

# **Ron and the Giant Squid**

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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Harry Potter: Ron and the Giant Squid

# 1

“Ron! Wait up!”

Harry Potter’s voice carried clearly out over the water and Ron looked up with a start. His red hair flashed in the setting sunlight as he peered over the water to see Harry running along the side, carrying his Firebolt. Ron sighed and waited, smoothing his moth-eaten robes before leaning against a carved, wooden pole in the ground.

After a few moments, Harry came running up, panting. Green eyes sparkled for a moment before he skidded to a stop.

“Hey... Ron.”

Ron Weasley smiled at his friend and looked down at Harry’s Firebolt; the polished, and expensive, broomstick was streaked with new burn marks, some of them still scattering ashes to the ground as Harry brought the broom to his side.

“What happened to your...” he pointed at the broom.

“You know about someone cursing the Gryffindor Quidditch team, right?”

Stepping slightly back away from Harry, Ron nodded warily while keeping his eye out; someone had taken to randomly throwing fire spells at anyone on the team, or happened to be nearby. Earlier that morning, Draco was sent to the infirmary when he got caught in the blast while trying to steal Harry’s Firebolt.

“Yeah? Like when the snitch exploded on you?”

Harry frowned and rubbed the healing scars along his face and neck, “Well... I think I found out something, but I want Hagrid to hear about it. It may deal with one of his... pets, or at least imitating one of them.”

Frowning, Ron thought for a moment, "I think he's teaching a bunch of sixth-year students about some water creatures, he's over near the river. Knowing him, probably holding his breath and swimming around after some squid. They came by about an hour or so ago, practicing their water-breathing spells. Sarlivous or something like that."

Even as a chuckle drifted from the green-eyed wizard, Ron could feel Harry's attention drawing away and he didn't like it.

"But, you could probably wait here..."

Shaking his head, Harry looked over the lake, "No, this is important."

Taking a deep breath, Harry picked up his broom again and waves to Ron, "Catch you later!"

Ron watched him disappear down one of the winding paths that seemed to dominate Hogwarts and sighed.

"But, I want to help," but no one heard his wistful statement.

Feeling dejected, Ron sat down heavily on the ground and winced as he heard the hem of his robe ripping. Taking great care not to inspect it, he gazed out over the water. The enjoyment of watching the waves faded as he thought about Harry Potter.

"Poor Harry, wonder why he took it personally when Draco got hurt," Ron sighed again, "I think the bastard did it on purpose."

With another sigh, he pulled out his wand and began to draw circles in the dirt. The splintered wand was held together by a few strings and some mud; his family couldn't afford much more.

"How can I help? What can I do with the great Harry Potter on the case?"

The sense of bitter quickly faded into guilt as Ron realize he did care for his friend. Looking up into the blue sky, he spoke quietly, "Good luck, Harry. Whatever it is, I know you'll figure it out."

A few hours later, Ron woke up with a start. Above him, night had already washed over Hogwarts and he found himself lying down in a pool of shadows. The ground was still warm from the sunlight, but he knew it would cool down quickly. He barely began to rub his eyes when he heard a few students running by. Harry's voice was easily identifiable as they ran by.

"We better find Hagrid quick! I think he's still in the river."

Hermione responded, but her voice was lost in the noise and they faded before Ron could scramble to his feet. He manage to run after them a few steps when the hem of his robe caught under his foot and he fell face first into the mud; a fresh tearing noise greeted his ears and he winced painfully, the robe couldn't take much more and his family couldn't afford it.

By the time he pushed himself up, the other students were gone and the sounds of the night began to pick up again. A cricket nearby began to chirp until an owl briefly flew over.

Ron smacked the ground, "Damn it! I missed him."

Tears began to crawl down his mud-streaked cheeks as he sat up, "I just wanted to help this time."

Ron let a few sobs shake him before he pushed down on his emotions and scrambled to his feet. Wiping the dark mud from his eyes, he looked around him.

