

On an Evening Such as This

by nastygrl

Is he ready to move forward, or will he end the affair?

Who Am I?

Chapter 1 of 1

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The ice pouring from the sky stabs relentlessly at the darkened window. I stand behind the miserable scene, wondering if I should proceed with the evening's plans or draw it to a close, sending an owl with a quick note of apology before settling in with my tumbler of Ogden's.

I am getting too old, I say to my reflection, not for the first time since this affair started. I could carry on admirably, of course, as always. But the thought lingers a moment too long, and I feel discomforted. *Just too old*.

She is waiting for me, I know. She always waits for me. She has a life of her own, of course, but mine is busier, much more demanding, so she naturally accommodates her life and routine to my schedule. I do reward her, occasionally. Her effort, after all, is appreciated. And she is quite an excellent fuck. That in and of itself should be enough to quell the debate in my mind as to tonight's proceedings, but damn it all, it isn't enough.

You should end it, my reflection asserts, *it has gone on long enough*. I have not been honest with her, but truly, there has been little reason to do so until recently. I have become complacent, and that will not do. I could, of course, continue on, but there is no longer a compelling reason to do so.

She had sought me out one night a year or so ago while attending a gala at the Ministry. I recognized her at once, of course. She is, after all, the image of her mother, but with her father's eyes. She was also a Slytherin and shared the house with my grandson. She knew not of *that* reality, however. My current appearance and stature held not an ounce of recognition for her. Oh, I am sure my face expressed a hint of the smugness I felt as she and I indulged in a bit of careless banter, banter much less formal than what would have been expected given our positions in my world. She thought me an elder statesman of sorts, I suppose. She was fucking brilliant, and I was enthralled. When she suggested a late night supper away from the brittleness of the gala, I could hardly refuse. I hadn't even thought to, why should I? A young nubile thing wanted my time - who was I to deny her?

As I had been often reminded, men of a certain age should accept that their looks are no longer as those of a young buck of eighteen, but I wouldn't, even with my own son approaching that same age. It would be a few more years before I'd finally dissolve the magic that kept my skin taut and belly firm, my hair flaxen. Of course my cock hadn't needed any sort of glamour. That particular muscle remained youthful through vigorous and regular exercise.

Little had I known that my young woman would become the perfect little pet. Malleable, trainable and quick to accept punishment as well as praise. Needing both in equal proportion, it seemed. She was freshly sprung from Hogwarts and ready to play the grown-up. What a delight she had been to train, and who better than me to initiate my new plaything?

The sleet finally gives way to rain. Change does not become me; neither do I have any overriding desire to see an end to my amusements. *Change comes as the wind*, I remind myself. The way to proceed finally is in the same vein as it began: forward and fearlessly. No longer wanting to gaze into the mirrored window, I walk to the fireplace and set my crystal tumbler on the mantle, then Apparate to her flat.

We are not particularly loquacious on nights like this. We make small talk, drink a bit of elf-made wine then engage in the most vigorous bouts of fucking known to man- or wizard-kind. My cock aches as a result of the night's activities, and her cunt is red and swollen, not from arousal, but from its earlier spanking and the more recent pounding it has received.

Despite my rules governing these trysts, my brilliant pet has asked a question. Who am I, she's asked. All those months ago, I had given her an alias I'd used occasionally, and she has been satisfied. But she is not asking for a surname. My beautiful, strong woman now wants her place in my world defined.

Who am I? I am not a good man, nor am I evil. Good is such a classless term; even if I did possess those characteristics that would classify me as 'good', I would hardly want to be labeled as such. Boring and tasteless, I am not. Evil, now that is another matter. Evil conjures eyes glinting with malice and the bitter sting of fear in the back of one's throat. While evil is a more acceptable projection of my persona, it is not a true representation.

Who am I? I am a visionary, determined to mark my place in my world and set the place marker for my progeny to step into. I am a risk taker, willing to let history assess the merits of my actions. I am a hedonist, wallowing in the pleasure of all that is refined and powerful, whether it be a silk cravat, a tumbler of whiskey or a woman. Best experienced all at once, naturally.

On an evening such as this, I shall satisfy your curiosity as I mean to move forward, fearlessly. My eyes rest briefly upon your countenance as you lay upon your bed: eyes shut tight, pants escaping your swollen lips and my marks darkening your breasts and thighs. I will answer your one question that I've granted this night.

Who am I? I am a man of my time and of your future.

I am Lucius Malfoy.

Who are you? You, Selena Granger Snape, are mine, not just for this night or evenings like this, my dear heart, but for all our nights to come.

Finite

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