

Satisfaction Guaranteed

by Keppiehed

Blaise thinks he has the cure for Draco's frustrations. It involves a snake, two Gryffindor girls, and some MATURE CONTENT

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: This was written for hp_kinkfest, with a special dedication to Batman, to whom it is gifted. The kink showcased was "Snuff." Hope I did justice smutting it up, my friend! Also, a big thanks to my beta extraordinaire, Literaryspell. How I write anything without you is a huge mystery.

"You look like shit, Malfoy."

Draco clenched his fists, the only concession he made in the effort not to slug his friend. "Shut up, Blaise. What's it to you?"

Blaise shrugged. "It's true. You look like hell. Thought you'd want to know, that's all. You don't normally like to go around looking like something a boggart dragged in." Blaise bit into an apple, unconcerned.

Draco ran his hands through his platinum hair, another outward sign of his discomposure. They were eating breakfast in the Great Hall, and the truth was he had had another sleepless night. It was getting to be a problem for him. He couldn't go on like this much longer. People would start to notice. People were starting to notice. He was losing his looks over it, for Merlin's sake! He was getting desperate. Maybe Blaise could help. That prat seemed to know things that even Draco didn't. The problem was how to go about asking. A Malfoy didn't want to be indebted, after all.

"Listen, Zabini," Draco said, trying to seem offhand. "Perhaps you can be of some use to me after all. It turns out I am in need of a sleeping draught. Know of any good ones?"

Blaise just chuckled. "Oh, it's not a sleeping potion that you are after, Malfoy. I'm in the bed right next to you, you know!" Then that git had the audacity to wink!

Draco blushed. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he countered stiffly. "I've had a bit of insomnia lately, that's all. That's enough to make anyone toss and turn..."

Blaise seemed amused. "Toss, maybe. If you get my meaning. Don't worry, Draco. I was wondering if you were made of the same stuff as the rest of us. Turns out you are, after all. I think I know what your problem is, and I can help you."

Draco's face was past red and nearly purple with embarrassment at hearing that. He kept his gaze fixed straight ahead, not daring to meet Blaise's laughing eyes. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he gritted out. Damn his flawless complexion! At times like this, it showed how very flustered he really was!

"Whatever, Malfoy. Say what you want, but I can tell you that your *Silencios* only last so long. Then..." Blaise trailed off suggestively. "I'm just saying that you have the same problem we all have. Well, not quite. You don't seem to be getting any, uh... satisfaction with yours."

For once in his life, Draco was completely at a loss. He stared at the table in front of him, totally silent.

"Oh, don't be so grim about it. I know it seems bad now. Tell me what your fantasy wank is, and I'll make it happen. It can't be that bad. Every guy has some kind of kink, you know. Trust me, I've heard them all."

Draco furrowed his brow. "Why would anyone tell you their fantasies? What do you have to do with it?"

Blaise took another healthy bite of his apple, the juice squirting out and hitting a third-year Slytherin girl on the cheek. She shot them a nasty look and wiped it away with the sleeve of her robe. Blaise babbled on heedlessly. "Oh, you aren't the first to have this problem. You're just the first to notice you aren't the first. You're so bloody arrogant sometimes..."

"All right!" Draco hissed. "I get the idea! Will you keep your voice down? People are starting to stare."

Blaise narrowed his eyes. "If you hadn't noticed, Your Majesty, people have been staring at you for days. You've been acting all weird, and what's worse, your hair is out of place. For you, that's tantamount to a breakdown. If I were you, I'd get my mojo back, and quick. I think it's messing with your sense of style."

"Fine." Draco felt a pout coming on. "What do I have to do?"

Blaise threw down the apple core and started in on a chicken wing. "So, there's this place I know about. I'll hook you up for a price."

Draco looked at him suspiciously. "What kind of place? And how do you know something that I don't?"

Blaise shrugged. "I don't know how you know things. All I'm saying is that I'll solve all of your nighttime dilemmas, guaranteed."

"How much?" Draco felt like this might be a trap, but he was getting desperate. His hair was a mess, after all. Everyone could see it.

"Oh, how about that new bag of yours?" Blaise gestured casually.

"What?!" Draco fairly exploded. "Are you kidding me? That is genuine dragon's hide! I just got it last week!"

"I know." Blaise smiled smugly. "You've been bragging about it ever since it came. I really need a new one, though. And that one would look great with my robes."