Mist was rising off the surface of the lake and Ron found himself staring at it, almost mesmerized. His eyes trailed along the shore, following the mist until he barely saw where the river poured into the lake.

Elation grew inside him and he fumbled for his wand, "I know. I'll find Hagrid!"

Pulling out his wand and tightening the latest bit of string holding it together, he frowned and tried to remember the spell he heard from one of the seventh-year students. His wand bobbed in the air as he struggled to duplicate the flip.

"Sara..."

"Sarins..."

"Saramonious!"

His voice cracked on the spell, but he felt the swirl of energy as it rippled through his wand. One of the strings on it burst into flames, but he quickly dipped it into the water before it could damage the battered wood anymore.

Feeling flush and succeeding at a powerful spell, Ron looked around for someone to brag to.

There was no one.

Feeling suddenly alone, he started to back away from the lake when he realized why he cast the spell. Taking a deep breath, he

stepped up to the shore of the gently lapping water and then took a step into the water.

His foot got wet.

Ron frowned and lifted his foot up and put it back into the water.

His foot got even wetter.

Nervousness and fear began to trickle down his spine and he briefly considered running back to the dorm, and to avoid Professor Snape before he lost even more points to Gryffindor.

A rustling of the bushes made his decision and he splashed forward, praying that his spell was successful. His robe caught on a rock and he felt himself falling face first into the water.

His scream was half-interrupted when he landed face-first into the water and took in a large gulp of water. His arms and legs thrashed for a moment before he realized he wasn't choking.

Elation flooded through him and he took another deep breath of water; the cool liquid slid down his throat, but somehow he was breathing. With a scramble, he stumbled deeper into the water, soaking himself, until he dipped completely under the surface.

Underwater was not that much different than above. It was cool, but not hot. The water was murky at a distance, hinting at things moving just out of his vision, but there was nothing stopping him from moving forward. Harry's quest still in mind, he manage to half-walk, half-swim toward the river, a trail of tiny bubbles following him.

The lake grew dark very quickly, more so on the surface, and soon Ron found himself lost between long streamers of algae and plants. Above him, a school of fish was swimming in circle, a faint mockery of vultures. Ron shivered and looked around for some landmark, but the alien gave no hint to where he was.

Feeling a little frightened, Ron kicked up, swimming toward the surface. His shoes were dragging him down, but he couldn't afford to lose them, that would be the third pair this year.

As the surface grew closer, he saw the moon's light light up the entire sky in a brilliant wave of diamonds. The surface of the water somehow magnified it to the point where he felt he was swimming into the moon itself.

Then he hit the surface.

Literally.



Instead of splashing into the fresh air, Ron found his face pressed painfully against a rubbery sheet of something. Panicking, he pushed out, but the surface tension of the water would not let him escape and he sunk deeper into the water. Swimming up again, he pounded his fists against the magical surface of the lake, but even with all of his strength behind it, he could not break free.

A watery sob escaped his throat and he let himself sink toward the bottom of the lake. When his feet brushed against the rocky surface, he looked around, but darkness had flooded the lake and he couldn't see more than a few arms length away from him.

Hagrid and Harry forgotten, Ron picked a random direction and hoped it would lead him out before his spell wore off.

It felt like hours had passed, but Ron knew it was only a few minutes. His feet caught on the rocks and seaweeds, making each step feel like he ran a mile. The ground didn't seem to rise much, but the darkness was absolute and each rolling hill that promised to lead up managed to lead him deeper into the lake.

He managed to work himself into a dark despair when he tripped on something rubbery. Even with the slow-motion of the water, he saw the ground rush up to him and he landed hard.

Before he even stopped moving, he was scrambling to his feet, looking around. The darkness pressed around him until he remembered his wand. Feeling foolish at not thinking of it sooner, he waved his wand and said the word to the spell of light.

“Lumos!”

A pearly light burst into existence on his wand and Ron found himself looking at a giant squid. The creature was huge, almost eighty feet in length as one immense eye rotated to stare at him. A swirl of tentacles bunched up, then launched themselves at him.

