

The Brilliant Plan

This story has been commissioned by an anonymous supporter.

In a small and shitty apartment, the fireplace burst into green flames. Out walked a slightly disheveled redhead that looked down on his luck. He went into the kitchen and removed some leftovers from the fridge. Waving his wand at them, they began to sizzle and over-crisp. He had never been very good with the Warming Charm.

After gorging himself, Ron Weasley went back to the living room and poured himself a glass of cheap whiskey. Flopping back on the couch, his drink sloshed around and spilled on his hand and trousers. He didn't even bother cleaning it up. Taking a long pull from his full glass, he sighed and tried to relax. The day hadn't been good for him.

He longed for the days when he could spend his summers at the Burrow, feasting on his mother's wonderful cooking before going back to Hogwarts for some fun and adventures. Unfortunately, those days were long gone. He was a man now and was responsible for his own well-being.

After Harry had defeated Voldemort, Ron made sure that everyone knew his part in his best friend's adventure. Like a good friend, Harry made sure that he received his fair share of the limelight. Ron was smart and used his new celebrity status to his full advantage. He immediately tried out for and received a position on the Chudley Cannons Quidditch team. However, his dreams of fame and fortune on the Quidditch pitch were all for not. He was placed on the team as a third-string Keeper and was never able to work his way up the ladder. Eventually, they found a better third-string Keeper that was willing to take less money, so Ron knew that his time had come.

Thankfully for him, the owner of the team took pity on him and decided to offer him a position on the team as an assistant coach. Ron obviously jumped at the opportunity. This was likely his last chance to remain a part of the professional Quidditch circuit.

Even though he remained friends with Harry, Ron often let his jealousy cloud their relationship. Not long after Ron had joined the Cannons as a backup Keeper, Harry didn't just join a team, he became the next greatest rising star in the league.

Since joining as the next hotshot Seeker, the Tutshill Tornados had won multiple championships in the British and Irish Quidditch League while the Cannons remained at their normal place ... the bottom of the standings. This obviously irked Ron more than he let on, and he allowed it to dampen his friendship with him. He was forced to walk down Diagon Alley and see Harry's face on poster after poster. There wasn't a business in magical Britain that didn't sponsor him in some way. On the rare occasions that the two of them still went out, girls would scream Harry's name and run up to him, practically ripping his clothes off as they tried to get noticed. Of course,

none of them even gave Ron a second glance. Harry had fame and fortune and was surrounded by model-level beauty. Who wouldn't be jealous of that?

But his new job as a Coach could change everything ... or so he thought. At first, Ron did quite a good job. He put all his effort into it, and soon, the Cannons had their first winning record of 7-6 for the first time in ages. With the previous Head Coach retiring, Ron quickly rose up the ranks and was given the job after only a couple of years. He was ecstatic. He thought that this would be his time to shine. He thought that it was only a matter of time until his name was in the record books right next to Harry's. Sadly, it wasn't meant to be.

His first season went horribly, and they only won two games. The season that they were currently playing wasn't doing too well either. He was currently on a fifteen-game losing streak, and he was hearing rumors from the press that the owner was thinking about making a change at coaching.

"I just got the bloody job!" he grunted angrily to himself as he downed the rest of his drink and got up to get some more. While it was true that he hadn't exactly gotten a fair shake, after a taste of success, the fans wanted more and the owner agreed. Ron Weasley knew that he had to do something, or his dream job and his chance at riches and glory would soon slip through his fingers. But what exactly could he do?

He couldn't juice his players up on potions or anything like that. If caught, he would get banned from any form of professional Quidditch. He couldn't go around kneecapping players, that would likely get him beaten to death by rabid fans and angry players. It was too late to be able to coach his players up properly, besides, they weren't exactly all-star quality, to begin with. If things weren't bad enough, they had to play Harry's team, the Tutshill Tornados the following day. They were working their way into the playoffs, so this was a big game for the League. A win tomorrow would do wonders for his career, Ron thought. It would likely keep the wolves at bay and keep his job safe for at least another year. With an extra year, he could work his magic and create a much better team. The only problem was how to go about it.

He obviously couldn't do anything to threaten his health or permanently damage his career. He just needed Harry to play poorly for this one game. Ron couldn't just hand him a drink laced with potions. Harry would immediately suspect something if he drank it then played poorly, and once again, it would all lead back to him. He suddenly had a brilliant brainwave and began smiling widely. Maybe he would be able to pull it off after all.

The Brilliant Plan

"Are you sure that he was asking for me?" Hermione asked, looking up at her fiancé. They had been engaged for years but nothing had ever come of it. Even though Ron didn't hang out with Harry as much anymore, Hermione always tried to find time to spend with Harry, even with his full schedule. She too had mostly busy days. Working her way up the ranks in the Ministry took

a great deal of time and effort. It wasn't easy trying to change the world, after all. "It's like an hour before the match starts," she reminded him.

