

Hooking Calamari

by Amita

A therapy group and PTSD.

Chapter 1 of 1

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“Oh, it was all over me. It was like Ron, except Ron only has two hands.”

“We’re all aware of what Ron has, Lavender,” said Hermione.

“You may think you know everything, but you’re not as smart as you might think,” retorted Lavender, “and you’re not supposed to interrupt anyone. We’re all here to work out our trauma and heal. We all agreed to listen and be sympathetic.”

There was sympathetic silence.

After a brief pause where Lavender wondered if everyone knew what Ron, that faithless cad, had, she said, “I tried to get away of course, but it’s unbelievably strong. It pulled me into the water, and the lake should have been cold, but everything seemed warm, especially when the tentacles ripped of my top and those suckers clamped on my full and firm breasts.” She took a breath for strength. “I only mention this for therapeutic purposes, but do you think it recognizes features like my breasts that let us stand out from the mediocre crowd?”

“It took me up my arse,” inserted a voice from the crowd.

The group of girls nodded knowingly.

“I came twice,” inserted the voice again.

The group sighed.

“I only had one orgasm, but it was prolonged and much deeper than any I got from you-know-who-has-two-hands,” said Lavender.

The next speaker made it clear that no one was immune.

“I was patrolling the shore for an infestation of gogwollies,” said Luna. “They’re terribly hard on the native bushes, which are neglected you know, and given the recent warm temperature, cloudless nights, and full moon, the gogwollies have a field day breeding and swarming ashore where they quickly strip and eat all in their path, and we could prevent the catastrophe with a little care, and it certainly isn’t too much to ask for everyone to pay attention to the obvious signs.”

The group manifested a restless shuffle.

“But to get to the point,” said Luna, “the catastrophe occurred because the warm temperature and full moon caused me to think about breeding and striping and eating and my neglected bush. My presence of mind was elsewhere when I noticed the presence of ripples where the waves were lapping and caressing the gentle shore in an eternal harmony of giving and receiving at the place the land and water part ways.” She paused to clear her throat. “I waded in, and I did not immediately realize that the ripples that were gently caressing me had a greater harmony in mind. At any rate, it was lapping and parting my thighs with the gentle caressing of giving and receiving until I rippled and lost my presence of mind in eternal harmony.”

The group nodded sympathetic understanding.

"It was educational in its own way," said Luna. "I now have concrete evidence of the existence of wrackspurts and the fuzzy effect they have on your brain, but it's not the ears they attack."

Hermione was waving her hand frantically in the air. She was certain a story about her rather nice legs thrashing in the surf would eclipse the pale tales of super-boobs and air-head, but authority, in the name of action, was preempting the best account the sessions had ever heard.

"We must confront this confrontation of all we hold dear," said the presiding Professor McGonagall.

Yes, *all we hold dear*, thought the group.

"We'll draw straws," chorused the girls. "The winner, we mean the loser, gets to, we mean has to, gather all her courage and confront the squid whilst being willing to sacrifice all for the good of the school and the honor of her comrades who stand resolutely beside her in spirit."

There was general agreement until the resolute course of action was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought that was best expressed by a dreamy-eyed Ravenclaw. "Do you think it has enough tentacles for all of us?"

Eager young faces shone as the light-bulb of possibilities clicked on for all the enquiring minds.

"It's moments like this that make me proud of the student body," said McGonagall, "and I speak for the entire teaching staff when I commend your undoubted courage, but this is obviously a job for an experienced instructor who is willing to stand between students entrusted to her care and any conceivable untoward experience that could befall them."

There was a solemn silence until a small voice at the back of the room asked, "Can we watch?"

Prompt by astopperindeath: the giant squid has been molesting people and a group meet to work through their trauma.