

The Count

Chapter 10

While his wife was busy being defiled at the home of the illustrious Count of Montefeltro, Remus Lupin was having a bit of fun of his own.

He was lucky enough to find a sexy, young woman that thought that he was dignified and handsome, an opinion that he wholeheartedly agreed with. As he kissed her passionately and his hand slipped up her belly and onto her shirt-covered breast, he took a split second to think about his wife. He knew that what he was doing was wrong. He had a wife and child at home that he should be caring for. Even so, he had to deal with a lot recently. Some of which directly threatened his life. The situation with Gringotts was enough to keep him up at night worrying about his safety. Both the Goblins and the Ministry would fight to see who gets to skin him alive if things weren't smoothed over very soon. As such, he felt that he deserved a bit of fun. And as his old friend, Padfoot would say, 'Boys will be boys!' As his hand squeezed her breast harder, she broke the kiss and stood up.

The nameless girl was so taken with him that she had pulled him into her room at the Leaky Cauldron without a "how do you do?". Lupin certainly wasn't complaining about that. When she told him to place a handkerchief over his eyes, he greedily did so. He didn't even complain when she charmed the handkerchief so that he couldn't take it off. He couldn't wait for his surprise, after all!

When her hands pulled down his trousers and her lips wrapped around his throbbing cock, he thought that he was in heaven. He had to admit, the blindfold only added to the pleasure. He wasn't used to being treated this way. Most people were scared of him just for the fact that he was a Werewolf. Now he was being treated as if he were a prince. All thoughts of his wife and kid left his mind as he groaned loudly from the intense sucking that was going on. He was about to burst when her lips left his erect cock. He was about to protest when she straddled him and sank down on his meaty pole.

'She's a lot beefier than I thought,' Remus thought to himself as he grunted from the weight that settled on him. Even so, the velvety grip of her kind-of-dry pussy was enough to stop him from asking questions. The girl bouncing on him wasn't very skilled, and her weight was kind of bruising his thighs. But the pleasure of her being wrapped around him made up for any unpleasantness.

"Ohhh! So good!" her voice rang out. He didn't remember it being so shrill and annoying sounding, but oh well ... who cares was his motto of the night. The girl suddenly became much more passionate. Her bouncing intensified which only made his legs hurt even more. It was the first time that the pain outweighed the pleasure.

To rectify this, Lupin lifted her up and placed her face down on the bed ... a feat that severely pulled a muscle in his back. The good news was that with all of the adrenaline pumping, he didn't even feel the horrible pain in his back. Since he couldn't see, he had to go by touch. His hands caressed her body to try and find his end goal. She was quite a bit squishier than he thought. He instantly forgot about that when his hand touched her flabby bottom.

"Yes! That's good!" her squeaky voice called out. Lupin pulled his hand back and let her rip.

CRACK!

"YYYYYYYYEEEEEEOW!" the girl screamed in pain. It didn't sound like there was very much pleasure mixed in. He lined himself up and thrust in.

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When Dolores Umbridge found a young man that invited her up to his room in the Leaky Cauldron, she was inwardly ecstatic, though she didn't show it on the outside. A proper pureblood like her didn't show those types of emotion.

'The handsome, young man is probably a mudblood that wants to worship his betters,' she thought smugly as she let herself be led into his room. Things were going great for her. When he placed a blindfold over her face and charmed it to stay on, she began tingling between her legs. It had been a long time since she had any kinky action. 'Too many long days at the Ministry,' she would say.

Suddenly, her mind became fuzzy for a second before she was lowered onto her knees. She shook her head and her mind suddenly cleared. She reached out and felt his thick thighs. She knew exactly what to do.

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Lupin growled like a beast and pushed in as far as possible before letting loose. He didn't stop until the nubile, young woman was fully seeded. He sighed happily at his sexual conquest. 'Ole Padfoot would be proud.'

He tugged on his blindfold until finally, the magic wore off. When his blindfold came off, the first thing that he saw was a frog-like face and a flabby, out-of-shape, nude body. When her blindfold came off, her eyes widened.