Ron shrugged his shoulders. "I just heard that he was asking for you," he lied once again.

"Well ..." Hermione didn't sound convinced.

"It'll be fine. He's in his private locker room. Room 3. You better hurry. The match will begin shortly," Ron told her. He took a deep breath and went on. "Hermione? I need you to do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?" she asked, suddenly on guard. She knew that Ron was a bit of an idiot, but that had been even more apparent since his release as a backup Keeper. Hermione theorized that his mind kind of snapped, but she was too polite to tell him.

"I need you to seduce Harry and wear him out before the match," he told her seriously.

"RON!" she yelped, scandalized.

"My job depends on it!" he whined pathetically.

"You're absolutely pathetic, you know. I can't believe that you would ask me to do something like that. I've never ..." she carried on, shaking her head.

"Alright, alright! I'm sorry," Ron backtracked. "I shouldn't have asked that of you. But he's still asking about you, so you should probably go see him."

Hermione huffed. "I guess I'll go see what he wants before going to my seat," she told him while walking toward the clubhouse. Ron watched her carefully before tapping the top of his head with his wand. Immediately turning invisible, Ron quietly crept after her. He watched the feminine sway of her hips as she walked up the steps and entered the building. He stayed a respectful distance behind so as to not be heard.

He didn't like doing this to her, especially since he was dating her, but his career was on the line for Merlin's sake! He had one of the greatest Quidditch minds in the history of the league, and no one would ever know it if he was canned now. He owed it to himself and every Quidditch fan out there to keep his job by any means necessary. He watched and waited to implement his backup plan. Hermione was looking at the numbers above the doors until she spotted the correct one. She opened it up and walked in.

"Hey, Harry! Did you call for me?" he heard Hermione's muffled voice coming from within the room. The door was shutting on its own, so Ron stuck his invisible foot out and stopped it. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a bag of Weasley's patented Love Potion that was turned into dust form. He emptied the small bag of Lust Dust onto the floor just inside of the

room and hit it with a silent Banishing Charm. The small pile of dust flew into the room and filled it with its potent particles. Smiling wickedly, he knew that his plan was about to work. He did have a sudden pang of regret knowing that Harry was about to be intimate with his girl. He rationalized that Harry was similar to him in that respect. After ten or fifteen minutes, he'd finish and be out cold for the rest of the night. No man could go for longer than that while under the influence of the Weasley Love Potion, or so he thought. Silently closing the door, he silenced it and locked it just in case. Scampering away before anyone saw him, he made his way back to his own locker room to get his players ready.

Meanwhile, in the room, the two occupants were unaware that Lust Dust was floating around the small, enclosed space.

Hermione sneezed and rubbed her nose cutely as she suddenly felt herself begin to tingle down below. She put it out of her mind as she tried not to stare at Harry's bare chest. She could see him breathing heavily as she looked up at his eyes. Gulping when she saw the look of pure lust in his eyes, she backed up until her back hit the lockers. She too was breathing heavily. Harry was staring at her chest, and she looked down. Her hard nipples were poking through her shirt. Suddenly, his hands were on her hips.

"Harry!" she gasped quietly. She felt him grip her tightly as if her body belonged to him. As if she had no control over her body, she reached out and placed her hands on his muscular pecs. Feeling the warmth of his skin, she ran her hands down his torso and over his six-pack abs. She stopped just shy of sticking her hand down his shorts. Her body shuddered as his hands moved from her hips up and over her breasts. Hermione's eyes fluttered as she felt his hands on her shirt-covered breasts. She suddenly squealed when he grabbed her shirt and ripped it open, sending buttons flying everywhere.

Her shapely tits jiggled violently as her shirt was torn open. Harry gazed at her chest as he got his first sight of her bare breasts. Her breasts were beautifully shaped and well-rounded. They were just as pale as the rest of her body and were incredibly perky for their size. Her nipples were of average size and were a bit puffy. They were a light pink color, only a few shades darker than her pale skin. Harry could see them rising and falling with her chest as her breathing intensified. His fingers danced over them, feeling their warmth and softness.

Hermione's pussy was tingling badly as his fingers played with her soft breasts. His fingertips brushed over the tips of her nipples sending shivers down her gorgeous body. It had been a long time since she had her breasts worshipped in such a way. When Harry pinched her hard nipples, she nearly dropped to the ground. Her jean-covered legs became shaky, and she was barely able to hold herself up.

Hermione was quite confused about how she was feeling. She had always been attracted to Harry, but she had never been overcome by such lust before in her life. Her brain was questioning it all, but her body was begging him for more. That's why when Harry's head dipped low and captured her nipple in his mouth, she let out a moan and pulled his face closer.

