

Italian Food

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"I'm pretty sure I am, George, but how are we going to get Snape into a pink tutu and tiara?"

"No, not that. Although, maybe if Hermione tells him she has a kink for cross-dressing ballerinas?"

"Why would you think Hermione should be the one to tell him? And why would you think sweet, little Hermione would be kinky?"

"Smart girls usually are. They have those imaginations going for them."

"You ignored my first question."

"If you don't know by now, you will never know."

"Fine. So what WERE you thinking?"

"I miss good Italian food. Nothing in Britain tastes like the food in Italy."

"True. Especially the calamari. I loved that."

"Me too, George, but where are we going to find fresh squid?"

Later, Fred would think that just maybe, for the first time ever, he should not have listened to his brother.

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHGGHGHGHGGHGHGGHGH!"

Hermione Granger could not hold back her laughter. There were Fred and George, naked as the day they were born, being swung over the Giant Squid's head like a pair of noise-makers.

She turned to her first lover. "Ten Galleons that they were trying to make sushi."

Severus responded, "I don't think they would eat their seafood raw. Ten Galleons they were trying to use the ink for a potions ingredient."

"They just got back from Italy. I'm betting on calamari."

The three shook hands, then cast spells to levitate the screaming red-heads out of the grasp of the rather annoyed cephalopod.

"So, what were you doing?" asked Remus.

"We were craving calamari, and this was the only fresh squid we could think of."

Many thanks to luvsev for the beta!

Prompt from debjunk from October 17, 2009: Fred and George decide to make calamari out of the giant squid.