"Eww!" Lupin reared back in disgust at seeing Umbridge. Dolores, on the other hand, had a different reaction.

Seeing that she had just been defiled by a Werewolf, she went apocalyptic. The scene that she caused would be remembered by the shopkeepers of Diagon Alley for generations. It all ended

with Lupin making a nude dash for the Apparation point and escaping while Aurors poured in and tried to arrest him.

The following morning, Harry was relaxing in bed while Tonks cutely snored while resting her head on his chest. Gabrielle danced into the room and handed him his cup of morning coffee and the Daily Prophet. As she left, she did a little spin which caused the skirt of her tiny French Maid outfit to flare up. He saw that she wasn't wearing panties today. Harry knew that he was in for a long day of teasing from the sexy Veela. He kept his eyes on her lovely body as she sashayed out of the room. Tonks softly groaned and rubbed her face against his chest before going back to sleep. Harry took a sip of his coffee and opened the paper. He nearly spat it out when he read the front-page headline.

SEX PERVERT WEREWOLF ON THE RUN!

A picture of Lupin's naked ass from behind as he ran away from a crazed crowd played out on the front of the paper. Harry's eyes widened considerably when he read the report. Harry had just planned on getting a little revenge on both Lupin and Umbridge. The pair notoriously hated each other, so it was only natural for Harry to trick them into going to bed with one another. What he didn't expect was for Umbridge to claim that Lupin had "taken advantage" of her, as she had put it. Already there was an arrest warrant for Remus. Harry snorted then started to chuckle. If he turned himself in soon, he'd probably be able to beat the rap. Veritaserum was a handy potion, after all. But the longer that he stayed on the run, the more guilty that he looked. Personally, Harry didn't care what happened to him. He deserved to be in prison, no matter the charge. Harry hoped that Lupin would be found innocent so that he could continue to ruin his life.

There was another benefit that Harry wasn't expecting. He would have never guessed that Umbridge would be dumb enough to admit to having sexual relations with a Werewolf, no matter the excuse that she used. The pureblood elitist snobs didn't care about her reasons, whether they be true or false. To them, she was tainted and spoiled. Interview after interview with anonymous sources all said the same thing. They sympathized with her, but her life was basically ruined. She was already kicked out of proper pureblood society. Even the paper itself wasn't flattering to the woman. Harry would be surprised if she lasted more than a week in the Ministry before she was fired.

Harry's chuckling woke up the sleepy Metamorphmagus that was draped over his chest. She sat up sleepily and rubbed her eyes. "What's so funny?" she asked tiredly. Harry showed her the paper.

"It seems that your husband has found himself in a bit of a pickle," he snickered as he handed it over to her. As she read the paper, her eyes got wider and wider. As soon as she was done reading, she was no longer tired. Harry never noticed her reaction. His eyes were glued to her lovely breasts. He preferred to keep his room a bit on the cool side, and the cold air was making her nipples rock-hard. It made for a very pleasant scene.

"Oh, Merlin!" Tonks gasped in shock. "I need to go!" she declared and hopped out of bed. She scrambled around to find her clothes and even forgot to tell him goodbye before she ran out of the room. She even forgot to ask him about the meeting with Dumbledore. It was the whole reason why she was there in the first place! Harry shook his head mirthfully. The night couldn't have played itself out better. The only thing that he didn't like was that Tonks's son would suffer because of his parents' stupidity. No matter what, he would make sure that little Teddy would be well taken care of.

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Dumbledore was sipping his morning tea when he suddenly choked on it. He couldn't believe his eyes. Remus's bare ass was plastered on the front page! Suddenly, his fireplace burned green and a nude Werewolf tumbled out. "Dumbledore! You've got to help me!" Lupin cried out as he pathetically crawled toward him. He crawled around the Headmaster's desk and grabbed onto his robes. "Please!"

If that wasn't bad enough, his fireplace burned green once again. "Dumbledore!" Tonks's voice rang out.

"I did what you said and spent the night with the Count! This morning though, I saw the paper, and ..." she was suddenly cut off.