Ron's watery scream would have been heard across the school if it wasn't for the water. He kicked hard on the ground and launched himself up, away from the reaching tentacles. His feet kicked violently as he tried to swim away as fast as he could.

A bubbly voice, a male, interrupted his panic, “A human!”

Slowing, Ron looked behind him as two of the tentacles wrapped around his feet. Fear surging through him again, he kicked hard at the tentacles and tried to cast a spell.

“Reduik... Reduc... help!”

“No, no, no, no, no. I won’t hurt you. I promise,” the bubbly voice appeared to be coming from the squid as it drew him closer. Ron got a good look at the sharp beak and screamed as loud as he could.

“No, no, no! I won’t hurt you! I promise!”

The tentacles set him down on the ground and held him as he thrashed and beat at them. Slowly, when nothing happened, Ron opened his eyes to find the squid staring back, not hurting him.

Curiosity began to filter through his emotions as he stopped, “You talk?”

A few of the tentacles swirled in the water, but most of them continued to remain wrapped around his waist and legs, “Yes, yes, yes, yes! I talk. I remember how!”

There was more than a little joy and amusement in the squid’s voice, a strange bubbly mixture of full-grown male and child-like qualities. Ron tightened his grip on his wand as he peered over at the large, yellow eye staring at him.

“Who... what are you?”

“I don’t remember. Dumb... someone used to call me Gerid, but that was a long time ago.”

Ron felt one of the tentacles tugging at his robe and he managed to pull it free from the sucker teeth. Another tentacle wrapped around his waist, adding to the one already there and drew him closer as the squid stared at him for a moment.

“Are you a student?”

Feeling very scared, Ron stared at the sharp beak of the squid before responding in a tiny voice, “Yes?”

“What year?”

“Fourth.”

“A very good year.”

Ron felt his spine trying to crawl into his stomach, “A... good year?”

“Yeah, a good year. I liked my fourth year, I had a lot of fun. Of course, Potter was getting all the credit, but he still left some to us.”

“Potter?”

“Yeah, James Potter. He’s a wizard, probably graduated now. Going to do good, yes, yes, yes. Haven’t seen him in... a long time.”

“James? You mean Harry’s father?”

Shock rippled through the squid and it pulled him closer, “James is a father? Wow... where did the time go. Here, I’ve been watching over this... been sleeping here all these years and he goes and has a son?”

Completely lost, Ron just nodded. His hand grabbed one of the tentacles as it tugged at his boot, pulling the laces from one of the sucker mouths. Another tentacle was wiggling up his robes and he pushed it out.

“Hey! Please watch those things!”

The squid’s eye looked down and pulled the one from his robe, “Sorry. They have a mind of their own. Never figured out how to get them all working at once... they have a tendency to do thing.”

Ron felt a tearing at his robe and yanked hard on the cloth. The fabric tore, but he managed to free his outfit from the curious tentacles that was trying to suck at it. He looked at the squid with a painful look, “Look, can I go now? I really need to get to the surface.”

He found himself pulling his hand from a tentacle that wrapped around it, the suckers briefly tugged at his skin before he managed to free one hand; his foot slipped and another tentacle wrapped around it.

The squid pulled back one tentacle, but the others quickly took it’s place, “Sorry... I... can’t seem to... control...” with each word, he pulled away one tentacle, but another would snake out to wrap around him. Ron felt his clothes tearing as hundreds of suckers wrapped around his arm before the squid drew it back. A few strips of cloth drifted in the water and Ron stared at them for a moment.

Finally, the squid managed to yank all of its tentacles back, but in the process Ron felt his robe finally give up and tear horribly. Cool water brushed against his skin and he suddenly felt embarrassed in only his underwear.

The squid stared at him, vibrating with the effort to control it’s tentacles, “I-I’m so sorry. I-I didn’t mean to, I promise. I do, I really do!”

Ron swam back, away from the squid, “It’s okay. I can find a new one.”

Turning around, he began to swim away from the strange creature, “I just need to head home.”