"Forget it, Zabini!" Draco huffed.

"Your loss." Blaise shrugged. "Come find me when you change your mind."

"That'll be a cold day." Draco got up and stormed off to his first class. He thought he could hear Blaise laughing behind him.

That night, he got ready for bed and took extra care with his Muffliato charm, remembering Blaise's words. He felt himself swell in anticipation and slipped his hands down the front of his boxers. No matter how great it felt to touch himself, though, and no matter how enticing the images in his head, his completion eluded him as always. He thought of everything, but he couldn't help but want to see it, to feel it, not just imagine it. The ideas just didn't do it. All night long his pleasure was just out of reach. It seemed that it was only a stroke or two away, but then it was never quite enough. Like every night before, morning came and he was as hard as ever, not to mention exhausted, horny and frustrated beyond belief.

Draco got ready for breakfast and walked into the Great Hall. He sat down across from Blaise and wordlessly handed him the dragon's hide messenger bag.

Blaise just grinned.

"Not a word," Draco warned.

Blaise held up his hands. "I'm just here to help. Ready to know where to go?"

"Tell me," Draco ground out.

Blaise wrote it down on a piece of paper. "Follow these instructions exactly. And I don't need to tell you that you didn't hear it from me."

Draco took the paper. "Satisfaction guaranteed?"

Blaise nodded. "Or your money back."

Draco skipped his first class in anticipation of the big event. He waited until everyone had cleared the halls, and then he opened the note. In Blaise's barely decipherable script he read:

-go to the 7th floor

-find the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy

-look across from that and you will see a door

-think about your wank fantasy *very carefully*

-walk past the door three times

-open the door and you will have what you need

-burn this note

Draco stared for a moment. Was this some kind of joke? He curved his fists into his palms until he was trembling with rage. He already knew about the Room of Requirement! Did Blaise take him for an idiot? Not only would he get his bag back, but Blaise was going to get a broken nose for trying to make a fool out of a Malfoy!

Draco was fairly shaking in anger as he stormed off. He blindly stomped around until a thought permeated his overheated brain. Was it such a bad idea, after all? He had used the Room for a lot of things over the years, but he had never actually used it specifically for this purpose. Maybe it was worth a try. He would still pummel Zabini when he was through, of course, because this was the dumbest advice he had ever heard of, but in the meantime he had cut class anyway. He had time to kill. He might as well give it a try.

As he made his way up to the seventh floor, his anticipation began growing. It started pumping in his veins and flooded his system. It took root in his gut and flourished in all of his limbs, making him feel tingly and light. The desire unfurled in a flash at the idea that he would be getting what he had longed for, what he had thought was impossible. The want of it unleashed itself and flowed unchecked through his system so that by the time he reached the door, he was already so painfully hard he knew it was a foregone conclusion that he was going to do this thing. And it would be great.

Draco didn't have to concentrate to get the idea in his mind. He had been carrying this image around with him for so long, it was like a screen in front of his waking thoughts. His mouth went dry and he made his turns quickly. His hand on the knob trembled.

The door swung open to him, and for a moment all Draco could see was darkness before him. He stepped inside and had the presence of mind to shut the door and lock it behind him. The sound of the bolt sliding home had a satisfying finality to it. He didn't want to be disturbed.

He saw the bed first. It was similar to his own bed back at Malfoy Manor, king-sized and plush. It looked as comfortable as it could possibly be, with pillows and comforters. There was one thing it had that his own bed didn't have: a set of manacles screwed into the headboard. Draco's eyes widened. It seemed the Room knew what he liked better than he knew himself.

Next to the bed was a wide wooden dais, like a low table. This also had a set of restraints built into it. Draco's heart began to pound. He had done a lot of things, but this was really out there, even for him.

"Draco," a voice purred.

Draco jumped and whirled around. He tried to cover his nervousness by clearing his throat and then he saw who had spoken. It was Hermione Granger, but she didn't look like she normally did. The haughty condescension was gone from her face, replaced with a little pout. Draco felt his trousers tighten as he watched her chew on her plump bottom lip. She sucked it in and worried the flesh with a set of pearly white teeth. Draco could see a sheen glistening when she released it, and he had the urge to lean over and ravage her mouth with his own, and none too gently.

Time to test the soundness of the fantasy. "Take off your robe," he demanded. His voice was hoarse, even to his own ears.

