

Convention

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I dance with Ron and laugh as he twirls me vigorously, making me dizzy before spinning me off to be safely caught by Harry, who dips me back over his knee. My unruly hair cascades nearly to the floor before he sweeps me back to continue the dance while Ron catches his breath a few feet away.

The laughter and the fun whirl through me, filling my ears for one long, delightful moment, blocking out the susurrus of murmurs, the gossip and disapproval. Moving so fast, I can't see the judgmental gazes, the disappointment, the shock, and the downright scandalized people that surround us.

It's perfect, my boys on both sides of me. It's perfect when we stop, Harry's forehead leaning against mine and Ron's against my temple, our breath puffing and mingling, twining our souls together.

Well, it's perfect for all of five seconds. Then there's a high-pitched "Hmph" and the strident tapping of heels, and we look over to see Ginny striding toward the exit with her pert little nose up in the air.

I'll never say it to Ron, but she is such *abitch*.

"Ron, isn't Ginny ever going to get over us?" Harry asks, taking a step back from me but not letting go of my hand.

"Eventually," Ron says with the sure serenity of a brother. Personally, I don't really think she will—and even if she does, I still doubt she'll ever speak to me again. After all the horrible things she's said and those ghastly articles she interviewed for, I'll be ice skating in hell with Merlin and Nimue before I break my silence.

"Let her stay on her high-flying pegasus," I can't help but sniff, perhaps sticking my own nose up into the air a little. Harry looks sympathetic but Ron looks displeased—but then, Ron didn't hear the things she said to me.

"Come on, let's go get a drink. I'm about to die after that dance," Harry says quickly, averting another squabble. Thank Merlin for Harry—he balances out everything perfectly.

The drink is soothing, and I calm down. Leaning against the wall with Ron on one side and Harry on the other, protective bookends from the world that doesn't approve of us, we're in the perfect place to see the door. Best keep an eye on it if I need to flee, I think.

But it gives us the perfect vantage point to see the next couple to enter the room. Sibyll Trelawney drifts in almost literally, perched on the broad back of Firenze, the banished centaur. Her arms are snug around his human torso, and their touch lingers obviously as he lowers her to the ground.

My jaw drops, and the boys' have equally shocked expressions. There's a quick but quiet murmur, nothing like what happens every time we enter the room together.

"And they say *we're* unconventional!"

A/N: Written for dyno_drabbles.