

# Some LINKiness or Appreciation

*by shalimar1981*

What happens when two couples (am using the word "couple" freely here) want to make out in the same room. Otherwise known as the written homage to THE LINK as it is known on P\_P chat, aka an article pertaining to the other side of Dan... as revealed by his first foray into stage acting. Enjoy. Lol

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I don't own these characters. I only have some fun with them.

This is a bit of silliness for all of us Mad chatters, who drooled over THE LINK when it made its round through Potter\_Place and Wiktt chat a few weeks ago. But especially for Dracontia, our editor extraordinaire, whose OT3 I borrowed for this one. And for Wonderfulchild, who bore it all with equanimity and refrained from calling us names.

Thanks to lux\_astraea for beta-reading while still in chat. That is multi-tasking at its best. Also thanks to little one, for being asleep when Mommy was ogling someone's backside. Bless.

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They were hardly pausing with their passionate kisses as they made their way upstairs to the first room they could find, one of the lesser used sitting rooms.

They burst inside, still lip-locked and already at each other's clothes until a horrified "Eeep!" broke them apart.

There, arranged all over the sofa in the corner, were Harry, Ginny, and Draco of all people, in varying stages of undress. Harry stood with his back to them and was the only one completely naked, gracing them with the view of his toned backside.

Hermione couldn't stop herself from gaping, though it was at Harry's shapely butt rather than over the fact that this was apparently a threesome between formerly sworn enemies, judging by Draco's firm grasp on Harry's thighs and his obvious position in front of Harry's groin, while Ginny had obviously been kissing her way down Draco's back.

Hermione had known about this most unusual relationship for quite a while.

Remus, however, had not.

"Harry! What do you think you're—" he started to yell, when Hermione shoved her elbow between his ribs.

"Very nice, Harry," Hermione interrupted Remus, barely holding back from giggling at the view.

Remus, a little put out by his girlfriend's apparent appreciation of Harry's physical attributes and more than a little jealous that her unswerving attention was not his for once, snapped at the unusual trio draped over the sofa, "Get a room, will you!"

"Oh, and you two didn't come here to shag!" Harry observed, raising an eyebrow at Hermione's evidently kissed lips, dishevelled hair and their partly undone clothing.

"Harry James—What?" Remus asked, a little annoyed when Hermione tugged urgently on his sleeve.

"Harry is here, Ginny is here, and so is Draco. That means there are two rooms unoccupied upstairs right now. Save all this passion for something more worthwhile, hmm?" Hermione said pointedly, brow arched. Turning around, she waved vaguely 'goodbye' to the others before vanishing through the door.

Remus pondered this for all of 1.5 seconds before he followed her with a wave of his own toward the trio and a mock-stern look and comment that they 'behave themselves and not do anything he wouldn't do'.

"Is he kidding me? He was the one who was locked in the library all day last Sunday with Hermione! And from the sounds they were making, they sure as hell weren't studying!"

"Don't you get what he meant, Harry? If we shouldn't do anything he wouldn't do, but is shagging Hermione himself, then we can—"

"Be quiet, Ginevra. The time for words has passed."

"Draco, you arrogant—"

"I promise you'll like it. Now, Ginevra, drape yourself over the back of the sofa. And, Potter, come here. I've got something useful for you to do."

When Ron came by half an hour later, he was not surprised, but seriously annoyed, to find all of his friends engaged in shagging in both the sitting room and Hermione's room one floor up. Was he the only one not getting any these days?

*Probably, by the sounds of it.* He turned away from the door, trying to banish the sounds of Hermione, and above all his sister, moaning delightedly from his mind.

**End**