"You spent the night with the Count?" Lupin asked, hidden behind the desk. He stood up and placed his hands on his hips angrily. "You cheated on me?!" he ground his teeth as he stalked over to the fireplace.

"Well I ..." Tonks began, but Lupin wasn't done yet.

"I always knew that you were a whore!" she spat. This really fired her up.

"That's rich coming from you. A fucking sexual deviant is what you are! And Umbridge of all people?! You've hit a new low!" she yelled back.

"I didn't do anything like that, you stupid slut!" he yelled back.

"Umbridge Fucker!" she declared loudly. Unbeknownst to Lupin and Dumbledore, Tonks reached up to the mantle and grabbed a hideous vase that her friend had gifted her. She pulled her head out of the fire and threw it as hard as possible.

"Calm yourselves!" Dumbledore stated in his most authoritarian voice as he walked up behind Lupin. Out of nowhere, the green flames flashed, and he saw Lupin duck. The old man wasn't fast enough and took the vase right in the forehead just as it sailed over Lupin's head. He fell backward as the vase shattered against his skull. He hit the ground so hard that the back of his

skull bounced off of the stone floor. Instead of coming to Dumbledore's aid, Lupin ran up to the fireplace.

"How dare you throw that at me! Nymphadora? Are you there?" was the only thing that Dumbledore heard before he passed out.

When he finally woke up, he had to squint from the blinding white light. Thankfully, the light suddenly disappeared when the Healer quietly said, "Nox."

"His pupils still aren't responding correctly," she said out loud.

"He'll need to stay overnight then," another voice joined it. Dumbledore was very confused.

"Wha ... Where am I?" he groaned from the splitting headache. He reached up to rub his sore head but only felt a thick bandage wrapped around his head. The turban-like bandage reminded him of a teacher that he once knew. His memory, however, was a bit sketchy at the moment.

"St. Mungos Critical Care Unit," the Healer said as she checked his pulse. "It seems that you took a pretty hard hit on the head. Severe concussion, deep laceration, massive blood loss. You were lucky that the Count came in and found you," she explained.

"It hurts," he hissed as he rubbed his bandaged head.

"I'm not surprised. We had to drill a hole in your cranium to drain the fluids that were building up and creating too much pressure on your brain. We were going to finish up and give you a dose of Skele-Gro, but unfortunately, Gringotts has declined the hospital's charge to your account," she told him.

"Well, I ..." the Headmaster struggled to give her an answer that wouldn't embarrass him.

"Anyway ... Here's your bill," she said, handing him the lengthy parchment. Dumbledore's eyes bugged out when she saw the massive charge.

"Seventeen thousand Galleons for a diagnosis! Fourteen hundred Galleons gown rental fee! Three hundred and twenty Galleons for meals?" he screeched as he looked around. He saw that there was indeed a meal on the side table, but it had clearly been eaten. What was once a T-Bone steak, was now just the bone with some pieces of fat left on the plate. The mashed potatoes were gone, and the mixed vegetables were completely devoured. The accompanying juice box was sucked dry, crushed in the middle, and left lying on its side next to the plate. Turning back to the parchment, he could see that the fees kept going and going. He suddenly remembered what she just said.

"The Count?!" he asked. "He was here?"

The Healer nodded her head. "He said that he was supposed to have a meeting with you, but when he came, he found you unconscious on the floor of your office. He brought you right in. He demanded that you get only the best and most expensive treatment that your money can buy. He said that a man of your caliber deserved it," she smiled with stars in her eyes. Like many, she had fallen for the charms of the Count of Montefeltro.

"How touching," Dumbledore ground out in irritation. Why couldn't the damn Count have taken him to Madam Pomfrey where he could be treated for free?! What was worse was that he had missed his shot with the Count! Dumbledore closed his eyes and sighed, wondering how he could get another meeting with him.

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Harry Apparated back to his house and almost immediately, Apolline was at his side. She kissed him on the lips and asked him if he wanted any food.

"Thanks, but no. I already had the juiciest T-Bone. It was delicious," he smiled wickedly at her.