The squid whimpered, "Please don't go. I just want to help."

Echoes of him saying the same thing stopped Ron and he turned around, the light from his wand casting a blue ripple through the water. A sense of sadness filled him for a moment before he swam back to the creature.

"I'm sorry, it's just that you destroyed my clothes and I can't... can't afford another."

"Money? Would money help?"

Warily, Ron looked at the creature as it turned darker, "Yes, but I don't have any."

"I do! Yes, yes, yes. I say sorry and give you stuff. You stay and be friend, just for a while?"

"I can't, I'm sorry. I don't know when this spell is goin—"

"Spell! Yes, time for you to go. Me get money, lead you to surface. No drown here, no, no, no. Getting stuck in a form is bad... getting stuck... bad."

With a flick of its fins, the squid's body narrowed and Ron felt a rush of water as it snapped past. His bright red hair flashed in the water for a moment before silence filled the water around him.

Ron looked around, fear growing again, "Uh, squid? Gerid?"

Nothing responded.

"Gerid?"

No one responded.

Ron was about to panic when the squid raced back, its long length easily slicing through the water. In one tentacle, it was holding a rusted box that it dropped at his feet.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes. You get money, go home, come back later. No get stuck in water."

Ron felt the tentacles wrap around him and the box, picking him up in the water. The suckers seemed gentle against his skin, sending up goosebumps. With a surge of water, the squid launched itself into the darkness, moving faster and straighter than Ron ever could on his own. The cool water pressed against his face and he felt the various current, warm and cold, splash against him, even underwater.

He had barely enough time to enjoy the sensations when he saw the surface of the lake race up to him, and the rippling image of the wooden pole he was sleeping near just a few hours before.

“Gerid! There it is! The surfa-”

Ron’s voice caught in his throat as he watched as someone stepped into his vision, near the edge of the pool. Long white hair sparkled in the moonlight as Dumbledore bent down to look at something.

Fear raced through his veins as Ron struggled away from the surface, “Gerid! No, not there! Hide me! Dumbledore is there.”

“Hide? Yes, yes, yes, hide!”

Ron felt a sudden sense of claustrophobia as all of the tentacles, some of them thicker than his legs, wrapped around him, blocking out the light as the squid dropped deeper into the water.

“How long hide? Have time?”

Gerid’s voice was very close and Ron felt the beak brushing up against his side. When the squid spoke, the beak seemed to quiver, but Ron was distracted by the immense tentacles that were holding him against it. It felt like thousands of fingers were brushing up against him and he suddenly felt flush. One of the tentacles brushed around his legs and he squirmed, feeling a strange heat from the contact.

“Uh, twenty minutes? He should be gone by then.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Hide deeper, no find.”

Ron felt the squid dropping deeper into the water, but he was still distracted by the tentacles. One of them managed to worm it’s way around his arm and he got a chance to examine it as the squid swam deeper into the lake.

It was long, but fairly flat. A thick line of suckers, each one the size of his thumb, opened and closed with reflexive movements. As the tentacle turned and ran along his skin, it felt like thousands of kisses, lighter than his mother’s or Ginny’s, running down his arm. The feeling of strangeness and heat grew inside him and he frowned, trying to understand it.

When one of the tentacles brushed up between his legs, pressing down on his inner thighs with it’s light kisses, he realized he was hard, almost painfully so. Managing to free his hands from the tentacles, he rested both of them on his hardness, trying to hide it.

The squid didn’t seem to notice.

Tentacles continued to grip and tease him, holding him closer to the squid’s mouth as they ran along his skin. One of them brushed

up against the crack of his ass and he yelped, trying to jump away. One hand flew from his crotch to his ass as he blushed furiously in the murky darkness of the lake. The squid stopped, its tentacles touching and probing Ron with quiet insistence.

“Something wrong?”

“Yes, you keep runni-” his word ended in a yelp as another tentacle managed to worm its way under the edge of his underwear, teasing up toward his hardness.

“You keep doing that!”