Hermione's lips curled into the slightest smile as her fingers came up to the top button. She took her time with the fastenings, moving from one to the next until it slid from her shoulders and pooled with a gentle whisper around her feet.

Draco's eyes widened as he saw what was revealed under the voluminous garment. Hermione was wearing a school uniform, but it was fitted in all the ways that made it delicious to behold. Who knew she was hiding such a luscious figure under there all this time? The white button-down shirt was straining across her full breasts. The buttons were barely holding the cotton cloth closed, and in fact the closure deepest towards her cleavage was under a strain that made him watch in anticipation every time she took in a breath. His eyes traveled down the length of her, stopping to note the flat stomach, revealed by the tied-up shirt tails, and her long legs that seemed to go on forever. She was wearing a green plaid skirt that barely covered her ass. Just watching her as she stood there made Draco harder than he had ever been.

"Get on the bed," he growled.

"Okay," Hermione giggled. She turned her back to him and he couldn't resist watching her bottom sway under the scrap of fabric. His hands almost reached out of their own accord to grab her. When she got to the bed, she crawled up on the coverlet and he could clearly see that she wasn't wearing panties. Draco groaned.

He shed his own clothes in record time and joined Hermione on the big bed. She was sitting there, just waiting for him, idly tracing patterns on her bare thigh. Draco grabbed her wrist. He wasn't thinking; he was beyond thought. He was just feeling. Had he been more rational, he might have been embarrassed about his actions, but the time for that was long past. This was all for him, to do as he wished, anything he wanted. His deepest, darkest desires could finally come to fruition after so long, and he could no longer deny them than he could stop a freight train.

He took Hermione's wrist and slammed it into the manacle, then bound the other one the same way. She was pinned and helpless beneath his gaze. The position had caused her shirt to rise to dangerous levels, and her skirt was so indecent as to be useless. Draco straddled her, careful not to crush her with his full weight. Her wriggling beneath him brushed against his erection and made him see stars. With one smooth motion he reached down and ripped the white shirt right off of her. He heard her gasp and it sent a thrill through him.

Draco saw that she was wearing a black lacy bra that did nothing to hide her charms from his gaze. He leaned down and nuzzled her through the fabric. He was gratified to feel her nipples pebble instantly and hear her gasp. He ripped the shred of lace off of her and suckled in earnest, taking her fully into his mouth. She had full breasts, and he spent some time tonguing and laving them. He felt her bucking beneath him as he started to bite, but he pulled back. "Not so quick as that," he said, smirking.

Hermione just tossed her head on the pillows, caught by her restraints.

Draco reached down between her bare thighs and under her skirt. When her touched her downy curls and felt dampness, a jolt of electricity seemed to shoot through him right to his cock. Hermione whimpered.

"Do you like that?" Draco whispered, entranced. He gently probed deeper into her folds and felt a slick wetness coat his fingers.

Hermione groaned and tried to push her hips up to gain more friction.

"Beg for it," he commanded. The idea of Hermione Granger begging him for her release almost made him come right there. He took a shaky breath.

"Please. Please touch me," Hermione breathed.

Draco slowly pushed a finger inside of her. He was surrounded by her heat, and he took a ragged breath, determined to keep his composure. "Tell me how it feels."

"I like it. It feels so good, I want more. Please, please give it to me!" Hermione was trying to squirm.

Draco was trying hard not to rut against the bed as he listened to her desperate voice beg. He could feel her gently pulsing against his hand. He pushed another finger up inside of her and began to move them slowly in and out. "Say my name."

"Draaaaco!" Hermione nearly screamed. "Please! Right there! Harder!"

Draco waited until she was right on the edge, then he stilled his fingers and withdrew. "Not yet," he said.

Hermione was panting. Draco brought his fingers up to his nose. He could smell her musk on them. He traced them over her lips, making her taste herself on them. "Lick them clean," he ordered.

She darted a pink tongue out, gently lapping up her own juice off of his fingers. Draco tried not to groan at the erotic sight of Hermione licking his fingers, sucking the tips, getting every last drop of herself off of him. It was too much. He wanted to be inside of her.

But wait. Something was missing from this picture. In his mind, when he had played this out, this was only the first part. Next came...

