

FanFic

Note: This takes place during The Half-Blood Prince, probably toward the start. This would put Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Draco at around 16.

Ronald Weasley was bored. His best friend, Harry Potter, was out on one of those mysterious assignments for Professor Dumbledore that he always had. The other guys who shared his room were out doing whatever the minor characters did when nobody was watching. Even Hermione was busy, at the library as usual.

Ron sat on his bed and pondered what to do. He even briefly considered joining Hermione at the library, but even though he fancied Hermione, that wasn't enough to get him into the library. Besides, he would be too embarrassed. How could he explain why he was there?

As he sat there, his eyes fell on his trunk, which he had not fully unpacked even though classes had been in session for some time. Sighing, he knelt to his trunk and started unpacking and putting away things like socks and sweaters.

But that's when Ron found something interesting. It was a pair of chocolates. Ron remembered swiping them from the twins room one day when nearly everyone else was out. He was going to try them then, but Ginny still happened to be home and interrupted him. But now Ron had a whole night to himself. He could barely imagine what the chocolate might do, but without a hesitation he popped it into his mouth, chewed and swallowed.

There was a moment of silence. Ron didn't feel any different. "Hm," thought Ron, "I guess the candy was a dud." But then Ron had a sudden feeling that his underpants were feeling a bit tight. In fact, they were feeling *way* too tight. He reached under his robes and tore them off. And that's when the strangest sight graced his eyes.

His penis, which was normally of average size, maybe even on the small size, had swelled to tremendous proportions. He later measured it, eighteen inches when it was fully erect. Which it was. Right now. In front of his eyes. Well, it practically reached his eyes anyway.

Ron looked one way then the other then back down at his enlarged member. Well, when you're a sixteen year old boy and your penis has grown to eighteen inches, there's only one thing to do. Ron leaned down slightly and licked the head of his penis. It felt so good. He then stuck as much of it in his mouth and played with it with his tongue. Then he began to suck.

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The next day was amazing. At first, Ron wasn't certain if the last night was a dream, but a quick check under the sheets assured him that his penis was as large as ever. He had to "go commando" during the since his underwear was all too tight now, but that was a small price to pay. And luckily, his robes concealed the massive hard on he would get when he saw the female students, especially Hermione. With his newfound penis, Ron felt strong and powerful, manly.

But that afternoon, Ron ran into a bit of a problem when he was called into the Headmaster's office along with Harry, and Hermione. At first Ron was worried that the Headmaster somehow knew about his growth spurt, but his fears were quickly quieted when Professor Dumbledore spoke.

"I have a special assignment for the three of you," Professor Dumbledore began. "Tomorrow morning, the three of you, along with Draco Malfoy, are to meet with Professor Snape in my office. I will have a portkey prepared to take the five of you to the United States. There you are to make contact with representatives of America's witching community and see if you can secure their aid in our fight against you know whom."

"But sir," Harry began, "can we really trust Snape? And I have tried to tell you several times that Draco is up to som..." But Dumbledore cut him off, "Professor Snape, Harry. And I assume you that you should be able to trust him as well as young Mr. Malfoy as much as I do."

The assignment was discussed in more detail. The five of them were to dress as Muggles to blend in better. This would be much easier for Harry and Hermione than Ron, but Harry assured Ron that he'd have some spare clothing that would fit. Ron was a little worried. Would he be able to contain his monstrous man meat in a normal pair of trousers?

As they were walking back to the boy's dormitory for the night, Ron tripped over his penis. Harry noticed and asked "Are you ok mate? Have you hurt yourself?" Ron turned beet red and said he was ok. He refused to say any more. He didn't know why he was so embarrassed; he knew Harry would be proud. But then Harry would probably want the other chocolate and Ron was still saving that one for himself.

Ron was already up and dressed by the time Harry awoke, Ron wanted to make sure he could fit into the muggle clothing ok. And after a quick breakfast, they met with Hermione, Draco, and Professor Snape in the Headmaster's office. Hermione was there first, already waiting for them. Professor Snape and Draco arrived last.

When they were all there, Professor Dumbledore did the final incantation and pronounced the portkey ready. He explained that in about three hours, it would be ready to port them back to Hogwarts. Before they left, Snape admonished "I want you to understand that while we are on this mission, I am responsible for your wellbeing, and thus my orders are to be obeyed at all times. Is that clear, Potter?" Harry replied that he understood.

