

The Education of the SPEW-Girl

by Rose of the West

Winner of the first June 2010 LJ Dyno_drabbles, inspired by the phrase: "What the house-elf saw."

What the House-Elf Saw

Chapter 1 of 1

Winner of the first June 2010 LJ Dyno_drabbles, inspired by the phrase: "What the house-elf saw."

Disclaimer: The characters here and the world they inhabit are the creation and property of JK Rowling and her assigns.

Winky rarely went to work in the house common rooms, but she would do anything for Dobby. She therefore agreed when he asked her to handle the Gryffindor common room for a week, due to his special project for Master Headmaster. It was Monday when she heard a voice on the other side of a huge sofa. "Come on, love, it will be so much easier with less clothes." She peeked around the armrest and saw a tall red-haired wizard helping the S.P.E.W. girl out of her robe. Winky didn't want to see what came next, so she closed her eyes and left with a crack.

On Tuesday, she arrived to hear the S.P.E.W. girl say, "It's hopeless, Fred. I'll never do this right."

The wizard answered. "You're doing fine... don't grip so hard! Just give it some guidance. Ye-ess... like that."

Winky didn't even look to see what they were doing. She Disapparated. Dobby would be angry, but she would have to come back another time.

On Wednesday, she went early, in time to hear the girl say, "That's not quite comfortable."

The boy answered, "What if we shift the position a little?" There was a rustle of clothing.

"Oh, that's much better."

The boy grunted. "Yes, it is. You're coming along nicely. Now, just shift your hips to make it more interesting... to the left... now to the right... ease up on the grip, now! There you go..."

Winky saw their heads over the chair. They appeared to be somewhat bent over. His chest was to her back, and his arms were around hers. The house-elf quickly left.

Thursday night saw an empty common room. The house elf cleared away scraps of parchment, empty mugs and plates and swept and dusted. As she worked at an ink stain on a leather chair, she heard voices from the portrait. The S.P.E.W. girl preceded the tall red-haired boy into the room. "Fred, that was the most amazing—I've never experienced anything like that."

He blushed and responded. "It was fun, Hermione. We should go do it again. I bet you could be a professional, with a little practice."

She giggled in response. As she went toward the stairs, she leaned up to hug him and kiss his cheek. "Thanks, again, Fred. You're the best." With a satisfied smile on his face, he made his way to his stairs, leaving a scandalized house-elf to ponder what they had done.

Had the house-elf looked out a window toward the Quidditch pitch an hour earlier, what she *would* have seen was a tall wizard patiently helping a timid witch ride her broom.

A/N: I was amazed and delighted to have won this week's competition! Thank you if you read and voted, and thank you to the dyno_drabble staff for such a fun month. I think this might be my favorite Hermione ship.

As always, thank you to Trickie Woo for beta reading.