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The Brilliant Plan

Chapter 2

Head Coach Ron Weasley of the Chudley Cannons was not looking forward to that night. What lay ahead of him was going to be the latest Weasley Family Meeting. In the past, there had been some doozies, but tonight was shaping up to be a good one as well. With his not-so-loving wife by his side, he took a deep breath and opened the door. Immediately, the smell of a fresh chocolate cake hit him in the face, which made his stomach rumble loudly.

“Oh! Ronniekins! Hasn’t Hermione been feeding you?” she asked, looking at the bushy-haired bookworm with more than a little bit of disapproval. Hermione rolled her eyes and snorted.

“The glutton has been eating us out of house and home if you must know,” she shot back. Hermione had long since learned to tell Mrs. Weasley where to shove it.

“I seriously doubt that, but it doesn’t matter. EVERYONE! TO THE LIVING ROOM!” her overbearing voice boomed throughout the Burrow. Everyone except Bill, who was in Egypt working, Charlie, who was in Romania, and Ginny who was out of the country with her newest boyfriend shuffled into the small room and settled themselves into various couches and chairs. Percy wasn’t there either, but that had more to do with the fact that he wasn’t dumb enough to keep his money in the family vault.

“Our darling Ronniekins has something to say. He desperately needs our love and support, so keep quiet and listen. Alright, go ahead Pumpkin,” Molly said, smiling at her baby boy.

Seeing his dear mummy looking so lovingly at him filled him with confidence. Clearing his throat, he stood up and faced his family. Standing in front of them just as he did yesterday during the post-game Press Conference, he stood straight and proud. He was by far the most successful and talented person in the room, he thought. So why even pretend that he wasn’t?

“Everyone. Thank you for coming here today. I have some bad news. After another failed season that ended in defeat, the Cannons are being dropped from the ranks of the British and Irish Quidditch League. We are all very saddened by the league’s decision, but we will do our absolute best given the circumstances,” he said as if he was standing in front of the press. “First question. You in the back, with the red hair,” he pointed to someone.

“I’m George, you idiot! Your brother. Now, are you being canned or not?” he asked, crossing his arms over his chest. Ron had borrowed a decent amount from him and never paid him back. He was getting close to finding an empty shop to rent so that they could finally make their dreams come true and open their joke shop. He would need every knut that he could scrounge up.

Ron's face flushed red. "Yes!" he said angrily. "After so many bad years, the owner can't even pay the League's franchising fees. Those ungrateful gits are planning to toss me aside like yesterday's garbage!" he hissed, pacing back and forth. Turning to Hermione, he pointed at her with a shaky finger.

"It's all your fault!" he accused her. When she raised an eyebrow, he carried on. "If you had properly exhausted Harry, then we would have won yesterday! But you couldn't even do that right! Then what happens? He catches the Snitch in record time! We didn't even have an opportunity to show off my superior strategy and intellect," he snarled angrily.

"You're blaming me?! You ungrateful prick! After all of the sacrifices that I've made for this relationship? I'm not surprised. You've always had the emotional range of a teaspoon. It's good to see that some things never change," she snarled back. She suddenly smiled wickedly.

"And by the way, it was Harry who tired ME out! Quidditch isn't the only thing that Harry's better than you at," she smirked, taking a shot at her idiot fiancé. Ron's face turned bright red while the twins laughed at him and Fleur giggled. He opened his mouth to retort but was cut off by his mother.

"Now, now. That wasn't a very nice thing to say," Molly stood up and looked at Hermione with her hands on her wide hips. "Now apologize!" she hissed. Hermione turned to Ron.

"I'm sorry that you're a loser. Now if you don't mind ..." she said, cutting off Molly who had opened her mouth to bellow out a reply. "I'd like to talk about why we're really here," she said, turning to the rest of the family who was all looking at her.

"This is going to be tough to hear, but earlier today, I went to make a withdrawal from the bank and was told that there wasn't a single Galleon in there. After confronting Ron, he finally confessed that he not only 'borrowed' our money so that he could lend it to the Cannon's owner so that they could keep the team afloat, but he also 'borrowed' the family's money as well," she said, dropping the bomb on them.

At first, they were confused. "All of the money?" came Fleur's angelic voice. "The gold that we were saving for Shell Cottage?" she asked, nervous to hear the answer.

Hermione nodded her head sadly. She knew how much Fleur wanted that lovely little cottage by the sea. "I'm sorry, Fleur."