The five of them took hold of the portkey and there was a rush of wind and they were in New Jersey. Snape pocketed the portkey. It wouldn't be active again for another three hours or so.

Ron looked around. He had never been outside of England before, but he discovered that New Jersey was depressingly, well, boring.

Ron turned to look back at the others, and that is when he discovered the most disturbing thing of his entire life. Normally, when he looked at Professor Snape, he had to suppress an involuntary

shudder of revulsion, but now he was looking at his Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher in a whole new light.

It wasn't that Professor Snape had become any more handsome. He still had his greasy black hair and air of superiority. It was just that now Ron found those things charming. Why as much as he hated Ron before, he admired him now. Admired? No, that wasn't right. He... he was in love. Oh my, Ron was completely, madly, head over heels in love with his teacher. Ron could feel the blood rushing to his titanic todger as he imagined himself giving every inch of it to Professor Snape. Could he even take it all in? Ron had to know.

But how? This would have to be some sort of secret love. Ron started to turn red – a real feat since most of his blood was in his crotch by now – and turned to see what Harry was up to. But he never got that far.

Because that's when he saw Draco. Now Ron never had any great admiration of Draco, although Harry certainly hated Draco more than Ron did. But now Ron was looking at Draco through new eyes. While he certainly didn't love Draco as much as he loved Professor Snape, he could feel the pangs of lust there as well. Well, maybe in Snape wasn't available, he could have Draco. Or... or maybe he could have both.

Ron still felt the same way about Harry as he always did. Harry was his best friend, his mate, but he felt no special romance toward him. Likewise, he still felt the same as he always did about Hermione. He was still secretly in love with Hermione and embarrassed all to hell about it. In his mind, the threesome became a foursome. And why not, he had enough penis for all four of them!

Ron was so deeply lost in his musings that he didn't even notice the strangers walking toward them, nor did he notice that the second chocolate, which he had brought with him was now missing from his pocket. But he will notice those things soon enough to be sure.

Note from the GMs: it is unlikely that we will be able to provide you with a prosthetic; please provide your own. If worst comes to worst, 18 inches of pipe insulation will do fine.

The Others

Professor Severus Snape: He used to be your least favorite teacher, but now you want to bone him like there is no tomorrow.

Harry Potter: Your best friend. He will eventually have to defeat He Who Must Not Be Named, but that isn't your mission today.

Hermione Granger: You do fancy her, but you're too shy to say anything.

Draco Malfoy: You've never really cared for him. You used to think he was a jerk, but now you've discovered you're quite fond of him.

You haven't met the others yet, but here are some first impressions.

Buffy Summers: She is a little older than you, but she is smokin' hot.

Alexander "Xander" LaVelle Harris: Hm, he seems like a third wheel, like he doesn't really have the skills to be with those around him.

Willow Rosenberg: She is a witch; you can tell. She might be your contact.

Rupert Giles: He is British; you can tell that from his accent.

Angel: There is something strange about him. You can't quite read him properly. Also, he seems to be sparkling in the daylight for some reason.

Captain Kirk: He seems to be quite the ladies man. Maybe he can give you dating pointers.

Mr. Spock: There is something very strange about him, but you can't quite put your finger on it.

Dr. Leonard McCoy: Wow, a real Muggle doctor. You wonder if they really use leaches like you've heard.

Lieutenant Uhura: She also is a witch.

Mary Sue Johnson: She is also a witch, a very powerful one at that. She might be your contact. She is also the most beautiful woman you've every seen. Just looking at her makes your pants bulge with delight.

Skills and Stuff

Combat:	Average
Research:	Below Average
Magic:	Average
Engineering:	Horrible
Sex:	Excellent*

Lucky Stroke: You may get an additional clue for a puzzle you are trying to solve or you may have something good happen to you in some other way. Two uses: ☐☐

***Sexpert:** As long as you have your 18" penis, your level may be considered Expert. Your natural level of Sex is Horrible for purposes of raising your level during the game.

In addition, your natural level is raised as follows: Below Average – 1 use; Average – 1 use; Above Average – 2 uses; Excellent – 3 uses; Secret level above Excellent – 4 uses. Your effective level doesn't reach the Secret level above Excellent until your natural level reaches that level.