The pure innocent and confusion almost broke his heart as the squid sniffed, “I’m sorry, no, no, no, I’m so sorry. I can’t seem to control them when I’m doing something. Dum... I never figured it out.”

The water was no longer rushing around the squid, but it didn’t seem to want to let go of Ron. He was about to say something when a tentacle managed to slip into his underwear and brush against his cock; the thousand light kisses of its suckers brought a gasp to his lips. It felt like nothing he’s ever experienced before.

Next to him, the squid suddenly spoke up, “I feel funny.”

Eyes widening, Ron looked at the beak, “You feel funny!? You have a tentacle on... my...”

He couldn’t find the dignity to finish the sentence. In response, the squid drew another tentacle along his buttocks, sucking lightly on each one as it drew it across. Ron squirmed, but struggled less he did before as the faint stirrings of pleasure began to grow inside him. The one tentacle brushing up against his cock was beginning to feel good and surprised himself by unconsciously thrusting slightly at it. The hand over his underwear tightened slightly, feeling the wiggling tentacle underneath the thin fabric.

A shuddering gasp escaped his lips as he released the hand on the front and let the tentacle wrap slightly around his cock, stroking it slightly as the suckers kissed lightly along his length. It felt intense, more so than his hand ever did in the middle of the night, but good.

The tentacle near the back, however, he kept a firm hand on, just in case. The squid seemed to calm down as the tentacles wrapped around his arms and legs and waist, stroking him with thousands of soft kisses over every inch of his body.

Ron moaned softly, ignoring the sensation of his underwear being pulled down off his legs. His hand covered his ass tightly, but the incredible sensations along his cock were beginning to make the world shake. Each stroke seemed to arouse more pleasure from the throbbing length and soon he was panting from the sensations.

“Am... I doing wrong?”

The squid’s voice was very soft, almost hesitant. Ron started to say yes, but the gentle pleasures across every inch of his skin stopped him, “Ye... no... sort of. It feels good, but I’m not...”

The squid said nothing but continued to stroke along Ron, its tentacles brushing against every inch of his body except where his hand protected. Ron’s balls felt tight, ready to explode, as the squid used the tip of its tentacle to stroke along its length and wrap around them, tugging them slightly.

The squid continued to speak in a soft voice, “Should I stop?”

Ron shook his head, his body shaking from the senses that were crashing into them, “No, please don’t.”

A tentacle swirled up from behind him and teased between his legs, The tip seemed to be pushing back toward his bum when Ron shook his head again, “No, not there. Not in the bum.”

In an even quieter voice, almost too low for Ron to hear, “Just along then? It feels good.”

Even as images of gay men flashed through his head, he found himself curious about the tentacles. Would the kisses feel good there?

“Just not in?”

The squid’s movements quickened as one tentacle wrapped around the wrist of the hand protecting his hand and gently pried it away. The tentacle between his legs slid up, parting the smooth curves of his ass to stroke along the length, briefly teasing the puckered entrance before sliding up. Ron shivered with pleasure, his entire body almost burning with sensations.

The squid spoke softly, “Just around, no in, no, no, no, just around...”

Its voice trailed off as its tentacles took over, stroking and touching every inch of his body. He felt thousands of kisses along his arms, legs, and back. The tentacle between his ass-cheeks was smaller, with smaller suckers, but it still felt good as it nuzzled

between his buttocks, stroking up and down and planting thousands of kisses along the very sensitive opening.

The one around his cock continued to stroke the hardness, running up and down with gently strokes. To Ron, it felt like he was going to explode as his cock throbbed almost painfully.

Then, the world exploded around him. His cock finally surged hard, pumping white clouds of cum into the water around him as he moaned in pleasure. The suckers around his shaft continued to kiss as he felt his entire body shudder from the effort of the orgasm. Ron felt each jet burst into the cool water, but he was lost in the incredible sensations that assaulted him, each stroke brought pleasure almost to a burst point as his body writhed in the tentacle's embrace.

Too soon, it ended and he found himself gasping.

