

Plotting With Potions

by MuseAmusant

Ron schemes to win Hermione back.

The Perfect Plan

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: I am not J.K. Rowling. Obviously.

With grateful thanks to the lovely and incomparable Linlawless and Blue Artemis for graciously looking this little piece over. You ladies are awesome! Any remaining mistakes are the result of my own tweaking.

Weasley fans should take warning that, yes, I am picking on Ron again. Bad Muse!

~oOo~

Ron stumbled into the nearest lavatory to relieve himself of the results of excessive Firewhisky consumption and set a small flask of Polyjuice potion down on a nearby sink before taking matters in hand.

He smirked to himself at the thought that Hermione would soon be his again, this time for good.

And he actually had the witch-stealing Potions bastard himself to thank for making it all possible.

Conveniently, Snape had had them spend the last month learning to brew Polyjuice in preparation for their upcoming NEWT examinations. As Hermione had, demonstrably, already produced that particular potion as a second-year student, Snape had chosen to enlist her aid in supervising her fellow students. Polyjuice being a particularly complicated and finicky potion with a high potential for disaster if brewed incorrectly, Headmistress McGonagall had been quick to grant her younger colleague's request for her favorite young Gryffindor's assistance with the endeavor.

Ron scowled. He just knew the greasy bat had taken advantage of the extra time spent with Hermione to slip her a love potion. That, he had decided, was the only possible explanation for Hermione deciding that she much preferred spending her free time with Snape instead of heatedly snogging with her redheaded Quidditch captain boyfriend. That or the Imperius. *Damn Death Eating bastard!*

Either way, Ron was not giving up his witch without a bloody good fight. No matter that Hermione had told him quite plainly that things weren't working and she wasn't interested in him that way anymore. He knew she wanted him. Always had, always would. She just needed him to show her that's the way it should be and would be.

When they completed the potion as part of their NEWT practical exam, Ron had immediately seized the opportunity to fill a second vial with Polyjuice, Snape being conveniently distracted by a well-timed squabble between Malfoy and Parkinson.

Later, after Hermione left with Snape to confer in his office, Ron had snuck over to Snape's desk and found exactly what he was looking for.

Quickly slipping the single strand of raven-black hair into another vial, Ron had barely suppressed the urge to crow in triumph as he swiftly made his way back to Gryffindor

tower with his stolen prizes.

Now, he lurked in the lavatory as his friends stuffed themselves at the Leaving Feast in the Great Hall.

Ron was confident in his success, secure in the fact that it was a blue moon, which meant Snape was out in the Forbidden Forest collecting aconite. The bastard had been planning to do so ever since Hermione had worked out that Wolfsbane potion brewed with aconite harvested during a blue moon didn't just control lycanthropy, it was a bonafide cure for the affliction.

And Snape, damn him, had given Hermione equal credit for the discovery that was making them both very, very rich.

Ron smiled widely when he realized that was something else he could thank Snape for. Once he and Hermione were married, what was hers would be legally his and he would be rich too!

Chuckling to himself, utterly convinced that his plan was absolutely foolproof, Ron was feeling particularly pleased with the masterful strategy he had devised.

In just a few moments, he would Polyjuice himself into a double of a certain greasy professor and whisk his witch off for a romantic night in the Room of Requirement, where a bottle of elf-made wine laced liberally with fertility potion awaited them. When Hermione inevitably turned up pregnant, the standard Healer test that confirmed pregnancy would reveal that he, Ron, was the father-to-be. A furious Snape would be out of the picture, Hermione would become Mrs. Ronald Weasley, and their baby would be the first member of the Quidditch team he had always wanted.

His plan was absolutely perfect, and he couldn't wait to get started!

Meanwhile, as Ron cackled and plotted away in a lavatory stall, a small black spider slowly floated its way down to a golden flask and crawled in.

Seconds later, Ron emerged, buckled his trousers and strode over to the flask, chugging the contents in one go.

A few seconds later, Ron's body began to change. He felt... weird.

Is THIS what it felt like to be Snape?

Ron bit back a groan of frustration when he belatedly realized that he had forgotten to add the hair from Snape.

Then he frowned, confused.

Hang on, if I didn't add the hair to the Polyjuice, I shouldn't be transforming. What the bloody Hell is happening to me?

Fumbling for his trouser pocket to retrieve the hair, Ron found that he couldn't quite manage it. And his vision had gone oddly blurry too. But Ron found he could still see well enough to determine the horrifying truth of his predicament. His multiple blue eyes bulged at the sight of the spindly, black-haired appendage that had taken the place of his previously muscular, freckled arm.

Ron's screams of mingled shock and horror echoed off the lavatory walls several minutes after he keeled over onto the cold flagstone floor in a dead faint.