"And us?" Fred indicated to him and his twin. "What about our life savings?"

"Well, I ..." Ron rubbed the toe of his shoe against the ground as his mother stood behind him and massaged his shoulders for moral support.

“You son of a ...” Fred lunged at him only for Arthur to hold him back. “We were going to open our shop in a few weeks! I worked for years to save that!”

“Now, now son. I know that you’re angry, and rightly so, but we don’t attack family,” Arthur Weasley told him with confidence.

“The secret stash of gold that you were saving for that new muggle car for you to work on is gone as well,” Hermione snitched on her sticky-fingered fiancé.

“Why you little ...!”

This time it was the twins holding their father back as the older redhead attempted to throttle Ron’s neck. Molly jumped in front of her darling baby boy to protect him from the brutish men of the family. “Don’t you dare yell at poor Ronnie Wobbles! He’s out there doing the best that he can, which is more than I could say for some of you! He strives to be the best! Instead of yelling, you should be cheering him on!” Ron puffed his chest out proudly.

“So we’ve hit a bit of a bump in the road. So what? We can start over. The Weasley’s have always been good at starting with nothing,” she went on.

Ron peeked out from over his mother’s shoulder to see if anyone was coming to kill him. Didn’t they realize that if he was successful, then the entire family could benefit from his greatness? Seeing that they wouldn’t be realizing this anytime soon, he poked his head up and angrily blared out, “It’s Harry’s fault!”

Everyone stopped arguing and turned to him, looking incredulous. “If he had been a good friend, then he would have been the Seeker for the Cannons instead of taking that multi-million Galleon contract with the Tornados! I would have been successful, and you wouldn’t be in this mess!” he finished, breathing hard.

“There, there, Honey Muffin. Let’s get you a big slice of mummy’s chocolate cake and let the others calm down. They’ll see reason,” Molly told him, putting her arm around his shoulder to block him from the multitude of glares being sent his way.

“Thanks, Mum! I knew you’d understand. You’re the best!” Ron told her. They walked to the kitchen as Molly wiped a happy tear from her eye. The rest of the group looked at each other in shock.

“All our hard-earned gold ... gone,” George whispered in despair. Fred shook his head sadly while thinking of the many ways that he was going to get back at his thieving brother.

“Charlie had his savings in the family vault as well. You know that he has a bit of a temper ...” Fred said to no one in particular. In secret, he couldn’t wait until Charlie found out. Ron would be lucky to only come out of that altercation with only a black eye.

“I’ve been putting what little I could away to buy that car,” Arthur said sadly. He had had his eye on a beautiful 1967 Chevy Impala from the States. It just needed a bit of TLC along with his patented enchantments and his family would have a magical car once again. Now his dreams had been crushed by the greedy hands of the redheaded git. “Not to mention the money that I’ve been saving to do the much-needed renovations to the Burrow!” The house needed some repairs, and the enchantments holding it together were becoming weaker by the day. That wasn’t something that he could do himself. He needed a professional to come in and strengthen them. That didn’t come cheap either.

“And my gold. I ‘ave been dreaming of that cottage for quite a while. Now I fear that someone will buy it before I can get the money,” Fleur said, clearly upset. Even though she and Bill chose to have an open marriage in secret, they did love each other very much, and she desperately wanted to buy that cottage and possibly raise a family at some point in the future. Now the redheaded garbage dump ruined her plans. The next time she sees the git, he may just catch a faceful of Passionfire. Veela weren’t the type to be trifled with.

“Alright! That’s it! I’ve had enough of this. I know you guys can’t get any loans from Gringotts because of the lack of collateral, but that doesn’t mean I can’t get a loan!” Hermione said, pacing back and forth and wringing her hands with angry energy. Ron had lit a fire in her.

“How are you going to get a loan from the bank?” George wondered. “You’re in the same boat as us.” As far as they knew, she didn’t have any noteworthy collateral either.

“Not from the bank,” she explained. “From Harry,” she firmly told them. “Obviously, I have a very close relationship with him, and I’m sure that I can talk him into giving me a loan. Now that the Cannons are folding, and we know that the owner has severe money problems, I can buy it for a song,” she told them.

“But how does that help us get our money back?” Fred asked, indicating to the rest of his family. The rest of them nodded, wondering the same thing.

“Yeah. The Cannons are still trash and have been for as long as we’ve been alive,” George jumped in.