Mashing his face into her breast, she ran her fingers through his messy, black hair. She whined when he let go of it but happily squealed when his mouth moved over to her other hard nipple. She loved the way his tongue wiggled back and forth over the hard, little nub. She even enjoyed the way his stubble felt against the delicate skin of her breast. Hermione squealed when he pinched the tip of her nipple between his teeth and gently tugged on it. His hand slid up her belly and began massaging her other breast. When he let go of her nipple, he looked up at her and all that she could do was blush.

She could feel her panties becoming completely soaked in her juices as his lips touched the area between her breasts. Slowly they worked their way down her body as his hands caressed the sides of her slim belly. Further, they lowered until he reached her belly button. Hermione shivered when his tongue began to play with it. She felt his tongue trace around it and even dip inside. She was already on the verge of cumming when his hands grabbed the front of her jeans and unbuttoned them. As Harry lowered the zipper and pulled them down to the middle of her thighs, he was suddenly hit in the face with the smell of her incredibly wet pussy. Unable to control his actions, he grabbed her by her shapely cheeks and pulled her in.

“Harry!” Hermione squealed as the front of her wet panties pressed against his face. She heard him inhale her heady scent, and she gasped in shock. Ron had never been so passionate with her. The way that he was acting was completely new to her. She was still in shock when his hand slid into the leg hole of her panties and traveled over her smooth cheek. In between them, it dipped, and she jumped when she felt his finger touch her virgin asshole. Suddenly, Harry attached his mouth to her panty-covered mound, and he began sucking the moisture that was dripping from her pussy. The tip of his finger traced the rim of her asshole, and Hermione shuddered when he added a bit of pressure when touching the hole itself. She had been curious about anal but was too shy to ever bring it up during sex. Her eyes were closed, and she was breathing heavily when she felt her body being jerked. Looking down, she saw him lowering her jeans.

He lifted her up and sat her down on the bench. He quickly got rid of her shoes and socks and pulled the tight jeans from her legs. Once they slipped off of her bare feet, he tossed them aside. When he went for her panties, Hermione lifted up her bottom and allowed him to pull them down her legs. The smell of her pussy was filling the small room when he leaned in and kissed her deeply. Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck and deepened the kiss while he placed his hand on her bare pussy and began stroking her wet lips. Opening her legs a bit, she gave him more room while her tongue played with his. She suddenly found herself on her feet when he tugged her into a standing position. She watched as he pulled off his shorts and gasped as his gargantuan cock sprang out. Her mouth suddenly dried as she contemplated taking that beast inside of her. Harry pulled her torn shirt from her body and tossed it aside with the rest of their discarded clothing.

She really didn't know what to expect. It definitely wasn't him lifting her up and flipping her upside down. His massive cock was suddenly rubbing against her face as she squealed when his face lowered between her parted legs, and his mouth began devouring her wet and naked

cunt. Hermione was too busy moaning while Harry's tongue massaged her clit to realize that she was supposed to be sucking him off. A hard slap on her lovely ass made her squeak in pain.

"Start sucking," he commanded, and Hermione didn't dare to deny him. Pressing her mouth against his long and thick cock, she peppered it with kisses. She felt the weight while holding it in her hands and couldn't help but to compare it to Ron's. Her fiancé didn't come close to comparing with this ungodly monster. Ron's had never been able to pleasure her the way that she wanted. Hermione needed more than that, and right now, she had it. Dragging her tongue from the base all the way to the tip, she placed the tip in her mouth and let her tongue wiggle all over it. Sucking on it like a lollipop, she moaned deeply when Harry's tongue touched her tight, puckered hole.

Harry never knew that Hermione could be so passionate. He never thought that she would be the type of girl that would grind her wet and naked pussy all over his face while his tongue was in her ass. Harry learned something new every day. He moved his lips down to her swollen clit and sucked it into his mouth as she took his cock into her mouth and started bobbing her head. Hermione's long hair was swept against the locker room floor as she repeatedly took him into her throat. Harry would have never suspected that she was so good at sucking cock. He moaned loudly into her clit which made her squeal around his cock. Pulling him from her mouth, Hermione grabbed his massive shaft and began stroking it while she sucked on his sack. Harry was moaning as his tongue flicked back and forth over her hard and sensitive clit. He could feel her body trembling and didn't want her finishing just yet. Manhandling her, he spun her around and placed her on her belly on a nearby table.