"Wow..."

The squid's tentacles withdrew from Ron's cock, but they continued to stroke along his body. The one between his cheeks was almost pumping between them with short, almost furious ripples. Ron closed his eyes and leaned back, understanding the need to reach a peak. His entire body felt sensitive, almost erotically so, and every sucker that stroked along his body harmonized with that pleasure.

It took a few moments, but the squid suddenly thrust the smaller tentacle hard against his the crack of his ass and slid it up his back. A warm flood of liquid washed against his back and he saw streamers of something hazy flood the water around him.

Immediately, the tentacles relaxed and stopped their stroking. Two of them hugged him tightly as the others spread out into the water.

Next to him, the beak vibrated slightly, "Thank you."

Ron, unable to find the words, nodded. He curled his fingers around one of the tentacles and relaxed. Then, he felt a strange curl of energy and a brief taste of water.

"Uh, squid? I think the spell is about to wear off."

The squid snapped forward, moving incredibly fast toward the surface, "Nope, no get stuck. You friend, yes, yes, yes."

The warning swirl came again as the edge of the lake raced up to him. Ron desperately looked out, trying to find Dumbledore, but



thankfully he couldn't find him. The squid took him as far as he could, then lifted him next to the surface.

"Thank you. Yes, yes, yes, thank you."

Ron smiled to himself as the squid's tentacles drew back and left him standing on the shore, with his head just under the surface of the water. Two yellow eyes stared at him and he found himself staring back.

Neither said anything for a moment, but Ron interrupted the silence, "Uh... do you want me to come back?"

A gasp of surprise, "Please? Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Please come back."

One tentacle reached out and stroked his cheek, "I liked it."

Ron stroked his finger along it before the tentacle withdrew, "Will you be okay... alone?"

"If you come back, yes, yes, yes."

Nodding, Ron smiled, "I'll come back. Though next time I would appreciate you not ruining my clothes? I might lose a few points for this."

"Points bad, stuck worse. Don't get stuck. Go, go, go."

A warning twinge of water in his mouth warned him and Ron turned and stepped forward, the surface of the water hesitated, then parted and he felt the spell end. Cool air, strangely flat after the taste of the water, filled his lungs and he felt the water sluice off his naked body.

Looking around, he scrambled forward and looked back. A single tentacle waved to him over the water before the squid disappeared under the surface.

"Strange creatures swim in the lake at night, I've heard."

Dumbledore's voice stopped Ron's heart for a moment and he turned around with a sinking feeling. The old man stepped out from around a bush with a serious expression on his face.

"But I didn't think it would be a student, a Gryffindor, at that," his eyes flickered downward, "nor naked."

Embarrassment slammed into Ron and he covered his penis with both hands. He started to stammer, but Dumbledore interrupted him.

"I-I-"

“Five points of Gryffindor for being out after dark. And another five for doing it naked.”

Ron’s shoulders slumped down and he trudged out of the water. Dumbledore hands reached out and rested on his shoulder until Ron looked up. To his surprise, there was a twinkle in the old man’s eyes.

“Ten points to Gryffindor for giving a good friend a little needed company.”

Shock and surprise flashed on Ron’s face as his mouth dropped. Slowly, he closed it and nodded. The old man chuckled briefly, “Since it evens out, we don’t need to tell anyone, do we?”

Excited he didn’t lose point, Ron shook his head, “No, sir.”

“Good.”

The old man stared out over the water for a moment before looking down with an impish grin, “It appears that someone left a pile of clothes that just might fit you in those bushes over there.”

Ron smiled, “Thank you.”

“No, thank the person who left them. Well... you should run off, young man. I need to work on a spell. You see, the flip of the wand during the Saramonious spell ends with a jerk to the right, not the left. I heard that lets you leave the water when you want, not when the spell wears off. But, be careful of the squids, I hear they are rather frisky at night.”

Dumbledore casually walked away, leaving the stunned boy to stare at his back.

# About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, [dsadie.com](http://dsadie.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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# About the Publisher

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