Taking control of the situation like the true matriarch of the family, she explained further. “I’ll buy the Cannons and talk Harry into playing Seeker for the team. I know that his contract is ending after the Championship Tournament, which is going on right now. With his skill and popularity, I can turn the team around in no time.”

She saw their eyes light up, and she knew that they liked the plan. Fleur too seemed intrigued. She stood up and hooked her arm through Hermione’s and stood by her side. “I will ‘elp you in this. I will contact my mother and ask if the Veela Collective will invest. After that, I will come with you to speak with ‘Arry,” she told everyone, which helped calm them down.

With that decided, the two girls got to work.

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“So let me get this straight. You not only want me to loan you ten thousand Galleons, but you want me to play for the Cannons next year?” Seeing the two girls nod, Harry sighed. “And why pray tell, would I want to do that?” he asked what any rational Quidditch fan would ask. “The whole organization is crap, the coaching is terrible, and the players aren’t all that great either.” He sat there in his big, comfy leather armchair waiting for them to respond. Both girls looked at each other and nodded. They figured that they might have to “convince” him of the merits of their brilliant plan.

“Maybe this will convince you,” Hermione told him sexily as she turned to her partner in crime and leaned in. Harry’s eyes widened when hers and Fleur’s lovely lips touched. He was mesmerized by the way that their lips danced together. Fleur got a little bolder and began fondling Hermione’s pert breast. His cock hardened as Hermione gasped into the blonde’s mouth. Soon, they broke apart, and Fleur giggled and did a little twirl. She looked him right in the eyes with a smoldering look and began slowly undoing one button after another on her shirt. Hermione put her heeled foot up on his armrest and began to sensually roll the black stockings down her sexy leg, revealing inch after inch of smooth, pale skin. As the stocking got down to her calf, she held up her foot and allowed him to remove her heel. Just then, Fleur’s shirt opened up and revealed the lacy, white bra that she was wearing.

He practically salivated at the sight of her luscious breasts pressed tightly together behind the skimpy fabric. As her shirt was tossed away, she blew him a kiss before leaning forward and shaking her chest. He watched as her big tits jiggled back and forth, threatening to burst free from their lace prison. Now that Hermione’s legs and feet were free, she too shimmied out of her top. When she saw him staring at her own voluptuous tits which weren’t hidden behind a bra, she smirked and straddled his lap. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled his face into her cleavage and shook her tits back and forth. Harry happily motorboated his best friend, and when he was about to nibble on her hard nipple, she pushed him away and stood back up. Walking up to Fleur, Hermione spun her around so that her skirt-covered ass was facing him. Harry sat up to get a better look. Hermione knelt down and reached underneath the Veela’s skirt. As her hands came down, he saw Fleur’s black G-String come down with them. Helping her step out of them, Hermione stretched them on her thumb and took aim. She let them fly, and they hit Harry right in the face. Harry picked them up and felt the dampness clinging to them. Holding them up to his nose, he inhaled the smell of wet Veela pussy for the first time. His cock was threatening to burst through his trousers.

He watched as Hermione’s skirt and panties dropped to the ground. Next went Fleur’s bra. Her glorious tits bounced free, showing off her hard, pink nipples, crinkled and ready to be sucked. Hermione giggled and undid the blonde’s skirt. Slowly she lowered it, and Harry got his first glimpse at her perfectly smooth mound. He could see her taut lips peeking out from between

her legs. Both girls walked up to him. Fleur knelt down and removed his trousers while Hermione rid him of his shirt. Left only in his boxers, they were tenting something fierce as each girl straddled one of his thighs. Smoothly, they began moving their hips back and forth, grinding their wet and sensitive cunts all over his legs. As he looked down, he noticed the streaks of wetness that their pussies were leaving behind. He let his hands indulge a bit, first climbing up their gorgeous legs, then moving up their slim bellies. Both girls moaned when he cupped a breast in each hand. Pinching their nipples, they arched their backs and squeaked when he tugged on the crinkled, little nubs.

“What do you think, ‘Arry? Are you willing yet?” Fleur gasped as she ground her hard clit against his muscled thigh.

“I’m going to need a bit more convincing,” he told them before grabbing them by their asses. He lifted both of them as he got up from his chair and carried them into the bedroom. Dropping them onto the bed, he went and pulled out a long, wooden box. “I had a feeling that I’d be seeing Hermione again soon, so I got this little toy for her,” he smiled deviously.