Hermione gasped and looked over her shoulder as he stepped between her spread thighs. His cock was laying in the crack of her ass as he spread her legs apart even further. Wiggling her ass in preparation, she bit her lip sexily as he took himself in hand and rubbed the tip of his hard cock up and down her wet slit. Her eyes fluttered and she moaned as the tip of his cock spread her lips apart before sliding up and over her asshole. Harry chuckled as she squealed and bucked her body. Lowering his cock back down from her asshole, he pushed all the way inside of her when the head reached her entrance. Hermione let out a whorish moan as her walls were stretched to accommodate his massive girth. She could feel his shape rubbing against the inside of her wet tunnel as inch after inch speared into her. Her hands clawed at the table, and she shuddered violently as his cock bumped into her g-spot before it continued and battered into her cervix. When his hips finally touched her ass, Harry gave her shapely cheeks a hard slap before he grabbed them and started thrusting into her.

Her eyes were wide and her mouth was open as a slutty shriek left her throat as Harry didn't bother going slow. Within moments, his long, hard cock was sawing back and forth against her poor, abused g-spot. Harry watched as her ass rippled with every mighty thrust from him. The loud clapping of his hips against her ass mixed with the strong smell of sex that filled the locker room. Hermione hid her face from him, too overcome by the intense pleasure that she was feeling. Harry looked down at her clapping cheeks and saw her pink asshole peeking at him. He

placed his hand on her pale ass and let his thumb rest against her tight hole. As he pressed down on it and moved it in circles, Hermione moaned louder than he had ever heard.

“Oh god! Fuck me harder, Harry!” she moaned out wildly. Harry was more than happy to fulfill her request. Her pussy was already beginning to flutter around him and her walls started gripping his thrusting cock tightly. Hermione began seeing spots before crying out and cumming all over his cock. Her body bucked and thrashed about as her pussy tried desperately to milk the cum from his cock. Harry wasn’t done with her, however. He leaned over and grabbed his wand.

Pulling out, he waved his wand and coated his already slick cock with lubricant before turning his wand on Hermione’s ass. Her eyes were twitching as she felt the warm liquid hit her puckering asshole. Looking over her shoulder, she saw him smirk right before his finger entered her tight hole. Letting out a pitiful whine, her ass clamped down on his finger as he started working it in and out of her. This was the first time that she had anything in there, and it felt strange to her. Her orgasm was still hitting hard and it was getting even stronger as he lubricated her ass in preparation for his cock. She opened her mouth to complain but found that only a moan would leave her lips. When she felt his finger leave her ass, she breathed a sigh of relief. However, her eyes grew to the size of dinner plates as she felt the head of his horsecock press against the last virgin hole that she had.

As the head popped in, Hermione cried out in pain that was mixed with a bit of pleasure. She felt stretched well beyond anything that she had ever felt before. Her body was quivering as he pushed another inch into her. His hands lovingly rubbed her bare back as he slowly worked his cock in and out of her. After getting used to the strange sensation, she felt embarrassed that there was more than a little bit of pleasure in the act. Before long, his cock was spearing her insides with long and deep strokes. Her body was being jerked back and forth over the surface of the table, making her nipples rub against it until they were raw and sensitive. Her mouth was open with a constant cry of pleasure as the tip of his cock hit the deepest parts of her. A hard slap on her cheek made her ass clench tightly around him. The orgasm that had just begun to taper off came back stronger than ever.

She wasn’t expecting him to reach underneath her and stuff two fingers into her contracting cunt. Curling them, he started stimulating her g-spot as he viciously rammed her asshole full of meat.

“HARRY!” she screamed loudly as her ass clamped down tightly. Harry grunted loudly just as Hermione started squirting all over the table and herself from her first analgasm. Pushing deep into her, he let loose and spurted rope after rope of hot cum deep into her bowels. Pulling his fingers from her cunt, he rubbed them back and forth over her engorged clit. Hermione was squirming violently, trying to get away from the fingers that were causing her so much pleasure. He thrust one more time into her ass before pulling out. He sighed happily as he wiped the cum from his cock onto her butt cheek.

“Shit! I’m almost late!” he said, and rushed to get his stuff. He paid her quivering body no attention as he put on his gear.

The Brilliant Plan

Harry struggled to catch the Snitch after an hour-long fuck session with his best friend. In the end, Ron’s plan worked, and Harry was late to catch the little golden ball. The game ended in a tie.

Ron was euphoric and waited for his team to dump the cooler of ice water over his head in celebration, but sadly that never happened. Instead, he turned to his side to receive a heated kiss from his wife but saw her in the distance in Harry’s arms as he tongued her mouth and had her ass gripped tightly in her palms. Not only that, but Hermione had her arms wrapped around his neck as she desperately kissed him back.

Suddenly, the referee flew down and landed next to him. “Coach Weasley! Because the playoffs still haven’t been decided because of the tie, a rematch will happen at the same time tomorrow. The League will get in contact with you,” he told him before flying off.

Ron stood there with his job hanging by a thread as his beautiful girlfriend was getting tongued by the best Seeker in the game. Maybe it wasn’t such a good plan, after all, he thought with more than a little regret.