

# A Helping Hand

*by laurielove*

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*Chapter 1 of 2*

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Draco asks Hermione to lend a hand ...

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'How did I ever let you talk me into doing this with you, Malfoy?'

'I could tell you've been curious about it for a while, Granger. Come on – you can't wait to see it up close!'

'I know, but I didn't know I was going to have to get my hands all over it.'

'Shut up and get on with it, Granger. You could at least pretend to enjoy it.'

'I must admit ... it is intriguing.'

'Help me undo the clasps, will you? We can't do anything if it isn't out!'

'I'm trying – your fingers are in the way.'

'Slow down. It won't work if you do it like that.'

'I can't get it out.'

'That's because it's so big.'

'Done it! At last! God, you're right – I've never seen such an enormous one.'

'Hold it, will you? Gently – you don't want to scratch it.'

'I can hardly get my fingers round it.'

'I know – impressive, isn't it? You've got to look after it properly though. If it's neglected it won't do the job.'

'Well, tell me what you want then.'

'I always think a little oil helps.'

'OK. I'll just rub it onto my hands. Alright – ready.'

'Start at the top and massage it in.'

'Like that?'

'That's good.'

'It's very smooth and hard.'

'You're doing a great job. Just go easy to start with; build it up slowly.'

'Is that right?'

'Yeah – now, start to use both hands, one further down.'

'It feels good under my fingers; the oil makes them glide so easily.'

'I know. Pay special attention to the tip. That's the most magical part.'

'Like that?'

'Absolutely. You've done this before, haven't you?'

'Well, I had a go with Harry's once.'

'His isn't as big as mine though.'

'Not even close.'

'Now, work your way down the shaft.'

'It's even broader further down.'

'Keep going. Use more oil – you need to keep it well-lubricated. Some people even say a little saliva works wonders.'

'You want me to spit on it?!'

'You could do. I wouldn't complain.'

'OK ... I guess I could ...'

'That's it. You see? It really brings it up. Don't stop the hands though. All the way round, nice and hard.'

'There's so much to grab onto.'

'You seem to be managing.'

'I'm rather enjoying it actually.'

'You're a natural, Granger.'

'So why exactly did you need me to do this?'

'Well, I normally do it myself, but it benefits from someone else doing it sometimes. The end-result is far better. Besides, I have to do it myself so often that my wrist starts to ache after a while.'

'I don't mind having a go. It feels so good ... hard and warm and firm ... it just glides through my hand. I can feel it responding to my touch.'

'I know – it is.'

'If you ever want me to do this again, just ask.'

'That would be really great. It's nice seeing a different side to you, Granger.'

'I know, Malfoy. I'm glad you asked. I never would have dreamed of it otherwise. I'm really amazed at the size of this thing. I didn't think I'd ever get so close to it. How's that? I think we've nearly finished.'

'Just a little more, just there ... that's it, a bit more ... harder, round the top again ... there, yeah, and again ... that's it! You've done it!'

'Phew, that was hard work, but definitely worth it.'

'I'll say.'

'Do you have to put it away again now?'

'Yeah, I'm afraid so. There – tucked away safe and snug.'

'I'd really like to see it again. I could do it for you some more another time, if you want.'

'I'd like that. Next week?'

'Can't wait.'

And as Hermione Granger turned to go with a smile, Draco Malfoy replaced his well-oiled Quidditch broomstick back in its case and locked it in the cupboard ready for the match.

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Mwa ha!

Any comments greatly appreciated. I have another part to this which I was going to put into this one, but it seemed to end naturally here. I could always add it as a second

part if you would like. It could be amusing ... let me know. LL x

## And again ...

*Chapter 2 of 2*

More of the same, although this time Hermione also gets to handle some other things Quidditch boys like to fiddle with

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"Glad you could find time to fit me in again, Granger."

"Well, after last time, I've really been looking forward to it. I couldn't get the thought and feel of it out of my head. So – same as before?"

"I'll get the wood out later, but we need to pay some attention to these two as well."

"Both of them?"

"Yeah, of course! You can't neglect one!"

"Sorry – silly of me! They're beautifully round, aren't they?"

"I know. You don't appreciate it until you're up close. You've got to be really gentle, at least to start with, although as they get used to being handled, you can afford to get a bit rougher."

