up, she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra. Harry was stroking his long, thick cock as her tits spilled out. Large and pert, her breasts were very perky for the size of them. Her brown nipples were hard and crinkled, and Harry couldn’t wait to get his lips on them. Once again, she lifted her legs up and slid her panties over her feet. He was fascinated by the sight of the string being removed from in between her damp lips.

Rolling over, she got on her hands and knees and spread her knees apart. Arching her back to make for a more tantalizing sight, she wiggled her bottom from side to side. “Do you see how willing I am?” she huskily said, reaching under her and using her fingers to spread her lips apart. He watched as she exposed her dark pink insides to him.

“Yes. I believe we can come to an agreement,” he said, filled with lust. Not bothering to wait, he climbed on the bed and got behind her. Leaning down, he kissed her all over her wide, fleshy ass. He heard Angelina gasp and mewled as his lips and tongue slithered around her shapely cheeks. He groped and squeezed her fat ass and even gripped her cheeks and jiggled them around.

Angelina was blushing as she hid her face in the bed. He was treating her ass as if it were a toy on Christmas. Spreading her cheeks apart, he would shake and jiggle them, and he even had the nerve to clap them together, forcing her to twerk. Beads of arousal were dripping from her sopping wet cunt as he buried his face between her cheeks and shook his head from side to side. Sticking his tongue out, he licked damn near every inch of her. His lips latched onto one of her butt cheeks, and she felt him add suction. Sucking hard, she knew that he was marking her with hickeys and lovebites. She would be going home covered in evidence of their coupling. Her hands gripped the blankets tightly when his tongue landed on her asshole. She felt the warm appendage wiggle against her tight hole, tickling her and sending pulses of pleasure straight

into her pussy. Suddenly, his mouth latched onto her pussy, and she both heard and felt him sucking the wetness straight from her. Her body trembled violently, making her nipples rub against the soft blanket. With every lick, she was getting closer to release.

After what felt like forever, he finally removed his mouth from her pussy. She breathed in and out harshly, trying to recover from being so close to orgasm. A hard slap on her ass made her squeal as her cheeks jiggled from the impact. She felt the bed move, and she looked over her shoulder just in time to feel him rub his huge cock up and down between her lips. Gathering her juices on his cockhead, he groaned as he sank into the sexy, black girl. A pleased gasp left her mouth as he bottomed out and pressed against her ass. Angelina had never felt so stretched before. When he began moving, she felt as if he was rubbing the entirety of her inner walls. Immediately, her pussy latched onto him, clinging to his cock and attempting to coax an orgasm from him.

Harry stared at her ass as he fucked her harder and harder. He loved the way her cheeks shook and jiggled and even clapped together. He rested his hands on her slim waist and marveled at how much her hips flared. Angelina was made to have children. A hard slap on her ass made her squeal and her pussy clench tightly on him. Placing one hand on her upper ass, he let his thumb sneak between her cheeks and massage her asshole as he continued to fuck her.

Angelina choked out a plea when she felt his finger touch her asshole. Already she was feeling too much pleasure, and she was beginning to see stars. Her body was twitching and spasming uncontrollably as she fisted the blankets. Crying out into the bed, her pussy fluttered wildly over his thrusting cock. Her pussy was dripping all over his bed as she came hard on him. Her gripping pussy was too much for Harry, and he leaned over and kissed the back of her neck as he thrust deep and began to cum. Angelina shuddered as she felt him fill her tunnel with his thick, warm cum. She was too out of it to even notice when he had finished. She collapsed onto her side with her pussy still fluttering. Her body jerked from sudden spikes of pleasure, and she could feel his hands slithering over her naked body, feeling her breasts and toying with her nipples. When he rolled her over and pinned her ankles next to her ears, she hoped that George was thankful for what she was willing to go through for the good of their marriage. All of that left her mind, however, when she watched his enormous horse cock slid into her with a single powerful thrust that had her toes curling and her pussy squirting.