A muffled groan drew his attention to the right of the bed. There on the dais, hands and feet in the chains and mouth already gagged, was Ginny Weasley. Draco propped himself up to get a better view. She looked delectable and fresh, her skin flawless and nearly transparent in its fairness. She was naked already, her perfect body open to his gaze. She was not as lush as Hermione, but that did not detract from her beauty. Her lines were slim, her breasts smaller, but perkier. In fact, she hardly looked to be out of girlhood.

Draco watched as fear dawned in her eyes, but she was held down both at her wrists and at her ankles. She wasn't going anywhere. The gag kept any sounds from escaping, save a few soft moans. Draco watched her, mesmerized, the curtain of her red hair like a smooth fall of water over the edge of the table as it pooled on the floor.

Draco got up from where he had been lying with Hermione and knelt over Ginny. The frightened girl tried to thrash away from him, but her bonds were secure. He reached

over and traced a finger over her cheek and down the long, slim column of her throat, where her pulse beat as delicately and fast as a butterfly's wing. Then, without warning, he drew back his hand and smacked her across the face, hard. Her eyes went wide as a trickle of blood bloomed at her lip. Draco felt the arousal flood his veins as he watched the bright crimson gather and spill over her chin. The creamy skin and the dark blood made a striking contrast.

The fact that this girl was at his mercy brought a heady feeling of power so strong that Draco was nearly dizzy with it. He reached down and fastened one hand around her throat. He could feel her, the bones as fragile as a bird's beneath his grip. He tightened, and her eyes bulged slightly, her face turning a dusky purple.

Draco leaned down to her ear. "You can't move, can you? Not even to free yourself. You'll only breathe when I say so. You'll only fill your lungs if I allow it. Your life is mine to do with as I will. You're *mine*, do you understand?" He released his grip and let the air flood in.

Ginny thrashed around, trying desperately to get air, but Draco was only interested in his power over her. He glanced over at Hermione and saw her watching, her eyes soft with desire.

An idea hit him so hard, he was surprised it had never occurred to him before. "You like that?" he asked, nodding at Ginny.

Hermione licked her lips and nodded.

Draco chuckled. "Naughty girl." He reached back behind himself and smacked Ginny full in the face again. Her head snapped to the side. Both girls groaned.

"Well, I can't be in two places at once," he reasoned. "And I'm certainly not going to waste myself on *you*," he said to Ginny. "What is the scariest thing for you?" A wicked grin lit his face. "Nagini. I have need of you."

Ginny's moans became muffled screams, and Draco had to laugh. He was finding that he had a bit of a sadistic streak. He sprawled out next to Hermione, idly pinching a nipple as he watched the passage of the huge snake. It made its sinuous way across the floor and up the dais, slithering up beside the pale girl.

Ginny started struggling so hard against her bonds that she began to draw blood. The snake was nearly half again as wide as she was and twice as long. It was enough to inspire fear in anyone, let alone a girl who'd already had a run-in with a nasty reptile. Draco nearly shuddered himself. He was glad it wasn't him who was tied up right now. She was going to have a rough time of it.

The snake started at Ginny's feet and wound its way sensually up her naked flesh, not sparing any part of her body. It moved back and forth like a lover over her skin, pausing to dip its blunt head and allow the forked tongue to flicker out and taste at will. Ginny's eyes rolled white around the edges in terror, but the snake would not be denied its progress. It worked its way up her neck and stared into her eyes with its own slitted orbs. Ginny's horror was palpable in the room.

Draco couldn't help but stroke his member at this interesting development. The thought of Ginny helpless and terrified was such a turn-on. He was enjoying himself immensely. Why not let it play out to its natural end? No need to stop things now.

Nagini had begun to wind itself around Ginny's slight body. She was no match for such an enormous serpent, and it was only a few moments before she was completely enmeshed in the coils of the snake. Draco could see pale pink stripes of skin peeking out almost bashfully between the vibrant green of the reptile. The tableaux was rather striking, if he did say so himself.

Draco wished her mouth was free so he could hear her scream. Somehow, the corner of the gag slipped out and fell off. Ginny took a big breath and let forth an ear-splitting shriek.

The sound of it went straight to Draco's cock. He massaged himself. "Now," he murmured, almost to himself.

The snake tightened the myriad of coils it had amassed around the girl's body. At first, it was nearly imperceptible; the motion was so slight and oiled as to be invisible. Soon, however, Ginny's screams cut off in a choke. The coils moved, slowly, cutting off first air, then starting to crunch bone. Ginny panted. A few tears leaked from her eyes.

