

Draco's First Pet

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Harry brings home a questionable gift for Draco.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Warnings: bestiality, male urethral penetration

Author's Notes: Absolutely nothing I can say excuses this. Huge thanks to rainien, Krystle Lynne, and keppiehed.

"What... is it?" Draco eyed the pink fur ball apprehensively—it didn't *look* threatening, but one glance to his boyfriend proved that things weren't always as they appeared.

Harry's look was incredulous. "It's a pygmy puff! I would have thought all wizarding children had them."

Draco paused in poking at the thing to give Harry a supercilious look. "Not *Malfoys*."

He ignored Harry's rolling eyes and sarcastic commentary on his questionable upbringing. Luckily, Harry was easy to tune out because Draco'd heard all that rubbish before.

"It's kind of like a puffskein," Draco said. He looked for a face on the creature but found none, only fur.

"Yeah, they're in the same family. Anyway, I just thought it was cute and you said you'd never had a pet, so..."

"So a noble feline was out of the question?"

"I'm allergic to cats, Draco."

Now it was Draco's turn to roll his eyes. Harry wasn't allergic, he just didn't like cats. Draco suspected it had something to do with Granger's pet, if it could be called such. But Draco hadn't wanted a *kneazle*, just a regular cat. A black one. Maybe with a little bit of white on its head or something. He wasn't picky.

Still, this thing was pretty cute. Draco picked it up and cradled it, almost dropping it when a low humming vibrated his hand. Was *purring*? It seemed to be nothing but fur.

Damn. He loved it.

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"Harry..."

Slits of green peeked at Draco through heavy eyelids before falling shut. "I'm sleeping."

"Come on, Harry," Draco needled, running his hand over Harry's abdomen in a way he knew made him crazy.

"No, *you* come on, Draco. I have work in the morning. And *we* just did it. I'm worn out."

Draco harrumphed and turned onto his side, facing the door. Stupid Potter. Had no problem waking Draco up for a mutual wank or a blowjob, but totally ignored Draco's needs.

Harry followed, pressing his absurdly hot chest against Draco's back and wrapping an arm around him. For good measure, apparently, Harry also threaded his knee between Draco's legs and nuzzled his face into Draco's neck.

It had been two mostly amazing years, and sometimes Draco suspected Harry still thought he'd wake up alone in his bed.

Normally, Draco might have put up a fight about being smothered, but Harry had been so sweet with the puff present, his eyes all bright when Draco had told him it was a lovely gift. So he just suffered in silence, no matter how much it went against his nature.

When Harry's breathing evened out, Draco reached out and grabbed the pygmy puff from his nightstand. Harry had said it couldn't sleep in the bed—supposedly it had bones that might get crushed—but Harry was sleeping now.

Draco plopped it onto the bed in front of him, stroking it with one finger.

"What shall I name you?" he asked it in a whisper. It didn't respond.

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"Mmm, did you change your mind?" Draco purred, pressing his arse back against Harry's... totally flaccid cock. "Guess not."

What had woken him up?

When the answer came, Draco froze completely. Something was *touching* him! He tried to reach down to swipe away whatever was grazing the head of his cock, but his arms were pinned by Harry's sleep-heavy ones. He tried to shift back, but the thing just followed him.

Draco gasped when he felt a smooth, wet *something* glide around the head of his cock and squeeze.

"What the fuck?" he whispered in a high-pitched voice. He finally freed one arm and yanked back the covers.

The fucking *pygmy puff* was licking him! Licking him in ways no wizard should ever be licked by anything other than another wizard! Harry, to be specific!

And he *meant* to push the beastly thing away, but that strange and insidious tongue snuck under his foreskin and wrapped twice around the head of his cock.

Draco panted, eyes wide and horrified as he watched himself be molested by the pygmy puff. There was no denying that his body was reacting to the attentions—blame Potter for that, the prig—though his mind hadn't quite caught up.

The tongue squeezed and Draco moaned, his eyes falling closed. If he couldn't see it...

Closing his eyes, however, proved to be a *horrible* idea, because the moment he did, the tongue loosened from around his cock and probed his slit, slipping inside.

"Oh, gods, oh, gods," Draco chanted—he couldn't close his eyes again if he tried. The tongue on *that* thing was inside him! *Inside his penis!* Nothing should ever, *ever* be there! He stared and gaped but it didn't stop. After a moment, the puff pushed even more tongue inside, and a burning sting assaulted Draco's cock—he was afraid to push it away, though—what if it grabbed hold somehow?

Besides the sting, there was a faint stretching sensation and a very real pleasure—the deeper the thing went into him, the more intense the pleasure became. He couldn't explain it—he hoped he'd never have to. The puff's tongue was slick and *long* and just kept going inside him. Horror and awe kept him still as his urethra was filled with inch after inch of tongue. Draco was fully hard now, his hips bucking very slightly into the sensation.

Looking at the puff, Draco could see no mouth or face or anything—it was a round fluff attached to his cock by a thin thread of pink.

Then the tongue went even deeper and Draco had to muffle a shriek when it pressed against what had to be his fucking *prostate* from the front! Oh, gods, he was going to hell for all eternity and he wouldn't even have Harry with him, the fucking saint.

The puff's tongue seemed to undulate inside him, pressing against things and stroking him from the inside. The very tip of it continued to graze against his prostate until Draco was writhing and wriggling and there was *no way* Harry could sleep through all that *except of course he could!*

Afraid to touch his cock but desperate to come, Draco continued to rock, hoping the thing would get the message and *do* something.

The puff must have understood his wordless plea, for it *hummed*—the vibration sent an electric jolt through Draco's cock right against his sweet spot and it was fucking *over*—

His balls drew up and his cock got incredibly stiff. The tongue pulled out of him, seeming to bring Draco's orgasm with it. As soon as the puff was completely separated from him, Draco swatted it off the bed and *came*, his orgasm hard and burning and *fucked-up* and amazing.

With a shaking hand and a mind delegated to figuring out *what the fuck had just happened*, Draco reached for his wand and spelled away the mess. He wasn't sure how to clean his cock from that violation, but after a few spells meant for other areas of his body, Draco was beginning to feel clean again.

The puff was humming happily and rolling around on the floor. Draco couldn't bear to look at it—it had *aped* him! Sort of.

Harry mumbled something under his morning breath and pressed his knee up between Draco's legs from behind. The shock of his arousal made him reel, and he tried to get away, but Harry held him.

"George had said it wasn't quite like the others, but I had no idea..."

Horror and shame made Draco flush, his ears ringing, but then Harry pressed his hips against Draco's arse—he was rock hard, leaving a trail of wetness on Draco's cheek.

Draco bit his lip. Then he reached over and grabbed up the puff, tickling Harry's arm with it. "Well, you know they say the gift is always more for the giver."

Harry's warm chuckle reached deep inside him—places even perverted puffs could never reach.

The End.