“Hermione, crawl up to the head of the bed and put your face down. Open your legs and stick your ass up in the air,” Harry commanded. Hermione gasped and blushed, but did what he said. They watched as the sexy bookworm got into position. As her ass lifted, both saw her pretty, pink pussy absolutely dripping her juices down the insides of her thighs. Harry opened the box and pulled out a special dildo.

Fleur was curious as she saw the sex toy. It was long and thick and was covered in rubber studs. She watched as he pressed the tip against her opening before her pussy lips spread apart. Hermione squeaked and shuddered as the long piece of rubber fully entered her. Just then, Harry tapped the end and it began pistoning in and out of her. Not only that, but it was also vibrating and spinning. Fleur immediately wanted one for herself. It sounded like a good idea because Hermione moaned like a whore as she gripped the bedsheets with her hands. Harry laid down and maneuvered himself until his face was directly below the penetration of Hermione’s wet pussy.

“Now you can work on getting me to agree to that plan of yours,” he told Fleur. She blushed and grabbed the waistband of his boxers. As she pulled them down, she squeaked in shock as his monstrously big cock sprang forth. Tossing his boxers aside, she grabbed his cock by the thick base and settled between his parted legs. Using both hands, she worked his cock until she was sure that it was at peak hardness. She would need her mother’s two hands to help cover this beastly cock. Dipping her head, she decided to just go for it. Wiggling her tongue around the tip, she listened for his moan before taking him fully into her mouth. She sucked on the head like a lollipop while working the shaft with eager hands. Letting one of her hands drop, she cupped his balls and happily fondled them while lowering her head.

Harry was staring at Hermione’s trembling body as he lay there on his back. He suddenly felt a drop of warm liquid hit him in the cheek. He watched as another drop escaped her pussy and hit

him on the lips. Cleaning his lips with his tongue, he moaned at her flavor. He reached up and grabbed her ass and pulled her pussy down to his lips. Hermione shrieked in pleasure as her swollen clit was engulfed by his lips while the dildo pistoned in and out of her. Hermione could hear the slurping of Fleur taking his cock down her throat like a champ. Sure enough, the horny, little Veela was doing the best job that she could, managing to take half of his enormous shaft. Her pussy was dripping and quivering with need. Seeing Hermione receive so much pleasure, she grew tired of not getting any for herself. Letting go of his cock and balls, she straddled his lap and rubbed her naked cunt all over his erection. Shuddering with need, she lifted up and reached underneath herself. Taking his cock in hand, she lined him up with her wet slit and dropped down on him. Harry moaned into Hermione's clit as Fleur threw her head back and moaned like a whore. Placing her hands on his chest, she slowly began rolling her hips in a figure-eight pattern while Harry placed his hands on her wide, welcoming hips.

Harry couldn't believe the pleasure that he was feeling, having never experienced the joy of Veela pussy before. Her insides felt like the softest of velvet, warm and wet and hugging him as tightly as possible. He fought the urge to cum right then and there and was rewarded when she began rolling her hips back and forth while panting like a bitch in heat. Suddenly, Fleur reached out and gripped the dildo in Hermione's pussy. Harry let go of her clit and watched as Fleur pulled it from her wet depths. It was all too much for Hermione and her pussy fluttered right before spraying Fleur in the face with a powerful jet of girl cum. Harry would have loved to see Fleur's bouncing tits get covered in wetness, but instead, a flood of her pussy juice poured out of her pink pussy and splashed him in the face. He drank down as much as he could as Fleur squealed and came on his cock. As her pussy fluttered over his shaft, Fleur fell forward and buried her face in Hermione's trembling ass. He squeezed her thighs tightly as he heard slurping sounds coming from the area where they were connected.

Not being satisfied since he hadn't cum yet, he lifted Fleur off of him and placed her on her back. Her legs were wide open, and he could see her slick and shining pussy waiting for more. Grabbing Hermione, he lifted her up as well and placed her face down on top of Fleur. Her ass was still up in the air, wiggling and tempting him. If it was on purpose or not, it didn't matter. He took the bait and quickly grabbed a bottle of special lubricant. He shuddered as he squeezed some on his raging erection. He could feel the tingle of pleasure as he rubbed it into his skin. Once done, he placed the head of his fat cock against Hermione's tight, little opening. Pushing hard, he heard her yelp and gasp as the head popped into her incredibly tight asshole. Moaning loudly from the intense heat surrounding him, he grabbed a handful of her hair on the back of her head and pushed her face down. Instantly, he heard them begin to make out. Working his cock into her inch by inch, it was a few minutes until he had bottomed out.