Draco couldn't tear his eyes off of her. He was as hard as he had ever been in his life. He wouldn't last much longer. Just the sight of this was nearly enough to do him in. Then he heard Hermione's breathless voice in his ear. Her hair tickled his cheek and drove him mad with desire. Her next words inflamed him beyond reason.

"Ginny's still a virgin, you know. No one should die that way. Have pity, Draco."

It took all of Draco's will not to spill his seed right there. Her plea, with a hint of malice in it, brought a devilish plan to mind.

"Pity, indeed. Nagini, do your worst to deflower the virgin. We wouldn't want her to depart this world without that pleasure, would we?"

As for Draco, he knew that he had better take his chance now or risk unmanning himself. He roughly nudged Hermione's legs apart and only took a moment to line himself up to her entrance. She was so wet that he didn't bother with any other preparations, only plunged inside in one deep thrust.

"Ahhh!" Hermione thrust her hips up frantically.

Draco knew then that she liked it rough, so when he rocked back into her he leaned down and bit her shoulder. That act was enough for Hermione. He felt her orgasm flood through her as her body clenched around him convulsively.

In an effort to make it last longer, Draco took in a ragged breath and glanced over to see how Ginny was faring. The sight that met his eye dazzled him. The huge snake had worked the end of its tail between the slender cheeks of her ass. Without lubrication, it had to be excruciating. Draco watched, his eyeballs nearly glazing, as the tip disappeared up, up... It breached the sweet, tender hole and kept going, impossibly far. Ginny didn't have any breath left to scream with. She could only shake and whimper, the tears pouring down her cheeks as she was split nearly in two. Draco could see where she had torn and was beginning to bleed.

It was only then, with the easing of her own blood, that the snake began to move its tail in and out of Ginny's body. Strangely, the snake seemed to enjoy it, the forked tongue flicking in and out at a faster rate, fluttering in a rhythm that seemed to indicate pleasure. It was only after Ginny began to relax and become more like a doll that the snake had had enough and with a mighty shudder, snapped all the bones in the girl's body at once.

Draco saw Ginny go limp, and at the moment of Nagini's *coup de grace* he felt his own release suddenly rush up at him. His balls tightened, and his belly coiled, and then he was coming so hard he thought he might faint. He pumped in and out of Hermione, never stopping, and he felt her gasp and tighten around him, catching fire and experiencing a second orgasm. He felt like it would never end, the waves of pleasure just kept coming and coming, and then finally he was done. He collapsed next to Hermione.

He had never felt so relaxed, so boneless, in all his life. He wanted to say something, to thank somebody, but before he could stop it, the blackness of sleep came rushing up to claim him. He could do nothing except fall into it and dream.

Draco woke up in his room at Malfoy Manor. He stretched, feeling better than he had in ages. The sun was shining on his face, and he was so hungry he could eat a hippogriff.

He swung his legs out of the bed before the memory of what he had done hit him like a ton of bricks. He glanced around, but he was all alone. Hermione was gone. Ginny was gone. Even the restraints screwed into the headboard were gone. His clothes were on the floor where he had shed them, but otherwise this was just a room like his bedroom.

Draco got dressed. He wasn't sure what to do. How much time had passed? What had happened? It had seemed so real...

He stepped out into the corridor and the door slammed shut behind him. He made his way to the Great Hall. The Slytherins were gathered at their table, as usual.

Blaise sauntered over. "Well, well, look what the cat dragged in," he said smugly. "I suppose you've made a little trip to the seventh floor?"

Draco tried to glare, but truthfully, he felt great. "What time is it?"

Blaise laughed. "They all ask that. You weren't gone that long, actually. The point is, did it work? From the looks of it, I would say the answer is yes."

Draco stood up. "Don't ever try to swindle me again, Zabini. You got that?"

"Sure, sure, Malfoy. You satisfied, though? That was all I guaranteed, remember? And you look like you had a good time. Care to share that thought? I'm running a little low on things in the spank bank for myself, personally."

"You're sick, Blaise. Just leave me alone," Draco scoffed. He stood up and left the table. As he walked out of the Great Hall, he passed Hermione Granger. She started to narrow her eyes at him, but instead gave him a half smile at the last minute. As if surprised by her action, she blushed and turned away.

Draco just smiled and wondered if her skirt was really that short under her robe. Maybe some day he would find out.