"Do I just hold them like that?"

"Yeah, that's it – perfect. Just let them sit nice and tight in your hands – they like the warmth. You can concentrate on one at a time if you like – I know they're quite big."

"And really heavy. They're a lot bigger than I would have thought after seeing them from a distance."

"Yeah, well, they're perfectly in proportion."

"I'd like to rub them, should I do that?"

"They'd like that. They don't do much unless they know it's time to play, but then they can get really excited. And just before the release you can just feel them ready to explode."

"Do they need oiling too?"

"Sometimes. It depends on whose you're handling. Some of them like it, some prefer just a gentle stroke, others quite like to be man-handled. Generally the Slytherins tend to like it quite rough."

"So you normally do this yourself?"

"Yeah – ideally I'd do it every day, but I'm so busy these days that I can only manage about twice a week sometimes."

"Really? I thought you boys could always make time for it?"

"Well, that's why it's so good to have you helping out, Granger."

"Do you only ever handle your own?"

"Yeah. Some people like to have a go with their mates', but I'm not into that."

"Well, if you ever change your mind, I know Harry had his eye on yours once."

"Really?"

"Oh yes. He thought they looked really impressive."

"Hmm ... strange that ... I always quite liked the look of his."

"Well, maybe we should all get together sometime. I'd be happy to give them all a really good seeing to if you'd like."

"Sounds fantastic, Granger!"

"I think we'd better move on. The big fella's feeling neglected. Take a look at this."

"Blimey – it seems even bigger than I remember."

"I think it remembers you. It's practically leaping out of my hands. It remembers the treatment you gave it last time."

FIVE MINUTES LATER ...

"Thanks, Granger, you were even better than last time. I'd better put it back in. Shit – the clasps are broken. What am I supposed to do? I need to put it away again. I can't leave it exposed like this!"

"Well ... you could put it in here, if you want."

"What have you got there?"

"My special secret. Take a look."

"Bloody hell, Granger, I wasn't expecting you to show me something like that today!"

"All girls have one, Malfoy, it's just we don't go flashing them around!"

"I didn't know you had one that you were willing to use, Granger!"

"I've used it a few times: a couple of boys have tried it out actually, normally after a match. It's only ever been used for quite narrow ones before, but I think it could take something a lot bigger."

"To be honest, all things considered, I'd love to try."

"Well, it's here now; you might as well stick yours in."

"Alright ... it does seem like the best thing to do. It's a beauty."

"Let me just get down here to prepare it, open it up properly."

"I'll get down next to you; it'll be easier that way."

"Nearly ready. There!"

"You need to open it more than that."

"I'm trying."

"I'm not sure how it's going to get in there. It looks like a really tight fit."

"You'll have to push quite hard."

"If you brace like that ... OK – here goes."

"That's it, Malfoy. It's gone in a bit. It's so big though. Really – I'm not sure if the whole thing will go."

"All that rubbing's made it really slick though. I think it'll just glide in."

"I hope so. Come on then. I can't wait to try properly."

"I'm going for another push. Ready?"

"Yes. God, yes! You're nearly all the way there. I must admit, Malfoy, I had my doubts about such a huge thing fitting into there. That's incredible."

"I know. I'm so glad we tried. This is exactly what needed to be done, Granger."

"Keep pushing."

"OK."

"That's it! You've done it! Hang on - I don't think it's in quite right. You'd better pull it out and try again."

"OK. It should be smoother this time."

"Alright then - be careful. It's nearly as hard to get out as it was to get in."

"It's coming, it's coming!"

"Put it back in quickly!"

"There – it went in easier that time. That feels pretty damn good. Do you think that's right?"

"Yeah – it's really nestled in there tightly. Wiggle it around a bit to make sure it's in properly. That's it. And again. Yes! God, that's incredible, isn't it– it's as if mine was made for yours. I'm thrilled it's being used properly at last."

"It's the perfect fit, to be honest. It needs to be as tight as possible. Can I keep it in there for a bit?"

"Malfoy, after all you've let me discover recently – you can keep it in there as long as you want!"

And Draco Malfoy put his broomstick, now snug in Hermione's case, and the two well-maintained bludgers back in the cupboard and locked it tight once again.

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Good ol' Hermione - she wouldn't neglect the balls, would she?

LL

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