Hermione was trembling violently as her asshole was violated by his absurdly big penis. Not only that but whatever he was using as lube was making her skin vibrate with pleasurable energy. He had only begun slowly pumping into her ass and already she was seeing spots. Breaking the kiss, she buried her face in Fleur's slender, sweet-smelling neck while Harry ravaged her asshole and made it his. Her pussy was tingling wildly when suddenly, he pulled out. She groaned just as Fleur squealed wildly.

Harry wasn't going to let the little Veela go without first trying out her asshole as well. It was just as fantastic as he always believed. So incredibly tight, it was like a furnace that squeezed his cock and desperately tried to get him to cum. As a Veela, her body was literally made for sex. He didn't need to worry about treating her with kid gloves like he did with Hermione. He just stuffed his fat meat into her tight hole and began pounding into the little slut. He smiled as he heard her whorish squeals of delight. She lifted her feet up and placed them over his shoulder, causing Hermione to fall forward a bit. He watched as she nibbled on Hermione's hard nipples while she gasped and moaned for more. Harry was slamming into her fiercely, fucking her violently with long, deep thrusts. Out of nowhere, Fleur cried out and came hard. Her asshole clenched down on him and nearly made him cum. Quickly pulling out, he pushed it back into Hermione's asshole and began fucking her as well.

Hermione was feeling every inch of Fleur's sweaty skin as her mouth opened with a near-constant whine of pleasure. Her pussy was already fluttering and dripping her juices all over Fleur's slim, taut belly. When Harry pushed all the way in and hit a very deep spot, she too cried out and came. Not done with them yet, Harry pushed his cock between their hairless mounds and fucked their clits viciously. Both girls were spasming out of control, but Harry was more than man enough to hold them in position. Together, both girls screamed and started squirting at the same time. Girl cum splashed all over them and Harry as their swollen clits were battered and fucked into oblivion. Grunting like a caveman that just claimed another fresh piece of pussy, he pulled out and came all over Hermione's upturned ass. He watched as strings of thick, white cum hit her asshole and pussy and began to drip down. More cum landed on her back and hair as he stroked his cock to make sure every last drop painted his best friend's back.

When done, he stood up and breathed a sigh of relief. He chuckled at the devastation that he had left. Two sexy girls were nude and quivering on his bed. "Well ... you've convinced me. But I have a demand," he told them.

They continued to squirt and cum as they looked at him pathetically. "I'll front the money, but no Weasley is allowed to own any of it," he told them. He knew how bad they were with money. There was a reason why generation after generation of Weasleys was always poor. "I'll own a third, Hermione will own a third, and Fleur and her mother will own a third when they put in their share. I'll keep Ron on as coach as a favor to you, Hermione, but I'll be replacing most of the others. I'll recruit some talent and fill in as the team's Seeker. That should get things rolling after the break."

They couldn't even celebrate since they were still trembling on the bed, their assholes and pussies still puckering. Shaking his head, he chuckled. "May as well celebrate in style then," she declared before lifting Fleur into his arms and sliding into her cumming pussy. She squealed wildly as he slid all the way in and began fucking her against the wall while he held her plump and shapely ass in his palms.

The Brilliant Plan

“Thank you for coming here on this momentous occasion!” Ron declared proudly as he puffed his chest while standing in front of the podium. “We’ve just got word that after our complete destruction of Puddlemere United, the Cannons are officially back in the League,” he said to excited chatter. Of course, he didn’t realize that the chatter was focused on Harry’s heroic gameday actions.

“Of course, with my superior coaching talent and brilliant strategic mind, there was never a doubt!” he stated, continuing to boost his own ego. “Even though this victory truly belongs to me, I would like to thank our newest Seeker, and my personal friend, Harry Potter. Stand up Harry and take a bow!” he said happily. When nothing happened, he looked over and saw Harry’s empty seat. “Where in the hell ...?”

In the Owner’s Box, Hermione was bent over a table while Harry furiously fucked her poor, abused pussy.

“Harry! It’s too much!” she cried out and began squirting all over the carpet. Pulling out, he moved over a couple of feet and slid back into the worn-out Veela that was bent over by her friend. As she begged and pleaded for him to take it easy on her sore asshole, he gave her beautiful ass a hard slap and celebrated like a true Quidditch superstar.